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**TYPICAL  
ELIZABETHAN PLAYS**

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## **ELIZABETHAN PLAYWRIGHTS**

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# TYPICAL ELIZABETHAN PLAYS

BY CONTEMPORARIES AND IMMEDIATE  
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EDITED FROM THE EARLY EDITIONS

BY

FELIX E. SCHELLING

*Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania*



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**TYPICAL ELIZABETHAN PLAYS**

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*First Edition*

F—A



TO THE CHOICE BROTHERHOOD  
WHO READ AND LOVE ELIZABETHAN PLAYS  
AS WELL AS COLLECT THEM

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## PREFACE

THE following collection of plays has been made with a ruling purpose, to present typical examples of the variety and diversity of Elizabethan drama. To this end, excluding Shakespeare, the best examples of each kind of play have been chosen so far as possible; and each play, barring those in the Appendix, has been printed in its integrity. While excellence in a class does not always tally with intrinsic superiority, the prevailingly high dramatic and poetic worth of Elizabethan plays at large maintains in this choice by types the general artistic value of the collection. The greatest names appear, and each is represented by work worthy of his reputation, if not always by every variety of it. The great species of the drama—romantic tragedy, romantic comedy, the chronicle play, the comedy of manners, tragicomedy—exist so numerous that choice within the limitations of such a book as this is embarrassing. Some of these are represented in more than one example, as time altered their characteristics and developed them, in some instances, into practically a new kind. Two minor types of the old drama lend themselves to a less complete representation. These are the college drama, of absorbing interest socially and for its allusions, but less affecting the main currents of the Elizabethan stage; and the biographical chronicle play of collaborative authorship, *Sir Thomas More*, which has recently attracted renewed attention, by reason of the belief of some that we have, in the manuscript of it, a scene written by the hand of Shakespeare. These have been represented by way of excerpts and relegated to an Appendix.

The text of this collection is conservatively based on the original editions which have best stood the tests of scholarship. But no attempt has been made to record variorum readings or to register critical opinion. As the collection is intended for the general reader as well as for the student of the drama, the punctuation and spelling has been modernized, except where metrical or other considerations demand a retention of the earlier form. All statements of scene, stage directions, lists of personages and the like, which are not in the original, are included in square brackets. But such additions are admitted only where imperative, and the original stage directions, especially, are retained wherever possible. These extraneous features, although they are often haphazard, verbose or inconsistent, are valuable as aids to a realization of the



contemporary conception of scene and action, and can not be replaced by the standardizing of modern editors. Drawn from many sources, as are these plays, uniformity in these matters has been cheerfully disregarded.

A brief note concerning the origin, source, authorship and early editions precedes each play, with a short succeeding paragraph as to the author and his more important work. Further matter biographical and bibliographical belongs elsewhere. (See the present author's *Elizabethan Playwrights*, 1925, in this Series.) Obsolete words, terms of limited, dialect, or specific meaning, not ordinarily accessible in modern dictionaries, and other difficulties in the text are briefly explained on the page on which each occurs. Further "apparatus" there is none; for, when all is said, "the play's the thing."

It is impossible fully to record individual indebtedness to previous work in a field so fertile and well plowed as this. To previous collectors, Neilson and Gayley, I owe much; to the scholarly workers in this subject, who contribute to the collections of the Malone Society and to others like it, and to editors of individual dramatists and single plays. These obligations are duly mentioned in the context. Nor should we who come after forget what the older laborers in the field have done for us, Dyce, Gifford, Bullen and much maligned Collier, to name no more. They cut deep swaths where we are only gleaning; and we were not had they not been.

My acknowledgments are due to the Duke of Portland, who has graciously permitted the use of a reproduction of the fine contemporary portrait of Fletcher, now at Welbeck. The titles of early editions have been reproduced in nearly every case from the originals. For permission to photograph and to use this material my thanks are due to the British Museum, to the Henry E. Huntington Library, to that of my own University of Pennsylvania and especially to the ever ready courtesy of Mr. Andrew Keogh, Librarian of Yale University, and the Elizabethan Club of Yale whose treasures furnish seven of these titles. The generosity of Mr. W. A. White in permitting a similar use of specimens from his precious collections has yielded others, among them the title of the excessively rare quarto of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600. Lastly I record once more the interest of the general editor of this series, my friend and colleague, Professor Arthur H. Quinn.



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ENDIMION,  
The Man in the  
*Moone.*

Playd before the Queenes Ma-  
iestie at Greenewich on Candlemas day  
at night, by the Chyldren of  
Paules.



AT LONDON,  
Printed by I. Charlewood, for  
the widdowe Broome.  
1591.



*Endymion*, the most celebrated of the allegorical court plays of John Lyly, the Euphuist, was acted, as the title of the quarto of 1591 informs us, "before the Queen's Majesty at Greenwich on Candlemas day at night by the Children of Paul's." This was formerly interpreted to mean February 2, 1586; but Chambers declares "the only available Candlemas performance by the Paul's boys is that of 1588." The play was subsequently reprinted in *Six Court Comedies*, 1632, with Lyly's other dramas. The two texts differ very little. That of the quarto has here been substantially followed. That most of the plays of Lyly were characterized by a more or less definite allusiveness, generally in form of allegory, to passing events political and at court, seems hardly questionable. Cynthia, in this play, certainly stands for Queen Elizabeth. Tellus has been thought to be Queen Mary, Elizabeth's rival for the throne, whilst Endymion has been interpreted King James, dependent for his hoped for succession to the English throne on the favor of Cynthia. But this, which is only one of several interpretations, has been questioned, and Chambers' remarks that had Lyly "meant half of what they [the critics] suggest, he would have ruined his career at the outset." As in the case of *The Faery Queen*, its contemporary, it is possible to read this play with pleasure in oblivion of all ulterior motives and allegories. The staging of *Endymion* offers difficulties, unless we accept the mediæval principle of simultaneous scene as still ruling court productions. The main action takes place in an open space near the Palace of Cynthia, modern editors' Gardens of the Palace; but near this is the "lunary bank" on which Endymion falls asleep, and this is situated in "a grove." Besides this, there is a desert in which lie Corsites' castle and a fountain, whilst a "cabin" and an aspen tree, into which one of the characters is transformed, likewise figured as properties at least. Clearly all could be accomplished on a stage set with Garden, Grove, Lunary Bank, Castle, Fountain, each in its place, the action passing from one to the other.

Lyly, born in 1554, was ten years Shakespeare's senior and he died in 1606, just ten years before Shakespeare. His eight court plays lie in point of date between 1584, when *Campaspe* was acted, and *The Woman in the Moon*, at latest 1595. All of his plays were intended for court performance. All save this last, which is in verse, were written more or less in the elegant prose to which Lyly's own fiction had given vogue and which is called, from his novel, Euphuism. With the appearance of plays like Dekker's *Old Fortunatus* and Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Lyly was out of date.

The most recent complete edition of the works of Lyly is that of R. W. Bond, 3 vols., 1902.



# [PERSONS IN THE PLAY<sup>1</sup>

ENDYMION, <i>in love with Cynthia</i>	CYNTHIA, <i>Ruler of the Land</i>
EUMENIDES, <i>his friend, in love with Semele</i>	SEMELE, <i>a Lady beloved of Eumenides</i>
TELLUS, <i>a Lady, in love with Endymion</i>	CORSITES, <i>a Captain, in love with Tellus</i>
FLOSCULA, <i>friend of both</i>	PANELION } <i>Lords in Cynthia's</i>
SAMIAS } <i>Pages respectively</i>	ZONTES } <i>Court</i>
DARES } <i>to Endymion,</i>	GERON, <i>an old man, husband to Dipsas</i>
EPITON } <i>Eumenides, and Sir Thopas</i>	MASTER CONSTABLE, <i>and two of the Watch</i>
SIR THOPAS, <i>a Martialist</i>	PYTHAGORAS, <i>a Greek Philosopher</i>
DIPSAS, <i>an old Enchantress</i>	GYPTES, <i>an Egyptian Soothsayer</i>
SCINTILLA } <i>Maids, friends of</i>	Fairies, <i>Three Ladies and an Ancient Man</i>
FAVILLA } <i>the Pages</i>	in the Dumb Show
BAGOA, <i>Servant to Dipsas</i>	

SCENE: The Gardens of Cynthia's Palace, a Grove with a bank of Lunary, a Castle in a desert place.]

<sup>1</sup> Where not in the original edition given in the order of their entrance.

## THE PROLOGUE

MOST high and happy Princess, we must tell you a tale of the Man in the Moon;<sup>1</sup> which, if it seem ridiculous for the method, or superfluous for the matter, or for the means incredible, for three faults we can make but one excuse—it is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

It was forbidden in old time to dispute of Chimæra because it was a fiction; we hope in our times none will apply pastimes,<sup>2</sup> because they are fancies; for there liveth none under the sun that know what to make of the Man in the Moon. We present neither comedy, nor tragedy, nor story, nor anything but that <sup>is</sup> whosoever heareth may say this: Why, here is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

<sup>1</sup> A fable.

<sup>2</sup> Apply fiction to actual happenings.



# ENDYMION, THE MAN IN THE MOON

JOHN LYLY

## ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA

[Gardens of Cynthia's Palace]

ENDYMION, EUMENIDES

*End.* I find, Eumenides, in all things both variety to content, and satiety to glut, saving only in my affections, which are so staid, and withal so stately, that I can neither satisfy my heart with love, nor mine eyes with wonder. My thoughts, Eumenides, are stitched to the stars, which being as high as I can see, thou mayest imagine how much higher they are than I can reach. <sup>10</sup>

*Eum.* If you be enamored of anything above the moon, your thoughts are ridiculous, for that<sup>1</sup> things immortal are not subject to affections; if allured or enchanted with these transitory things under the moon, you show yourself senseless to attribute such lofty titles to such low trifles.

*End.* My love is placed neither under the moon nor above.

*Eum.* I hope you be not sotted<sup>2</sup> upon <sup>20</sup> the Man in the Moon.

*End.* No; but settled either to die or possess the moon herself.

*Eum.* Is Endymion mad, or do I mistake? Do you love the moon, Endymion?

*End.* Eumenides, the moon.

*Eum.* There was never any so peevish<sup>3</sup> to imagine the moon either capable of affection or shape of a mistress; for as impossible it is to make love fit to her humor, <sup>30</sup> which no man knoweth, as a coat to her form, which continueth not in one bigness whilst she is measuring. Cease of, Endymion, to feed so much upon fancies. That melancholy blood must be purged which draweth you to a dotage no less miserable than monstrous.

*End.* My thoughts have no veins, and yet unless they be let blood, I shall perish. <sup>40</sup>

*Eum.* But they have vanities, which being reformed, you may be restored.

*End.* O, fair Cynthia, why do others term thee unconstant whom I have ever found unmovable? Injurious time, corrupt manners, unkind men, who, finding a constancy not to be matched in my sweet mistress, have christened her with the name of wavering, waxing, and waning! Is she inconstant that keepeth a settled course; <sup>50</sup> which, since her first creation, altereth not one minute in her moving? There is nothing thought more admirable or commendable in the sea than the ebbing and flowing; and shall the moon, from whom the sea taketh this virtue, be accounted fickle for encreasing and decreasing? Flowers in their buds are nothing worth till they be blown, nor blossoms accounted till they be ripe fruit; and shall we then say they be changeable for that they grow from seeds <sup>60</sup> to leaves, from leaves to buds, from buds to their perfection? Then, why be not twigs that become trees, children that become men, and mornings that grow to evenings, termed wavering, for that they continue not at one stay? Ay, but Cynthia, being in her fulness, decayeth, as not delighting in her greatest beauty, or withering when she should be most honored. When malice cannot object anything, folly will, <sup>70</sup> making that a vice which is the greatest virtue. What thing (my mistress excepted), being in the pride of her beauty and latter minute of her age, that waxeth young again? Tell me, Eumenides, what is he that having a mistress of ripe years and infinite virtues, great honors and unspeakable beauty, but would wish that she might grow tender again, getting youth by years, and never-decaying beauty by time; <sup>80</sup> whose fair face neither the summer's blaze can scorch, nor winter's blast chap, nor the numbering of years breed altering of colors? Such is my sweet Cynthia, whom time cannot touch because she is divine, nor will

<sup>1</sup> Because.

<sup>2</sup> Besotted.

<sup>3</sup> Foolish.



offend because she is delicate. O Cynthia, if thou shouldst always continue at thy fulness, both gods and men would conspire to ravish thee. But thou, to abate the pride of our affections, dost detract from thy perfections, thinking it sufficient if once in a month we enjoy a glimpse of thy majesty; and then, to increase our griefs, thou dost decrease thy gleams, coming out of thy royal robes, wherewith thou dazzlest our eyes, down into thy swathe clouts,<sup>1</sup> beguiling our eyes; and then—

*Eum.* Stay there, Endymion; thou that committest idolatry, wilt straight blaspheme, if thou be suffered. Sleep would do thee more good than speech: the moon heareth thee not, or if she do, regardeth thee not.

*End.* Vain Eumenides, whose thoughts never grow higher than the crown of thy head! Why troublest thou me, having neither head to conceive the cause of my love or a heart to receive the impressions? Follow thou thine own fortunes, which creep on the earth, and suffer me to fly to mine, whose fall, though it be desperate, yet shall it come by daring. Farewell. *[Exit]*

*Eum.* Without doubt Endymion is bewitched; otherwise in a man of such rare virtues there could not harbor a mind of such extreme madness. I will follow him, lest in this fancy of the moon he deprive himself of the sight of the sun. *Exit*

## SCENA SECUNDA

*[The Same]*

*[Enter] TELLUS and FLOSCULA*

*Tell.* Treacherous and most perjured Endymion, is Cynthia the sweetness of thy life and the bitterness of my death? What revenge may be devised so full of shame as my thoughts are replenished with malice? Tell me, Floscula, if falseness in love can possibly be punished with extremity of hate? As long as sword, fire, or poison may be hired, no traitor to my love shall live unrevenged. Were thy oaths without number, thy kisses without measure,

thy sighs without end, forged to deceive a poor credulous virgin whose simplicity had been worth thy favor and better fortune? If the gods sit unequal<sup>1</sup> beholders of injuries, or laughers at lovers' deceits, then let mischief be as well forgiven in women as perjury winked at in men.

*Flos.* Madam, if you would compare the state of Cynthia with your own, and the height of Endymion his<sup>2</sup> thoughts with the meanness of your fortune, you would rather yield than contend, being between you and her no comparison; and rather wonder than rage at the greatness of his mind, being affected with a thing more than mortal.

*Tell.* No comparison, Floscula? And why so? Is not my beauty divine, whose body is decked with fair flowers, and veins are vines, yielding sweet liquor to the dullest spirits; whose ears are corn, to bring strength; and whose hairs are grass, to bring abundance? Doth not frankincense and myrrh breathe out of my nostrils, and all the sacrifice of the gods breed in my bowels? Infinite are my creatures, without which neither thou, nor Endymion, nor any, could love or live.

*Flos.* But know you not, fair lady, that Cynthia governeth all things? Your grapes would be but dry husks, your corn but chaff, and all your virtues vain, were it not Cynthia that preserveth the one in the bud and nourisheth the other in the blade, and by her influence both comforteth all things, and by her authority commandeth all creatures: suffer, then, Endymion to follow his affections, though to obtain her be impossible, and let him flatter himself in his own imaginations, because they are immortal.

*Tell.* Loath I am, Endymion, thou shouldst die, because I love thee well; and that thou shouldst live, it grieveth me, because thou lovest Cynthia too well. In these extremities, what shall I do? Floscula, no more words; I am resolved. He shall neither live nor die.

*Flos.* A strange practice,<sup>3</sup> if it be possible.

*Tell.* Yes, I will entangle him in such a sweet net that he shall neither find the means to come out, nor desire it. All

<sup>1</sup> Prejudiced.

<sup>2</sup> A common misconception of the origin of the possessive.

<sup>3</sup> Plot.

<sup>1</sup> Swaddling-clothes.



allurements of pleasure will I cast before his eyes, insomuch that he shall slake that love which he now voweth to Cynthia, and burn in mine, of which he seemeth careless. In this languishing, between my amorous devices and his own loose desires, there shall such dissolute thoughts take root in his head, and over his heart grow so thick <sup>70</sup> a skin, that neither hope of preferment, nor fear of punishment, nor counsel of the wisest, nor company of the worthiest, shall alter his humor, nor make him once to think of his honor.

*Flos.* A revenge incredible, and if it may be, unnatural.

*Tell.* He shall know the malice of a woman to have neither mean nor end; and of a woman deluded in love to have <sup>80</sup> neither rule nor reason. I can do it; I must; I will! All his virtues will I shadow with vices; his person (ah, sweet person!) shall he deck with such rich robes as<sup>1</sup> he shall forget it is his own person; his sharp wit (ah, wit too sharp that hath cut off all my joys!) shall he use in flattering of my face and devising sonnets in my favor. The prime of his youth and pride of his time shall be spent in melancholy passions, <sup>90</sup> careless behavior, untamed thoughts, and unbridled affections.

*Flos.* When this is done, what then? Shall it continue till his death, or shall he dote forever in this delight?

*Tell.* Ah, Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder in putting me in remembrance of the end.

*Flos.* Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end. <sup>100</sup>

*Tell.* Yet suffer me to imitate Juno, who would turn Jupiter's lovers to beasts on the earth, though she knew afterwards they should be stars in heaven.

*Flos.* Affection that is bred by enchantment is like a flower that is wrought in silk,—in color and form most like, but nothing at all in substance or savor.

*Tell.* It shall suffice me if the world talk that I am favored of Endymion. <sup>110</sup>

*Flos.* Well, use your own will; but you shall find that love gotten with witchcraft is as unpleasant as fish taken with medicines unwholesome.

<sup>1</sup> That.

*Tell.* Floscula, they that be so poor that they have neither net nor hook will rather poison dough<sup>1</sup> than pine with hunger; and she that is so oppressed with love that she is neither able with beauty nor wit to obtain her friend, will rather use unlawful <sup>120</sup> means than try intolerable pains. I will do it. *Exit*

*Flos.* Then about it. Poor Endymion, what traps are laid for thee because thou honorest one that all the world wondereth at! And what plots are cast to make thee unfortunate that studieth of all men to be the faithfulest! *Exit*

## SCENA TERTIA

[*The Same*]

[*Enter DARES and SAMIAS*]

*Dar.* Now our masters are in love up to the ears, what have we to do but to be in knavery up to the crowns?

*Sam.* O, that we had Sir Tophas, that brave squire, in the midst of our mirth,—*et ecce autem*, "Will you see the Devil,"—

*Enter Sir TOPHAS [and EPITON]*

*Top.* *Epi.*

*Epi.* Here, sir.

*Top.* I brook not this idle humor of love; it tickleth not my liver, from <sup>10</sup> whence the love-mongers in former age seemed to infer it should proceed.

*Epi.* Love, sir, may lie in your lungs; and I think it doth, and that is the cause you blow and are so pursy.

*Top.* Tush, boy, I think it but some device of the poet to get money.

*Epi.* A poet; what's that?

*Top.* Dost thou not know what a poet is?

*Epi.* No. <sup>20</sup>

*Top.* Why, fool, a poet is as much as one should say—a poet. [*Seeing DARES and SAMIAS*] But soft, yonder be two wrens; shall I shoot at them?

*Epi.* They are two lads.

*Top.* Larks or wrens, I will kill them.

*Epi.* Larks! Are you blind? They are two little boys.

<sup>1</sup> Used as bait.



*Top.* Birds or boys, they are both but a pittance for my breakfast; therefore have <sup>30</sup> at them, for their brains must as it were embroider my bolts.<sup>1</sup>

*Sam.* Stay your courage, valiant knight, for your wisdom is so weary that it stayeth itself.

*Dar.* Why, Sir Tophas, have you forgotten your old friends?

*Top.* Friends? *Nego argumentum.*

*Sam.* And why not friends?

*Top.* Because *amicitia* (as in old annals we find) is *inter pares*. Now, my pretty <sup>40</sup> companions, you shall see how unequal you be to me; but I will not cut you quite off, you shall be my half friends for reaching to my middle; so far as from the ground to the waist I will be your friend.

*Dar.* Learnedly. But what shall become of the rest of your body, from the waist to the crown?

*Top.* My children, *quod supra vos nihil ad vos*; you must think the rest immortal, because you cannot reach it.

*Epi.* Nay, I tell ye my master is more than a man.

*Dar.* And thou less than a mouse.

*Top.* But what be you two?

*Sam.* I am Samias, page to Eumenides.

*Dar.* And I Dares, page to Endymion.

*Top.* Of what occupation are your masters?

*Dar.* Occupation, you clown! Why, <sup>50</sup> they are honorable and warriors.

*Top.* Then are they my prentices.

*Dar.* Thine! And why so?

*Top.* I was the first that ever devised war, and therefore by Mars himself given me for my arms a whole armory; and thus I go, as you see, clothed with artillery. It is not silks, milksops, nor tissues, nor the fine wool of Seres,<sup>2</sup> but iron, steel, swords, flame, shot, terror, clamor, blood, and <sup>70</sup> ruin, that rocks asleep my thoughts, which never had any other cradle but cruelty. Let me see, do you not bleed?

*Dar.* Why so?

*Top.* Commonly my words wound.

*Sam.* What then do your blows?

*Top.* Not only [wound,]<sup>3</sup> but also confound.

*Sam.* How darest thou come so near thy master, Epi? Sir Tophas, spare us. <sup>80</sup>

*Top.* You shall live:—you, Samias, because you are little; you, Dares, because you are no bigger; and both of you, because you are but two; for commonly I kill by the dozen, and have for every particular adversary a peculiar weapon.

*Sam.* May we know the use, for our better skill in war?

*Top.* You shall. Here is a bird-bolt for the ugly beast the blackbird. <sup>90</sup>

*Dar.* A cruel sight.

*Top.* Here is the musket for the untamed, or, as the vulgar sort term it, the wild mallard.<sup>1</sup>

*Sam.* O desperate attempt!

*Epi.* Nay, my master will match them.

*Dar.* Ay, if he catch them.

*Top.* Here is a spear and shield, and both necessary, the one to conquer, the other to subdue or overcome the terrible trout, <sup>100</sup> which although he be under the water, yet tying a string to the top of my spear and an engine of iron to the end of my line, I overthrow him, and then herein I put him.

*Sam.* O wonderful war! [aside] Dares, didst thou ever hear such a dolt?

*Dar.* [aside] All the better; we shall have good sport hereafter, if we can get leisure.

*Sam.* [aside] Leisure! I will rather lose my master's service than his company! <sup>110</sup> Look how he struts. [To Sir TOPHAS] But what is this? Call you it your sword?

*Top.* No, it is my simitar; which I, by construction often studying to be compendious, call my smiter.

*Dar.* What, are you also learned, sir?

*Top.* Learned? I am all Mars and Ars.

*Sam.* Nay, you are all mass and ass.

*Top.* Mock you me? You shall both suffer, yet with such weapons as you shall <sup>120</sup> make choice of the weapon wherewith you shall perish. Am I all a mass or lump; is there no proportion in me? Am I all ass; is there no wit in me? Epi, prepare them to the slaughter.

*Sam.* I pray, sir, hear us speak! We call you mass, which your learning doth well understand is all man, for *mas maris* is a man. Then *as* (as you know) is a weight, and we for your virtues account you a <sup>130</sup> weight.

*Top.* The Latin hath saved your lives, the which a world of silver could not have

<sup>1</sup> Blunt arrows.

<sup>2</sup> China silk.

<sup>3</sup> Old edd. *confound*.

<sup>1</sup> Drake.



ransomed. I understand you, and pardon you.

*Dar.* Well, Sir Tophas, we bid you farewell, and at our next meeting we will be ready to do you service.

*Top.* Samias, I thank you: Dares, I thank you: but especially I thank you <sup>140</sup> both.

*Sam.* [*aside*] Wisely. Come, next time we'll have some pretty gentlewomen with us to walk, for without doubt with them he will be very dainty.

*Dar.* Come, let us see what our masters do; it is high time.

*Exeunt* [SAMIAS and DARES]

*Top.* Now will I march into the field, where, if I cannot encounter with my foul enemies, I will withdraw myself to the <sup>150</sup> river, and there fortify for fish, for there resteth no minute free from fight.

*Exeunt* [SIR TOPHAS and EPITON]

## SCENA QUARTA

[*The Same*]

[*Enter, at one side,*] TELLUS, FLOSCULA, [*at the other*] DIPSAS

*Tell.* Behold, Floscula, we have met with the woman by chance that we sought for by travel. I will break my mind to her without ceremony or circumstance, lest we lose that time in advice that should be spent in execution.

*Flos.* Use your discretion; I will in this case neither give counsel nor consent, for there cannot be a thing more monstrous than to force affection by sorcery, neither <sup>10</sup> do I imagine anything more impossible.

*Tell.* Tush, Floscula, in obtaining of love, what impossibilities will I not try? And for the winning of Endymion, what impieties will I not practise? Dipsas, whom as many honor for age as wonder at for cunning, listen in few words to my tale, and answer in one word to the purpose, for that neither my burning desire can afford long speech, nor the short time I have to <sup>20</sup> stay many delays. Is it possible by herbs, stones, spells, incantation, enchantment, exorcisms, fire, metals, planets, or any practice, to plant affection where it is not, and to supplant it where it is?

*Dip.* Fair lady, you may imagine that these hoary hairs are not void of experience, nor the great name that goeth of my cunning to be without cause. I can darken the sun by my skill and remove the <sup>30</sup> moon out of her course; I can restore youth to the aged and make hills without bottoms; there is nothing that I cannot do but that only which you would have me do: and therein I differ from the gods, that I am not able to rule hearts; for were it in my power to place affection by appointment, I would make such evil appetites, such inordinate lusts, such cursed desires, as all the world should be filled both with <sup>40</sup> superstitious heats and extreme love.

*Tell.* Unhappy Tellus, whose desires are so desperate that they are neither to be conceived of any creature, nor to be cured by any art!

*Dip.* This I can: breed slackness in love, though never root it out. What is he whom you love, and what she that he honoreth?

*Tell.* Endymion, sweet Endymion is he that hath my heart; and Cynthia,—too, <sup>50</sup> too fair Cynthia,—the miracle of nature, of time, of fortune, is the lady that he delights in, and dotes on every day, and dies for ten thousand times a day.

*Dip.* Would you have his love either by absence or sickness aslaked? <sup>1</sup> Would you that Cynthia should mistrust him, or be jealous of him without color? <sup>2</sup>

*Tell.* It is the only thing I crave, that, seeing my love to Endymion, unspotted, <sup>60</sup> cannot be accepted, his truth to Cynthia, though it be unspeakable, may be suspected.

*Dip.* I will undertake it, and overtake <sup>3</sup> him, that <sup>4</sup> all his love shall be doubted of, and therefore become desperate: but this will wear out with time that treadeth all things down but truth.

*Tell.* Let us go.

*Dip.* I follow.

*Exeunt*

## ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMA

[*Gardens of the Palace*]

[*Enter* ENDYMION]

*End.* O fair Cynthia! O unfortunate Endymion! Why was not thy birth as high

<sup>1</sup> Abated. <sup>2</sup> Pretext. <sup>3</sup> Overcome. <sup>4</sup> So that.



as thy thoughts, or her beauty less than heavenly; or why are not thine honors as rare as her beauty, or thy fortunes as great as thy deserts? Sweet Cynthia, how wouldst thou be pleased, how possessed? Will labors, patient of all extremities, obtain thy love? There is no mountain so steep that I will not climb, no monster so cruel<sup>10</sup> that I will not tame, no action so desperate that I will not attempt. Desirest thou the passions of love, the sad and melancholy moods of perplexed minds, the not-to-be-expressed torments of racked thoughts? Behold my sad tears, my deep sighs, my hollow eyes, my broken sleeps, my heavy countenance. Wouldst thou have me vowed only to thy beauty and consume every minute of time in thy service? Remember my soli-<sup>20</sup> tary life almost these seven years. Whom have I entertained but mine own thoughts and thy virtues? What company have I used but contemplation? Whom have I wondered at but thee? Nay, whom have I not contemned for thee? Have I not crept to those on whom I might have trodden, only because thou didst shine upon them? Have not injuries been sweet to me, if thou vouchsafedst I should bear them?<sup>30</sup> Have I not spent my golden years in hopes, waxing old with wishing, yet wishing nothing but thy love? With Tellus, fair Tellus, have I dissembled, using her but as a cloak for mine affections, that others, seeing my mangled and disordered mind, might think it were for one that loveth me, not for Cynthia, whose perfection alloweth no companion nor comparison. In the midst of these distempered thoughts of mine<sup>40</sup> thou art not only jealous of my truth, but careless, suspicious, and secure; which strange humor maketh my mind as desperate as thy conceits are doubtful. I am none of those wolves that bark most when thou shinest brightest, but that fish (thy fish,<sup>1</sup> Cynthia, in the flood Araris) which at thy waxing is as white as the driven snow, and at thy waning as black as deepest darkness. I am that Endymion, sweet Cyn-<sup>50</sup> thia, that have carried my thoughts in equal balance with my actions, being always as free from imagining ill as enterprising; that Endymion whose eyes never esteemed any-

thing fair but thy face, whose tongue termed nothing rare but thy virtues, and whose heart imagined nothing miraculous but thy government; yea, that Endymion, who, divorcing himself from the amiableness of all ladies, the bravery of all courts,<sup>60</sup> the company of all men, hath chosen in a solitary cell to live, only by feeding on thy favor, accounting in the world—but thyself—nothing excellent, nothing immortal: thus mayest thou see every vein, sinew, muscle, and artery of my love, in which there is no flattery, nor deceit, error, nor art. But soft, here cometh Tellus. I must turn my other face to her, like Janus, lest she be as suspicious as Juno.<sup>70</sup>

*Enter TELLUS, [FLOSCULA, and DIPSAS]*

*Tell.* Yonder I espy Endymion. I will seem to suspect nothing, but soothe him, that seeing I cannot obtain the depth of his love, I may learn the height of his dissembling. Floscula and Dipsas, withdraw yourselves out of our sight, yet be within the hearing of our saluting. How now, Endymion, always solitary? No company but your own thoughts, no friend but melancholy fancies?<sup>80</sup>

*End.* You know, fair Tellus, that the sweet remembrance of your love is the only companion of my life, and thy presence, my paradise; so that I am not alone when nobody is with me, and in heaven itself when thou art with me.

*Tell.* Then you love me, Endymion?

*End.* Or else I live not, Tellus.

*Tell.* Is it not possible for you, Endymion, to dissemble?<sup>90</sup>

*End.* Not, Tellus, unless I could make me a woman.

*Tell.* Why, is dissembling joined to their sex inseparable, as heat to fire, heaviness to earth, moisture to water, thinness to air?

*End.* No, but found in their sex as common as spots upon doves, moles upon faces, caterpillars upon sweet apples, cobwebs upon fair windows.<sup>100</sup>

*Tell.* Do they all dissemble?

*End.* All but one.

*Tell.* Who is that?

*End.* I dare not tell; for if I should say you, then would you imagine my flattery to

<sup>1</sup> Called *scolopidus* by Lyly in *Euphues*, ed. Croll and Clemons, p. 74.



be extreme; if another, then you would think my love to be but indifferent.

*Tell.* You will be sure I shall take no vantage of your words. But in sooth, Endymion, without more ceremonies, is it not 110 Cynthia?

*End.* You know, Tellus, that of the gods we are forbidden to dispute, because their deities come not within the compass of our reasons; and of Cynthia we are allowed not to talk but to wonder, because her virtues are not within the reach of our capacities.

*Tell.* Why, she is but a woman.

*End.* No more was Venus.

*Tell.* She is but a virgin. 120

*End.* No more was Vesta.

*Tell.* She shall have an end.

*End.* So shall the world.

*Tell.* Is not her beauty subject to time?

*End.* No more than time is to standing still.

*Tell.* Wilt thou make her immortal?

*End.* No, but incomparable.

*Tell.* Take heed, Endymion, lest like the wrestler in Olympia, that striving to lift 130 an impossible weight caught an incurable strain, thou, by fixing thy thoughts above thy reach, fall into a disease without all recure.<sup>1</sup> But I see thou art now in love with Cynthia.

*End.* No, Tellus, thou knowest that the stately cedar, whose top reacheth unto the clouds, never boweth his head to the shrubs that grow in the valley; nor ivy, that climbeth up by the elm, can ever get 140 hold of the beams of the sun: Cynthia I honor in all humility, whom none ought or dare adventure to love, whose affections are immortal, and virtues infinite. Suffer me, therefore, to gaze on the moon, at whom, were it not for thyself, I would die with wondering. *Exeunt*

## SCENA SECUNDA

[*The Same*]

[*Enter*] DARES, SAMIAS, SCINTILLA, and FAVILLA

*Dar.* Come, Samias, didst thou ever hear such a sighing, the one for Cynthia, the other for Semele, and both for moonshine in the water?

<sup>1</sup> Recovery.

*Sam.* Let them sigh, and let us sing. How say you, gentlewomen, are not our masters too far in love?

*Scin.* Their tongues, happily<sup>1</sup> are dipped to the root in amorous words and sweet discourses, but I think their hearts are scarce 10 tipped on the side with constant desires.

*Dar.* How say you, Favilla, is not love a lurcher,<sup>2</sup> that taketh men's stomachs<sup>3</sup> away that they cannot eat, their spleen that they cannot laugh, their hearts that they cannot fight, their eyes that they cannot sleep, and leaveth nothing but livers to make nothing but lovers!

*Fav.* Away, peevish boy; a rod were better under thy girdle than love in thy 20 mouth! It will be a forward cock that croweth in the shell.

*Dar.* Alas, good old gentlewoman, how it becometh you to be grave!

*Scin.* Favilla, though she be but a spark, yet is she fire.

*Fav.* And you, Scintilla, be not much more than a spark, though you would be esteemed a flame.

*Sam.* [*aside to Dares*] It were good 30 sport to see the fight between two sparks.

*Dar.* [*to Samias*] Let them to it, and we will warm us by their words.

*Scin.* You are not angry, Favilla?

*Fav.* That is, Scintilla, as you list to take it.

*Sam.* That, that!<sup>4</sup>

*Scin.* This it is to be matched with girls, who coming but yesterday from making of babies,<sup>5</sup> would before to-morrow be ac- 50 counted matrons.

*Fav.* I cry your matronship mercy. Because your pantables<sup>6</sup> be higher with cork, therefore your feet must needs be higher in the insteps: you will be mine elder because you stand upon a stool and I am on the floor.

*Sam.* Good, good!

*Dar.* [*to Samias*] Let them alone, and see with what countenance they will become friends.

*Scin.* Nay, you think to be the wiser, 60 because you mean to have the last word.

*Sam.* [*to Dares*] Step between them lest they scratch. In faith, gentlewomen, seeing we came out to be merry, let not your jarring mar our jests; be friends. How say you?

<sup>1</sup> Haply.

<sup>2</sup> Thief.

<sup>3</sup> Appetites.

<sup>4</sup> Samias urges them on.

<sup>5</sup> Dressing of dolls.

<sup>6</sup> Shoes.



*Scin.* I am not angry, but it spited me to see how short<sup>1</sup> she was.

*Fav.* I meant nothing till she would needs cross me.

*Dar.* Then, so let it rest. 70

*Scin.* I am agreed.

*Fav.* And I. Yet I never took anything so unkindly in my life. [weeps]

*Scin.* 'Tis I have the cause, that never offered the occasion. [weeps]

*Dar.* Excellent, and right<sup>2</sup> like a woman.

*Sam.* A strange sight to see water come out of fire.

*Dar.* It is their property to carry in their eyes fire and water, tears and torches, and so in their mouths honey and gall.

*Scin.* You will be a good one if you live—but what is yonder formal fellow?

*Enter Sir TOPHAS, [EPITON following]*

*Dar.* Sir Tophas, Sir Tophas, of whom we told you. If you be good wenches, make as though you love him, and wonder at him.

*Fav.* We will do our parts.

*Dar.* But first let us stand aside, and let him use his garb,<sup>3</sup> for all consisteth in his gracing. 90

[*The four retire*]

*Top.* Epi.

*Epi.* At hand, sir.

*Top.* How likest thou this martial life, where nothing but blood besprinkleth our bosoms? Let me see, be our enemies<sup>4</sup> fat?

*Epi.* Passing fat: and I would not change this life to be a lord; and yourself passeth all comparison, for other captains kill and beat, and there is nothing you kill, but you also eat. 100

*Top.* I will draw out their guts out of their bellies, and tear the flesh with my teeth, so mortal is my hate, and so eager my unstaunched stomach.

*Epi.* [*aside to the ladies*] My master thinks himself the valiantest man in the world if he kill a wren; so warlike a thing he accompteth to take away life, though it be from a lark.

*Top.* Epi, I find my thoughts to swell 110 and my spirit to take wings, insomuch that I cannot continue within the compass of so slender combats.

*Fav.* This passeth!<sup>1</sup>

*Scin.* Why, is he not mad? } [*aside*]

*Sam.* No, but a little vainglorious.

*Top.* Epi.

*Epi.* Sir.

*Top.* I will encounter that black and cruel enemy that beareth rough and untewed<sup>2</sup> locks upon his body, whose sire throweth down the strongest walls, whose legs are as many as both ours, on whose head are placed most horrible horns by nature as a defence from all harms.

*Epi.* What mean you, master, to be so desperate?

*Top.* Honor inciteth me, and very hunger compelleth me.

*Epi.* What is that monster? 130

*Top.* The monster *ovis*. I have said,—let thy wits work.

*Epi.* I cannot imagine it. Yet let me see,—a “black enemy” with “rough locks.” It may be a sheep, and *ovis* is a sheep. His sire so strong: a ram is a sheep's sire, that being also an engine of war. Horns he hath, and four legs,—so hath a sheep. Without doubt, this monster is a black sheep. Is it not a sheep that you mean? 140

*Top.* Thou hast hit it: that monster will I kill and sup with.

*Sam.* [*aside*] Come let us take him off. [*SAMIAS, DARES, FAVILLA, and SCINTILLA come forward*] Sir Tophas, all hail.

*Top.* Welcome, children; I seldom cast mine eyes so low as to the crowns of your heads, and therefore pardon me that I spake not all this while.

*Dar.* No harm done. Here be fair 150 ladies come to wonder at your person, your valor, your wit,—the report whereof hath made them careless of their own honors,—to glut their eyes and hearts upon yours.

*Top.* Report cannot but injure me, for that not knowing fully what I am, I fear she hath been a niggard in her praises.

*Scin.* No, gentle knight, report hath been prodigal, for she hath left you no equal, nor herself credit, so much hath she 160 told,—yet no more than we now see.

*Dar.* [*aside*] A good wench.

*Fav.* If there remain as much pity toward women as there is in your courage against your enemies, then shall we be happy, who,

<sup>1</sup> Ill-tempered.    <sup>2</sup> Just.    <sup>3</sup> Show his style.

<sup>4</sup> The Trout which Epi is carrying.

<sup>1</sup> Surpasseth.

<sup>2</sup> Uncombed.



hearing of your person, came to see it, and seeing it, are now in love with it.

*Top.* Love me, ladies? I easily believe it, but my tough heart receiveth no impression with sweet words. Mars may pierce <sup>170</sup> it, Venus shall not paint on it.

*Fav.* A cruel saying.

*Sam.* [*aside*] There's a girl.

*Dar.* Will you cast these ladies away, and all for a little love? Do but speak kindly.

*Top.* There cometh no soft syllable within my lips; custom hath made my words bloody and my heart barbarous: that pelt-ing<sup>1</sup> word love, how waterish it is in my <sup>180</sup> mouth; it carrieth no sound; hate, horror, death, are speeches that nourish my spirits. I like honey, but I care not for the bees; I delight in music, but I love not to play on the bagpipes; I can vouchsafe to hear the voice of women, but to touch their bodies I disdain it as a thing childish and fit for such men as can digest nothing but milk.

*Scin.* A hard heart! Shall we die for <sup>190</sup> your love and find no remedy?

*Top.* I have already taken a surfeit.

*Epi.* Good master, pity them.

*Top.* Pity them, Epi? No, I do not think that this breast shall be pestered with such a foolish passion. What is that the gentlewoman carrieth in a chain?

*Epi.* Why, it is a squirrel.

*Top.* A squirrel? O gods, what things are made for money? <sup>200</sup>

*Dar.* [*to the ladies*] Is not this gentleman over-wise?

*Fav.* I could stay all day with him, if I feared not to be shent.<sup>2</sup>

*Scin.* Is it not possible to meet again?

*Dar.* Yes, at any time.

*Fav.* Then let us hasten home.

*Scin.* Sir Tophas, the god of war deal better with you than you do with the god of love. <sup>210</sup>

*Fav.* Our love we may dissemble, digest we cannot; but I doubt not but time will hamper you and help us.

*Top.* I defy time, who hath no interest in my heart. Come, Epi, let me to the battle with that hideous beast: love is pap,

and hath no relish in my taste because it is not terrible.

[*Exeunt* Sir TOPHAS and EPITON]

*Dar.* Indeed a black sheep is a perilous beast; but let us in till another time. <sup>220</sup>

*Fav.* I shall long for that time.

*Exeunt*

## SCENA TERTIA

[*A Grove*]

[*Enter*] ENDYMION, DIPSAS [*and*] BAGOA  
[*in the background*]

*End.* No rest, Endymion; still uncertain how to settle thy steps by day or thy thoughts by night! Thy truth is measured by thy fortune, and thou art judged unfaithful because thou art unhappy. I will see if I can beguile myself with sleep, and if no slumber will take hold in my eyes, yet will I embrace the golden thoughts in my head, and wish to melt by musing; that as ebony, which no fire can scorch, is yet <sup>10</sup> consumed with sweet savors, so my heart, which cannot be bent by the hardness of fortune, may be bruised by amorous desires. On yonder bank never grew anything but lunary,<sup>1</sup> and hereafter I will never have any bed but that bank. O Endymion, Tellus was fair. But what availeth beauty without wisdom? Nay, Endymion, she was wise. But what availeth wisdom without honor? She was honorable, Endymion; be- <sup>20</sup> lie her not. Ay, but how obscure is honor without fortune. Was she not fortunate whom so many followed? Yes, yes, but base is fortune without majesty: thy majesty, Cynthia, all the world knoweth and wondereth at, but not one in the world that can imitate it or comprehend it. No more, Endymion. Sleep or die. Nay, die, for to sleep, it is impossible;—and yet I know not how it cometh t pass, I feel such a <sup>30</sup> heaviness both in mine eyes and heart that I am suddenly benumbed, yea, in every joint. It may be weariness, for when did I rest? It may be deep melancholy, for when did I not sigh? Cynthia! Ay, so;—I say, Cynthia!

*He falls asleep*

*Dip.* [*advancing*] Little dost thou know, Endymion, when thou shalt wake, for hadst

<sup>1</sup> Paltry.

<sup>2</sup> Reproved.

<sup>1</sup> Moonwort.



thou placed thy heart as low in love as thy head lieth now in sleep, thou mightest <sup>∞</sup> have commanded Tellus, whom now, instead of a mistress, thou shalt find a tomb. These eyes must I seal up by art, not nature, which are to be opened neither by art nor nature. Thou that liest down with golden locks shalt not awake until they be turned to silver hairs; and that chin on which scarcely appeareth soft down shall be filled with bristles as hard as broom. Thou shalt sleep out thy youth and flower-<sup>∞</sup> ing time, and become dry hay before thou knowest thyself green grass; and ready by age to step into the grave when thou wakest, that wast youthful in the court when thou laid'st thee down to sleep. The malice of Tellus hath brought this to pass, which if she could not have intreated of me by fair means, she would have commanded by menacing, for from her gather we all our simples to maintain our <sup>∞</sup> sorceries. [*To BAGO.*] Fan with this hemlock over his face, and sing the enchantment for sleep, whilst I go in and finish those ceremonies that are required in our art. Take heed ye touch not his face, for the fan is so seasoned that whoso it toucheth with a leaf shall presently die, and over whom the wind of it breatheth, he shall sleep forever.

*Bag.* Let me alone; I will be careful. <sup>70</sup>  
[*Exit DIPSAS*] What hap hadst thou, Endymion, to come under the hands of Dipsas? O fair Endymion, how it grieveth me that that fair face must be turned to a withered skin and taste the pains of death before it feel the reward of love! I fear Tellus will repent that which the heavens themselves seemed to rue. But I hear Dipsas coming; I dare not repine, lest she make me pine, and rock me into such a deep sleep that I <sup>∞</sup> shall not awake to my marriage.

[*Re-*]enter DIPSAS

*Dip.* How now, have you finished?

*Bag.* Yea.

*Dip.* Well then, let us in; and see that you do not so much as whisper that I did this, for if you do, I will turn thy hairs to adders and all thy teeth in thy head to tongues. Come away, come away. *Exeunt*

### A DUMB SHOW <sup>1</sup>

*Music sounds. Three ladies enter: one with a knife and a looking-glass, who, by <sup>∞</sup> the procurement of one of the other two, offers to stab Endymion as he sleeps; but the third rings her hands, lamenteth, offering still to prevent it, but dares not. At last, the first lady looking in the glass, casts down the knife.*

*Exeunt [the Three Ladies]*

*Enters an ancient man with books with three leaves; offers the same twice. Endymion refuseth. He <sup>2</sup> rendeth <sup>3</sup> two, and offers the third, where he stands awhile; and <sup>100</sup> then Endymion offers to take it.*

*Exit [the Old Man]*

### ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA PRIMA

[*Gardens of the Palace, as before*]

[*Enter CYNTHIA, EUMENIDES, TELLUS, SEMELE, CORSITES, PANELION, and ZONTES*]

*Cynth.* Is the report true, that Endymion is stricken into such a dead sleep that nothing can either wake him or move him?

*Eum.* Too true, madam, and as much to be pitied as wondered at.

*Tell.* As good sleep and do no harm as wake and do no good.

*Cynth.* What maketh you, Tellus, to be so short? <sup>4</sup> The time was Endymion only was. <sup>10</sup>

*Eum.* It is an old saying, madam, that a waking dog doth afar off bark at a sleeping lion.

*Sem.* It were good, Eumenides, that you took a nap with your friend, for your speech beginneth to be heavy.

*Eum.* Contrary to your nature, Semele, which hath been always accounted light.

*Cynth.* What, have we here before my face these unseemly and malapert over-<sup>∞</sup>thwarts! <sup>6</sup> I will tame your tongues and your thoughts, and make your speeches

<sup>1</sup> Not in the Q. Perhaps added later, and printed then in *Six Court Comedies*, 1632.

<sup>2</sup> The Old Man.

<sup>3</sup> Q. erroneously *readeth*.

<sup>4</sup> Sharp-tongued.

<sup>5</sup> Your only thought was Endymion.

<sup>6</sup> Impertinent wranglings.



answerable to your duties, and your conceits fit for my dignity, else will I banish you both my person and the world.

*Eum.* Pardon I humbly ask; but such is my unspotted faith to Endymion that whatsoever seemeth a needle to prick his finger is a dagger to wound my heart.

*Cynth.* If you be so dear to him, how <sup>so</sup> happeneth it you neither go to see him, nor search for remedy for him?

*Eum.* I have seen him to my grief, and sought recure<sup>1</sup> with despair, for that I cannot imagine who should restore him that is the wonder to all men. Your highness, on whose hands the compass of the earth is at command, though not in possession, may show yourself both worthy your sex, your nature, and your favor, if you redeem that <sup>so</sup> honorable Endymion, whose ripe years foretell rare virtues, and whose unmellowed conceits<sup>2</sup> promise ripe counsel.

*Cynth.* I have had trial of Endymion, and conceive greater assurance of his age than I could hope of his youth.

*Tell.* But timely, madam, crooks that tree that will be a cammock,<sup>3</sup> and young it pricks that will be a thorn; and therefore he that began without care to settle his <sup>so</sup> life, it is a sign without amendment he will end it.

*Cynth.* Presumptuous girl, I will make thy tongue an example of unrecoverable displeasure. Corsites, carry her to the castle in the desert, there to remain and weave.

*Cors.* Shall she work stories or poetries?

*Cynth.* It skilleth<sup>4</sup> not which. Go to <sup>so</sup> in both; for she shall find examples infinite in either what punishment long tongues have. Eumenides, if either the soothsayers in Egypt, or the enchanters in Thessaly, or the philosophers in Greece, or all the sages of the world, can find remedy, I will procure it; therefore, dispatch with all speed: you, Eumenides, into Thessaly; you, Zontes, into Greece, because you are acquainted in Athens; you, Panelion, to Egypt; saying <sup>so</sup> that Cynthia sendeth, and if you will, commandeth.

*Eum.* On bowed knee I give thanks, and with wings on my legs, I fly for remedy.

*Zon.* We are ready at your highness' command, and hope to return to your full content.

*Cynth.* It shall never be said that Cynthia, whose mercy and goodness filleth the heavens with joys and the world with <sup>so</sup> marvels, will suffer either Endymion or any to perish, if he may be protected.

*Eum.* Your Majesty's words have been always deeds, and your deeds virtues.

*Exeunt*

## SCENA SECUNDA

[*Before a Castle*]

[*Enter*] CORSITES [*and*] TELLUS

*Cors.* Here is the castle, fair Tellus, in which you must weave, till either time end your days, or Cynthia her displeasure. I am sorry so fair a face should be subject to so hard a fortune, and that the flower of beauty, which is honored in courts, should here wither in prison.

*Tell.* Corsites, Cynthia may restrain the liberty of my body, of my thoughts she cannot; and therefore do I esteem myself <sup>so</sup> most free, though I am in greatest bondage.

*Cors.* Can you then feed on fancy, and subdue the malice of envy by the sweetness of imagination?

*Tell.* Corsites, there is no sweeter music to the miserable than despair; and therefore the more bitterness I feel, the more sweetness I find; for so vain were liberty, and so unwelcome the following of higher fortune, that I choose rather to pine in <sup>so</sup> this castle than to be a prince in any other court.

*Cors.* A humor contrary to your years and nothing agreeable to your sex: the one commonly allured with delights, the other always with sovereignty.

*Tell.* I marvel, Corsites, that you being a captain, who should sound nothing but terror and suck nothing but blood, can find in your heart to talk such smooth words, for <sup>so</sup> that it agreeth not with your calling to use words so soft as that of love.

*Cors.* Lady, it were unfit of wars to discourse with women, into whose minds nothing can sink but smoothness; besides, you must not think that soldiers be so rough-hewn, or of such knotty mettle, that

<sup>1</sup> Remedy.

<sup>2</sup> Immature ideas.

<sup>3</sup> A crooked stick.

<sup>4</sup> Matters.



beauty cannot allure, and you, being beyond perfection, enchant.

*Tell.* Good Corsites, talk not of love, <sup>40</sup> but let me to my labor: the little beauty I have shall be bestowed on my loom, which I now mean to make my lover.

*Cors.* Let us in, and what favor Corsites can show, Tellus shall command.

*Tell.* The only favor I desire is now and then to walk. *Exeunt*

### SCENA TERTIA

[*Gardens of the Palace*]

[*Enter*] Sir TOPHAS and EPI[TON]

*Top.* Epi.

*Epi.* Here, sir.

*Top.* Unrig me. Heigho!

*Epi.* What's that?

*Top.* An interjection, whereof some are of mourning: as *eho, vah*.

*Epi.* I understand you not.

*Top.* Thou seest me.

*Epi.* Ay.

*Top.* Thou hearest me. 10

*Epi.* Ay.

*Top.* Thou feelest me.

*Epi.* Ay.

*Top.* And not understand'st .ae?

*Epi.* No.

*Top.* Then am I but three-quarters of a noun substantive. But alas, Epi, to tell thee the troth, I am a noun adjective.

*Epi.* Why?

*Top.* Because I cannot stand without <sup>20</sup> another.

*Epi.* Who is that?

*Top.* Dipsas.

*Epi.* Are you in love?

*Top.* No; but love hath, as it were, milked my thoughts and drained from my heart the very substance of my accustomed courage; it worketh in my head like new wine, so as I must hoop my sconce <sup>1</sup> with iron, lest my head break, and so I <sup>30</sup> bewray <sup>2</sup> my brains: but I pray thee first discover <sup>3</sup> me in all parts, that I may be like a lover, and then will I sigh and die. Take my gun and give me a gown: *Cedant arma togæ.*<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Head.

<sup>2</sup> Expose.

<sup>3</sup> Undress.

<sup>4</sup> Cicero.

*Epi.* Here.

*Top.* Take my sword and shield and give me beard-brush and scissors—*Bella gerant alii, tu Pari semper ama.*<sup>1</sup>

*Epi.* Will you be trimmed, sir? 40

*Top.* Not yet; for I feel a contention within me whether I shall frame the bodkin beard or the bush.<sup>2</sup> But take my pike and give me pen,—*Dicere quæ puduit, scribere jussit amor.*<sup>3</sup>

*Epi.* I will furnish you, sir.

*Top.* Now, for my bow and belts give me ink and paper, for my smiter a pen-knife; for

*Scalpellum, calami, atramentum, charta, libelli, 50 Sint semper studiis arma parata meis.*

*Epi.* Sir, will you give over wars and play with that bauble called love?

*Top.* Give over wars? No, Epi, *Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.*

*Epi.* Love hath made you very eloquent, but your face is nothing fair.

*Top.* *Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses.*

*Epi.* Nay, I must seek a new master if <sup>60</sup> you can speak nothing but verses.

*Top.* *Quicquid conabar dicere, versus erat.*<sup>4</sup> Epi, I feel all Ovid *de Arte Amandi* lie as heavy at my heart as a load of logs. O what a fine, thin hair hath Dipsas! What a pretty low forehead! What a tall and stately nose! What little hollow eyes! What great and goodly lips! How harmless she is, being toothless, her fingers fat and short, adorned with long nails like a bit- <sup>70</sup> tern! In how sweet a proportion her cheeks hang down to her breasts like dugs and her paps to her waist like bags! What a low stature she is, and yet what a great foot she carrieth! How thrifty must she be in whom there is no waist! How virtuous is she like to be, over whom no man can be jealous!

*Epi.* Stay, master, you forget yourself.

*Top.* O Epi, even as a dish melteth <sup>80</sup> by the fire, so doth my wit increase by love.

*Epi.* Pithily, and to the purpose! But what, begin you to nod?

*Top.* Good Epi, let me take a nap; for

<sup>1</sup> A reminiscence of Ovid.

<sup>2</sup> A pointed or spreading beard.

<sup>3</sup> Ovid.

<sup>4</sup> These three quotations are variously from Ovid also, a schoolbook in Lyly's age.



as some man may better steal a horse than another look over the hedge, so divers shall be sleepy when they would fainest take rest. *He sleeps*

*Epi.* Who ever saw such a woodcock!<sup>1</sup> Love Dipsas! Without doubt all the world will now account him valiant, that ventureth on her whom none durst undertake. But here cometh two wags.

*Enter DARES and SAMIAS*

*Sam.* Thy master hath slept his share.

*Dar.* I think he doth it because he would not pay me by board-wages.

*Sam.* It is a thing most strange: and I think mine will never return, so that we must both seek new masters, for we shall never live by our manners. <sup>100</sup>

*Epi.* If you want masters, join with me and serve Sir Tophas, who must needs keep more men, because he is toward marriage.

*Sam.* What, *Epi*, where's thy master?

*Epi.* Yonder, sleeping in love.

*Dar.* Is it possible?

*Epi.* He hath taken his thoughts a hole lower,<sup>2</sup> and saith, seeing it is the fashion of the world, he will vail bonnet<sup>3</sup> to beauty.

*Sam.* How is he attired? <sup>110</sup>

*Epi.* Lovely.<sup>4</sup>

*Dar.* Whom loveth this amorous knight?

*Epi.* Dipsas.

*Sam.* That ugly creature? Why, she is a fool, a scold, fat, without fashion, and quite without favor.<sup>5</sup>

*Epi.* Tush, you be simple; my master hath a good marriage.

*Dar.* Good! As how?

*Epi.* Why, in marrying Dipsas he shall <sup>120</sup> have every day twelve dishes of meat to his dinner, though there be none but Dipsas with him: four of flesh, four of fish, four of fruit.

*Sam.* As how, *Epi*?

*Epi.* For flesh these: woodcock, goose, bittern, and rail.<sup>6</sup>

*Dar.* Indeed, he shall not miss, if Dipsas be there.

<sup>1</sup> Simpleton; the woodcock was regarded a foolish bird.

<sup>2</sup> Come off his high horse (Baker).

<sup>3</sup> Take off his cap.

<sup>4</sup> As a lover.

<sup>5</sup> Good looks.

<sup>6</sup> *Epi.* plays on both the sound and meaning of these words.

*Epi.* For fish these: crab, carp, lump, <sup>130</sup> and pouting.

*Sam.* Excellent, for of my word she is both crabbish, lumpish, and carping.

*Epi.* For fruit these: fretters, medlars,<sup>1</sup> hartichokes, and lady-longings. Thus you see he shall fare like a king, though he be but a beggar.

*Dar.* Well, *Epi*, dine thou with him, for I had rather fast than see her face. But see, thy master is asleep; let us have a <sup>140</sup> song to wake this amorous knight.

*Epi.* Agreed.

*Sam.* Content.

#### THE FIRST SONG<sup>2</sup>

*Epi.* Here snores Tophas,  
That amorous ass,  
Who loves Dipsas,  
With face so sweet,  
Nose and chin meet.

*All three.* { At sight of her each Fury skips  
And flings into her lap their whips. <sup>151</sup>

*Dar.* Holla, holla in his ear.

*Sam.* The witch, sure, thrust her fingers there.

*Epi.* Cramp him, or wring the fool by th' nose;

*Dar.* Or clap some burning flax to his toes.

*Sam.* What music's best to wake him?

*Epi.* Bow-wow, let bandogs<sup>3</sup> shake him!

*Dar.* Let adders hiss in's ear;

*Sam.* Else earwigs wriggle there.

*Epi.* No, let him batten;<sup>4</sup> when his tongue  
Once goes, a cat is not worse strung.

*All three.* { But if he ope nor mouth nor eyes, <sup>160</sup>  
He may in time sleep himself wise.

*Top.* Sleep is a binding of the senses,  
love a loosing.

*Epi.* Let us hear him awhile.

*Top.* There appeared in my sleep a goodly owl, who, sitting upon my shoulder, cried, "Twit, twit"; and before mine eyes presented herself the express image of Dipsas. I marvelled what the owl said, till <sup>170</sup> at the last I perceived,—"Twit, twit," "To it, to it,"—only, by contraction admonished by this vision to make account of my sweet Venus.

*Sam.* Sir Tophas, you have overslept yourself.

*Top.* No, youth, I have but slept over my love.

*Dar.* Love? Why, it is impossible that into so noble and unconquered a courage <sup>180</sup> love should creep, having first a head as

<sup>1</sup> A small fruit which rots soon.

<sup>2</sup> The songs of Lyly's plays appear first in the collected edition.

<sup>3</sup> A fierce dog.

<sup>4</sup> Grow fat.



hard to pierce as steel, then to pass to a heart armed with a shirt of mail.

*Epi.* Ay, but my master yawning one day in the sun, Love crept into his mouth before he could close it, and there kept such a tumbling in his body that he was glad to untruss<sup>1</sup> the points<sup>2</sup> of his heart and entertain Love as a stranger.

*Top.* If there remain any pity in you, <sup>100</sup> plead for me to Dipsas.

*Dar.* Plead! Nay, we will press her to it. [*aside to SAMIAS*] Let us go with him to Dipsas, and there shall we have good sport. But, Sir Tophas, when shall we go? For I find my tongue voluble, and my heart venturous, and all myself like myself.

*Sam.* [*aside to DARES*] Come, Dares, let us not lose him until we find our masters, for as long as he liveth, we shall lack <sup>200</sup> neither mirth nor meat.

*Epi.* We will traverse. Will you go, sir?

*Top.* *I præ, sequar.*<sup>3</sup> *Exeunt*

#### SCENA QUARTA

[*A desert place, with a fountain*]

[*Enter*] EUMENIDES [*and*] GERON [*completing a song*]

*Eum.* Father, your sad music being tuned on the same key that my hard fortune is, hath so melted my mind that I wish to hang at your mouth's end till life end.

*Ger.* These tunes, gentleman, have I been accustomed with these fifty winters, having no other house to shroud myself but the broad heavens; and so familiar with me hath use made misery that I esteem sorrow my chiefest solace, and welcomest <sup>10</sup> is that guest to me that can rehearse the saddest tale or the bloodiest tragedy.

*Eum.* A strange humor. Might I inquire the cause?

*Ger.* You must pardon me if I deny to tell it, for knowing that the revealing of griefs is, as it were, a renewing of sorrow, I have vowed therefore to conceal them, that I might not only feel the depth of everlasting discontentment, but <sup>20</sup> despair of remedy. But whence are you?

<sup>1</sup> Untie.

<sup>2</sup> Laces by which the hose were fastened to the doublet.

<sup>3</sup> Terence.

What fortune hath thrust you to this distress?

*Eum.* I am going to Thessaly, to seek remedy for Endymion, my dearest friend, who hath been cast into a dead sleep almost these twenty years, waxing old and ready for the grave, being almost but newly come forth of the cradle.

*Ger.* You need not for recure travel <sup>30</sup> so far, for who so can clearly see the bottom of this fountain shall have remedy for anything.

*Eum.* That methinketh is impossible. Why, what virtue can there be in water?

*Ger.* Yes, whosoever can shed the tears of a faithful lover shall obtain anything he would. Read these words engraven about the brim.

*Eum.* Have you known this by experi- <sup>40</sup> ence, or is it placed here of purpose to delude men?

*Ger.* I only would have experience of it, and then should there be an end of my misery; and then would I tell the strangest discourse that ever yet was heard.

*Eum.* Ah, Eumenides!

*Ger.* What lack you, gentleman; are you not well?

*Eum.* Yes, father, but a qualm that <sup>50</sup> often cometh over my heart doth now take hold of me. But did never any lovers come hither?

*Ger.* Lusters, but not lovers; for often have I seen them weep, but never could I hear they saw the bottom.

*Eum.* Came there women also?

*Ger.* Some.

*Eum.* What did thy see?

*Ger.* They all wept, that the fountain <sup>60</sup> overflowed with tears, but so thick became the water with their tears that I could scarce discern the brim, much less behold the bottom.

*Eum.* Be faithful lovers so scant?

*Ger.* It seemeth so, for yet heard I never of any.

*Eum.* Ah Eumenides, how art thou perplexed! Call to mind the beauty of thy sweet mistress and the depth of thy <sup>70</sup> never-dying affections: how oft hast thou honored her, not only without spot, but suspicion of falsehood! And how hardly hath she rewarded thee without cause or color of despite. How secret hast thou been



these seven years, that hast not, nor once darest not to name her, for discontenting her. How faithful, that hast offered to die for her, to please her! Unhappy Eumenides!

*Ger.* Why, gentleman, did you once love?

*Eum.* Once? Ay, father, and ever shall.

*Ger.* Was she unkind and you faithful?

*Eum.* She of all women the most froward, and I of all creatures the most fond.

*Ger.* You doted then, not loved, for affection is grounded on virtue, and virtue is never peevish; or on beauty, and beauty loveth to be praised.

*Eum.* Ay, but if all virtuous ladies should yield to all that be loving, or all amiable gentlewomen entertain all that be amorous, their virtues would be accounted vices, and their beauties deformities; for that love can be but between two, and that not proceeding of him that is most faithful but most fortunate.

*Ger.* I would you were so faithful that your tears might make you fortunate.

*Eum.* Yea, father, if that my tears clear not this fountain, then may you swear it is but a mere mockery.

*Ger.* So saith every one yet that wept.

*Eum.* Ah, I faint, I die! Ah, sweet Semele, let me alone, and dissolve,<sup>1</sup> by weeping, into water.

[*He gazes into the fountain*]

*Ger.* This affection seemeth strange: if he see nothing, without doubt this dissimbling passeth<sup>2</sup> for nothing shall draw me from the belief.

*Eum.* Father, I plainly see the bottom, and there in white marble engraven these words: *Ask one for all, and but one thing at all.*

*Ger.* O fortunate Eumenides, (for so have I heard thee call thyself,) let me see. [*Looks into the fountain*] I cannot discern any such thing. I think thou dreamest.

*Eum.* Ah, father, thou art not a faithful lover, and therefore canst not behold it.

*Ger.* Then ask, that I may be satisfied by the event, and thyself blessed.

*Eum.* Ask? So I will. And what shall

I do but ask, and whom should I ask but Semele, the possessing of whose person is a pleasure that cannot come within the compass of comparison; whose golden locks seem most curious when they seem most careless; whose sweet looks seem most alluring when they are most chaste; and whose words the more virtuous they are, the more amorous they be accounted? I pray thee, Fortune, when I shall first meet with fair Semele, dash my delight with some light disgrace, lest embracing sweetness beyond measure, I take a surfeit without recure: let her practise her accustomed coyness that I may diet myself upon my desires; otherwise the fulness of my joys will diminish the sweetness, and I shall perish by them before I possess them. Why do I trifle the time in words? The least minute being spent in the getting of Semele is more worth than the whole world; therefore let me ask.

What now, Eumenides! Whither art thou drawn? Hast thou forgotten both friendship and duty, care of Endymion, and the commandment of Cynthia? Shall he die in a leaden sleep because thou sleepest in a golden dream? Ay, let him sleep ever, so I slumber but one minute with Semele. Love knoweth neither friendship nor kindred. Shall I not hazard the loss of a friend for the obtaining of her for whom I would often lose myself? Fond Eumenides, shall the enticing beauty of a most disdainful lady be of more force than the rare fidelity of a tried friend? The love of men to women is a thing common and of course; the friendship of man to man infinite and immortal. Tush! Semele doth possess my love. Ay, but Endymion hath deserved it. I will help Endymion. I found Endymion unspotted in his truth. Ay, but I shall find Semele constant in her love. I will have Semele. What shall I do? Father, thy gray hairs are ambassadors of experience. Which shall I ask?

*Ger.* Eumenides, release Endymion, for all things, friendship excepted, are subject to fortune: love is but an eye-worm, which only tickleth the head with hopes and wishes; friendship the image of eternity, in which there is nothing movable, nothing

<sup>1</sup> And let me dissolve.

<sup>2</sup> Is most successful.

<sup>1</sup> Foolish.



mischievous. As much difference as there is between beauty and virtue, bodies and shadows, colors and life, so great odds is there between love and friendship. Love is a chameleon, which draweth nothing into the mouth but air, and nourisheth nothing in the body but lungs: believe me, Eumenides, desire dies in the same moment that beauty sickens, and beauty fadeth in the same instant that it flourisheth. When adversities flow, then love ebbs; but friendship standeth stiffly in storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair face, but addeth fresh colors to a fast friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor misery, nor place, nor destiny, can alter or diminish. O friendship, of all things the most rare, and therefore most rare because most excellent, whose comforts in misery is always sweet, and whose counsels in prosperity are ever fortunate! Vain love, that, only coming near to friendship in name, would seem to be the same or better in nature!

*Eum.* Father, I allow your reasons, and will therefore conquer mine own. Virtue shall subdue affections, wisdom lust, friendship beauty. Mistresses are in every place, and as common as hares on Athos,<sup>1</sup> bees in Hybla, fowls in the air; but friends to be found are like the phoenix in Arabia, but one; or the philadelphi<sup>2</sup> in Arays,<sup>3</sup> never above two. I will have Endymion [*Looking again into the fountain*] Sacred fountain, in whose bowels are hidden divine secrets, I have increased your waters with the tears of unspotted thoughts, and therefore let me receive the reward you promise: Endymion, the truest friend to me, and faithfulest lover to Cynthia, is in such a dead sleep that nothing can wake or move him.

*Ger.* Dost thou see anything? 220

*Eum.* I see in the same pillar these words: *When she whose figure of all is the perfectest, and never to be measured; always one, yet never the same; still inconstant, yet never wavering; shall come and kiss Endymion in his sleep, he shall then rise, else never.* This is strange.

<sup>1</sup> Q. in Atho.

<sup>2</sup> A plant of which the plants grow only in pairs.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps Aranjuez in Spain where there were famous gardens.

*Ger.* What see you else?

*Eum.* There cometh over mine eyes either a dark mist, or upon the fountain a deep thickness, for I can perceive nothing. But how am I deluded, or what difficult, nay impossible, thing is this?

*Ger.* Me thinketh it easy.

*Eum.* Good father, and how?

*Ger.* Is not a circle of all figures the perfectest?

*Eum.* Yes.

*Ger.* And is not Cynthia of all circles the most absolute? 240

*Eum.* Yes.

*Ger.* Is it not impossible to measure her, who still worketh by her influence,<sup>1</sup> never standing at one stay?

*Eum.* Yes.

*Ger.* Is she not always Cynthia, yet seldom in the same bigness; always wavering in her waxing or waning, that our bodies might the better be governed, our seasons the dailier give their increase; yet never to be removed from her course, as long as the heavens continue theirs?

*Eum.* Yes.

*Ger.* Then who can it be but Cynthia, whose virtues being all divine must needs bring things to pass that be miraculous? Go, humble thyself to Cynthia; tell her the success, of which myself shall be a witness. And this assure thyself, that she that sent to find means for his safety will now work her cunning.

*Eum.* How fortunate am I, if Cynthia be she that may do it!

*Ger.* How fond<sup>2</sup> art thou, if thou do not believe it!

*Eum.* I will hasten thither that I may entreat on my knees for succor, and embrace in mine arms my friend.

*Ger.* I will go with thee, for unto Cynthia must I discover all my sorrows, who also must work in me a contentment.

*Eum.* May I now know the cause?

*Ger.* That shall be as we walk, and I doubt not but the strangeness of my tale will take away the tediousness of our journey.

*Eum.* Let us go.

*Ger.* I follow.

*Exeunt*

<sup>1</sup> In the astrological sense.

<sup>2</sup> Foolish.



## ACTUS QUARTUS SCENA PRIMA

[Before Corsites' Castle]

[Enter TELLUS]

*Tell.* I marvel Corsites giveth me so much liberty,—all the world knowing his charge to be so high and his nature to be most strange,—who hath so ill intreated ladies of great honor that he hath not suffered them to look out of windows, much less to walk abroad. It may be he is in love with me, for (Endymion, hard-hearted Endymion excepted) what is he that is not enamored of my beauty? But what respectest<sup>10</sup> thou the love of all the world? Endymion hates thee. Alas, poor Endymion, my malice hath exceeded my love, and thy faith to Cynthia quenched my affections. Quenched, Tellus? Nay, kindled them afresh; insomuch that I find scorching flames for dead embers, and cruel encounters of war in my thoughts instead of sweet parleys. Ah, that I might once again see Endymion! Accursed girl, what hope hast<sup>20</sup> thou to see Endymion, on whose head already are grown gray hairs, and whose life must yield to nature, before Cynthia end her displeasure. Wicked Dipsas, and most devilish Tellus, the one for cunning too exquisite, the other for hate too intolerable! Thou wast commanded to weave the stories and poetries wherein were showed both examples and punishments of tattling tongues, and thou hast only embroidered the sweet<sup>30</sup> face of Endymion, devices of love, melancholy imaginations, and what-not, out of thy work, that thou shouldst study to pick out of thy mind. But here cometh Corsites. I must seem yielding and stout; full of mildness, yet tempered with a majesty; for if I be too flexible, I shall give him more hope than I mean; if too froward, enjoy less liberty than I would. Love him I cannot, and therefore will practise that which<sup>40</sup> is most customary<sup>1</sup> to our sex, to dissemble.

Enter CORSITES

*Cor.* Fair Tellus, I perceive you rise with the lark, and to yourself sing with the nightingale.

<sup>1</sup> Bond's emendation for *contrary*.

*Tell.* My lord, I have no playfellow but fancy; being barred of all company, I must question with myself, and make my thoughts my friends.

*Cor.* I would you would account my thoughts also your friends, for they be<sup>50</sup> such as are only busied in wondering at your beauty and wisdom; and some such as have esteemed your fortune too hard; and divers of that kind that offer to set you free, if you will set them free.

*Tell.* There are no colors so contrary as white and black, nor elements so disagreeing as fire and water, nor anything so opposite as men's thoughts and their words.

*Cor.* He that gave Cassandra the gift<sup>60</sup> of prophesying, with the curse that, spake she never so true, she should never be believed, hath I think poisoned the fortune of men, that uttering the extremities of their inward passions are always suspected of outward perjuries.

*Tell.* Well, Corsites, I will flatter myself and believe you. What would you do to enjoy my love?

*Cor.* Set all the ladies of the castle<sup>70</sup> free, and make you the pleasure of my life: more I cannot do, less I will not.

*Tell.* These be great words, and fit your calling; for captains must promise things impossible. But will you do one thing for all?

*Cor.* Anything, sweet Tellus, that am ready for all.

*Tell.* You know that on the lunar bank sleepeth Endymion.

*Cor.* I know it.

*Tell.* If you will remove him from that place by force, and convey him into some obscure cave by policy, I give you here the faith of an unspotted virgin that you only shall possess me as a lover, and in spite of malice have me for a wife.

*Cor.* Remove him, Tellus! Yes, Tellus, he shall be removed, and that so soon as<sup>1</sup> thou shalt as much commend my dili-<sup>80</sup>gence as my force. I go.

*Tell.* Stay, will yourself attempt it?

*Cor.* Ay, Tellus, as I would have none partaker of my sweet love, so shall none be partners of my labors. But I pray thee go at your best leisure, for Cynthia beginneth to rise, and if she discover our love,

<sup>1</sup> That.



we both perish, for nothing pleaseth her but the fairness of virginity. All things must be not only without lust but without suspicion of lightness.

*Tell.* I will depart, and go you to Endymion.

*Cor.* I fly, Tellus, being of all men the most fortunate. *Exit [CORSITES]*

*Tell.* Simple Corsites, I have set thee about a task, being but a man, that the gods themselves cannot perform, for little dost thou know how heavy his head lies, how hard his fortune; but such shifts must women have to deceive men, and under color of things easy, entreat that which is impossible; otherwise we should be cumbered with importunities, oaths, sighs, letters, and all implements of love, which to one resolved to the contrary are most loathsome. I will in, and laugh with the other ladies at Corsites's sweating. *Exit*

## SCENA SECUNDA

[Gardens of the Palace]

[Enter] SAMIAS and DARES

*Sam.* Will thy master never awake?

*Dar.* No; I think he sleeps for a wager: but how shall we spend the time? Sir Tophas is so far in love that he pineth in his bed and cometh not abroad.

*Sam.* But here cometh Epi in a pelting chafe.<sup>1</sup>

[Enter EPITON]

*Epi.* A pox for all false proverbs, and were a proverb a page, I would have him by the ears! 10

*Sam.* Why art thou angry?

*Epi.* Why? You know it is said, "The tide tarrieth no man."

*Sam.* True.

*Epi.* A monstrous lie; for I was tied two hours, and tarried for one to unloose me.

*Dar.* Alas! poor Epi!

*Epi.* Poor! No, no, you base-conceited slaves, I am a most complete gentleman, although I be in disgrace with Sir Tophas. 20

*Dar.* Art thou out with him?

*Epi.* Ay, because I cannot get him a

<sup>1</sup> Bad humor.

<sup>2</sup> Unimaginative.

lodging with Endymion. He would fain take a nap for forty or fifty years.

*Dar.* A short sleep, considering our long life.

*Sam.* Is he still in love?

*Epi.* In love? Why he doth nothing but make sonnets. 20

*Sam.* Canst thou remember any one of his poems?

*Epi.* Ay, this is one:—

The beggar, Love, that knows not where to lodge,  
At last within my heart, when I slept  
He crept.

I waked, and so my fancies began to lodge.<sup>1</sup>

*Sam.* That's a very long verse.

*Epi.* Why, the other was short: the first is called from the thumb to the little finger; the second from the little finger to the elbow; and some he made to reach to the crown of his head, and down again to the sole of his foot. It is set to the tune of the black saunce;<sup>2</sup> *ratio est*, because Dipsas is a black saint.

*Dar.* Very wisely: but pray thee, Epi, how art thou complete; and being from thy master, what occupation wilt thou take?

*Epi.* Know,<sup>3</sup> my hearts, I am an absolute *Microcosmus*, a petty world of myself: my library is my head, for I have no other books but my brains; my wardrobe on my back, for I have no more apparel than is on my body; my armory at my fingers' ends, for I use no other artillery than my nails; my treasure in my purse. *Sic omnia mea mecum porto.*<sup>4</sup>

*Dar.* Good!

*Epi.* Know,<sup>5</sup> sirs, my palace is paved with grass, and tiled with stars, for *Cælo tegitur qui non habet urnam*,<sup>6</sup> he that hath no house must lie in the yard.

*Sam.* A brave resolution! But how wilt thou spend thy time?

*Epi.* Not in any melancholy sort; for mine exercise I will walk horses.

*Dar.* Too bad!

*Epi.* Why, is it not said: "It is good walking when one hath his horse in his hand"?

*Sam.* Worse and worse! But how wilt thou live?

*Epi.* By angling. O, 'tis a stately occu-

<sup>1</sup> Move.

<sup>2</sup> The Black Sanctus, a hymn to St. Satan.

<sup>3</sup> Old edd. No.

<sup>4</sup> Cicero.

<sup>5</sup> Old edd. Now.

<sup>6</sup> Lucan.



pation to stand four hours in a cold morning, and to have his nose bitten with frost before his bait be mumbled with a fish.

*Dar.* A rare attempt! But wilt thou never travel?

*Epi.* Yes, in a western barge, when with so a good wind and lusty pugs,<sup>1</sup> one may go ten miles in two days.

*Sam.* Thou art excellent at thy choice. But what pastime wilt thou use? None?

*Epi.* Yes, the quickest of all.

*Sam.* What, dice?

*Epi.* No, when I am in haste, one-and-twenty games at chess, to pass a few minutes.

*Dar.* A life for a little lord, and full of so quickness.

*Epi.* Tush, let me alone! But I must needs see if I can find where Endymion lieth, and then go to a certain fountain hard by, where they say faithful lovers shall have all things they will ask. If I can find out any of these, *Ego et magister meus erimus in tuto*, I and my master shall be friends. He is resolved to weep some three of four pailfuls to avoid the rheum<sup>100</sup> of love that wambleth<sup>2</sup> in his stomach.

*Enter [Master Constable and Two]  
Watch[men]*

*Sam.* Shall we never see thy master, Dares?

*Dar.* Yes; let us go now, for to-morrow Cynthia will be there.

*Epi.* I will go with you;—but how shall we see for the Watch?

*Sam.* Tush, let me alone! I'll begin to them. Masters, God speed you.

*1 Watch.* Sir boy, we are all sped al-<sup>110</sup> ready.

*Epi.* [aside] So methinks, for they smell all of drink, like a beggar's beard.

*Dar.* But I pray, sirs, may we see Endymion?

*2 Watch.* No, we are commanded in Cynthia's name, that no man shall see him.

*Sam.* No man! Why, we are but boys.

*1 Watch.* Mass, neighbors, he says true, for if I swear I will never drink my liquor<sup>120</sup> by the quart, and yet call for two pints, I think with a safe conscience I may carouse both.

<sup>1</sup> Bargemen.

<sup>2</sup> Rumbleth.

*Dar.* Pithily, and to the purpose.

*2 Watch.* Tush, tush, neighbors, take me with you.<sup>1</sup>

*Sam.* [aside] This will grow hot.

*Dar.* [aside] Let them alone.

*2 Watch.* If I say to my wife, "Wife, I will have no raisins in my pudding," she<sup>130</sup> puts in currants; small raisins are raisins, and boys are men: even as my wife should have put no raisins in my pudding, so shall there no boys see Endymion.

*Dar.* Learnedly.

*Epi.* Let Master Constable speak; I think he is the wisest among you.

*Mast.* You know, neighbors, 'tis an old said saw,<sup>2</sup> 'Children and fools speak true.'

*All.* True.<sup>140</sup>

*Mast.* Well, there you see the men be the fools, because it is provided from the children.

*Dar.* Good.

*Mast.* Then, say I, neighbors, that children must not see Endymion, because children and fools speak true.

*Epi.* O wicked application!

*Sam.* Scurvily brought about!

*1 Watch.* Nay, he says true, and there-<sup>150</sup> fore till Cynthia have been here, he shall not be uncovered. Therefore, away!

*Dar.* [Aside to Epi and Sam.] A watch, quoth you! A man may watch seven years for a wise word, and yet go without it. Their wits are all as rusty as their bills.<sup>3</sup> But come on, Master Constable, shall we have a song before we go?

*Mast.* With all my heart.

#### THE SECOND SONG

*Watch.* Stand! Who goes there?  
We charge you appear  
'Fore our constable here,  
In the name of the Man in the Moon.  
To us billmen relate  
Why you stagger so late,  
And how you come drunk so soon.

*Pages.* What are ye, scabs?<sup>4</sup>

*Watch.* The Watch:

This the Constable.

*Pages.* A patch.<sup>5</sup>

*Const.* Knock 'em down unless they all stand:<sup>171</sup>

If any run away,  
'Tis the old watchman's play,  
To reach him a bill of his hand.

*Pages.* O gentlemen, hold,  
Your gowns freeze<sup>6</sup> with cold.  
And your rotten teeth dance in your head;

<sup>1</sup> Let me understand you.

<sup>2</sup> Saying.

<sup>3</sup> A halbert, the weapon of the watch.

<sup>4</sup> Rogues.

<sup>5</sup> Fool.

<sup>6</sup> With a play on frieze, the material.



*Epi.* Wine, nothing shall cost ye;  
*Sam.* Nor huge fires to roast ye;  
*Dares.* Then soberly let us be led.  
*Const.* Come, my brown bills,<sup>1</sup> we'll roar, 180  
 Bounce loud at tavern door,  
*Omnes.* And i' th' morning steal all to bed.

*Exeunt*

### SCENA TERTIA

[*The Grove*]

CORSITES *solus.* [ENDYMION *lies asleep on the lunary bank*]

*Cor.* I am come in sight of the lunary bank. Without doubt Tellus doteth upon me, and cunningly, that I might not perceive her love, she hath set me to a task that is done before it is begun. Endymion, you must change your pillow, and if you be not weary of sleep, I will carry you where at ease you shall sleep your fill. It were good that without more ceremonies I took him, lest being espied, I be entrapt, and so 10 incur the displeasure of Cynthia, who commonly setteth watch that Endymion have no wrong. [*He tries to lift Endymion*]<sup>2</sup> What now, is your mastership so heavy, or are you nailed to the ground? Not stir one whit! Then use all thy force, though he feel it and wake! What, stone-still? Turned, I think, to earth with lying so long on the earth. Didst not thou, Corsites, before Cynthia, pull up a tree that 20 forty years was fastened with roots and wreathed in knots to the ground? Didst not thou, with main force, pull open the iron gates which no ram or engine could move? Have my weak thoughts made brawn-fallen<sup>3</sup> my strong arms, or is it the nature of love, or the quintessence of the mind, to breed numbness or litherness,<sup>4</sup> or I know not what languishing in my joints and sinews, being but the base strings of 30 my body? Or doth the remembrance of Tellus so refine my spirits into a matter so subtle and divine that the other fleshy parts cannot work whilst they muse? Rest thyself, rest thyself; nay, rend thyself in pieces, Corsites, and strive, in spite of love, fortune, and nature, to lift up this dulled

<sup>1</sup> Bills were often browned, japanned, to keep them from rust; and were sometimes black with varnish.

<sup>2</sup> *Q.* *He lifts.*

<sup>3</sup> Weak in muscle.

<sup>4</sup> Languor.

body, heavier than dead and more senseless than death.

### *Enter Fairies*

But what are these so fair fiends that 40 cause my hairs to stand upright and spirits to fall down? Hags, out!—alas, nymphs, I crave pardon. Ay me, out! what do I hear!

*The Fairies dance, and with a song pinch him, and he falleth asleep. They kiss Endymion and depart.*

### THE THIRD SONG BY FAIRIES

*Omnes.* Pinch him, pinch him, black and blue,  
 Saucy mortals must not view  
 What the Queen of Stars is doing,  
 Nor pry into our fairy wooing. 50

1 *Fairy.* Pinch him blue,

2 *Fairy.* And pinch him black;

3 *Fairy.* Let him not lack  
 Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red,  
 Till sleep has rocked his addle head.

4 *Fairy.* For the trespass he hath done,  
 Spots o'er all his flesh shall run.  
 Kiss Endymion, kiss his eyes,  
 Then to our midnight heidegyes.<sup>1</sup>

*Exeunt leaving ENDYMION and CORSITES sleeping*

CYNTHIA, FLOSCULA, SEMELE, PANELION,  
 ZONTES, PYTHAGORAS, [*and*] GYPTES

*Cynth.* You see, Pythagoras, what 60 ridiculous opinions you hold, and I doubt not but you are now of another mind.

*Pyth.* Madam, I plainly perceive that the perfection of your brightness hath pierced through the thickness that covered my mind; insomuch that I am no less glad to be reformed than ashamed to remember my grossness.

*Gypt.* They are thrice fortunate that live in your palace, where truth is not in 70 colors but life, virtues not in imagination but execution.

*Cynth.* I have always studied to have rather living virtues than painted gods, the body of truth than the tomb. But let us walk to Endymion;<sup>2</sup> it may be it lieth in your arts to deliver him; as for Eumenides, I fear he is dead.

*Pyth.* I have alleged all the natural reasons I can for such a long sleep. 80

*Gypt.* I can do nothing till I see him.

<sup>1</sup> Dances, revels.

<sup>2</sup> They cross the stage to the bank of lunary.



*Cynth.* Come, Floscula; I am sure you are glad that you shall behold Endymion.

*Flos.* I were blessed, if I might have him recovered.

*Cynth.* Are you in love with his person?

*Flos.* No, but with his virtue.

*Cynth.* What say you, Semele?

*Sem.* Madam, I dare say nothing for fear I offend.

*Cynth.* Belike you cannot speak except you be spiteful; but as good be silent as saucy. Panelion, what punishment were fit for Semele, in whose speech and thoughts is only contempt and sourness?

*Pan.* I love not, madam, to give any judgment; yet, sith your highness commandeth, I think to commit her tongue close prisoner to her mouth.

*Cynth.* Agreed. Semele, if thou speak this twelvemonth, thou shall forfeit thy tongue. Behold Endymion! Alas, poor gentleman, hast thou spent thy youth in sleep, that once vowed all to my service! Hollow eyes, gray hairs, wrinkled cheeks, and decayed limbs! Is it destiny or deceit that hath brought this to pass? If the first, who could prevent thy wretched stars? If the latter, I would I might know thy cruel enemy. I favored thee, Endymion, for thy honor, thy virtues, thy affections; but, to bring thy thoughts within the compass of thy fortunes, I have seemed strange that I might have thee staid, and now are thy days ended before my favor begin. But whom have we here? Is it not Corsites?

*Zon.* It is, but more like a leopard<sup>1</sup> than a man.

*Cynth.* Awake him. [*ZONTES awakens CORSITES*] How now, Corsites, what make you<sup>2</sup> here? How came you deformed? Look on thy hands, and then thou seest the picture of thy face.

*Cor.* Miserable wretch, and accursed! How am I deluded! Madam, I ask pardon for my offence, and you see my fortune deserveth pity.

*Cynth.* Speak on; thy offence cannot deserve greater punishment: but see thou rehearse the truth, else shalt thou not find me as thou wishest me.

*Cor.* Madam, as it is no offence to be in love, being a man mortal, so I hope can it

be no shame to tell with whom, my lady being heavenly. Your majesty committed to my charge the fair Tellus, whose beauty in the same moment took my heart captive that I undertook to carry her body prisoner. Since that time have I found such combats in my thoughts between love and duty, reverence and affection, that I could neither endure the conflict, nor hope for the conquest.

*Cynth.* In love? A thing far unfitting the name of a captain, and (as I thought) the tough and unsmoothed nature of Corsites. But forth!

*Cor.* Feeling this continual war, I thought rather by parley to yield than by certain danger to perish. I unfolded to Tellus the depth of my affections, and framed my tongue to utter a sweet tale of love, that was wont to sound nothing but threats of war. She, too fair to be true and too false for one so fair, after a nice<sup>1</sup> denial, practised a notable deceit, commanding me to remove Endymion from this cabin, and carry him to some dark cave; which I, seeking to accomplish, found impossible; and so by fairies or fiends have been thus handled.

*Cynth.* How say you, my lords, is not Tellus always practising of some deceits? In sooth, Corsites, thy face is now too foul for a lover, and thine heart too fond for a soldier. You may see when warriors become wantons how their manners alter with their faces. Is it not a shame, Corsites, that having lived so long in Mars his camp, thou shouldst now be rocked in Venus' cradle? Dost thou wear Cupid's quiver at thy girdle and make lances of looks? Well, Corsites, rouse thyself and be as thou hast been; and let Tellus, who is made all of love, melt herself in her own looseness.

*Cor.* Madam, I doubt not but to recover my former state, for Tellus' beauty never wrought such love in my mind as now her deceit hath despite; and yet to be revenged of a woman were a thing than love itself more womanish.

*Gyp.* These spots, gentleman, are to be worn out, if you rub them over with this lunary; so that in the place where you received this maim you shall find a medicine.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. above, "Spots o'er all his flesh shall run."

<sup>2</sup> What are you doing?

<sup>1</sup> Fastidious.



*Cor.* I thank you for that. The gods bless me from love and these pretty ladies<sup>1</sup> that haunt this green.

*Flos.* Corsites, I would Tellus saw your <sup>100</sup> amiable face.

*Zon.* How spitefully Semele laugheth, that dare not speak.

*Cynth.* Could you not stir Endymion with that doubled strength of yours?

*Cor.* Not so much as his finger with all my force.

*Cyth.* Pythagoras and Gyptes, what think you of Endymion? What reason is to be given, what remedy? <sup>200</sup>

*Pyth.* Madam, it is impossible to yield reason for things that happen not in compass of nature. It is most certain that some strange enchantment hath bound all his senses.

*Cyth.* What say you, Gyptes?

*Gypt.* With Pythagoras, that it is enchantment, and that so strange that no art can undo it, for that heaviness argueth a malice unremovable in the enchantress, <sup>210</sup> and that no power can end it, till she die that did it, or the heavens show some means more than miraculous.

*Flos.* O Endymion, could spite itself devise a mischief so monstrous as to make thee dead with life, and living, being altogether dead? Where others number their years, their hours, their minutes, and step to age by stairs, thou only hast thy years and times in a cluster, being old before <sup>220</sup> thou rememberest thou wast young.

*Cynth.* No more, Floscula; pity doth him no good: I would anything else might; and I vow by the unspotted honor of a lady he should not miss it. But is this all, Gyptes, that is to be done?

*Gypt.* All as yet. It may be that either the enchantress shall die or else be discovered; if either happen, I will then practise the utmost of my art. In the mean <sup>230</sup> season, about this grove would I have a watch, and the first living thing that toucheth Endymion to be taken.

*Cynth.* Corsites, what say you, will you undertake this?

*Cors.* Good madam, pardon me! I was overtaken<sup>2</sup> too late. I should rather break into the midst of a main battle than again fall into the hands of those fair babies.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I.e., the fairies. <sup>2</sup> Overcome. <sup>3</sup> Fairies.

*Cynth.* Well, I will provide others. <sup>240</sup> Pythagoras and Gyptes, you shall yet remain in my court, till I hear what may be done in this matter.

*Pyth.* We attend.

*Cynth.* Let us go in.

*Exeunt*

## ACTUS QUINTUS SCENA PRIMA

[*The Grove, ENDYMION sleeping as before*]

[*Enter*] SAMIAS, DARES

*Sam.* Eumenides hath told such strange tales as I may well wonder at them, but never believe them.

*Dar.* The other old man, what a sad speech used he, that caused us almost all to weep. Cynthia is so desirous to know the experiment of her own virtue, and so willing to ease Endymion's hard fortune, that she no sooner heard the discourse but she made herself in a readiness to try the <sup>10</sup> event.<sup>1</sup>

*Sam.* We will also see the event. But whist, here cometh Cynthia with all her train. Let us sneak in amongst them.

*Enter* CYNTHIA, FLOSCULA, SEMELE, EUMENIDES, PANELION, [ZONTES, PYTHAGORAS, and GYPTES]

*Cynth.* Eumenides, it cannot sink into my head that I should be signified by that sacred fountain, for many things are there in the world to which those words may be applied.

*Eum.* Good madam, vouchsafe but to <sup>20</sup> try; else shall I think myself most unhappy that I asked not my sweet mistress.<sup>2</sup>

*Cynth.* Will you not yet tell me her name?

*Eum.* Pardon me, good madam, for if Endymion awake, he shall; myself have sworn never to reveal it.

*Cynth.* Well, let us to Endymion. I will not be so stately, good Endymion, not to stoop to do thee good, and if thy liberty consist in a kiss from me, thou shalt have <sup>30</sup> it; and although my mouth hath been heretofore as untouched as my thoughts, yet now to recover thy life, though to restore thy youth it be impossible, I will do that to Endymion which yet never mortal man

<sup>1</sup> Outcome.

<sup>2</sup> I.e., for my sweet mistress.



could boast of heretofore, nor shall ever hope for hereafter. *She kisseth him*

*Eum.* Madam, he beginneth to stir.

*Cynth.* Soft, Eumenides; stand still.

*Eum.* Ah, I see his eyes almost open. 40

*Cynth.* I command thee: once again, stir not: I will stand behind him.

*Pan.* What do I see,—Endymion almost awake?

*Eum.* Endymion, Endymion, art thou deaf or dumb, or hath this long sleep taken away thy memory? Ah, my sweet Endymion, seest thou not Eumenides, thy faithful friend, thy faithful Eumenides, who for thy safety hath been careless of his own content? Speak, Endymion! Endymion! Endymion!

*End.* Endymion? I call to mind such a name.

*Eum.* Hast thou forgotten thyself, Endymion? Then do I not marvel thou rememberest not thy friend. I tell thee thou art Endymion and I Eumenides. Behold also Cynthia, by whose favor thou art awaked, and by whose virtue thou shalt continue thy natural course.

*Cynth.* Endymion, speak, sweet Endymion! Knowest thou not Cynthia?

*End.* O heavens, whom do I behold? Fair Cynthia, divine Cynthia?

*Cynth.* I am Cynthia, and thou Endymion.

*End.* "Endymion"; What do I hear? What, a gray beard, hollow eyes, withered body, decayed limbs, and all in one night? 70

*Eum.* One night! Thou hast here slept forty years,<sup>1</sup>—by what enchantress as yet it is not known,—and behold, the twig to which thou laigest thy head is now become a tree. Callest thou not Eumenides to remembrance?

*End.* Thy name I do remember by the sound, but thy favor<sup>2</sup> I do not yet call to mind; only divine Cynthia, to whom time, fortune, destiny, and death are subject, I see and remember, and in all humility I regard and reverence.

*Cynth.* You have good cause to remember Eumenides, who hath for thy safety forsaken his own solace.

*End.* Am I that Endymion who was wont in court to lead my life, and in jousts,

tourneys, and arms, to exercise my youth? Am I that Endymion? 80

*Eum.* Thou art that Endymion, and I Eumenides: wilt thou not yet call me to remembrance?

*End.* Ah, sweet Eumenides, I now perceive thou art he, and that myself have the name of Endymion; but that this should be my body I doubt, for how could my curled locks be turned to gray hairs and my strong body to a dying weakness, having waxed old, and not knowing it. 100

*Cynth.* Well, Endymion, arise. [*Endymion, trying to rise, sinks back*] Awhile sit down, for that thy limbs are stiff and not able to stay<sup>1</sup> thee, and tell what hast thou seen in thy sleep all this while,—what dreams, visions, thoughts, and fortunes; for it is impossible but in so long a time thou shouldst see things strange.

*End.* Fair Cynthia, I will rehearse what I have seen, humbly desiring that when I exceed in length, you give me warning, that I may end; for to utter all I have to speak would be troublesome, although happily<sup>2</sup> the strangeness may somewhat abate the tediousness.

*Cynth.* Well, Endymion, begin.

*End.* Methought I saw a lady passing fair, but very mischievous, who in the one hand carried a knife with which she offered to cut my throat, and in the other a looking-glass, wherein seeing how ill anger became ladies, she refrained from intended violence. She was accompanied with other damsels, one of which, with a stern countenance, and as it were with a settled malice engraven in her eyes, provoked her to execute mischief; another, with visage sad, and constant only in sorrow, with her arms crossed, and watery eyes, seemed to lament my fortune, but durst not offer to prevent the force. I started in my sleep, feeling my very veins to swell and my sinews to stretch with fear, and such a cold sweat bedewed all my body that death itself could not be so terrible as the vision. 130

*Cynth.* A strange sight: Gyptes, at our better leisure, shall expound it.

*End.* After long debating with herself, mercy overcame anger, and there appeared in her heavenly face such a divine majesty mingled with a sweet mildness that 140

<sup>1</sup> Twenty above.

<sup>2</sup> Features.

<sup>1</sup> Sustain.

<sup>2</sup> Haply.



I was ravished with the sight above measure, and wished that I might have enjoyed the sight without end; and so she departed with the other ladies, of which the one retained still an unmovable cruelty, the other a constant pity.

*Cynth.* Poor Endymion, how wast thou affrighted! What else?

*End.* After her, immediately appeared <sup>150</sup> an aged man with a beard as white as snow, carrying in his hand a book with three leaves, and speaking, as I remember, these words: *Endymion, receive this book with three leaves, in which are contained counsels, policies, and pictures*, and with that he offered me the book, which I rejected; wherewith, moved with a disdainful pity, he rent the first leaf in a thousand shivers. The second time he offered it, which I re- <sup>160</sup> fused also; at which, bending his brows, and pitching his eyes fast to the ground, as though they were fixed to the earth, and not again to be removed, then suddenly casting them up to the heavens, he tore in a rage the second leaf, and offered the book only with one leaf. I know not whether fear to offend or desire to know some strange thing moved me,—I took the book, and so the old man vanished. <sup>170</sup>

*Cynth.* What didst thou imagine was in the last leaf?

*End.* There portrayed to life, with a cold quaking in every joint, I beheld many wolves barking at thee, Cynthia, who having ground their teeth to bite, did with striving bleed themselves to death. There might I see Ingratitude with an hundred eyes gazing for benefits, and with a thousand teeth gnawing on the bowels where- <sup>180</sup> in she was bred; Treachery stood all clothed in white, with a smiling countenance, but both her hands bathed in blood; Envy with a pale and meagre face (whose body was so lean that one might tell <sup>1</sup> all her bones, and whose garment was so tattered that it was easy to number every thread) stood shooting at stars, whose darts fell down again on her own face. There might I behold drones or beetles—I know not how <sup>190</sup> to term them—creeping under the wings of a princely eagle, who, being carried into her nest, sought there to suck that vein that would have killed the eagle. I

<sup>1</sup> Count.

mused that things so base should attempt a fact <sup>1</sup> so barbarous, or durst imagine a thing so bloody,—and many other things, madam, the repetition whereof may at your better leisure seem more pleasing, for bees surfeit sometimes with honey, and the <sup>200</sup> gods are glugged with harmony, and your highness may be dulled with delight.

*Cynth.* I am content to be dieted; therefore, let us in. Eumenides, see that Endymion be well tended, lest either eating immoderately or sleeping again too long, he fall into a deadly surfeit or into his former sleep. See this also be proclaimed: that whosoever will discover this practice <sup>2</sup> shall have of Cynthia infinite thanks and <sup>210</sup> no small rewards.

[*Exeunt all except* ENDYMION, EUMENIDES, FLOSCULA and SEMELE]

*Flos.* Ah, Endymion, none so joyful as Floscula of thy restoring.

*Eum.* Yes, Floscula, let Eumenides be somewhat gladder, and do not that wrong to the settled friendship of a man as to compare it with the light affection of a woman. Ah, my dear friend Endymion, suffer me to die with gazing at thee.

*End.* Eumenides, thy friendship is im- <sup>220</sup> mortal and not to be conceived; and thy good will, Floscula, better than I have deserved; but let us all wait on Cynthia. I marvel Semele speaketh not a word.

*Eum.* Because if she do, she loseth her tongue.

*End.* But how prospereth your love?

*Eum.* I never yet spake a word since your sleep.

*End.* I doubt not but your affection is <sup>230</sup> old and your appetite cold.

*Eum.* No, Endymion, thine hath made it stronger, and now are my sparks grown to flames and my fancies almost to frenzies: but let us follow, and within we will debate all this matter at large. *Exeunt*

## SCENA SECUNDA

[*Gardens of the Palace*]

[*Enter*] Sir TOPHAS [*and*] EPITON

*Top.* Epi, Love hath justled my liberty from the wall, <sup>3</sup> and taken the upper hand of my reason.

<sup>1</sup> Deed.

<sup>2</sup> Expose this plot.

<sup>3</sup> Equal to overthrown, demolished.



*Epi.* Let me then trip up the heels of your affection and thrust your good will into the gutter.

*Top.* No, *Epi.* Love is a lord of misrule<sup>1</sup> and keepeth Christmas in my corps.

*Epi.* No doubt there is good cheer: what dishes of delight doth his lordship feast<sup>10</sup> you with withal?

*Top.* First, with a great platter of plum porridge of pleasure, wherein is stewed the mutton of mistrust.

*Epi.* Excellent love-lap.<sup>2</sup>

*Top.* Then cometh a pie of patience, a hen of honey, a goose of gall, a capon of care, and many other viands, some sweet and some sour, which proveth love to be, as it was said of in old years, *Dulce*<sup>30</sup> *venenum*.

*Epi.* A brave banquet!

*Top.* But, *Epi.* I pray thee feel on my chin; something pricketh me. What dost thou feel or see?

*Epi.* There are three or four little hairs.

*Top.* I pray thee call it my beard. How shall I be troubled when this young spring shall grow to a great wood!

*Epi.* O, sir, your chin is but a quiller<sup>3</sup><sup>30</sup> yet; you will be most majestical when it is full-fledged. But I marvel that you love *Dipsas*, that old crone.

*Top.* *Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ*;<sup>4</sup> I love the smoke of an old fire.

*Epi.* Why she is so cold that no fire can thaw her thoughts.

*Top.* It is an old goose, *Epi.* that will eat no oats; old kine will kick, old rats gnaw cheese, and old sacks will have much<sup>40</sup> patching: I prefer an old coney<sup>5</sup> before a rabbit-sucker,<sup>6</sup> and an ancient hen before a young chicken-peeper.

*Epi.* [*aside*] *Argumentum ab antiquitate*; my master loveth antique work.

*Top.* Give me a pippin that is withered like an old wife!

*Epi.* Good, sir.

*Top.* Then,—*a contrario sequitur argumentum*,—give me a wife that looks like<sup>50</sup> an old pippin.

*Epi.* [*aside*] Nothing hath made my master a fool but flat<sup>7</sup> scholarship.

*Top.* Knowest thou not that old wine is best?

*Epi.* Yes.

*Top.* And thou knowest that like will be like?

*Epi.* Ay.

*Top.* And thou knowest that *Venus*<sup>80</sup> loved the best wine?

*Epi.* So.

*Top.* Then I conclude that *Venus* was an old woman in an old cup of wine, for *est Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit*.<sup>1</sup>

*Epi.* *O lepidum caput*, O madeap master! You were worthy to win *Dipsas*, were she as old again, for in your love you have worn the nap of your wit quite off and made it threadbare. But soft, who comes here?<sup>20</sup>

*Enter SAMIAS and DARES*

*Top.* My solicitors.

*Sam.* All hail, Sir Tophas; how feel you yourself?

*Top.* Stately in every joint, which the common people term stiffness. Doth *Dipsas* stoop? Will she yield? Will she bend?

*Dar.* O, sir, as much as you would wish,—*[aside]* for her chin almost toucheth her knees.

*Epi.* Master, she is bent, I warrant<sup>80</sup> you.

*Top.* What conditions doth she ask?

*Sam.* She hath vowed she will never love any that hath not a tooth in his head less than she.

*Top.* How many hath she?

*Dar.* One.

*Epi.* That goeth hard, master, for then you must have none.

*Top.* A small request, and agreeable to<sup>90</sup> the gravity of her years. What should a wise man do with his mouth full of bones like a charnel-house? The turtle<sup>2</sup> true hath ne'er a tooth.

*Sam.* [*aside*] Thy master is in a notable vein, that will lose his teeth to be like a turtle.

*Epi.* [*aside*] Let him lose his tongue, too; I care not.

*Dar.* Nay, you must also have no nails,<sup>100</sup> for she long since hath cast hers.

*Top.* That I yield to. What a quiet life shall *Dipsas* and I lead when we can neither

<sup>1</sup> The officer chosen to preside over Christmas festivities.

<sup>2</sup> Love-gruel.

<sup>3</sup> An unfledged bird.

<sup>4</sup> Virgil.

<sup>5</sup> Rabbit.

<sup>6</sup> Suckling.

<sup>7</sup> Mere.

<sup>1</sup> Ovid.

<sup>2</sup> Dove.



bite nor scratch! You may see, youths, how age provides for peace.

*Sam.* [aside] How shall we do to make him leave his love, for we never spake to her?

*Dar.* [aside] Let me alone. [to Sir TOPHAS] She is a notable witch, and hath <sup>110</sup> turned her maid Bagoa to an aspen tree, for bewraying<sup>1</sup> her secrets.

*Top.* I honor her for her cunning, for now when I am weary of walking on two legs, what a pleasure may she do me to turn me to some goodly ass, and help me to four.

*Dar.* Nay, then I must tell you the troth: her husband, Geron, is come home, who this fifty years hath had her to wife.

*Top.* What do I hear? Hath she an <sup>120</sup> husband? Go to the sexton and tell him desire is dead, and will him to dig his grave. O heavens, an husband! What death is agreeable<sup>2</sup> to my fortune?

*Sam.* Be not desperate, and we will help you to find a young lady.

*Top.* I love no grissels;<sup>3</sup> they are so brittle they will crack like glass, or so dainty that if they be touched they are straight of the fashion of wax; *animus* <sup>130</sup> *majoribus instat*,<sup>4</sup> I desire old matrons. What a sight would it be to embrace one whose hair were as orient as the pearl, whose teeth shall be so pure a watchet<sup>5</sup> that they shall stain the truest turquoise, whose nose shall throw more beams from it than the fiery carbuncle, whose eyes shall be environed about with redness exceeding the deepest coral, and whose lips might compare with silver for the paleness! Such a <sup>140</sup> one if you can help me to, I will by piece-meal curtail<sup>6</sup> my affections towards Dipsas, and walk my swelling thoughts till they be cold.

*Epi.* Wisely provided. How say you, my friends, will you angle for my master's cause?

*Sam.* Most willingly.

*Dar.* If we speed him<sup>7</sup> not shortly, I will burn my cap. We will serve him of the <sup>150</sup> spades, and dig an old wife out of the grave that shall be answerable to his gravity.

<sup>1</sup> Betraying.

<sup>2</sup> Agrees with my fortune.

<sup>3</sup> Young girls.

<sup>4</sup> Ovid.

<sup>5</sup> Light blue.

<sup>6</sup> Shorten.

<sup>7</sup> Aid him.

*Top.* Youths, adieu; he that bringeth me first news, shall possess mine inheritance.

[Exit Sir TOPHAS]

*Dar.* What, is thy master landed?

*Epi.* Know you not that my master is *liber tenens*?

*Sam.* What's that?

*Epi.* A freeholder. But I will after him.

*Sam.* And we to hear what news of <sup>160</sup> Endymion for the conclusion.

*Exeunt*

## SCENA TERTIA

[The Same]

[Enter] PANELION [and] ZONTES

*Pan.* Who would have thought that Tellus, being so fair by nature, so honorable by birth, so wise by education, would have entered into a mischief to the gods so odious, to men so detestable, and to her friend so malicious.

*Zon.* If Bagoa had not bewrayed it, how then should it have come to light? But we see that gold and fair words are of force to corrupt the strongest men, and there- <sup>10</sup> fore able to work silly women like wax.

*Pan.* I marvel what Cynthia will determine in this cause.

*Zon.* I fear as in all causes—hear of it in justice, and then judge of it in mercy; for how can it be that she that is unwilling to punish her deadliest foes with disgrace, will revenge injuries of her train with death.

*Pan.* That old witch, Dipsas, in a rage, having understood her practice to be dis- <sup>20</sup> covered, turned poor Bagoa to an aspen tree. But let us make haste and bring Tellus before Cynthia, for she was coming out after us.

*Zon.* Let us go.

*Exeunt*

[Enter], CYNTHIA, SEMELE, FLOSCULA, DIPSAS, ENDYMION, EUMENIDES, [GERON, PYTHAGORAS, GYPTES, and Sir TOPHAS]

*Cynth.* Dipsas, thy years are not so many as thy vices, yet more in number than commonly nature doth afford or justice should permit. Hast thou almost these fifty years practised that detested wickedness of <sup>30</sup> witchcraft? Wast thou, so simple as for to



know the nature of simples, of all creatures to be most sinful? Thou hast threatened to turn my course awry and alter by thy damnable art the government that I now possess by the eternal gods, but know thou, Dipsas, and let all the enchanters know, that Cynthia, being placed for light on earth, is also protected by the powers of heaven. Breathe out thou mayest words; gather <sup>40</sup> thou mayest herbs; find out thou mayest stones agreeable to thine art; yet of no force<sup>1</sup> to appal my heart, in which courage is so rooted, and constant persuasion of the mercy of the gods so grounded, that all thy witchcraft I esteem as weak as the world doth thy case wretched. This noble gentleman, Geron,—once thy husband but now thy mortal hate,—didst thou procure to live in a desert, almost desperate; <sup>50</sup> Endymion, the flower of my court and the hope of succeeding time, hast thou bewitched by art, before thou wouldst suffer him to flourish by nature.

*Dip.* Madam, things past may be repented, not recalled: there is nothing so wicked that I have not done, nor anything so wished for as death; yet among all the things that I committed, there is nothing so much tormenteth my rented<sup>2</sup> and ran- <sup>60</sup> sacked thoughts as that in the prime of my husband's youth I divorced him by my devilish art; for which if to die might be amends, I would not live till to-morrow; if to live and still be more miserable would better content him, I would wish of all creatures to be oldest and ugliest.

*Ger.* Dipsas, thou hast made this difference between me and Endymion, that being both young, thou hast caused me to wake <sup>70</sup> in melancholy, losing the joys of my youth, and him to sleep, not remembering youth.

*Cynth.* Stay, here cometh Tellus; we shall now know all.

[*Re-enter PANELION and ZONTES, with COR-  
SITES and TELLUS*]

*Cor.* I would to Cynthia thou couldst make as good an excuse in truth as to me thou hast done by wit.

*Tell.* Truth shall be mine answer, and therefore I will not study for an excuse.

*Cynth.* Is it possible, Tellus, that so <sup>80</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Yet all will be of no force.

<sup>2</sup> Torn.

few years should harbor so many mischiefs? Thy swelling pride have I borne, because it is a thing that beauty maketh blameless, which the more it exceedeth fairness in measure, the more it stretcheth itself in disdain. Thy devices against Corsites I smile at, for that wits, the sharper they are, the shrewder<sup>1</sup> they are; but this unacquainted<sup>2</sup> and most unnatural practice<sup>3</sup> with a vile enchantress against so noble a gentleman <sup>90</sup> as Endymion I abhor as a thing most malicious, and will revenge as a deed most monstrous. And as for you, Dipsas, I will send you into the desert amongst wild beasts, and try whether you can cast lions, tigers, boars, and bears into as dead a sleep as you did Endymion, or turn them to trees, as you have done Bagoa. But tell me, Tellus, what was the cause of this cruel part,<sup>4</sup> far unfitting thy sex, in which <sup>100</sup> nothing should be but simpleness, and much disagreeing from thy face, in which nothing seemed to be but softness.

*Tell.* Divine Cynthia, by whom I receive my life and am content to end it, I can neither excuse my fault without lying, nor confess it without shame; yet were it possible that in so heavenly thoughts as yours there could fall such earthly motions as mine, I would then hope, if not to be <sup>110</sup> pardoned without extreme punishment, yet to be heard without great marvel.

*Cynth.* Say on, Tellus; I cannot imagine anything that can color such a cruelty.

*Tell.* Endymion, that Endymion, in the prime of his youth, so ravished my heart with love, that to obtain my desires I could not find means, nor to resist them reason. What was she that favored not Endymion, being young, wise, honorable, and vir- <sup>120</sup> tuous; besides, what metal was she made of (be she mortal) that is not affected with the spice, nay infected with the poison of that not-to-be-expressed yet always-to-be-felt love, which breaketh the brains and never bruises the brow, consumeth the heart and never toucheth the skin, and maketh a deep scar to be seen before any wound at all be felt. My heart, too tender to withstand such a divine fury, yielded <sup>130</sup> to love. Madam, I, not without blushing to confess, yielded to love.

<sup>1</sup> More mischievous.

<sup>2</sup> Unheard of. <sup>3</sup> Plot.

<sup>4</sup> Rôle.



*Cynth.* A strange effect of love, to work such an extreme hate. How say you, Endymion? All this was for love.

*End.* I say, madam, then the gods send me a woman's hate.

*Cynth.* That were as bad, for then by contrary you should never sleep. But on, Tellus; let us hear the end. 140

*Tell.* Feeling a continual burning in all my bowels and a bursting almost in every vein, I could not smother the inward fire, but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke; and by the flying abroad of divers sparks, divers judged of my scalding flames. Endymion, as full of art as wit, marking mine eyes, (in which he might see almost his own,) my sighs, (by which he might ever hear his name sounded,) 150 aimed at my heart, in which he was assured his person was imprinted, and by questions wrung out that which was ready to burst out. When he saw the depth of my affections, he swore that mine in respect of his were as fumes to Ætna, valleys to Alps, ants to eagles, and nothing could be compared to my beauty but his love and eternity. Thus drawing a smooth shoe upon a crooked foot, he made me believe that (which all 160 of our sex willingly acknowledge) I was beautiful, and to wonder (which indeed is a thing miraculous) that any of his sex should be faithful.

*Cynth.* Endymion, how will you clear yourself?

*End.* Madam, by mine own accuser.

*Cynth.* Well, Tellus, proceed; but briefly, lest taking delight in uttering thy love, thou offend us with the length of it. 170

*Tell.* I will, madam, quickly make an end of my love and my tale. Finding continual increase of my tormenting thoughts, and that the enjoying of my love made deeper wounds than the entering into it, I could find no means to ease my grief but to follow Endymion, and continually to have him in the object of mine eyes who had me slave and subject to his love; but in the moment that I feared his 180 falsehood and fried<sup>1</sup> myself most in mine affections, I found—ah, grief, even then I lost myself!—I found him in most melancholy and desperate terms cursing his stars,

<sup>1</sup> Burned.

his state, the earth, the heavens, the world, and all for the love of—

*Cynth.* Of whom? Tellus, speak boldly.

*Tell.* Madam, I dare not utter, for fear to offend.

*Cynth.* Speak, I say; who dare take 190 offence, if thou be commanded by Cynthia?

*Tell.* For the love of Cynthia.

*Cynth.* For my love, Tellus? That were strange. Endymion, is it true?

*End.* In all things, madam, Tellus doth not speak false.

*Cynth.* What will this breed to in the end? Well, Endymion, we shall hear all.

*Tell.* I, seeing my hopes turned to mis-  
haps, and a settled dissembling towards 200  
me, and an immovable desire to Cynthia, forgetting both myself and my sex, fell into this unnatural hate; for knowing your virtues, Cynthia, to be immortal, I could not have an imagination<sup>1</sup> to withdraw him; and finding mine own affections unquenchable, I could not carry the mind<sup>2</sup> that any else should possess what I had pursued; for though in majesty, beauty, virtue, and, dignity, I always humbled and yielded my- 210  
self to Cynthia, yet in affections I esteemed myself equal with the goddesses, and all other creatures, according to their states, with myself; for stars to<sup>3</sup> their bigness have their lights, and the sun hath no more, and little pitchers, when they can hold no more, are as full as great vessels that run over. Thus, madam, in all truth, have I uttered the unhappiness of my love and the cause of my hate, yielding wholly to that 220  
divine judgment which never erred for want of wisdom or envied for too much partiality.

*Cynth.* How say you, my lords, to this matter? But what say you, Endymion; hath Tellus told truth?

*End.* Madam, in all things but in that she said I loved her and swore to honor her.

*Cynth.* Was there such a time whenas for my love thou didst vow thyself to 230  
death, and in respect of it loathed thy life? Speak, Endymion; I will not revenge it with hate.

*End.* The time was, madam, and is, and ever shall be, that I honored your highness above all the world, but to stretch it so far

<sup>1</sup> The expectation.

<sup>2</sup> Bear to believe.

<sup>3</sup> According to.



as to call it love I never durst. There hath none pleased mine eye but Cynthia, none delighted mine ears but Cynthia, none possessed my heart but Cynthia. I have <sup>240</sup> forsaken all other fortunes to follow Cynthia, and here I stand ready to die, if it please Cynthia. Such a difference hath the gods set between our states that all must be duty, loyalty, and reverence; nothing (without it vouchsafe your highness) be termed love. My unspotted thoughts, my languishing body, my discontented life, let them obtain by princely favor that which to challenge they must not presume, only <sup>250</sup> wishing of impossibilities; with imagination of which I will spend my spirits, and to myself, that no creature may hear, softly call it love, and if any urge to utter what I whisper, then will I name it honor. From this sweet contemplation if I be not driven, I shall live of all men the most content, taking more pleasure in mine aged thoughts than ever I did in my youthful actions.

*Cynth.* Endymion, this honorable respect of thine shall be christened love in thee, and my reward for it, favor. Persevere, Endymion, in loving me, and I account more strength in a true heart than in a walled city. I have labored to win all, and study to keep such as I have won; but those that neither my favor can move to continue constant, nor my offered benefits get to be faithful, the gods shall either reduce to truth, or revenge their treach- <sup>270</sup>eries with justice. Endymion, continue as thou hast begun and thou shalt find that Cynthia shineth not on thee in vain.

[ENDYMION is here restored to youth]

*End.* Your highness hath blessed me, and your words have again restored my youth; methinks I feel my joints strong and these mouldy hairs to moult, and all by your virtue, Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that weigheth time and fortune are committed. <sup>280</sup>

*Cynth.* What, young again! Then it is pity to punish Tellus.

*Tell.* Ah, Endymion, now I know thee and ask pardon of thee; suffer me still to wish thee well.

*End.* Tellus, Cynthia must command what she will.

*Flos.* Endymion, I rejoice to see thee in thy former state.

*End.* Good Floscula, to thee also am <sup>290</sup> I in my former affections.

*Eum.* Endymion, the comfort of my life, how am I ravished with a joy matchless, saving only the enjoying of my mistress.

*Cynth.* Endymion, you must now tell who Eumenides shrineth for his saint.

*End.* Semele, madam.

*Cynth.* Semele, Eumenides? It is Semele, the very wasp of all women, whose tongue stingeth as much as an adder's tooth? <sup>300</sup>

*Eum.* It is Semele, Cynthia, the possessing of whose love must only prolong my life.

*Cynth.* Nay, sith Endymion is restored, we will have all parties pleased. Semele, are you content after so long trial of his faith, such rare secrecy, such unspotted love, to take Eumenides? Why speak you not? Not a word?

*End.* Silence, madam, consents; that is <sup>310</sup> most true.

*Cynth.* It is true, Endymion. Eumenides, take Semele; take her, I say.

*Eum.* Humble thanks, madam; now only do I begin to live.

*Sem.* A hard choice, madam, either to be married if I say nothing, or to lose my tongue if I speak a word. Yet do I rather choose to have my tongue cut out than my heart distempered: I will not have him. <sup>320</sup>

*Cynth.* Speaks the parrot! She shall nod hereafter with signs. Cut off her tongue, nay her head, that having a servant of honorable birth, honest manners, and true love, will not be persuaded.

*Sem.* He is no faithful lover, madam, for then would he have asked his mistress<sup>1</sup>

*Ger.* Had he not been faithful, he had never seen into the fountain, and so lost<sup>2</sup> his friend and mistress. <sup>330</sup>

*Eum.* Thine own thoughts, sweet Semele, witness against thy words, for what hast thou found in my life but love? And as yet what have I found in my love but bitterness? Madam, pardon Semele, and let my tongue ransom hers.

*Cynth.* Thy tongue, Eumenides! What, shouldst thou live wanting a tongue to blaze the beauty of Semele! Well, Semele, I will not command love, for it cannot be en- <sup>340</sup>forced; let me entreat it.

<sup>1</sup> For his mistress.

<sup>2</sup> Would have lost.



*Sem.* I am content your highness shall command, for now only do I think Eumenides faithful, that is willing to lose his tongue for my sake; yet loath, because it should do me better service. Madam, I accept of Eumenides.

*Cynth.* I thank you, Semele.

*Eum.* Ah, happy Eumenides, that hast a friend so faithful and a mistress so fair! With what sudden mischief will the gods daunt this excess of joy? Sweet Semele, I live or die as thou wilt.

*Cynth.* What shall become of Tellus? Tellus, you know Endymion is vowed to a service from which death cannot remove him. Corsites casteth still a lovely<sup>1</sup> look towards you. How say you, will you have your Corsites, and so receive pardon for all that is past? 300

*Tell.* Madam, most willingly.

*Cynth.* But I cannot tell whether Corsites be agreed.

*Cor.* Ay, madam, more happy to enjoy Tellus than the monarchy of the world.

*Eum.* Why, she caused you to be pinched with fairies.

*Cor.* Ay, but her fairness hath pinched my heart more deeply.

*Cynth.* Well, enjoy thy love. But what 370 have you wrought in the castle, Tellus?

*Tell.* Only the picture of Endymion.

*Cynth.* Then so much of Endymion as his picture cometh to, possess and play withal.

*Cor.* Ah, my sweet Tellus, my love shall be as thy beauty is, matchless.

*Cynth.* Now it resteth,<sup>2</sup> Dipsas, that if thou wilt forswear that vile art of enchanting, Geron hath promised again to receive thee; otherwise, if thou be wedded to that wickedness, I must and will see it punished to the uttermost.

*Dip.* Madam, I renounce both substance and shadow of that most horrible and hateful trade, vowing to the gods continual penance, and to your highness obedience.

*Cynth.* How say you, Geron; will you admit her to your wife?

*Ger.* Ay, with more joy than I did the 380 first day, for nothing could happen to make me happy but only her forsaking that lewd<sup>3</sup> and detestable course. Dipsas, I embrace thee.

*Dip.* And I thee, Geron, to whom I will hereafter recite the cause of these my first follies.

*Cynth.* Well, Endymion, nothing resteth now but that we depart: thou hast my favor; Tellus her friend; Eumenides in 400 Paradise with his Semele; Geron content with Dipsas.

*Sir Top.* Nay, soft; I cannot handsomely go to bed without Bagoa.

*Cynth.* Well, Sir Tophas, it may be there are more virtues in me than myself knoweth of, for I awaked Endymion, and at my words he waxed young; I will try whether I can turn this tree<sup>1</sup> again to thy true love.

*Top.* Turn her to a true love or false, 410 so she be a wench I care not.

*Cynth.* Bagoa, Cynthia putteth an end to thy hard fortunes, for, being turned to a tree for revealing a truth, I will recover thee again, if in my power be the effect of truth.

[BAGOA becomes herself again]

*Top.* Bagoa, a bots<sup>2</sup> upon thee!

*Cynth.* Come, my lords, let us in. You, Gyptes and Pythagoras, if you cannot content yourselves in our court, to fall from vain follies of philosophers to such vir- 420 tues as are here practised, you shall be entertained according to your deserts, for Cynthia is no stepmother to strangers.

*Pythag.* I had rather in Cynthia's court spend ten years than in Greece one hour.

*Gyp.* And I choose rather to live by the sight of Cynthia than by the possessing of all Egypt.

*Cynth.* Then follow.

*Eum.* We all attend.

*Exeunt* 430

## THE EPILOGUE<sup>1</sup>

A MAN walking abroad, the Wind and Sun strove for sovereignty, the one with his blast, the other with his beams. The Wind blew hard; the man wrapped his garment about him harder: it blustered more strongly; he then girt it fast to him. I cannot prevail, said the Wind. The Sun, casting her crystal beams, began to warm the

<sup>1</sup> Bagoa had been turned into an aspen. How the transformation was managed on the stage is a nice question.

<sup>2</sup> Plague.

<sup>3</sup> This Epilogue is made from the third of the fables of Avienus, usually printed as Æsop's.

<sup>1</sup> Loving.

<sup>2</sup> Remains.

<sup>3</sup> Base.



man; he unloosed his gown: yet it shined brighter; he then put it off. I yield, said <sup>10</sup> the Wind, for if thou continue shining, he will also put off his coat.

Dread Sovereign, the malicious that seek to overthrow us with threats, do but stiffen

our thoughts, and make them sturdier in storms; but if your highness vouchsafe with your favorable beams to glance upon us, we shall not only stoop, but with all humility lay both our hands and hearts at your majesty's feet.



822.3

S 327

Schelling: Typical  
126 { Elizabethan Plays.

Se 25'48 310

Co 27'48 209

Do 18'48 757

8<sup>10</sup>/54 27827<sup>6</sup>/56 136017<sup>6</sup>/65 B 12



2

THE  
LAMENTA-  
BLE AND TRUE TRA-  
GEDIE OF M. AR-  
DEN OF FEVERSHAM  
IN KENT.

*Who was most wickedlye murdered, by  
the meanes of his disloyall and wanton  
wyfe, who for the loue she bare to one  
M<sup>r</sup> bic, hyred two desperat ruf-  
fins Blackwill and Shakbag,  
so kill him.*

**Wherin is shewed the great mal-  
lice and discimulation of a wicked wo-  
man, the vnsatiabie desire of filthie lust  
and the shamefull end of all  
murderers.**

*Imprinted at London for Edward  
White, dwelling at the lyttle North  
dore of Paules Church at  
the signe of the  
Gun. 1592.*





8223

S 327

Schelling: Typical

12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

Be 25'48 310

Co 27'48 209

De 18'48 757

8<sup>10</sup>/51 27827<sup>6</sup>/56 136017<sup>6</sup>/65- 012



The first quarto of *Arden of Feversham* was printed in 1592, a second followed in 1599; and a third in 1633. The two earlier editions, which are in black letter, are of great rarity. Each quarto was printed from the former one; and the text offers no serious difficulty. The source of *Arden* is the plain recital of an actual murder, committed in 1552, as told in Holinshed's *Chronicles of England*; and the course of events is followed almost slavishly. Yet by imperceptible touches the personages, especially Alice, the unfaithful wife, are brought to a degree of dramatic vividness far beyond Holinshed's bald narrative. The authorship of *Arden* has exercised critical ingenuity since Edward Jacob reprinted the tragedy in 1770, suggesting Shakespeare's name. The poet Swinburne considered *Arden* "the possible work of no man's youthful hand but Shakespeare's." But Bullen and others have dissented from this view chiefly because of the baldness of the style and its maturity at a date when Shakespeare was writing very differently. The latest opinion, that of Mr. Charles Crawford (*Collectanea*, i, 101, 1906), assigns this play, on the evidence of a formidable array of parallels in vocabulary and manner of expression, to Thomas Kyd. The present text follows the quarto of 1592 with a consideration of the editions of Bullen, Warnke and Bayne.

Thomas Kyd was born in 1558, a scrivener's son, of London. He attended the Merchant Taylor's School, but there is nothing to show him a university man. He is criticized in Nash's epistle to Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589, as a playwright and pamphleteer, and he became famous as the author of *The Spanish Tragedy*, variously dated between 1584 and 1589, one of the most popular plays of the age. Kyd's name appears on only one play published in his lifetime, and that is his translation from the French of Garnier, *Cornelia*, 1593. Allusion connects his name with an earlier version of *Hamlet*, now lost, and other dramatic work has been assigned to him. Kyd appears to have been personally connected with Marlowe, though not in authorship. Kyd died in 1594 under a cloud of suspicion, the circumstances of which are not clear. He had previously suffered imprisonment and torture.

A convenient modern edition of *Arden* is that of R. Bayne, in *Temple Dramatists*, 1897.



[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

THOMAS ARDEN, <i>a Gentleman of Feversham</i>	SUSAN, <i>Mosbie's Sister</i>
FRANKLIN, <i>his Friend</i>	BRADSHAW, <i>a Goldsmith</i>
ALICE, <i>Arden's Wife</i>	BLACK WILL } <i>Murderers</i>
ADAM FOWLE, <i>Landlord of the Flower-de-Luce</i>	SHAKEBAG }
MICHAEL, <i>Arden's Servant</i>	A PRENTICE
MOSBIE, <i>Alice's Lover</i>	LORD CHEINY <i>and his Men</i>
CLARKE, <i>a Painter</i>	A FERRYMAN
GREENE, <i>Tenant of former Abbey Lands</i>	DICK REEDE <i>and a Sailor</i>
	MAYOR OF FEVERSHAM <i>and the Watch</i>

SCENE: Feversham, London and the Country between.]



# ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM

THOMAS KYD?

## [ACT I. SCENE I]

[A Room in Arden's House]

Enter ARDEN and FRANKLIN

*Frank.* Arden, cheer up thy spirits, and droop no more!

My gracious Lord, the Duke of Somerset,  
Hath freely given to thee and to thy heirs,  
By letters patents from his Majesty,  
All the lands of the Abbey of Feversham.  
Here are the deeds, *He hands them*  
Sealed and subscribed with his name and  
the king's:

Read them, and leave this melancholy mood.

*Arden.* Franklin, thy love prolongs my weary life;

And but for thee how odious were this life,  
That shows me nothing but torments my soul,

And those foul objects that offend mine eyes!

Which makes me wish that for this veil of heaven

The earth hung over my head and covered me.

Love-letters past<sup>1</sup> 'twixt Mosbie and my wife,

And they have privy meetings in the town:  
Nay, on his finger did I spy the ring

Which at our marriage-day the priest put on.

Can any grief be half so great as this?

*Frank.* Comfort thyself, sweet friend; it is not strange

That women will be false and wavering.

*Arden.* Ay, but to dote on such a one as he

Is monstrous, Franklin, and intolerable.

*Frank.* Why, what is he?

*Arden.* A botcher,<sup>2</sup> and no better at the first;

<sup>1</sup> Have past.

<sup>2</sup> A mender of old cloths.

Who, by base brokage getting some small stock,

Crept into service of a nobleman,  
And by his servile flattery and fawning  
Is now become the steward of his house,  
And bravely jets it<sup>1</sup> in his silken gown. <sup>20</sup>

*Frank.* No nobleman will countenance such a peasant.

*Arden.* Yes, the Lord Clifford, he that loves not me.

But through his favor let him not grow proud;

For were he by the Lord Protector backed,  
He should not make me to be pointed at.

I am by birth a gentleman of blood,  
And that injurious ribald, that attempts  
To violate my dear wife's chastity  
(For dear I hold her love, as dear as  
heaven) <sup>30</sup>

Shall on the bed which he thinks to defile  
See his dissevered joints and sinews torn,  
Whilst on the plachers<sup>2</sup> pants his weary body,

Smeared in the channels of his lustful blood.

*Frank.* Be patient, gentle friend, and learn of me

To ease thy grief and save her chastity:  
Intreat her fair; sweet words are fittest engines

To race the flint walls of a woman's breast.  
In any case be not too jealous.<sup>3</sup>

Nor make no question of her love to thee;  
But, as securely,<sup>4</sup> presently take horse, <sup>40</sup>

And lie<sup>5</sup> with me at London all this term;  
For women, when they may, will not,  
But, being kept back, straight grow outrageous.

*Arden.* Though this abhors from reason,  
yet I'll try it,

And call her forth and presently take leave.  
How! Alice!

<sup>1</sup> Struts.

<sup>2</sup> Planks.

<sup>3</sup> A common form of *jealous* constantly employed in this play.

<sup>4</sup> As if confident.

<sup>5</sup> Lodge.



*Here enters ALICE*

*Alice.* Husband, what mean you to get up so early?  
Summer-nights are short, and yet you rise ere day.

Had I been wake, you had not risen so soon.

*Arden.* Sweet love, thou knowest that we two, Ovid-like,  
Have<sup>1</sup> chid the morning when it 'gan to peep,

And often wished that dark night's purblind steeds

Would pull her by the purple mantle back, And cast her in the ocean to her love.<sup>2</sup>

But this night, sweet Alice, thou hast killed my heart:

I heard thee call on Mosbie in thy sleep.

*Alice.* 'Tis like I was asleep when I named him,  
For being awake he comes not in my thoughts.

*Arden.* Ay, but you started up and suddenly,  
Instead of him, caught me about the neck.

*Alice.* Instead of him? why, who was there but you?<sup>3</sup>

And where but one is, how can I mistake?

*Frank.* Arden, leave to urge her over-far.

*Arden.* Nay, love, there is no credit in a dream;

Let it suffice I know thou lov'st me well.

*Alice.* Now I remember whereupon it came:

Had we no talk of Mosbie yesternight?

*Frank.* Mistress Alice, I heard you name him once or twice.

*Alice.* And thereof came it, and therefore blame not me.

*Arden.* I know it did, and therefore let it pass.<sup>4</sup>

I must to London, sweet Alice, presently.<sup>5</sup>

*Alice.* But tell me, do you mean to stay there long?

*Arden.* No longer there till my affairs be done.

*Frank.* He will not stay above a month at most.

*Alice.* A moneth? ay me! Sweet Arden, come again

Within a day or two, or else I die.

*Arden.* I cannot long be from thee, gentle Alice.

Whilst Michael fetch our horses from the field,

Franklin and I will down unto the quay;

For I have certain goods there to unload.<sup>6</sup>

Meanwhile prepare our breakfast, gentle Alice;

For yet ere noon we'll take horse and away.

*Exeunt ARDEN and FRANKLIN*

*Alice.* Ere noon he means to take horse and away!

Sweet news is this. O that some airy spirit Would in the shape and likeness of a horse

Gallop with Arden 'cross the ocean,

And throw him from his back into the waves!

Sweet Mosbie is the man that hath my heart:

And he usurps it, having nought but this,

That I am tied to him by marriage.<sup>7</sup>

Love is a god, and marriage is but words;

And therefore Mosbie's title is the best.

Tush! whether it be or no, he shall be mine,

In spite of him, of Hymen, and of rites.

*Here enters ADAM of the Flower de-luce<sup>1</sup>*

And here comes Adam of the Flower-de-luce;

I hope he brings me tidings of my love.

—How now, Adam, what is the news with you?

Be not afraid; my husband is now from home.

*Adam.* He whom you wot<sup>2</sup> of, Mosbie, Mistress Alice,

Is come to town, and sends you word by me In any case you may not visit him.<sup>3</sup>

*Alice.* Not visit him?

*Adam.* No, nor take no knowledge of his being here.

*Alice.* But tell me, is he angry or displeased?

*Adam.* It should seem so, for he is wondrous sad.

*Alice.* Were he as mad as raving Hercules, I'll see him, I; and were thy house of force,<sup>4</sup> These hands of mine should race<sup>5</sup> it to the ground,

<sup>1</sup> The sign of the inn.

<sup>2</sup> Know.

<sup>3</sup> Under no circumstances must you visit him.

<sup>4</sup> Fortified.

<sup>5</sup> Raze.

<sup>1</sup> Qq. insert *often*.

<sup>2</sup> Ovid, *Amores*, 1.13.

<sup>3</sup> At once.



Unless that thou wouldst bring me to my love.

*Adam.* Nay, and you be so impatient, I'll be gone. 120

*Alice.* Stay, Adam, stay; thou wert wont to be my friend.

Ask Mosbie how I have incurred his wrath;  
Bear him from me these pair of silver dice,  
With which we played for kisses many a time,

And when I lost, I won, and so did he;—  
Such winning and such losing Jove send me!  
And bid him, if his love do not decline,  
To come this morning but along my door,<sup>1</sup>  
And as a stranger but salute me there:  
This may he do without suspect or fear.

*Adam.* I'll tell him what you say, and so farewell. 131

*Alice.* Do, and one day I'll make amends for all. *Exit ADAM*

I know he loves me well, but dares not come,

Because my husband is so jealous,  
And these my narrow-prying neighbors blab,  
Hinder<sup>2</sup> our meetings, when we would confer.

But, if I live, that block<sup>3</sup> shall be removed,  
And, Mosbie, thou that comes to me by stealth,

Shalt neither fear the biting speech of men  
Nor Arden's looks; as surely shall he die  
As I abhor him and love only thee. 141

*Here enters MICHAEL*

How, now Michael, whither are you going?

*Mich.* To fetch my master's nag.  
I hope you'll think on me.

*Alice.* Ay; but, Michael, see you keep your oath,  
And be as secret as you are resolute.

*Mich.* I'll see he shall not live above a week.

*Alice.* On that condition, Michael, here's my hand:

None shall have Mosbie's sister but thyself.

*Mich.* I understand the painter here hard by 150

Hath made report that he and Sue is sure.<sup>4</sup>

*Alice.* There's no such matter, Michael; believe it not.

<sup>1</sup> Past my door.

<sup>2</sup> Blab and thus hinder.

<sup>3</sup> Obstacle.

<sup>4</sup> Betrothed.

*Mich.* But he hath sent a dagger sticking in a heart,

With a verse or two stolen from a painted cloth,<sup>1</sup>

The which I hear the wench keeps in her chest.

Well, let her keep it! I shall find a fellow  
That can both write and read and make rhyme too.

And if I do—well, I say no more:

I'll send from London such a taunting letter  
As<sup>2</sup> shall eat the heart he sent with salt  
And fling the dagger at the painter's head. 161

*Alice.* What needs all this? I say that Susan's thine.

*Mich.* Why, then I say that I will kill my master,

Or anything that you will have me do.

*Alice.* But, Michael, see you do it cunningly.

*Mich.* Why, say I should be took, I'll ne'er confess

That you know anything; and Susan, being a maid,

May beg me from the gallows of the sheriff.<sup>3</sup>

*Alice.* Trust not to that, Michael.

*Mich.* You cannot tell me, I have seen it, I. 170

But, mistress, tell her, whether I live or die,  
I'll make her more worth than twenty painters can;<sup>4</sup>

For I will rid mine elder brother away,  
And then the farm of Bolton is mine own.  
Who would not venture upon house and land,

When he may have it for a right down blow?

*Here enters MOSBIE*

*Alice.* Yonder comes Mosbie. Michael, get thee gone,  
And let not him nor any know thy drifts.<sup>5</sup>

*Exit MICHAEL*

Mosbie, my love!

*Mos.* Away, I say, and talk not to me now. 180

*Alice.* A word or two, sweet heart, and then I will.

<sup>1</sup> A common substitute for arras hangings for rooms.

<sup>2</sup> That.

<sup>3</sup> Such an offer in marriage was supposed to save the criminal from execution.

<sup>4</sup> Be a better match for her.

<sup>5</sup> Purposes, plots.



'Tis yet but early days,<sup>1</sup> thou needst not fear.

*Mos.* Where is your husband?

*Alice.* 'Tis now high water, and he is at the quay.

*Mos.* There let him be; henceforward know me not.

*Alice.* Is this the end of all thy solemn oaths?

Is this the fruit thy reconciliation buds?

Have I for this given thee so many favors,  
Incurred my husband's hate, and, out alas,  
Made shipwreck of mine honor for thy  
sake? 190

And dost thou say 'henceforward know me not'?

Remember, when I lock'd thee in my closet,  
What were thy words and mine; did we not  
both

Decree to murder Arden in the night?

The heavens can witness, and the world  
can tell,

Before I saw that falsehood look of thine,  
'Fore I was tangled with thy 'ticing speech,  
Arden to me was dearer than my soul.

And shall be still: base peasant, get thee  
gone,

And boast not of thy conquest over me, 200  
Gotten by witchcraft and mere sorcery!

For what hast thou to countenance my love,  
Being descended of a noble house,  
And matched already with a gentleman  
Whose servant thou may'st be!—and so  
farewell.

*Mos.* Ungentle and unkind Alice, now I  
see

That which I ever feared, and find too true:  
A woman's love is as the lightning-flame,  
Which even in bursting forth consumes it-  
self.

To try thy constancy have I been strange;  
Would I had never tried, but lived in  
hope! 211

*Alice.* What need'st thou try me whom  
thou ne'er found false?

*Mos.* Yet pardon me, for love is jealous.

*Alice.* So lists the sailor to the mermaid's  
song,

So looks the traveller to the basilisk.<sup>2</sup>

I am content for to be reconciled,

And that, I know, will be mine overthrow.

*Mos.* Thine overthrow? first let the world  
dissolve.

*Alice.* Nay, Mosbie, let me still enjoy thy  
love,

And happen what will, I am resolute. 220

My saving husband hoards up bags of gold  
To make our children rich, and now is he  
Gone to unload the goods that shall be  
thine,

And he and Franklin will to London  
straight.

*Mos.* To London, Alice? <sup>1</sup> if thou'lt be  
ruled by me,

We'll make him sure enough for coming  
there.

*Alice.* Ah, would we could!

*Mos.* I happened on a painter yester-  
night,

The only cunning man of Christendom;  
For he can temper poison with his oil, 230  
That whoso looks upon the work he draws  
Shall, with the beams that issue from his <sup>2</sup>  
sight,

Suck venom to his breast and slay himself.  
Sweet Alice, he shall draw thy counterfeit,  
That Arden may, by gazing on it, perish.

*Alice.* Ay, but Mosbie, that is dangerous,  
For thou, or I, or any other else,  
Coming into the chamber where it hangs,  
may die.

*Mos.* Ay, but we'll have it covered with a  
cloth

And hung up in the study for himself. 240

*Alice.* It may not be, for when the pic-  
ture's drawn,

Arden, I know, will come and show it me.

*Mos.* Fear not; we'll have that shall serve  
the turn.

This is the painter's house; I'll call him  
forth.

*Alice.* But Mosbie, I'll have no such pic-  
ture, I.

*Mos.* I pray thee leave it to my dis-  
cretion.

How! Clarke!

*Here enters CLARKE*

O, you are an honest man of your word,  
you served me well.

*Clarke.* Why, sir, I'll do it for you at any  
time,

Provided, as you have given your word, 250

<sup>1</sup> Early in the day.

<sup>2</sup> A fabled serpent supposed to kill by a look.

<sup>1</sup> Usually for metrical purposes a monosyllable,  
and spelled Ales.

<sup>2</sup> Of it.



I may have Susan Mosbie to my wife.  
 For, as sharp-witted poets, whose sweet  
     verse  
 Make heavenly gods break off their nectar  
     draughts  
 And lay their ears down to the lowly earth,  
 Use humble promise to their sacred Muse,  
 So we that are the poets' favorites  
 Must have a love: ay, Love is the painter's  
     muse,  
 That makes him frame a speaking coun-  
     tenance,  
 A weeping eye that witnesses heart's grief.  
 Then tell me, Master Mosbie, shall I have  
     her? 260  
*Alice.* 'Tis pity but he should; he'll use  
     her well.  
*Mos.* Clarke, here's my hand: my sister  
     shall be thine.  
*Clarke.* Then, brother, to requite this  
     courtesy,  
 You shall command my life, my skill, and  
     all.  
*Alice.* Ah, that thou couldst be secret  
*Mos.* Fear him not; leave; I have talked  
     sufficient.  
*Clarke.* You know not me that ask such  
     questions.  
 Let it suffice I know you love him well,  
 And fain would have your husband made  
     away:  
 Wherein, trust me, you show a noble mind,  
 That rather than you'll live with him you  
     hate, 271  
 You'll venture life, and die with him you  
     love.  
 The like will I do for my Susan's sake.  
*Alice.* Yet nothing could inforce me to the  
     deed  
 But Mosbie's love. Might I without con-  
     trol  
 Enjoy thee still, then Arden should not die:  
 But seeing I cannot, therefore let him die.  
*Mos.* Enough, sweet Alice; thy kind  
     words makes<sup>1</sup> me melt.  
 Your trick of poisoned pictures we dislike;  
 Some other poison would do better far. 280  
*Alice.* Ay, such as might be put into his  
     broth,  
 And yet in taste not to be found at all.  
*Clarke.* I know your mind, and here I  
     have it for you.

<sup>1</sup> This apparent misagreement is a familiar old idiom.

Put but a dram of this into his drink,  
 Or any kind of broth that he shall eat,  
 And he shall die within an hour after.  
*Alice.* As I am a gentlewoman, Clarke,  
     next day  
 Thou and Susan shall be married.  
*Mos.* And I'll make her dowry more than  
     I'll talk of, Clarke.  
*Clarke.* Yonder's your husband. Mosbie,  
     I'll be gone. 290

*Here enters ARDEN and FRANKLIN*

*Alice.* In good time;<sup>1</sup> see where my hus-  
     band comes.  
 Master Mosbie, ask him the question your-  
     self. *Exit CLARKE*  
*Mos.* Master Arden, being at London yes-  
     ternight,  
 The Abbey lands, whereof you are now  
     possessed,  
 Were offered me on some occasion  
 By Greene, one of Sir Antony Ager's men:  
 I pray you, sir, tell me, are not the lands  
     yours?  
 Hath any other interest herein?  
*Arden.* Mosbie, that question we'll decide  
     anon.  
 Alice, make ready my breakfast, I must  
     hence. 300

*Exit ALICE*

As for the lands, Mosbie, they are mine  
 By letters patent from his majesty.  
 But I must have a mandate for my wife;  
 They say you seek to rob me of her love:  
 Villain, what makes<sup>2</sup> thou in her company?  
 She's no companion for so base a groom.  
*Mos.* Arden, I thought not on her, I came  
     to thee;  
 But rather than I pocket up this wrong—  
*Frank.* [interposing] What will you do,  
     sir?  
*Mos.* Revenge it on the proudest of you  
     both. 310  
*Then ARDEN draws forth MOSBIE'S sword*  
*Arden.* So, sirrah,<sup>3</sup> you may not wear a  
     sword,  
 The statute makes<sup>4</sup> against artificers.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Very well.

<sup>2</sup> A common variant of makest.

<sup>3</sup> An address of contempt.

<sup>4</sup> Provides.

<sup>5</sup> The statute of 37 Edward III. c. 9.



I warrant that I do.<sup>1</sup> Now use your bod-  
kin,<sup>2</sup>

Your Spanish needle, and your pressing  
iron,

For this shall go with me; and mark my  
words,

You Goodman botcher, 'tis to you I speak:<sup>3</sup>

The next time that I take thee near my  
house,

Instead of legs I'll make thee crawl on  
stumps.

*Mos.* Ah, Master Arden, you have injured  
me:

I do appeal to God and to the world. 320

*Frank.* Why, canst thou deny thou wert a  
botcher once?

*Mos.* Measure me what I am, not what I  
was.

*Arden.* Why, what art thou now but a  
velvet drudge,

A cheating steward, and base-minded  
peasant?

*Mos.* Arden, now thou hast belched and  
vomited

The rancorous venom of thy mis-swoll'n  
heart,

Hear me but speak: as I intend to live  
With God and his elected saints in heaven,  
I never meant more to solicit her;

And that she knows, and all the world  
shall see. 330

I loved her once;—sweet Arden, pardon me,  
I could not choose, her beauty fired my  
heart!

But time hath quenched these over-raging  
coals;

And, Arden, though I now frequent thy  
house,

'Tis for my sister's sake, her waiting-maid,  
And not for hers. Mayest thou enjoy her  
long:

Hell-fire and wrathful vengeance light on  
me,

If I dishonor her or injure thee.

*Arden.* Mosbie, with these thy protesta-  
tions<sup>4</sup>

The deadly hatred of my heart is ap-  
peased, 340

And thou and I'll be friends, if this prove  
true.

<sup>1</sup> I have warrant for what I am doing.

<sup>2</sup> Dagger.

<sup>3</sup> The passage taunts Mosbie with having been a  
tailor or botcher.

<sup>4</sup> The termination *ion* is commonly disyllabic.

As for the base terms I gave thee late,  
Forget them, Mosbie: I had cause to speak,  
When all the knights and gentlemen of  
Kent

Make common table-talk<sup>1</sup> of her and thee.

*Mos.* Who lives that is not touched with  
slandrous tongues?

*Frank.* Then, Mosbie, to eschew<sup>2</sup> the  
speech of men,

Upon whose general bruit<sup>3</sup> all honor hangs,  
Forbear his house.

*Arden.* Forbear it! nay, rather frequent it  
more: 350

The world shall see that I distrust her not.  
To warn him on the sudden from my house  
Were to confirm the rumor that is grown.

*Mos.* By my faith, sir, you say true,  
And therefore will I sojourn here a while,  
Until our enemies have talked their fill;  
And then, I hope, they'll cease, and at last  
confess

How causeless they have injured her and  
me.

*Arden.* And I will lie at London all this  
term

To let them see how light I weigh their  
words. 360

*Here enters ALICE*

*Alice.* Husband, sit down; your breakfast  
will be cold.

*Arden.* Come, Master Mosbie, will you  
sit with us?

*Mos.* I cannot eat, but I'll sit for com-  
pany.

*Arden.* Sirrah Michael, see our horse be  
ready.

*Alice.* Husband, why pause ye? why eat  
you not?

*Arden.* I am not well; there's something  
in this broth

That is not wholesome: didst thou make  
it, Alice?

*Alice.* I did, and that's the cause it likes  
not you.

*Then she throws down  
the broth on the ground*

There's nothing that I do can please your  
taste;

You were best to say I would have poi-  
soned you. 370

I cannot speak or cast aside my eye,  
But he imagines I have stepped awry.

<sup>1</sup> Gossip.

<sup>2</sup> Avoid.

<sup>3</sup> Report.



Here's he that you cast in my teeth so oft:  
Now will I be convinced or purge myself.  
I charge thee speak to this mistrustful man,  
Thou that wouldst see me hang, thou,  
Mosbie, thou:

What favor hast thou had more than a kiss  
At coming or departing from the town?

*Mos.* You wrong yourself and me to cast  
these doubts:

Your loving husband is not jealous. 350

*Arden.* Why, gentle Mistress Alice, can-  
not I be ill

But you'll accuse yourself?

Franklin, thou hast a box of mithridate;<sup>1</sup>

I'll take a little to prevent the worst.

*Frank.* Do so, and let us presently take  
horse;

My life for yours, ye shall do well enough.

*Alice.* Give me a spoon, I'll eat of it my-  
self;

Would it were full of poison to the brim,  
Then should my cares and troubles have  
an end.

Was ever silly<sup>2</sup> woman so tormented? 390

*Arden.* Be patient, sweet love; I mistrust  
not thee.

*Alice.* God will revenge it, Arden, if thou  
dost;

For never woman loved her husband better  
Than I do thee.

*Arden.* I know it, sweet Alice; cease to  
complain,

Lest that in tears I answer thee again.

*Frank.* Come, leave this dallying, and let  
us away.

*Alice.* Forbear to wound me with that  
bitter word;

Arden shall go to London in my arms.

*Arden.* Loth am I to depart, yet I must  
go. 400

*Alice.* Wilt thou to London, then, and  
leave me here?

Ah, if you love me, gentle Arden, stay.

Yet, if thy business be of great import

Go, if thou wilt, I'll bear it as I may;

But write from London to me every week,  
Nay, every day, and stay no longer there  
Than thou must needs, lest that I die for  
sorrow.

*Arden.* I'll write unto thee every other  
tide,

And so farewell, sweet Alice, till we meet  
next.

<sup>1</sup> Antidote against poison. <sup>2</sup> Simple.

*Alice.* Farewell, husband, seeing you'll  
have it so; 310

And, Master Franklin, seeing you take him  
hence,

In hope you'll hasten him home, I'll give  
you this.

*and then she kisseth him*

*Frank.* And if<sup>1</sup> he stay, the fault shall not  
be mine.

Mosbie, farewell, and see you keep your  
oath.

*Mos.* I hope he is not jealous of me now.

*Arden.* No, Mosbie, no; hereafter think  
of me

As of your dearest friend, and so farewell.

*Exeunt ARDEN, FRANKLIN, and MICHAEL*

*Alice.* I am glad he is gone; he was about  
to stay,

But did you mark me then how I brake off?

*Mos.* Ay, Alice, and it was cunningly per-  
formed. 420

But what a villain is that painter Clarke!

*Alice.* Was it not a goodly poison that he  
gave?

Why, he's as well now as he was before.

It should have been some fine confection

That might have given the broth some  
dainty taste:

This powder was too gross and populous.<sup>2</sup>

*Mos.* But had he eaten but three spoon-  
fuls more,

Then had he died and our love continued.

*Alice.* Why, so it shall, Mosbie, albeit he  
live.

*Mos.* It is impossible, for I have sworn 430  
Never hereafter to solicit thee,

Or, whilst he lives, once more importune<sup>3</sup>  
thee.

*Alice.* Thou shalt not need, I will impor-  
tune thee.

What? shall an oath make thee forsake  
my love?

As if I have not sworn as much myself

And given my hand unto him in the church!

Tush, Mosbie; oaths are words, and words  
is wind,

And wind is mutable: then, I conclude,

'Tis childishness to stand upon an oath.

*Mos.* Well proved, Mistress Alice; yet by  
your leave 440

I'll keep mine unbroken whilst he lives.

<sup>1</sup> And if=if.

<sup>2</sup> Explained as thick, probably a misprint for *pal-  
pable* (Delius).

<sup>3</sup> Accent on the second syllable.



*Alice.* Ay, do, and spare not, his time is but short;  
For if thou be'st as resolute as I,  
We'll have him murdered as he walks the streets.  
In London many alehouse ruffians keep,<sup>1</sup>  
Which, as I hear, will murder men for gold.  
They shall be soundly fee'd to pay him home.

*Here enters GREENE*

*Mos.* Alice, what's he that comes yonder?  
knowest thou him?

*Alice.* Mosbie, be gone: I hope 'tis one that comes  
To put in practice our intended drifts.<sup>2</sup> 450

*Exit MOSBIE*

*Greene.* Mistress Arden, you are well met.  
I am sorry that your husband is from home,  
Whenas my purposed journey was to him:  
Yet all my labor is not spent in vain,  
For I suppose that you can full discourse  
And flat<sup>3</sup> resolve me of the thing I seek.

*Alice.* What is it, Master Greene? If that I may  
Or can with safety, I will answer you.

*Greene.* I heard your husband had the grant of late, 459  
Confirmed by letters patents from the king,  
Of all the lands of the Abbey of Feversham,  
Generally intituled, so that all former grants  
Are cut off; whereof I myself had one;  
But now my interest by that is void.  
This is all, Mistress Arden; is it true or no?

*Alice.* True, Master Greene; the lands are his in state,<sup>4</sup>  
And whatsoever leases were before  
Are void for term of Master Arden's life;  
He hath the grant under the Chancery seal.

*Greene.* Pardon me, Mistress Arden, I must speak, 470  
For I am touched. Your husband doth me wrong  
To wrong me from the little land I have.  
My living is my life, and only that  
Resteth remainder of my portion.  
Desire of wealth is endless in his mind,  
And he is greedy-gaping still<sup>5</sup> for gain;  
Nor cares he though young gentlemen do beg,  
So he may scrape and hoard up in his pouch.

<sup>1</sup> Are accustomed to live.

<sup>2</sup> Plots.

<sup>3</sup> Fully.

<sup>4</sup> Are legally his.

<sup>5</sup> Ever.

But, seeing he hath taken my lands, I'll value life

As careless as he is careful for to get: 480  
And tell him this from me, I'll be revenged,  
And so as he shall wish the Abbey lands  
Had rested still within their former state.

*Alice.* Alas, poor gentleman, I pity you,  
And woe is me that any man should want!  
God knows 'tis not my fault; but wonder not  
Though he be hard to others, when to me,—  
Ah, Master Greene, God knows how I am used

*Greene.* Why, Mistress Arden, can the crabbed churl  
Use you unkindly? respects he not your birth, 490  
Your honorable friends, nor what you brought?

Why, all Kent knows your parentage and what you are.

*Alice.* Ah, Master Greene, be it spoken in secret here,  
I never live good day with him alone:  
When he is at home, then have I froward<sup>1</sup> looks,

Hard words and blows to mend the match withal;  
And though I might content as good a man,  
Yet doth he keep in every corner trulls;<sup>2</sup>  
And when he's weary with his trugs<sup>3</sup> at home,  
Then rides he straight to London; there, forsooth, 500

He revels it among such filthy ones  
As<sup>4</sup> counsels him to make away his wife.  
Thus live I daily in continual fear,  
In sorrow; so despairing of redress  
As<sup>4</sup> every day I wish with hearty prayer  
That he or I were taken forth the world.

*Greene.* Now trust me, Mistress Alice, it grieveth me  
So fair a creature should be so abused.  
Why, who would have thought the civil sir so sullen?

He looks so smoothly. Now, fie upon him, churl! 510

And if he live a day, he lives too long.  
But frolic,<sup>5</sup> woman! I shall be the man  
Shall set you free from all this discontent;  
And if the churl deny my interest  
And will not yield my lease into my hand,

<sup>1</sup> Perverse.

<sup>2</sup> Wenches.

<sup>3</sup> Drabs.

<sup>4</sup> That.

<sup>5</sup> Be of good cheer.



I'll pay him home, whatever hap to me.

*Alice.* But speak you as you think?

*Greene.* Ay, God's my witness, I mean plain dealing,

For I had rather die than lose my land.

*Alice.* Then, Master Greene, be counselled by me: 620

Indanger not yourself for such a churl,  
But hire some cutter<sup>1</sup> for to cut him short,  
And here's ten pound to wager<sup>2</sup> them  
withal;

When he is dead, you shall have twenty  
more,

And the lands whereof my husband is pos-  
sess'd

Shall be intitled as they were before.

*Greene.* Will you keep promise with me?

*Alice.* Or count me false and perjured  
whilst I live.

*Greene.* Then here's my hand, I'll have  
him so dispatched.

I'll up to London straight, I'll thither post,  
And never rest till I have compassed it. 631  
Till then farewell.

*Alice.* Good fortune follow all your for-  
ward thoughts.

*Exit GREENE*

And whosoever doth attempt the deed,  
A happy hand I wish, and so farewell.—  
All this goes well: Mosbie, I long for thee  
To let thee know all that I have contrived.

*Here enters MOSBIE and CLARKE*

*Mos.* How now, Alice, what's the news?

*Alice.* Such as will content thee well,  
sweetheart.

*Mos.* Well, let them<sup>3</sup> pass a while, and  
tell me, Alice, 640

How have you dealt and tempered<sup>4</sup> with  
my sister?

What, will she have my neighbor, Clarke,  
or no?

*Alice.* What, Master Mosbie! let him woo  
himself!

Think you that maids look not for fair  
words?

Go to her, Clarke; she's all alone within;  
Michael my man is clean out of her books.

*Clarke.* I thank you, Mistress Arden, I  
will in;

And if fair Susan and I can make a gree,<sup>1</sup>  
You shall command me to the uttermost,  
As far as either goods or life may stretch.

*Exit CLARKE*

*Mos.* Now, Alice, let's hear thy news. 551

*Alice.* They be so good that I must laugh  
for joy,

Before I can begin to tell my tale.

*Mos.* Let's hear them, that I may laugh  
for company.

*Alice.* This morning, Master Greene, Dick  
Greene I mean,

From whom my husband had the Abbey  
land,

Came hither, railing, for to know the truth  
Whether my husband had the lands by  
grant.

I told him all, whereat he stormed amain  
And swore he would cry quittance with  
the churl, 600

And, if he did deny his interest,  
Stab him, whatsoever did befall himself.

Whenas<sup>2</sup> I saw his choler thus to rise,  
I whetted on the gentleman with words;  
And, to conclude, Mosbie, at last we grew  
To composition for my husband's death.

I gave him ten pound to hire knaves,  
By some device to make away the churl;  
When he is dead, he should have twenty  
more

And repossess his former lands again. 670  
On this we 'greed, and he is ridden straight  
To London, for to bring his death about.

*Mos.* But call you this good news?

*Alice.* Ay, sweetheart, be they not?

*Mos.* 'Twere cheerful news to hear the  
churl were dead;

But trust me, Alice, I take it passing ill  
You would be so forgetful of our state  
To make recount of it to every groom.  
What! to acquaint each stranger with our  
drifts,<sup>3</sup>

Chiefly in case of murder, why, 'tis the way  
To make it open unto Arden's self 681

And bring thyself and me to ruin both.  
Forewarned, forearmed; who threatens his  
enemy,

Lends him a sword to guard himself withal.

*Alice.* I did it for the best.

*Mos.* Well, seeing 'tis done, cheerly let it  
pass.

You know this Greene; is he not religious? <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cutthroat.

<sup>2</sup> Wage, pay.

<sup>3</sup> News is plural.

<sup>4</sup> Temporized.

<sup>1</sup> Come to agreement.

<sup>2</sup> When.

<sup>3</sup> Plots, plans.

<sup>4</sup> A man of his word.



A man, I guess, of great devotion?

*Alice.* He is.

*Mos.* Then, sweet Alice, let it pass: I  
have a drift

Will quiet all, whatever is amiss.

*Here enters CLARKE and SUSAN*

*Alice.* How now, Clarke? have you found  
me false?

Did I not plead the matter hard for you?

*Clarke.* You did.

*Mos.* And what? wilt be a match?

*Clarke.* A match, i' faith, sir: ay, the day  
is mine.

The painter lays his colors to the life,  
His pencil draws no shadows in his love.  
Susan is mine.

*Alice.* You make her blush.

*Mos.* What, sister, is it Clarke must be  
the man?

*Sus.* It resteth in your grant; some words  
are past,

And happily we be grown unto a match,  
If you be willing that it shall be so.

*Mos.* Ah, Master Clarke, it resteth at my  
grant:

You see my sister's yet at my dispose,  
But, so you'll grant me one thing I shall  
ask,

I am content my sister shall be yours.

*Clarke.* What is it, Master Mosbie?

*Mos.* I do remember once in secret talk  
You told me how you could compound by  
art

A crucifix impoisoned,  
That whoso look upon it should wax blind  
And with the scent be stifled, that ere long  
He should die poisoned that did view it  
well.

I would have you make me such a crucifix,  
And then I'll grant my sister shall be yours.

*Clarke.* Though I am loth, because it  
toucheth life,

Yet, rather or I'll leave sweet Susan's love,  
I'll do it, and with all the haste I may.  
But for whom is it?

*Alice.* Leave that to us. Why, Clarke, is  
it possible

That you should paint and draw it out your-  
self,

The colors being baleful and impoisoned,  
And no ways prejudice yourself withal?

*Mos.* Well questioned, Alice; Clarke, how  
answer you that?

*Clarke.* Very easily: I'll tell you straight  
How I do work of these impoisoned drugs.  
I fasten on my spectacles so close

As nothing can any way offend my sight;  
Then, as I put a leaf within my nose,

So put I rhubarb to avoid the smell,

As softly as another work I paint.

*Mos.* 'Tis very well; but against when  
shall I have it?

*Clarke.* Within this ten days.

*Mos.* 'Twill serve the turn.

Now, Alice, let's in and see what cheer  
you keep.

I hope, now Master Arden is from home,  
You'll give me leave to play your hus-  
band's part.

*Alice.* Mosbie, you know, who's master of  
my heart,

He well may be the master of the house.  
*Exeunt*

## [ACT II, SCENE I]

[Country between Feversham and London]

*Enter GREENE and BRADSHAW*

*Brad.* See you them that comes yonder,  
Master Greene?

*Greene.* Ay, very well: do you know  
them?

*Here enters BLACK WILL and SHAKEBAG*

*Brad.* The one I know not, but he seems a  
knave

Chiefly for bearing the other company;  
For such a slave, so vile a rogue as he,  
Lives not again upon the earth.

Black Will is his name. I tell you, Master  
Greene,

At Boulogne he and I were fellow-soldiers,  
Where he played such pranks

As<sup>1</sup> all the camp feared him for his villainy  
I warrant you he bears so bad a mind  
That for a crown he'll murder any man.

*Greene.* The fitter is he for my purpose,  
marry!<sup>2</sup>

*Will.* How now, fellow Bradshaw?  
Whither away so early?

*Brad.* O Will, times are changed: no fel-  
lows now,

<sup>1</sup> That.

<sup>2</sup> This attenuated oath means little more than in-  
deed.



Though we were once together in the field;  
Yet thy friend to do thee any good I can.

*Will.* Why, Bradshaw, was not thou and I fellow-soldiers at Boulogne, where I was a corporal, and thou but a base mercenary groom? No fellows now! because you are a goldsmith and have a little plate in your shop! You were glad to call me 'fellow Will,' and with a curtesy to the earth, 'One snatch, good corporal,' when I stole the half ox from John the victualer, and domineer'd with it amongst good fellows in one night.

*Brad.* Ay, Will, those days are past with me.

*Will.* Ay, but they be not past with me, for I keep that same honorable mind still. Good neighbor Bradshaw, you are too proud to be my fellow; but were it not that I see more company coming down the hill, I would be fellows with you once more, and share crowns with you too. But let that pass, and tell me whither you go.

*Brad.* To London, Will, about a piece of service,

Wherein happily thou mayst pleasure me.

*Will.* What is it?

*Brad.* Of late Lord Cheiny lost some plate,

Which one did bring and sold it at my shop, Saying he served Sir Antony Cooke.

A search was made, the plate was found with me,

And I am bound to answer at the 'size.<sup>1</sup>

Now, Lord Cheiny solemnly vows, if law

Will serve him, he'll hang me for his plate.

Now I am going to London upon hope

To find the fellow.<sup>2</sup> Now, Will, I know

Thou art acquainted with such companions.<sup>3</sup>

*Will.* What manner of man was he?

*Brad.* A lean-faced writhen<sup>4</sup> knave,

Hawk-nosed and very hollow-eyed,

With mighty furrows in his stormy brows;

Long hair down his shoulders curled;

His chin was bare, but on his upper lip

A mutchado,<sup>5</sup> which he wound about his ear.

*Will.* What apparel had he?

*Brad.* A watchet satin doublet all to torn,<sup>6</sup>

The inner side did bear the greater show;  
A pair of thread-bare velvet hose, seam rent,

A worsted stocking rent above the shoe,  
A livery cloak, but all the lace was off;  
'Twas bad, but yet it served to hide the plate.

*Will.* Sirrah Shakebag, canst thou remember since we trolled the bowl at Sittingburgh, where I broke the tapster's head of the Lion with a cudgel-stick?

*Shake.* Ay, very well, Will.

*Will.* Why, it was with the money that the plate was sold for. Sirrah Bradshaw, what wilt thou give him that can tell thee who sold thy plate?

*Brad.* Who, I pray thee, good Will?

*Will.* Why, 'twas one Jack Fitten. He's now in Newgate for stealing a horse, and shall be arraigned the next 'size.

*Brad.* Why, then let Lord Cheiny seek Jack Fitten forth,

For I'll back and tell him who robbed him of his plate.

This cheers my heart; Master Greene, I'll leave you,

For I must to the Isle of Sheppy with speed.

*Greene.* Before you go, let me intreat you To carry this letter to Mistress Arden of Feversham

And humbly recommend me to herself.

*Brad.* That will I, Master Greene, and so farewell,

Here, Will, there's a crown for thy good news.

*Exit BRADSHAW*

*Will.* Farewell, Bradshaw; I'll drink no water for thy sake whilst this lasts.—Now, gentleman, shall we have your company to London?

*Greene.* Nay, stay, sirs:

A little more I needs must use your help, And in a matter of great consequence, Wherein if you'll be secret and profound, I'll give you twenty angels for your pains.

*Will.* How? twenty angels? give my fellow George Shakebag and me twenty angels? And if thou'lt have thy own father slain, that thou may'st inherit his land, we'll kill him.

*Shake.* Ay, thy mother, thy sister, thy brother, or all thy kin.

*Greene.* Well, this it is: Arden of Feversham

<sup>1</sup> Assize.

<sup>2</sup> The fellow who sold the plate.

<sup>3</sup> Rascals.

<sup>4</sup> Crooked.

<sup>5</sup> Moustache.

<sup>6</sup> Pale blue doublet all in tatters.



Hath highly wronged me about the Abbey land,  
That no revenge but death will serve the turn.

Will you two kill him? here's the angels down,

And I will lay the platform<sup>1</sup> of his death.

*Will.* Plat me no platforms; give me the money, and I'll stab him as he stands . . . against a wall, but I'll kill him. 110

*Shake.* Where is he?

*Greene.* He is now at London, in Aldersgate Street.

*Shake.* He's dead as if he had been condemned by an Act of Parliament, if once Black Will and I swear his death.

*Greene.* Here is ten pound, and when he is dead,

Ye shall have twenty more.

*Will.* My fingers itches to be at the peasant. Ah, that I might be set a work 120 thus through the year, and that murder would grow to an occupation, that a man might,<sup>2</sup> without danger of law—zounds, I warrant I should be warden of the company. Come, let us be going, and we'll bait<sup>3</sup> at Rochester, where I'll give thee a gallon of sack to handsel<sup>4</sup> the match withal.

*Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

[*London. A Street near St. Paul's*]

*Here enters MICHAEL*

*Mich.* I have gotten such a letter as will touch the painter: And thus it is:

*Here enters ARDEN and FRANKLIN and hears MICHAEL read this letter*

'My duty remembered, Mistress Susan, hoping in God you be in good health, as I Michael was at the making hereof. This is to certify you that as the turtle true, when she hath lost her mate, sitteth alone, so I, mourning for your absence, do walk up and down Paul's<sup>5</sup> till one day I fell asleep and lost my master's pantofles.<sup>6</sup> 10

<sup>1</sup> Arrange the scheme.

<sup>2</sup> Bayne inserts here *follow*; but the break makes this unnecessary.

<sup>3</sup> Eat.

<sup>4</sup> Inaugurate.

<sup>5</sup> The aisle of the cathedral, a popular place of resort.

<sup>6</sup> Slippers.

Ah, Mistress Susan, abolish that paltry painter, cut him off by the shins with a frowning look of your crabbed countenance, and think upon Michael, who, drunk with the dregs of your favor, will cleave as fast to your love as a plaster of pitch to a galled horse-back. Thus hoping you will let my passions penetrate, or rather impetrate mercy of your meek hands, I end. 20

'Yours, Michael, or else not Michael.'

*Arden.* Why, you paltry knave, Stand you here loitering, knowing my affairs,

What haste my business craves to send to Kent?

*Frank.* Faith, friend Michael, this is very ill,

Knowing your master hath no more but you,

And do ye slack his business for your own?

*Arden.* Where is the letter, sirrah? let me see it.

*Then he gives him the letter*

See, Master Franklin, here's proper stuff:

Susan my maid, the painter, and my man, A crew of harlots,<sup>1</sup> all in love, forsooth; 31

Sirrah, let me hear no more of this, Nor for thy life once write to her a word.

*Here enters GREENE, WILL, and SHAKEBAG*

Wilt thou be married to so base a trull?

'Tis Mosbie's sister: come I once at home, I'll rouse her from remaining in my house. Now, Master Franklin, let us go walk in Paul's;

Come but a turn or two, and then away.

*Exeunt*

*Greene.* The first is Arden, and that's his man,

The other is Franklin, Arden's dearest friend. 40

*Will.* Zounds, I'll kill them all three.

*Greene.* Nay, sirs, touch not his man in any case;

But stand close, and take you fittest standing,

And at his coming forth, speed him:

To the Nag's Head, there is this coward's haunt.

But now I'll leave you till the deed be done.

*Exit GREENE*

<sup>1</sup> Used of any worthless person, man or woman.



*Shake.* If he be not paid his own, ne'er trust Shakebag.

*Will.* Sirrah Shakebag, at his coming forth I'll run him through, and then to the 50 Blackfriars, and there take water and away.

*Shake.* Why, that's the best; but see thou miss him not.

*Will.* How can I miss him, when I think on the forty angels I must have more?

*Here enters a Prentice*

*Pren.* 'Tis very late; I were best shut up my stall, for here will be old filching,<sup>1</sup> when the press<sup>2</sup> comes forth of Paul's.

*Then lets he down his window,  
and it breaks BLACK WILL'S head*

*Will.* Zounds, draw, Shakebag, I am 60 almost killed.

*Pren.* We'll tame you, I warrant.

*Will.* Zounds, I am tame enough already.

*Here enters ARDEN, FRANKLIN, and MICHAEL*

*Arden.* What troublesome fray or mutiny is this?

*Frank.* 'Tis nothing but some brabbling paltry fray,  
Devised to pick men's pockets in the throng.

*Arden.* Is't nothing else? come, Franklin, let's away. *Exeunt*

*Will.* What 'mends<sup>4</sup> shall I have for my broken head?

*Pren.* Marry, this 'mends, that if you get you not away all the sooner, you shall be well beaten and sent to the Counter.<sup>5</sup>

*Exit PRENTICE*

*Will.* Well, I'll be gone, but look to your signs, for I'll pull them down all. Shakebag, my broken head grieves me not so much as by this means Arden hath escaped.

*Here enters GREENE*

I had a glimpse of him and his companion. 80

*Greene.* Why, sirs, Arden's as well as I; I met him and Franklin going merrily to the ordinary. What, dare you not do it?

*Will.* Yes, sir, we dare do it; but, were my consent to give again, we would not do

it under ten pound more. I value every drop of my blood at a French crown. I have had ten pound to steal a dog, and we have no more here to kill a man; but that a bargain is a bargain, and so forth, 90 you should do it yourself.

*Greene.* I pray thee, how came thy head broke?

*Will.* Why, thou seest it is broke, dost thou not?

*Shake.* Standing against a stall, watching Arden's coming, a boy let down his shop-window and broke his head; whereupon arose a brawl, and in the tumult Arden escaped us and passed by unthought 100 on. But forbearance is no acquittance; another time we'll do it, I warrant thee.

*Greene.* I pray thee, Will, make clean thy bloody brow,

And let us bethink us on some other place Where Arden may be met with handsomely. Remember how devoutly thou hast sworn To kill the villain; think upon thine oath.

*Will.* Tush, I have broken five hundred oaths!

But wouldst thou charm me to effect this deed,

Tell me of gold, my resolution's fee; 110 Say thou seest Mosbie kneeling at my knees,

Offering me service for my high attempt, And sweet Alice Arden, with a lap of crowns,<sup>1</sup>

Comes with a lowly curtsey to the earth, Saying 'Take this but for thy quarterage,<sup>2</sup> Such yearly tribute will I answer thee.'

Why, this would steel soft-mettled cowardice,

With which Black Will was never tainted with.

I tell thee, Greene, the forlorn traveller, Whose lips are glued with summer's parching heat, 120

Ne'er longed so much to see a running brook

As I to finish Arden's tragedy.

Seest thou this gore that cleaveth to my face?

From hence ne'er will I wash this bloody stain,

Till Arden's heart be panting in my hand.

*Greene.* Why, that's well said; but what saith Shakebag?

<sup>1</sup> Lap full.

<sup>2</sup> Quarterly payment.

<sup>1</sup> Good chance for thieving, a common idiom.

<sup>2</sup> Crowd.

<sup>3</sup> Quarrelsome.

<sup>4</sup> Amends.

<sup>5</sup> A London prison.



*Shake.* I cannot paint my valor out with words:

But, give me place and opportunity,  
Such mercy as the starven lioness, 130  
When she is dry sucked of her eager young,  
Shows to the prey that next encounters her,  
On Arden so much pity would I take.

*Greene.* So should it fare with men of firm resolve.

And now, sirs, seeing that this accident  
Of meeting him in Paul's hath no success,  
Let us bethink us of some other place  
Whose earth may swallow up this Arden's blood.

*Here enters MICHAEL*

See, yonder comes his man: and wot you what?

The foolish knave's in love with Mosbie's sister, 140

And for her sake, whose love he cannot get  
Unless Mosbie solicit his suit,

The villain hath sworn the slaughter of his master.

We'll question him, for he may stead<sup>1</sup> us much.

How now, Michael, whither are you going?

*Mich.* My master hath new supped,  
And I am going to prepare his chamber.

*Greene.* Where supped Master Arden?

*Mich.* At the Nag's Head, at the eighteen pence ordinary.<sup>2</sup> How now, Master 150  
Shakebag? what, Black Will! God's dear lady, how chance your face is so bloody?

*Will.* Go to, sirrah, there is a chance in it; this sauciness in you will make you be knocked.<sup>3</sup>

*Mich.* Nay, an you be offended, I'll be gone.

*Greene.* Stay, Michael, you may not 'scape us so.

Michael, I know you love your master well.

*Mich.* Why, so I do; but wherefore urge you that? 160

*Greene.* Because I think you love your mistress better.

*Mich.* So think not I; but say, i' faith, what, if I should?

*Shake.* Come to the purpose, Michael; we hear

You have a pretty love in Feversham.

*Mich.* Why, have I two or three, what's that to thee!

*Will.* You deal too mildly with the peasant. Thus it is:

'Tis known to us that you love Mosbie's sister;

We know besides that you have ta'en your oath

To further Mosbie to your mistress' bed,  
And kill your master for his sister's sake.

Now, sir, a poorer coward than yourself 170  
Was never fostered in the coast of Kent:

How comes it then that such a knave as you  
Dare swear a matter of such consequence?

*Greene.* Ah, Will——

*Will.* Tush, give me leave, there's no more but this:

Sith<sup>1</sup> thou hast sworn, we dare discover all;

And hadst thou or should'st thou utter it,  
We have devised a complat<sup>2</sup> under hand,

Whatever shall betide to any of us, 180  
To send thee roundly to the devil of hell.

And therefore thus: I am the very man,  
Marked in my birth-hour by the destinies,

To give an end to Arden's life on earth;  
Thou but a member<sup>3</sup> but to whet the knife

Whose edge must search the closet of his breast:

Thy office is but to appoint the place,  
And train thy master to his tragedy;

Mine to perform it when occasion serves.  
Then be not nice, but here devise with us

How and what way we may conclude his death. 191

*Shake.* So shalt thou purchase Mosbie for thy friend,

And by his friendship gain his sister's love.

*Greene.* So shall thy mistress be thy favorer,

And thou disburdened of the oath thou made.

*Mich.* Well, gentlemen, I cannot but confess,

Sith you have urged me so apparently,  
That I have vowed my master Arden's

death;

And he whose kindly love and liberal hand  
Doth challenge nought but good deserts

of me, 200  
I will deliver over to your hands.

This night come to his house at Aldersgate:

<sup>1</sup> Since.

<sup>2</sup> Plan.

<sup>3</sup> Assistant.

<sup>1</sup> Help.

<sup>2</sup> Public table, table d'hôte, still in use.

<sup>3</sup> Blamed.



The doors I'll leave unlock'd against you  
come.

No sooner shall ye enter through the latch,  
Over the threshold to the inner court,  
But on your left hand shall you see the  
stairs

That leads directly to my master's  
chamber:

There take him and dispose him as ye  
please.

Now it were good we parted company;  
What I have promised, I will perform. <sup>210</sup>

*Will.* Should you deceive us, 'twould go  
wrong with you.

*Mich.* I will accomplish all I have re-  
vealed.

*Will.* Come, let's go drink: choler makes  
me as dry as a dog.

*Exeunt WILL,*

*GREENE, and SHAKEBAG. Manet MICHAEL*

*Mich.* Thus feeds the lamb securely on  
the down,

Whilst through the thicket of an arbor  
brake

The hunger-bitten wolf o'erpries<sup>1</sup> his haunt  
And takes advantage to eat him up.

Ah, harmless Arden, how hast thou mis-  
done,

That thus thy gentle life is levelled at?  
The many good turns that thou hast done  
to me. <sup>220</sup>

Now must I quittance with betraying thee.  
I that should take the weapon in my hand  
And buckler thee from ill-intending foes,  
Do lead thee with a wicked fraudulent smile,  
As unsuspected, to the slaughter-house.

So have I sworn to Mosbie and my mistress,  
So have I promised to the slaughtermen;  
And should I not deal currently<sup>2</sup> with them,  
Their lawless rage would take revenge on  
me.

Tush, I will spurn at mercy for this once:  
Let pity lodge where feeble women lie, <sup>231</sup>  
I am resolved, and Arden needs must die.

*Exit MICHAEL*

### [ACT III, SCENE I]

[A Room in Franklin's House, at  
Aldersgate]

*Here enters ARDEN and FRANKLIN*

*Arden.* No, Franklin, no: if fear or stormy  
threats,

<sup>1</sup> Looks over.

<sup>2</sup> Without hindrance.

If love of me or care of womanhood,  
If fear of God or common speech of men,  
Who mangle credit with their wounding  
words,

And couch dishonor as dishonor buds,<sup>1</sup>  
Might join repentance in her wanton  
thoughts,

No question then but she would turn the  
leaf

And sorrow for her dissolution;<sup>2</sup>

But she is rooted in her wickedness,  
Perverse and stubborn, not to be reclaimed;

Good counsel is to her as rain to weeds, <sup>11</sup>

And reprehension makes her vice to grow

As Hydra's head that plenished<sup>3</sup> by decay.

Her faults, methink, are painted in my face,

For every searching eye to overread;

And Mosbie's name, a scandal unto mine,

Is deeply trenchèd in my blushing brow.

Ah, Franklin, Franklin, when I think on this,

My heart's grief rends my other powers

Worse than the conflict at the hour of death.

*Frank.* Gentle Arden, leave this sad la-  
ment: <sup>21</sup>

She will amend, and so your griefs will  
cease;

Or else she'll die, and so your sorrows end.

If neither of these two do happily fall,

Yet let your comfort be that others bear

Your woes, twice doubled all, with patience.

*Arden.* My house is irksome; there I can-  
not rest.

*Frank.* Then stay with me in London; go  
not home.

*Arden.* Then that base Mosbie doth usurp  
my room

And makes his triumph of my being  
thence. <sup>30</sup>

At home or not at home, where'er I be,

Here, here it lies, ah Franklin, here it lies

That will not out till wretched Arden dies.

*Here enters MICHAEL*

*Frank.* Forget your griefs a while; here  
comes your man.

*Arden.* What o'clock is 't, sirrah?

*Mich.* Almost ten.

*Arden.* See, see, how runs away the weary  
time!

Come, Master Franklin, shall we go to bed?

*Exeunt ARDEN and MICHAEL.*

*Manet FRANKLIN*

<sup>1</sup> Spreads.

<sup>2</sup> Separation from rectitude. <sup>3</sup> Q reads *perished*.



*Frank.* I pray you, go before: I'll follow you.

—Ah, what a hell is fretful jealousy! <sup>40</sup>  
What pity-moving words,<sup>1</sup> what deep-fetched sighs,

What grievous groans and overlading woes  
Accompanies this gentle gentleman!  
Now will he shake his care-oppressed head,  
Then fix his sad eyes on the sullen earth,  
Ashamed to gaze upon the open world;  
Now will he cast his eyes up towards the heavens,

Looking that ways for redress of wrong:  
Sometimes he seeketh to beguile his grief  
And tells a story with his careful<sup>2</sup> tongue;  
Then comes his wife's dishonor in his thoughts <sup>51</sup>

And in the middle cutteth off his tale,  
Pouring fresh sorrow on his weary limbs.  
So woe-begone, so inly charged with woe,  
Was never any lived and bare it so.

*Here enters MICHAEL*

*Mich.* My master would desire you come to bed.

*Frank.* Is he himself already in his bed?

*Mich.* He is, and fain would have the light away.

*Exit FRANKLIN. Manet MICHAEL*  
—Conflicting thoughts, encampèd in my breast,

Awake me with the echo of their strokes,  
And I, a judge to censure either side, <sup>61</sup>  
Can give to neither wishèd victory.

My master's kindness pleads to me for life  
With just demand, and I must grant it him:  
My mistress she hath forced me with an oath,

For Susan's sake, the which I may not break  
For that is nearer than a master's love:  
That grim-faced fellow, pitiless Black Will,  
And Shakebag, stern in bloody stratagem,  
—Two rougher ruffians never lived in Kent,— <sup>70</sup>

Have sworn my death, if I infringe my vow,  
A dreadful thing to be considered of.  
Methinks I see them with their bolstered<sup>3</sup> hair

Staring and grinning in thy gentle face,

<sup>1</sup> Q reads *moning*.

<sup>2</sup> Full of care.

<sup>3</sup> Shaggy, disordered.

And in their ruthless hands their daggers drawn,

Insulting o'er these with a peck of oaths,  
Whilst thou submissive, pleading for relief,  
Art mangled by their ireful instruments.  
Methinks I hear them ask where Michael is,  
And pitiless Black Will cries: 'Stab the slave! <sup>80</sup>

The peasant will detect the tragedy!  
The wrinkles in his foul death-threat'ning face

Gapes open wide, like graves to swallow men.

My death to him is but a merriment,<sup>1</sup>  
And he will murder me to make him sport.  
He comes, he comes! ah, Master Franklin, help!

Call up the neighbors, or we are but dead!

*Here enters FRANKLIN and ARDEN*

*Frank.* What dismal outcry calls me from my rest?

*Arden.* What hath occasioned such a fearful cry?

Speak, Michael: hath any injured thee? <sup>90</sup>

*Mich.* Nothing, sir; but as I fell asleep,  
Upon the threshold leaning to the stairs,  
I had a fearful dream that troubled me,  
And in my slumber thought I was beset  
With murderer thieves that came to rifle me.  
My trembling joints witness my inward fear:

I crave your pardons for disturbing you.

*Arden.* So great a cry for nothing I ne'er heard.

What? are the doors fast locked and all things safe?

*Mich.* I cannot tell; I think I locked the doors. <sup>100</sup>

*Arden.* I like not this, but I'll go see myself.—

Ne'er trust me but the doors were all unlocked:

This negligence not half contenteth me.  
Get you to bed, and if you love my favor,  
Let me have no more such pranks as these.  
Come, Master Franklin, let us go to bed.

*Frank.* Ay, by my faith; the air is very cold.

Michael, farewell; I pray thee dream no more. *Exeunt*

<sup>1</sup> Trifle.



## [SCENE II]

[Outside Franklin's house]

*Here enters WILL, GREENE, and SHAKEBAG*

*Shake.* Black night hath hid the pleasures of the day,  
 And sheeting darkness overhangs the earth,  
 And with the black fold of her cloudy robe  
 Obscures us from the eyesight of the world,  
 In which sweet silence, such as we triumph.  
 The lazy minutes linger on their time,  
 Loth to give due audit to the hour,  
 Till in the watch<sup>1</sup> our purpose be complete  
 And Arden sent to everlasting night.  
 Greene, get you gone, and linger here about,  
 And at some hour hence come to us again,<sup>11</sup>  
 Where we will give you instance<sup>2</sup> of his death.

*Greene.* Speed to my wish, whose will so e'er says no;  
 And so I'll leave you for an hour or two.  
*Exit GREENE*

*Will.* I tell thee, Shakebag, would this thing were done:  
 I am so heavy that I can scarce go;  
 This drowsiness in me bodes little good.

*Shake.* How now, Will? become a precisian?<sup>3</sup>  
 Nay, then let's go sleep, when bugs<sup>4</sup> and fears  
 Shall kill our courages with their fancy's work.<sup>5</sup>

*Will.* Why, Shakebag, thou mistakes me much,  
 And wrongs me too in telling me of fear.  
 Were't not a serious thing we go about,  
 It should be slipt till I had fought with thee,  
 To let thee know I am no coward, I.  
 I tell thee, Shakebag, thou abusest me.

*Shake.* Why, thy speech bewrayed an inly kind of fear,  
 And savored of a weak relenting spirit.  
 Go forward now in that we have begun,  
 And afterwards attempt me when thou darest.

*Will.* And if I do not, heaven cut me off!  
 But let that pass, and show me to this house,  
 Where thou shalt see I'll do as much as Shakebag.

<sup>1</sup> Watch of the night.<sup>2</sup> Proof.<sup>3</sup> Puritan.<sup>4</sup> Bugaboos.<sup>5</sup> Work of the imagination.

*Shake.* This is the door; but soft, methinks 'tis shut.

The villain Michael hath deceived us.

*Will.* Soft, let me see, Shakebag; 'tis shut indeed.

Knock with thy sword, perhaps the slave will hear.

*Shake.* It will not be; the white-livered peasant

Is gone to bed, and laughs us both to scorn.

*Will.* And he shall 'by<sup>1</sup> his merriment as dear

As ever coistril<sup>2</sup> bought so little sport:  
 Ne'er let this sword assist me when I need,  
 But rust and canker after I have sworn,  
 If I, the next time that I meet the hind,  
 Lop not away his leg, his arm, or both.

*Shake.* And let me never draw a sword again,

Nor prosper in the twilight, cockshut<sup>3</sup> light,  
 When I would fleece the wealthy passenger,<sup>4</sup>  
 But lie and languish in a loathsome den,  
 Hated and spit at by the goers-by,<sup>50</sup>  
 And in that death may die unpitied,  
 If I, the next time that I meet the slave,  
 Cut not the nose from off the coward's face  
 And trample on it for this villainy.

*Will.* Come, let's go seek out Greene; I know he'll swear.

*Shake.* He were a villain, an he would not swear.

'Twould make a peasant swear among his boys,  
 That ne'er durst say before but 'yea' or 'no,'  
 To be thus flouted by a coistril.

*Will.* Shakebag, let's seek out Greene, and in the morning

At the alehouse butting<sup>5</sup> Arden's house  
 Watch the out-coming of that prick-eared cur,

And then let me alone to handle him.

*Exeunt*

## [SCENE III]

[Room in Franklin's house as before]

*Here enters ARDEN, FRANKLIN, and MICHAEL*

*Arden.* Sirrah, get you back to Billingsgate

And learn what time the tide will serve our turn;

<sup>1</sup> Abide.<sup>2</sup> Rogue.<sup>3</sup> When the poultry is shut in for the night.<sup>4</sup> Passer-by.<sup>5</sup> A-butting on.



Come to us in Paul's. First go make the  
bed,  
And afterwards go hearken for the flood.

*Exit MICHAEL*

Come, Master Franklin, you shall go with  
me.

This night I dreamt that, being in a park,  
A toil was pitched<sup>1</sup> to overthrow the deer,  
And I upon a little rising hill  
Stood whistly<sup>2</sup> watching for the herd's  
approach.

Even there, methoughts, a gentle slumber  
took me,

And summoned all my parts to sweet re-  
pose;

But in the pleasure of this golden rest  
An ill-thewed foster<sup>3</sup> had removed the toil  
And rounded me with<sup>4</sup> that beguiling home  
Which late, methought, was pitched to cast<sup>5</sup>  
the deer.

With that he blew an evil-sounding horn,  
And at the noise another herdman came,  
With falchion drawn, and bent it at my  
breast,

Crying aloud, 'Thou art the game we seek!'  
With this I woke and trembled every  
joint,

Like one obscured<sup>6</sup> in a little bush,  
That sees a lion foraging about,  
And, when the dreadful forest-king is gone,  
He pries about with timorous suspect<sup>7</sup>  
Throughout the thorny casements of the  
brake,

And will not think his person dangerless,  
But quakes and shivers, though the cause  
be gone:

So, trust me, Franklin, when I did awake,  
I stood in doubt whether I waked or no:  
Such great impression took this fond sur-  
prise.

God grant this vision bedee<sup>8</sup> me any good.

*Frank.* This fantasy doth rise from  
Michael's fear,  
Who being awakèd with the noise he made,  
His troubled senses yet could take no rest;  
And this, I warrant you, procured your  
dream.

*Arden.* It may be so, God frame it to the  
best:

<sup>1</sup> A net was spread.

<sup>2</sup> Silently.

<sup>3</sup> A misbegotten forester.

<sup>4</sup> Entangled me completely with the deception (be-  
guiling) which was contrived to catch the deer.

<sup>5</sup> Overthrow.

<sup>6</sup> Hidden.

<sup>7</sup> Suspicion.

<sup>8</sup> Forebode.

But oftentimes my dreams presage too true.  
*Frank.* To such as note their nightly fan-  
tasies,

Some one in twenty may incur belief;

But use it not,<sup>1</sup> 'tis but a mockery.

*Arden.* Come, Master Franklin, we'll now  
walk in Paul's

And dine together at the ordinary,  
And by my man's direction draw to the  
quay,

And with the tide<sup>2</sup> go down to Feversham.  
Say, Master Franklin, shall it not be so?

*Frank.* At your good pleasure, sir; I'll  
bear you company. *Exeunt*

#### [SCENE IV]

#### [Aldersgate]

*Here enters MICHAEL at one door, GREENE,  
WILL, and SHAKEBAG at another door*

*Will.* Draw, Shakebag, for here's that vil-  
lain Michael.

*Greene.* First, Will, let's hear what he can  
say.

*Will.* Speak, milksop slave, and never  
after speak.

*Mich.* For God's sake, sirs, let me excuse  
myself:

For here I swear, by heaven and earth  
and all,

I did perform the utmost of my task,  
And left the doors unbolted and unlocked.  
But see the chance: Franklin and my  
master

Were very late conferring in the porch,  
And Franklin left his napkin where he sat  
With certain gold knit<sup>3</sup> in it, as he said. <sup>11</sup>  
Being in bed, he did bethink himself,  
And coming down he found the doors un-  
shut:

He locked the gates, and brought away  
the keys,

For which offence my master rated me.  
But now I am going to see what flood it is,  
For with the tide my master will away;  
Where you may front<sup>4</sup> him well on Rain-  
ham Down,

A place well-fitting such a stratagem.

*Will.* Your excuse hath somewhat mol-  
lified my choler.

<sup>1</sup> Do not make a custom of it.

<sup>2</sup> By boat.

<sup>3</sup> Folded.

<sup>4</sup> Meet, attack.



Why now, Greene, 'tis better now nor<sup>1</sup>  
e'er it was.

*Greene.* But, Michael, is this true?

*Mich.* As true as I report it to be true.

*Shake.* Then, Michael, this shall be your  
penance,

To feast us all at the Salutation,  
Where we will plat<sup>2</sup> our purpose throughly.

*Greene.* And, Michael, you shall bear no  
news of this tide,

Because they two may be in Rainham  
Down

Before your master.

*Mich.* Why, I'll agree to anything you'll  
have me, 30

So you'll except<sup>3</sup> of my company.

*Exeunt*

### [SCENE VI]

*[Arden's house at Feversham]*

*Here enters MOSBIE*

*Mos.* Disturbèd thoughts drives me from  
company

And dries my marrow with their watchful-  
ness;

Continual trouble of my moody brain  
Feebles my body by excess of drink,  
And nips me as the bitter north-east wind  
Doth check the tender blossoms in the  
spring.

Well fares the man, howe'er his cates<sup>4</sup> do  
taste,

That tables<sup>5</sup> not with foul suspicion;  
And he but pine, amongst his delicates,  
Whose troubled mind is stuffed with dis-  
content. 10

My golden time was when I had no gold;  
Thought then I wanted, yet I slept secure;  
My daily toil begat me night's repose,  
My night's repose made daylight fresh to  
me.

But since I climbed the top-bough of the  
tree

And sought to build my nest among the  
clouds,

Each gentle stirry<sup>6</sup> gale doth shake my  
bed,

And makes me dread my downfall to the  
earth.

But whither doth contemplation carry me?

The way I seek to find, where pleasure  
dwells, 20

Is hedged behind me that I cannot back,  
But needs must on, although to danger's  
gate.

Then, Arden, perish thou by that decree;  
But Greene doth ear<sup>1</sup> the land and weed  
thee up

To make my harvest nothing but pure corn.  
And for his pains I'll hive<sup>2</sup> him up a while,  
And after smother him to have his wax:  
Such bees as Greene must never live to  
sting.

Then is there Michael and the painter too,  
Chief actors to<sup>3</sup> Arden's overthrow; 30  
Who when they shall see me sit in Arden's  
seat,

They will insult upon me for my meed,<sup>4</sup>  
Or fright me by detecting<sup>5</sup> of his end.  
I'll none of that, for I can cast a bone  
To make these curs pluck out each other's  
throat,

And then am I sole ruler of mine own.  
Yet Mistress Arden lives; but she's myself,  
And holy Church rites makes us two but  
one.

But what for that? I may not trust you,  
Alice:

You have supplanted Arden for my sake,  
And will extirpen<sup>6</sup> me to plant another. 40  
'Tis fearful sleeping in a serpent's bed,  
And I will cleanly rid my hands of her.

*Here enters ALICE*

But here she comes, and I must flatter her.  
—How now, Alice? what, sad and pas-  
sionate? 7

Make me partaker of thy pensiveness:  
Fire divided burns with lesser force.

*Alice.* But I will dam that fire in my  
breast

Till by the force thereof my part consume.  
Ah, Mosbie! 50

*Mos.* Such deep pathaires,<sup>8</sup> like to a can-  
non's burst

Discharged against a ruined wall,

<sup>1</sup> Plow.

<sup>2</sup> Q reads *heave*.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps *too* has fallen out here.

<sup>4</sup> Good fortune.

<sup>5</sup> Betraying.

<sup>6</sup> Extirpate.

<sup>7</sup> Full of emotion.

<sup>8</sup> Sighs. This word occurs only here and is per-  
haps corrupt.

<sup>1</sup> Than.

<sup>2</sup> Plot.

<sup>3</sup> For accept.

<sup>4</sup> Food.

<sup>5</sup> Dines.

<sup>6</sup> Stirring.



Breaks my relenting heart in thousand pieces.

Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore;  
Thou know'st it well, and 'tis thy policy  
To forge distressful looks to wound a breast  
Where lies a heart that dies when<sup>1</sup> thou art sad.

It is not love that loves to anger love.

*Alice.* It is not love that loves to murder love.

*Mos.* How mean you that? 60

*Alice.* Thou knowest how dearly Arden lovèd me.

*Mos.* And then?

*Alice.* And then—conceal the rest, for 'tis too bad,

Lest that my words be carried with the wind,

And published in the world to both our shames.

I pray thee, Mosbie, let our springtime wither;

Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds.

Forget, I pray thee, what hath passed betwixt us,

For now I blush and tremble at the thoughts!

*Mos.* What? are you changed? 70

*Alice.* Ay, to my former happy life again,  
From title of an odious strumpet's name  
To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife.

Ha, Mosbie! 'tis thou has rifled me of that  
And made me slanderous to all my kin;  
Even in my forehead<sup>1</sup> is thy name ingraven,  
A mean artificer, that low-born name.

I was bewitched: woe worth the hapless hour

And all the causes that enchanted me!

*Mos.* Nay, if thou ban,<sup>2</sup> let me breathe curses forth, 80

And if you stand so nicely<sup>3</sup> at your fame,  
Let me repent the credit I have lost.

I have neglected matters<sup>4</sup> of import

That would have stated me above thy state,  
Forslowed<sup>5</sup> advantages, and spurned at time:

Ay, Fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook

To take a wanton giglot<sup>6</sup> by the left.

<sup>1</sup> Q. where.

<sup>2</sup> Curse.

<sup>3</sup> Fastidiously.

<sup>4</sup> Placed me.

<sup>5</sup> Delayed.

<sup>6</sup> Wanton woman.

I left the marriage of an honest maid,  
Whose dowry would have weighed down  
all thy wealth,

Whose beauty and demeanor far exceeded thee: 90

This certain good I lost for changing bad,  
And wrapt my credit in thy company.

I was bewitched,—that is no theme of thine,  
And thou unhallowed hast enchanted me.

But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,  
And put another sight upon these eyes

That showed my heart a raven for a dove.  
Thou art not fair, I viewed thee not till

now;

Thou art not kind, till now I knew thee not;  
And now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt,

Thy worthless copper shows thee counterfeit. 101

It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,  
But mads me that ever I thought thee fair.

Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hinds;

I am too good to be thy favorite.

*Alice.* Ay, now I see, and too soon find it true,

Which often hath been told me by my friends,

That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth,

Which, too incredulous, I ne'er believed.

Nay, hear me speak, Mosbie, a word or two; 110

I'll bite my tongue if it speak bitterly.

Look on me, Mosbie, or I'll kill myself:

Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look.

If thou cry war, there is no peace for me;

I will do penance for offending thee,

And burn this prayer-book, where I here use,<sup>1</sup>

The holy word that had converted me.

See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,

And all the leaves, and in this golden cover  
Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters

dwell; 120

And thereon will I chiefly meditate,

And hold no other sect but such devotion.

Wilt thou not look? is all thy love o'erwhelmed?

Wilt thou not hear? what malice stops  
thine ears?

Why speaks thou not? what silence ties  
thy tongue?

<sup>1</sup> Here where I use it.



Thou hast been sighted as the eagle is,  
And heard<sup>1</sup> as quickly as the fearful hare,  
And spoke as smoothly as an orator,  
When I have bid thee hear or see or speak,  
And art thou sensible in none of these? <sup>120</sup>

Weigh all thy good turns with this little fault,

And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy looks.  
A font once troubled<sup>2</sup> is not thickened still:

Be clear again, I'll ne'er more trouble thee.

*Mos.* O no, I am a base artificer:  
My wings are feathered for a lowly flight.  
Mosbie? fie! no, not for a thousand pound.  
Make love to you? why, 'tis unpardonable;  
We beggars must not breathe where gentles are.

*Alice.* Sweet Mosbie is as gentle<sup>3</sup> as a king,

And I too blind to judge him otherwise. <sup>141</sup>  
Flowers do sometimes spring in fallow lands,  
Weeds in gardens, roses grow on thorns;  
So, whatsoe'er my Mosbie's father was,  
Himself is valued gentle by his worth.

*Mos.* Ah, how you women can insinuate,  
And clear a trespass with your sweet-set tongue!

I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,  
Provided I'll be tempted so no more.

*Here enters BRADSHAW*

*Alice.* Then with thy lips seal up this new-made match. <sup>150</sup>

*Mos.* Soft, Alice, here comes somebody.

*Alice.* How now, Bradshaw, what's the news with you?

*Brad.* I have little news, but here's a letter

That Master Greene impórtuned me to give you.

*Alice.* Go in, Bradshaw; call for a cup of beer;

'Tis almost supper-time, thou shalt stay with us. *Exit BRADSHAW*

*Then she reads the letter*

'We have missed of our purpose at London, but shall perform it by the way. We thank our neighbor Bradshaw. Yours, Richard Greene.' <sup>160</sup>

How likes my love the tenor of this letter?

*Mos.* Well, were his date completed and expired.

*Alice.* Ah, would it were! Then comes my happy hour:

Till then my bliss is mixed with bitter gall.  
Come, let us in to shun suspicion.

*Mos.* Ay, to the gates of death to follow thee. *Exeunt*

## [SCENE VI]

*[Country near Rochester]*

*Here enters GREENE, WILL, and SHAKEBAG*

*Shake.* Come, Will, see thy tools be in a readiness!

Is not thy powder dank, or will thy flint strike fire?

*Will.* Then ask me if my nose be on my face,

Or whether my tongue be frozen in my mouth.

Zounds, here's a coil! <sup>1</sup>

You were best swear me on the interrogatories

How many pistols I have took in hand,  
Or whether I love the smell of gunpowder,  
Or dare abide the noise the dag<sup>2</sup> will make,  
Or will not wink at flashing of the fire. <sup>10</sup>

I pray thee, Shakebag, let this answer thee,  
That I have took more purses in this down  
Than e'er thou handledst pistols in thy life.

*Shake.* Ay, haply thou has picked more in a throng:

But, should I brag what booties I have took,  
I think the overplus that's more than thine  
Would mount to a greater sum of money  
Than either thou or all thy kin are worth.

Zounds, I hate them as I hate a toad  
That carry a muscado<sup>3</sup> in their tongue, <sup>20</sup>  
And scarce a hurting weapon in their hand.

*Will.* O Greene intolerable!  
It is not for mine honor to bear this.  
Why, Shakebag, I did serve the king at Boulogne,

And thou canst brag of nothing that thou hast done.

*Shakebag.* Why, so can Jack of Feversham,

That sounded for a fillip on the nose,  
When he that gave it him holloed in his ear,  
And he supposed a cannon-bullet hit him.

<sup>1</sup> Bother.

<sup>2</sup> Pistol.

<sup>3</sup> Musket.

<sup>1</sup> Able to hear.

<sup>2</sup> Q reads *A fence of trouble*.

<sup>3</sup> Well born.



*Then they fight*

*Greene.* I pray you, sirs, list to Æsop's talk:

Whilst two stout dogs were striving for a bone,

There comes a cur and stole it from them both;

So, while you stand striving on these terms of manhood,

Arden escapes us, and deceives us all.

*Shake.* Why, he begun.

*Will.* And thou shalt find I'll end;  
I do but slip it until better time:

But, if I do forget—

*Then he kneels down and  
holds up his hands to heaven*

*Greene.* Well, take your fittest standings,  
and once more

Lime well your twigs to catch this wary bird.

I'll leave you, and at your dag's<sup>1</sup> discharge  
Make towards, like the longing water-dog  
That coucheth till the fowling-piece be off,  
Then seizeth on the prey with eager mood.  
Ah, might I see him stretching forth his limbs,

As I have seen them beat their wings ere now!

*Shake.* Why, that thou shalt see, if he come this way.

*Greene.* Yes, that he doth, Shakebag, I'll warrant thee:

But brawl not when I am gone in any case.  
But, sirs, be sure to speed him when he comes,

And in that hope I'll leave you for an hour.

*Exit GREENE*

*Here enters ARDEN, FRANKLIN, and MICHAEL*

*Mich.* 'Twere best that I went back to Rochester:

The horse halts downright; it were not good  
He travelled in such pain to Feversham;  
Removing of a shoe may haply help it.

*Arden.* Well, get you back to Rochester;  
but, sirrah, see

Ye o'ertake us ere we come to Rainham Down,

For 'twill be very late ere we get home.

*Mich.* Ay, God he knows, and so doth Will and Shakebag,

<sup>1</sup> Pistol's.

That thou shalt never go further than that down;

And therefore have I pricked the horse on purpose,

Because I would not view the massacre.

*Exit MICHAEL*

*Arden.* Come, Master Franklin, onwards with your tale.

*Frank.* I do assure you, sir, you task me much:

A heavy blood is gathered at my heart,  
And on the sudden is my wind so short  
As hindereth the passage of my speech;  
So fierce a qualm yet ne'er assailed me.

*Arden.* Come, Master Franklin, let us go on softly:

The annoyance of the dust or else some meat

You ate at dinner cannot brook with you.<sup>1</sup>  
I have been often so, and soon amended

*Frank.* Do you remember where my tale did leave?

*Arden.* Ay, where the gentleman did check his wife.

*Frank.* She being reprehended for the fact,<sup>2</sup>

Witness produced that took her with the deed,

Her glove brought in which there she left behind,

And many other assured arguments,  
Her husband asked her whether it were not so.

*Arden.* Her answer then? I wonder how she looked,

Having forsworn it with such vehement oaths,

And at the instant so approved upon her.

*Frank.* First did she cast her eyes down to the earth,

Watching the drops that fell amain from thence;

Then softly draws she forth her handkercher,

And modestly she wipes her tear-stained face;

Then hemmed she out, to clear her voice should seem,

And with a majesty addressed herself  
To encounter all their accusations.—

Pardon me, Master Arden, I can no more;  
This fighting at my heart makes short my wind.

<sup>1</sup> Cannot digest.

<sup>2</sup> Deed, act.



*Arden.* Come, we are almost now at Rainham Down:

Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way;  
I would you were in state<sup>1</sup> to tell it out.

*Shake.* Stand close, Will, I hear them coming.

*Here enters LORD CHEINY with his men*

*Will.* Stand to it, Shakebag, and be resolute.

*Lord.* Is it so near night as it seems,  
Or will this black-faced evening have a shower?

—What, Master Arden? you are well met,  
I have longed this fortnight's day to speak with you:

You are a stranger, man, in the Isle of Sheppy. 100

*Arden.* Your honor's always! bound to do you service.

*Lord.* Come you from London, and ne'er a man with you?

*Arden.* My man's coming after, but here's My honest friend that came along with me.

*Lord.* My Lord Protector's man I take you to be.

*Frank.* Ay, my good lord, and highly bound to you.

*Lord.* You and your friend come home and sup with me.

*Arden.* I beseech your honor pardon me;  
I have made a promise to a gentleman,  
My honest friend, to meet him at my house; 110

The occasion is great, or else would I wait on you.

*Lord.* Will you come to-morrow and dine with me,  
And bring your honest friend along with you?

I have divers matters to talk with you about.

*Arden.* To-morrow we'll wait upon your honor.

*Lord.* One of you stay my horse at the top of the hill.

—What! Black Will? for whose purse wait you?

Thou wilt be hanged in Kent, when all is done.

*Will.* Not hanged, God save your honor;

<sup>1</sup> In a condition.

I am your bedesman,<sup>1</sup> bound to pray for you. 120

*Lord.* I think thou ne'er said'st prayer in all thy life.—

One of you give him a crown:—

And, sirrah, leave this kind of life;

If thou beest tainted for a penny-matter,

And come in question, surely thou wilt truss.<sup>2</sup>

—Come, Master Arden, let us be going;

Your way and mine lies four miles together.

*Exeunt*

*Manet* BLACK WILL and SHAKEBAG

*Will.* The devil break all your necks at four miles' end!

Zounds, I could kill myself for very anger!

His lordship chops me in,<sup>3</sup> 130

Even when my dag<sup>4</sup> was levelled at his heart.

I would his crown were molten down his throat.

*Shake.* Arden, thou hast wondrous holy luck.

Did ever man escape as thou hast done?

Well, I'll discharge my pistol at the sky,  
For by this bullet Arden might not die.

*Here enters GREENE*

*Greene.* What, is he down? is he dispatched?

*Shake.* Ay, in health towards Feversham, to shame us all.

*Greene.* The devil he is! why, sirs, how escaped he?

*Shake.* When we were ready to shoot, 140  
Comes my Lord Cheiny to prevent his death.

*Greene.* The Lord of Heaven hath preserved him.

*Will.* Preserved a fig! The Lord Cheiny hath preserved him,  
And bids him to a feast to his house at Shorlow.<sup>5</sup>

But by the way once more I'll meet with him,

And, if all the Cheinies in the world say no,  
I'll have a bullet in his breast to-morrow.

Therefore come, Greene, and let us to Feversham.

<sup>1</sup> One who says prayers for charity received.

<sup>2</sup> Hang.

<sup>3</sup> Interrupts. *Me* is the ethical dative.

<sup>4</sup> Pistol.

<sup>5</sup> Now Shurland.



*Greene.* Ay, and excuse ourselves to Mistress Arden: 149

O, how she'll chafe when she hears of this!  
*Shake.* Why, I'll warrant you she'll think we dare not do it.

*Will.* Why, then let us go, and tell her all the matter,  
And plat the news<sup>1</sup> to cut him off to-morrow.

*Exeunt*

[ACT IV, SCENE I]

[ARDEN'S House at Feversham]

*Here enters ARDEN and his wife, FRANKLIN, and MICHAEL*

*Arden.* See how the hours, the gardeant<sup>2</sup> of heaven's gate,  
Have by their toil removed the darksome clouds,  
That Sol may well discern the trampled pace<sup>3</sup>

Wherein he went to guide his golden car;  
The season fits; come, Franklin, let's away.

*Alice.* I thought you did pretend some special hunt,  
That made you thus cut short the time of rest.

*Arden.* It was no chase that made me rise so early,  
But, as I told thee yesternight, to go To the Isle of Sheppy, there to dine with my Lord Cheiny;  
10  
For so his honor late commanded me.

*Alice.* Ay, such kind husbands seldom want excuses;  
Home is a wild cat to a wandering wit.  
The time hath been,—would God it were not past,—

That honor's title nor a lord's command  
Could once have drawn you from these arms of mine.

But my deserts or your desires<sup>4</sup> decay,  
Or both; yet if true love may seem desert,  
I merit still to have thy company.

*Frank.* Why, I pray you, sir, let her go along with us; 20

I am sure his honor will welcome her  
And us the more for bringing her along.

<sup>1</sup> Plot a new means.

<sup>2</sup> Guardian.

<sup>3</sup> Later editions read *path*.

<sup>4</sup> Q reads *deserves*.

*Arden.* Content; sirrah, saddle your mistress' nag.

*Alice.* No, begged favor merits little thanks;

If I should go, our house would run away,  
Or else be stolen; therefore I'll stay behind.

*Arden.* Nay, see how mistaking you are!  
I pray thee, go.

*Alice.* No, no, not now.

*Arden.* Then let me leave thee satisfied in this,

That time nor place nor persons alter me,  
But that I hold thee dearer than my life. 31

*Alice.* That will be seen by your quick return.

*Arden.* And that shall be ere night, and if I live.

Farewell, sweet Alice, we mind to sup with thee. *Exit ALICE*

*Frank.* Come, Michael, are our horses ready?

*Mich.* Ay, your horse are ready, but I am not ready, for I have lost my purse, with six and thirty shillings in it, with taking up of my master's nag.

*Frank.* Why, I pray you, let us go before, 40

Whilst he stays behind to seek his purse.

*Arden.* Go to, sirrah, see you follow us to the Isle of Sheppy  
To my Lord Cheiny's, where we mean to dine.

*Exeunt ARDEN and*

FRANKLIN. *Manet MICHAEL*

*Mich.* So, fair weather after you, for before you lies Black Will and Shakebag in the broom-close,<sup>1</sup> too close for you: they'll be your ferrymen to long home.<sup>2</sup>

*Here enters the Painter*

But who is this? the painter, my corrival,  
that would needs win Mistress Susan.

*Clarke.* How now, Michael? how doth 50  
my mistress and all at home?

*Mich.* Who? Susan Mosbie? she is your mistress too?

*Clarke.* Ay, how doth she and all the rest?

*Mich.* All's well but Susan; she is sick.

*Clarke.* Sick? Of what disease?

*Mich.* Of a great fever.

<sup>1</sup> Field overgrown with broom, a thick growing weed.

<sup>2</sup> "To kingdom come."



Clarke. A fear of what?

Mich. A great fever.

Clarke. A fever? God forbid! 60

Mich. Yes, faith, and of a lordaine,<sup>1</sup> too, as big as yourself.

Clarke. O, Michael, the spleen prickles you.<sup>2</sup> Go to, you carry an eye over Mistress Susan.<sup>3</sup>

Mich. I'faith, to keep her from the painter.

Clarke. Why more from a painter than from a serving creature like yourself?

Mich. Because you painters make but a painting table<sup>4</sup> of a pretty wench, and 70 spoil her beauty with blotting.

Clarke. What mean you by that?

Mich. Why, that you painters paint lambs in the lining of wenches' petticoats, and we serving-men put horns to them to make them become sheep.

Clarke. Such another word will cost you a cuff or a knock.

Mich. What, with a dagger made of a pencil? Faith, 'tis too weak, and there- 80 fore thou too weak to win Susan.

Clarke. Would Susan's love lay upon this stroke.

*Then he breaks MICHAEL'S head*

*Here enters MOSBIE, GREENE, and ALICE*

Alice. I'll lay my life, this is for Susan's love.

Stayed you behind your master to this end? Have you no other time to brable<sup>5</sup> in But now when serious matters are in hand?—

*Exit MICHAEL*

Say, Clarke, hast thou done the thing thou promised?

Clarke. Ay, here it is; the very touch is death.

Alice. Then this, I hope, if all the rest do fail 90

Will catch Master Arden, And make him wise in death that lived a fool.

Why should he thrust his sickle in our corn, Or what hath he to do with thee, my love, Or govern me that am to rule myself?

Forsooth, for credit sake, I must leave thee!

<sup>1</sup> Clown.

<sup>2</sup> You are troubled with temper.

<sup>3</sup> You assume authority over.

<sup>4</sup> Palette.

<sup>5</sup> Quarrel.

Nay, he must leave to live that we may love,

May live, may love; for what is life but love? 98

And love shall last as long as life remains, And life shall end before my love depart.

Mos. Why, what is love without true constancy?

Like to a pillar built of many stones, Yet neither with good mortar well compact Nor with cement<sup>1</sup> to fasten it in the joints, But that it shakes with every blast of wind, And, being touched, straight falls unto the earth,

And buries all his haughty pride in dust. No, let our love be rocks of adamant, Which time nor place nor tempest can asunder.<sup>2</sup> 109

Greene. Mosbie, leave protestations now, And let us bethink us what we have to do, Black Will and Shakebag I have placed i' the broom,

Close watching Arden's coming; let's to them

And see what they have done.

*Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

*[The Kentish Coast opposite the Isle of Sheppy]*

*Here enters ARDEN and FRANKLIN*

Arden. Oh, ferryman, where art thou?

*Here enters the Ferryman*

Ferr. Here, here, go before to the boat, and I will follow you.

Arden. We have great haste; I pray thee, come away.

Ferr. Fie, what a mist is here!

Arden. This mist,<sup>3</sup> my friend, is mystical, Like to a good companion's smoky brain, That was half drowned with new ale over-night.

Ferr. 'Twere pity but his skull were 10 opened to make more chimney room.

Frank. Friend, what's thy opinion of this mist?

Ferr. I think 'tis like to a curst wife in a little house, that never leaves her husband

<sup>1</sup> Q reads *semell*.

<sup>2</sup> Sunder.

<sup>3</sup> This device of the fog is not in Holinshed.



till she have driven him out at doors with a wet pair of eyes; then looks he as if his house were a-fire, or some of his friends dead.

*Arden.* Speaks thou this of thine own <sup>20</sup> experience?

*Ferr.* Perhaps, ay; perhaps, no: For my wife is as other women are, that is to say, governed by the moon.

*Frank.* By the moon? how, I pray thee?

*Ferr.* Nay, thereby lies a bargain, and you shall not have it fresh and fasting.

*Arden.* Yes, I pray thee, good ferryman.

*Ferr.* Then for this once; let it be mid-summer moon, but yet my wife has an- <sup>30</sup> other moon.

*Frank.* Another moon?

*Ferr.* Ay, and it hath influences<sup>1</sup> and eclipses.

*Arden.* Why, then, by this reckoning you sometimes play the man in the moon?

*Ferr.* Ay, but you had not best to meddle with that moon, lest I scratch you by the face with my bramble-bush.<sup>2</sup>

*Arden.* I am almost stifled with this <sup>40</sup> fog; come, let's away.

*Frank.* And, sirrah, as we go, let us have some more of your bold yeomanry.

*Ferr.* Nay, by my troth, sir, but flat knavery. *Exeunt*

### [SCENE III]

[*The same.*]

*Here enters WILL at one door, and  
SHAKEBAG at another*

*Shake.* O, Will, where art thou?

*Will.* Here, Shakebag, almost in hell's mouth, where I cannot see my way for smoke.

*Shake.* I pray thee speak still that we may meet by the sound, for I shall fall into some ditch or other, unless my feet see better than my eyes.

*Will.* Didst thou ever see better weather to run away with another man's wife, <sup>10</sup> or play with a wench at pot-finger?

*Shake.* No; this were a fine world for chandlers, if this weather would last; for then a man should never dine nor sup

without candle-light. But, sirrah Will, which horses are those that passed?

*Will.* Why, didst thou hear any?

*Shake.* Ay, that I did.

*Will.* My life for thine, 'twas Arden, and his companion, and then all our labor's <sup>20</sup> lost.

*Shake.* Nay, say not so, for if it be they, they may haply lose their way as we have done, and then we may chance meet with them.

*Will.* Come, let us go on like a couple of blind pilgrims.

*Then SHAKBAG falls into a ditch*

*Shake.* Help, Will, help, I am almost drowned.

*Here enters the Ferryman*

*Ferr.* Who's that that calls for help? <sup>30</sup>

*Will.* 'Twas none here, 'twas thou thyself.

*Ferr.* I came to help him that called for help. Why, how now? who is this that's in the ditch? You are well enough served to go without a guide such weather as this.

*Will.* Sirrah, what companies hath passed your ferry this morning?

*Ferr.* None but a couple of gentlemen, that went to dine at Lord Cheiny's. <sup>40</sup>

*Will.* Shakebag, did not I tell thee as much?

*Ferr.* Why, sir, will you have any letters carried to them?

*Will.* No, sir; get you gone.

*Ferr.* Did you ever see such a mist as this?

*Will.* No, nor such a fool as will rather be hought<sup>1</sup> than get his way.

*Ferr.* Why, sir, this is no Hough-Monday;<sup>2</sup> you are deceived.—What's his <sup>50</sup> name, I pray you, sir?

*Shake.* His name is Black Will.

*Ferr.* I hope to see him one day hanged upon a hill. *Exit Ferryman*

*Shake.* See how the sun hath cleared the foggy mist,

Now we have missed the mark of our intent.

*Here enters GREENE, MOSBIE, and ALICE*

*Mos.* Black Will and Shakebag, what make you here?

<sup>1</sup> Effects, like planets, on the affairs of men.

<sup>2</sup> The man in the moon carries a bush.

<sup>1</sup> Hamstrung.

<sup>2</sup> Hock Monday, the second Monday after Easter.



What, is the deed done? is Arden dead?

*Will.* What could a blinded man perform in arms?

Saw you not how till now the sky was dark,

That neither horse nor man could be discerned?

Yet did we hear their horses as they passed.

*Greene.* Have they escaped you, then, and passed the ferry?

*Shake.* Ay, for a while; but here we two will stay,

And at their coming back meet with them once more.

Zounds, I was ne'er so toiled<sup>1</sup> in all my life

In following so slight a task as this.

*Mos.* How cam'st thou so berayed?<sup>2</sup>

*Will.* With making false footing in the dark;

He needs would follow them without a guide.

*Alice.* Here's to pay for a fire and good cheer:

Get you to Feversham to the Flower-de-luce,

And rest yourselves until some other time.

*Greene.* Let me alone; it most concerns my state,

*Will.* Ay, Mistress Arden, this will serve the turn,

In case we fall into a second fog.

*Exeunt GREENE, WILL and SHAKEBAG*

*Mos.* These knaves will never do it, let us give it over.

*Alice.* First tell me how you like my new device:

Soon, when my husband is returning back, You and I both marching arm in arm,

Like loving friends, we'll meet him on the way,

And boldly beard and brave him to his teeth.

When words grow hot and blows begin to rise,

I'll call those cutters<sup>3</sup> forth your tenement, Who, in a manner to take up the fray,

Shall wound my husband hornsby<sup>4</sup> to the death.

*Mos.* A fine device! why, this deserves a kiss.

*Exeunt*

# [SCENE IV]

[*The open country*]

*Here enters DICK REEDE and a Sailor*

*Sail.* Faith, Dick Reede, it is to little end: His conscience is too liberal, and he too niggardly

To part from any thing may do thee good.

*Reede.* He is coming from Shorlow as I understand;

Here I'll intercept him, for at his house He never will vouchsafe to speak with me. If prayers and fair entreaties will not serve, Or make no battery in his flinty breast,

*Here enters FRANKLIN, ARDEN, and MICHAEL*

I'll curse the carle, and see what that will do.

See where he comes to further my intent!—

Master Arden, I am now bound to the sea; My coming to you was about the plat<sup>1</sup> Of ground which wrongfully you detain from me.

Although the rent of it be very small, Yet it will help my wife and children, Which here I leave in Feversham, God knows,

Needy and bare: for Christ's sake, let them have it!

*Arden.* Franklin, hearest thou this fellow speak?

That which he craves I dearly bought of him,

Although the rent of it was ever mine.—

Sirrah, you that ask these questions, If with thy clamorous impeaching<sup>2</sup> tongue Thou rail on me, as I have heard thou dost, I'll lay thee up so close a twelve-month's day,

As<sup>3</sup> thou shalt neither see the sun nor moon.

Look to it, for, as surely as I live, I'll banish pity if thou use me thus.

*Reede.* What, wilt thou do me wrong and threat me too,

Nay, then, I'll tempt thee, Arden, do thy worst.

God, I beseech thee, show some miracle On thee or thine, in plaguing thee for this.

<sup>1</sup> Plot.

<sup>2</sup> Faultfinding.

<sup>3</sup> That.

<sup>1</sup> Entangled.

<sup>2</sup> Fouled with mud.

<sup>3</sup> Cutthroats.

<sup>4</sup> The cuckold.



That plot of ground which thou detains  
from me,

I speak in an agony of spirit,  
Be ruinous and fatal unto thee!  
Either there be butchered by thy dearest  
friends,

Or else be brought for men to wonder at,  
Or thou or thine miscarry in that place,  
Or there run mad and end thy cursèd days!

*Frank.* Fie, bitter knave, bridle thine  
envious tongue;

For curses are like arrows shot upright, 40  
Which falling down light on the shooter's  
head.

*Reede.* Light where they will! Were I  
upon the sea,

As oft I have in many a bitter storm,  
And saw a dreadful southern flaw at hand,  
The pilot quaking at the doubtful storm,  
And all the sailors praying on their knees,  
Even in that fearful time would I fall down,  
And ask of God, whate'er betide of me,  
Vengeance on Arden on some misevent<sup>1</sup>  
To show the world what wrong the carle  
hath done. 50

This charge I'll leave with my distressful  
wife,

My children shall be taught such prayers  
as these;

And thus I go, but leave my curse with  
thee.

*Exit REEDE and Sailor*

*Arden.* It is the railingest knave in Chris-  
tendom,

And oftentimes the villain will be mad;  
It greatly matters not what he says,  
But I assure you I ne'er did him wrong.

*Frank.* I think so, Master Arden.

*Arden.* Now that our horses are gone  
home before,

My wife may haply meet me on the way.  
For God knows she is grown passing kind  
of late, 61

And greatly changed from  
The old humor of her wonted frowardness,  
And seeks by fair means to redeem old  
faults.

*Frank.* Happy the change that alters for  
the best!

But see in any case you make no speech  
Of the cheer we had at my Lord Cheiny's,  
Although most bounteous and liberal,

<sup>1</sup> Mishap.

For that will make her think herself more  
wronged,

In that we did not carry her along; 70  
For sure she grieved that she was left be-  
hind.

*Arden.* Come, Franklin, let us strain to  
mend our pace,

And take her unawares playing the cook;

*Here enters ALICE and MOSBIE*

For I believe she'll strive to mend our  
cheer.

*Frank.* Why, there's no better creatures in  
the world,

Than women are when they are in good  
humors.

*Arden.* Who is that? Mosbie? what, so  
familiar?

Injurious strumpet, and thou ribald knave,  
Untwine those arms.

*Alice.* Ay, with a sugared kiss let them  
untwine. 80

*Arden.* Ah, Mosbie! perjured beast! bear  
this and all!

*Mos.* And yet no hornèd beast; the horns  
are thine.

*Frank.* O monstrous! Nay, then it is time  
to draw.

*Alice.* Help, help! they murder my hus-  
band.

*Here enters WILL and SHAKEBAG*

*Shake.* Zounds, who injures Master Mos-  
bie? Help, Will! I am hurt.

*Mos.* I may thank you, Mistress Arden,  
for this wound.

*Exeunt MOSBIE, WILL and SHAKEBAG*

*Alice.* Ah, Arden, what folly blinded  
thee?

Ah, jealous harebrain man, what hast thou  
done!

When we, to welcome thee intending  
sport,<sup>1</sup>

Came lovingly to meet thee on thy way, 80  
Thou drew'st thy sword, enraged with  
jealousy,

And hurt thy friend whose thoughts were  
free from harm:

All for a worthless kiss and joining arms,  
Both done but merrily to try thy patience.  
And me unhappy that devised the jest,

<sup>1</sup> Q reads *thy intended sport*.



Which, though begun in sport, yet ends in blood!

*Frank.* Marry, God, defend me from such a jest!

*Alice.* Could'st thou not see us friendly smile on thee,  
When we joined arms, and when I kissed his cheek?

Hast thou not lately found me overkind? <sup>100</sup>  
Did'st thou not hear me cry 'they murder thee'?

Called I not help to set my husband free?  
No, ears and all were witched; ah me accursed

To link in liking with a frantic man!  
Henceforth I'll be thy slave, no more thy wife,

For with that name I never shall content thee.

If I be merry, thou straightways thinks me light;

If sad, thou sayest the sullens trouble me;  
If well attired, thou thinks I will be gadding;

If homely, I seem sluttish in thine eye: <sup>110</sup>  
Thus am I still, and shall be while<sup>1</sup> I die.  
Poor wench abused by thy misgovernment!

*Arden.* But is it for truth that neither thou nor he  
Intendedst malice in your misdemeanor?

*Alice.* The heavens can witness of our harmless thoughts.

*Arden.* Then pardon me, sweet Alice, and forgive this fault!

Forget but this and never see the like.

Impose me penance, and I will perform it,  
For in thy discontent I find a death,

A death tormenting more than death itself. <sup>120</sup>

*Alice.* Nay, had'st thou loved me as thou dost pretend,

Thou wouldst have marked the speeches of thy friend,

Who going wounded from the place, he said  
His skin was pierced only through my device;

And if sad sorrow taint thee for this fault,  
Thou would'st have followed him, and seen him dressed,

And cried him mercy whom thou hast misdone:

Ne'er shall my heart be eased till this be done.

<sup>1</sup> Until.

*Arden.* Content thee, sweet Alice, thou shalt have thy will,

Whate'er it be. For that I injured thee, <sup>130</sup>  
And wronged my friend, shame scourgeth my offence;

Come thou thyself, and go along with me,  
And be a mediator 'twixt us two.

*Frank.* Why, Master Arden! know you what you do?

Will you follow him that hath dishonored you?

*Alice.* Why, canst thou prove I have been disloyal?

*Frank.* Why, Mosbie taunted your husband with the horn.

*Alice.* Ay, after he had reviled him  
By the injurious name of perjured beast:  
He knew no wrong could spite a jealous man <sup>140</sup>

More than the hateful naming of the horn.

*Frank.* Suppose 'tis true; yet is it dangerous

To follow him whom he hath lately hurt.

*Alice.* A fault confessed is more than half amends;

But men of such ill spirit as yourself  
Work crosses and debates 'twixt man and wife.

*Arden.* I pray thee, gentle Franklin, hold thy peace:

I know my wife counsels me for the best,  
I'll seek out Mosbie where his wound is dressed,

And salve this hapless quarrel if I may. <sup>150</sup>

*Exit ARDEN and ALICE*

*Frank.* He whom the devil drives must go perforce.

Poor gentleman, how soon he is bewitched!  
And yet, because his wife is the instrument,  
His friends must not be lavish in their speech.

*Exit FRANKLIN*

## [ACT V, SCENE I]

[A Street in Feversham]

*Here enters WILL, SHAKEBAG, and GREENE*

*Will.* Sirrah Greene, when was I so long in killing a man?

*Greene.* I think we shall never do it; let us give it over.

*Shake.* Nay, zounds! we'll kill him, though we be hanged at his door for our labor.



*Will.* Thou knowest, Greene, that I have lived in London this twelve years, where I have made some go upon wooden legs for taking the wall on me;<sup>1</sup> divers with <sup>10</sup> silver<sup>2</sup> noses for saying 'There goes Black Will!' I have cracked as many blades as thou hast nuts.

*Greene.* O monstrous lie!

*Will.* Faith, in a manner I have. The bawdy-houses have paid me tribute; there durst not a whore set up, unless she have agreed with me first for opening her shop-windows. For a cross word of a tapster I have pierced one barrel after <sup>20</sup> another with my dagger, and held him by the ears till his beer hath run out. In Thames Street a brewer's cart was like to have run over me: I made no more ado, but went to the clerk and cut all the notches of his tallies<sup>3</sup> and beat them about his head. I and my company have taken the constable from his watch, and carried him about the fields on a coltstaff.<sup>4</sup> I have broken a sergeant's head with <sup>30</sup> his own mace,<sup>5</sup> and bailed whom I list with my sword and buckler. All the ten-penny-alehouses-men would stand every morning with a quart-pot in their hand, saying, 'Will it please your worship drink?' He that had not done so, had been sure to have had his sign pulled down and his lattice borne away the next night. To conclude, what have I not done? yet cannot do this; doubtless, he <sup>40</sup> is preserved by miracle.

*Here enters ALICE and MICHAEL*

*Greene.* Hence, Will! here comes Mistress Arden.

*Alice.* Ah, gentle Michael, art thou sure they're friends?

*Mich.* Why, I saw them both when they shook hands.

When Mosbie bled, he even wept for sorrow,

And railed on Franklin that was cause of all.

No sooner came the surgeon in at doors,

<sup>1</sup> The way was likely to be dry next the wall. To take the wall was to assume superiority.

<sup>2</sup> False.

<sup>3</sup> Tallies, or wooden sticks on which notches were made to keep count of beer delivered.

<sup>4</sup> A staff used by two to carry cowns or tubs.

<sup>5</sup> "Billie."

But my master took to his purse and gave him money,

And, to conclude, sent me to bring you word

That Mosbie, Franklin, Bradshaw, Adam Fowle,

With divers of his neighbors and his friends,

Will come and sup with you at our house this night.

*Alice.* Ah, gentle Michael, run thou back again,

And, when my husband walks into the fair, Bid Mosbie steal from him and come to me;

And this night shall thou and Susan be made sure.

*Mich.* I'll go tell him.

*Alice.* And as thou goest, tell John the cook of our guests,

And bid him lay it on, spare for no cost.

*Exit MICHAEL*

*Will.* Nay, and there be such cheer, we will bid ourselves.—

Mistress Arden, Dick Greene and I do mean to sup with you.

*Alice.* And welcome shall you be. Ah, gentlemen,

How missed you of your purpose yesternight?

*Greene.* 'Twas 'long of Shakebag, that unlucky villain.

*Shake.* Thou dost me wrong; I did as much as any.

*Will.* Nay then, Mistress Arden, I'll tell you how it was:

When he should have locked with both his hilts,<sup>1</sup>

He in a bravery flourished o'er his head; With that comes Franklin at him lustily, And hurts the slave; with that he slinks away.

Now his way had been to have come hand and feet, one and two round, at his costard;<sup>2</sup> he like a fool bears his sword-point half a yard out of danger. I lie here for my life;<sup>3</sup> if the devil come, and he have no more strength than I have fence, he shall never beat me from this ward,<sup>4</sup> I'll stand to it; a buckler in a skilful hand

<sup>1</sup> Should have clashed swords.

<sup>2</sup> Head.

<sup>3</sup> I take up this fencing attitude to defend my life.

<sup>4</sup> Guard, defense.



is as good as a castle; nay, 'tis better than a sconce,<sup>1</sup> for I have tried it.

Mosbie, perceiving this, began to faint:  
With that comes Arden with his arming sword,<sup>2</sup>

And thrust him through the shoulder in a trice.

*Alice.* Ay, but I wonder why you both stood still.

*Will.* Faith, I was so amazed, I could not strike.

*Alice.* Ah, sirs, had he yesternight been slain,

For every drop of his detested blood  
I would have crammed in angels in thy fist,

And kissed thee, too, and hugged thee in my arms.

*Will.* Patient yourself, we cannot help it now.

Greene and we two will dog him through the fair,

And stab him in the crowd, and steal away.

*Here enters MOSBIE*

*Alice.* It is impossible; but here comes he  
That will, I hope, invent some surer means.

Sweet Mosbie, hide thy arm, it kills my heart.

*Mos.* Ay, Mistress Arden, this is your favor.

*Alice.* Ah, say not so; for when I saw thee hurt,  
I could have took the weapon thou let'st fall,

And run at Arden; for I have sworn  
That these mine eyes, offended with his sight,

Shall never close till Arden's be shut up.  
This night I rose and walked about the chamber,

And twice or thrice I thought to have murdered him.

*Mos.* What, in the night? then had we been undone.

*Alice.* Why, how long shall he live?

*Mos.* Faith, Alice, no longer than this night.—

Black Will and Shakebag, will you two perform

The complot that I have laid?

<sup>1</sup> Fort.

<sup>2</sup> A two handed sword.

*Will.* Ay, or else think me a villain,

*Greene.* And rather than you shall want,  
I'll help myself.<sup>1</sup>

*Mos.* You, Master Greene, shall single Franklin forth,

And hold him with a long tale of strange news,

That he may not come home till supper-time.

I'll fetch Master Arden home, and we like friends

Will play a game or two at tables<sup>2</sup> here.

*Alice.* But what of all this? how shall he be slain?

*Mos.* Why, Black Will and Shakebag  
locked within the counting-house  
Shall at a certain watchword given rush forth.

*Will.* What shall the watchword be?

*Mos.* 'Now I take you'; that shall be the word:

But come not forth before in any case.

*Will.* I warrant you. But who shall lock me in?

*Alice.* That will I do; thou'lt keep the key thyself.

*Mos.* Come, Master Greene, go you along with me.

See all things ready, Alice, against we come.

*Alice.* Take no care for that; send you him home.

*Exit MOSBIE and GREENE*

And if he e'er go forth again, blame me.  
Come, Black Will, that in mine eyes art fair;

Next unto Mosbie do I honor thee;  
Instead of fair words and large promises  
My hands shall play you golden harmony:<sup>3</sup>  
How like you this? say, will you do it, sirs?

*Will.* Ay, and that bravely, too. Mark my device:

Place Mosbie, being a stranger, in a chair,  
And let your husband sit upon a stool,  
That I may come behind him cunningly,  
And with a towel pull him to the ground,  
Then stab him till his flesh be as a sieve;<sup>4</sup>

That done, bear him behind the Abbey,

<sup>1</sup> Rather than have you fail, I'll help kill him.

<sup>2</sup> A general name for games played with dice like backgammon.

<sup>3</sup> Jingle money into your hand.

<sup>4</sup> Q sine.



That those that find him murdered may  
suppose

Some slave or other killed him for his gold.

*Alice.* A fine device! you shall have  
twenty pound,

And, when he is dead, you shall have forty  
more,

And, lest you might be suspected staying  
here,

Michael shall saddle you two lusty geld-  
ings;

Ride whither you will, to Scotland, or to  
Wales,

I'll see you shall not lack, where'er you be.

*Will.* Such words would make one kill a  
thousand men! 150

Give me the key: which is the counting-  
house?

*Alice.* Here would I stay and still en-  
courage you;

But that I know how resolute you are.

*Shake.* Tush, you are too faint-hearted;  
we must do it.

*Alice.* But Mosbie will be there, whose  
very looks

Will add unwonted courage to my thought,  
And make me the first that shall adventure  
on him.

*Will.* Tush, get you gone; 'tis we must do  
the deed.

When this door opens next, look for his  
death.

*Exeunt WILL and SHAKEBAG*

*Alice.* Ah, would he now were here that it  
might open! 160

I shall no more be closed in Arden's arms,  
That like the snakes of black Tisiphone  
Sting me with their embracings! Mosbie's  
arms

Shall compass me, and, were I made a star,  
I would have none other spheres but those.  
There is no nectar but in Mosbie's lips!  
Had chaste Diana kissed him, she like me  
Would grow love-sick, and from her watery  
bower

Fling down Endymion and snatch him up:  
Then blame not me that slay a silly man  
Not half so lovely as Endymion. 171

*Here enters MICHAEL*

*Mich.* Mistress, my master is coming  
hard by.

*Alice.* Who comes with him?

*Mich.* Nobody but Mosbie.

*Alice.* That's well, Michael. Fetch in the  
tables,<sup>1</sup> and when thou hast done, stand  
before the counting-house door.

*Mich.* Why so?

*Alice.* Black Will is locked within to 180  
do the deed.

*Mich.* What? shall he die to-night?

*Alice.* Ay, Michael.

*Mich.* But shall not Susan know it?

*Alice.* Yes, for she'll be as secret as our-  
selves.

*Mich.* That's brave. I'll go fetch the tables.

*Alice.* But, Michael, hark to me a word  
or two:

When my husband is come in, lock the  
street-door;

He shall be murdered, or<sup>2</sup> the guests come  
in. 190

*Exit MICHAEL*

*Here enters ARDEN and MOSBIE*

Husband, what mean you to bring Mosbie  
home?

Although I wished you to be reconciled,  
'Twas more for fear of you than love of  
him.

Black Will and Greene are his companions,  
And they are cutters,<sup>3</sup> and may cut you  
short:

Therefore I thought it good to make you  
friends.

But wherefore do you bring him hither  
now?

You have given me my supper with his  
sight.<sup>4</sup>

*Mos.* Master Arden, methinks your wife  
would have me gone.

*Arden.* No, good Master Mosbie; women  
will be prating. 200

*Alice.* bid him welcome; he and I are  
friends.

*Alice.* You may enforce me to it, if you  
will;

But I had rather die than bid him welcome.  
His company hath purchased me ill friends,  
And therefore will I ne'er frequent it more.

*Mos.*—Oh, how cunningly she can dis-  
semble.

<sup>1</sup> The dice and board.

<sup>2</sup> Before.

<sup>3</sup> Cutthroats.

<sup>4</sup> With the mere sight of him.



Arden. Now he is here, you will not serve me so.

Alice. I pray you be not angry or displeased;

I'll bid him welcome, seeing you'll have it so.

You are welcome, Master Mosbie; will you sit down? <sup>210</sup>

Mos. I know I am welcome to your loving husband;

But for yourself you speak not from your heart.

Alice. And if I do not, sir, think I have cause.

Mos. Pardon me, Master Arden; I'll away.

Arden. No, good Master Mosbie.

Alice. We shall have guests enough, though you go hence.

Mos. I pray you, Master Arden, let me go.

Arden. I pray thee, Mosbie, let her prate her fill.

Alice. The doors are open, sir, you may be gone.

Mich.—Nay, that's a lie, for I have locked the doors. <sup>220</sup>

Arden. Sirrah, fetch me a cup of wine, I'll make them friends.

And, gentle Mistress Alice, seeing you are so stout,<sup>1</sup>

You shall begin! frown not, I'll have it so.

Alice. I pray you meddle with that you have to do.

Arden. Why, Alice! how can I do too much for him

Whose life I have endangered without cause?

Alice. 'Tis true; and, seeing 'twas partly through my means,

I am content to drink to him for this once.

Here, Master Mosbie! and I pray you, henceforth

Be you as strange to me as I to you. <sup>230</sup>

Your company hath purchased me ill friends,

And I for you, God knows, have undeserved

Been ill spoken of in every place;

Therefore henceforth frequent my house no more.

Mos. I'll see your husband in despite of you.

Yet, Arden, I protest to thee by heaven,

<sup>1</sup> Stubborn, proud.

Thou ne'er shalt see me more after this night,

I'll go to Rome rather than be forsworn.

Arden. Tush, I'll have no such vows made in my house.

Alice. Yes, I pray you, husband, let him swear; <sup>240</sup>

And, on that condition, Mosbie, pledge me here.

Mos. Ay, as willingly as I mean to live.

Arden. Come, Alice, is our supper ready yet?

Alice. It will by then you have played a game at tables.

Arden. Come, Master Mosbie, what shall we play for?

Mos. Three games for a French crown, sir, and please you.

Arden. Content.

*Then they play at the tables.*

*Enter WILL and SHAKEBAG*

Will. Can he not take him yet? what a spite is that?

Alice. Not yet, Will; take heed he see thee not.

Will. I fear he will spy me as I am coming. <sup>250</sup>

Mich. To prevent that, creep betwixt my legs.

Mos. One ace, or else I lost the game.

Arden. Marry, sir, there's two for failing.<sup>1</sup>

Mos. Ah, Master Arden, 'now I can take you.'

*Then WILL pulls him down with a towel*

Arden. Mosbie! Michael! Alice! what will you do?

Will. Nothing but take you up, sir, nothing else.

Mos. There's for the pressing iron you told me of. *[Stabs him]*

Shake. And there's for the ten pound in my sleeve. *[Stabs him]*

Alice. What! groans thou? nay, then give me the weapon!

Take this for hindering Mosbie's love and mine. *[She stabs him]*

Mich. O, mistress! <sup>261</sup>

Will. Ah, that villain will betray us all.

Mos. Tush, fear him not; he will be secret.

Mich. Why, dost thou think I will betray myself?

<sup>1</sup> If one will not be enough.



*Shake.* In Southwark dwells a bonny northern lass,  
The widow Chambly; I'll to her house now,  
And if she will not give me harborough,<sup>1</sup>  
I'll make booty of the quean<sup>2</sup> even to her smock.

*Will.* Shift for yourselves; we two will leave you now.

*Alice.* First lay the body in the counting-house.

*Then they lay the body  
in the counting-house*

*Will.* We have our gold; Mistress Alice, adieu;

*Mosbie,* farewell, and *Michael,* farewell too.

*Exeunt*

*Enter SUSAN*

*Sus.* Mistress, the guests are at the doors. Harken, they knock: what, shall I let them in?

*Alice.* Mosbie, go thou, and bear them company.

*Exit MOSBIE*

And, Susan, fetch water and wash away this blood.

*Sus.* The blood cleaveth to the ground and will not out.

*Alice.* But with my nails I'll scrape away the blood;—

The more I strive, the more the blood appears!

*Sus.* What's the reason, Mistress, can you tell?

*Alice.* Because I blush not at my husband's death.

*Here enters MOSBIE*

*Mos.* How now? what's the matter? is all well?

*Alice.* Ay, well, if Arden were alive again. In vain we strive, for here his blood remains.

*Mos.* Why, strew rushes on it, can you not?

This wench does nothing: fall unto the work.

*Alice.* 'Twas thou that made me murder him.

*Mos.* What of that?

*Alice.* Nay, nothing, Mosbie, so it be not known.

*Mos.* Keep thou it close, and 'tis impossible.

<sup>1</sup> Harbor.

<sup>2</sup> Trull.

*Alice.* Ah, but I cannot! was he not slain by me?

My husband's death torments me at the heart.

*Mos.* It shall not long torment thee, gentle Alice;

I am thy husband, think no more of him.

*Here enters ADAM FOWLE and BRADSHAW*

*Brad.* How now, Mistress Arden? what ail you weep?<sup>1</sup>

*Mos.* Because her husband is abroad so late.

A couple of ruffians threatened him yesternight,

And she, poor soul, is afraid he should be hurt.

*Adam.* Is't nothing else? tush, he'll be here anon.

*Here enters GREENE*

*Greene.* Now, Mistress Arden, lack you any guests?

*Alice.* Ah, Master Greene, did you see my husband lately?

*Greene.* I saw him walking behind the Abbey even now.

*Here enters FRANKLIN*

*Alice.* I do not like this being out so late.—

Master Franklin, where did you leave my husband?

*Frank.* Believe me I saw him not since morning.

Fear you not, he'll come anon; meantime You may do well to bid his guests sit down.

*Alice.* Ay, so they shall; Master Bradshaw, sit you there;

I pray you, be content, I'll have my will. Master Mosbie, sit you in my husband's seat.

*Mich.* —Susan, shall thou and I wait on them?

Or, an thou sayest the word, let us sit down too.

*Sus.* —Peace, we have other matters now in hand.

I fear me, Michael, all will be bewrayed.

*Mich.* Tush, so it be known that I shall  
<sup>1</sup> That you weep.



marry thee in the morning, I care not though I be hanged ere night. But to prevent the worst, I'll buy some ratsbane.

*Sus.* —Why, Michael, wilt thou poison thyself? 320

*Mich.* No, but my mistress, for I fear she'll tell.

*Sus.* Tush, Michael; fear not her, she's wise enough.

*Mos.* Sirrah Michael, give's a cup of beer.—Mistress Arden, here's to your husband.

*Alice.* My husband!

*Frank.* What ails you, woman, to cry so suddenly?

*Alice.* Ah, neighbors, a sudden qualm came o'er my heart;

My husband being forth torments my mind. I know something's amiss, he is not well; 331

Or else I should have heard of him ere now.

*Mos.* —She will undo us through her foolishness.

*Greene.* Fear not, Mistress Arden, he's well enough.

*Alice.* Tell not me; I know he is not well:

He was not wont for to stay thus late. Good Master Franklin, go and seek him forth,

And if you find him, send him home to me, And tell him what a fear he hath put me in.

*Frank.* —I like not this; I pray God all be well. 340

I'll seek him out, and find him if I can.

*Exeunt FRANKLIN, MOSBIE, and GREENE*

*Alice.* Michael, how shall I do to rid the rest away?

*Mich.* —Leave that to my charge, let me alone.

'Tis very late, Master Bradshaw, And there are many false knaves abroad, And you have many narrow lanes to pass.

*Brad.* Faith, friend Michael, and thou sayest true.

Therefore I pray thee light's forth and lend's a link.

*Exeunt BRADSHAW, ADAM, and MICHAEL*

*Alice.* Michael, bring them to the doors, but do not stay;

You know I do not love to be alone. 350

—Go, Susan, and bid thy brother come:

But wherefore should he come? Here is nought but fear;

Stay, Susan, stay, and help to counsel me.

*Sus.* Alas, I counsel! fear frights away my wits.

*Then they open the counting-house door, and look upon ARDEN Alice.* See, Susan, where thy quondam master lies,

Sweet Arden, smeared in blood and filthy gore.

*Sus.* My brother, you, and I shall rue this deed.

*Alice.* Come, Susan, help to lift his body forth,

And let our salt tears be his obsequies.

*Here enters MOSBIE and GREENE*

*Mos.* How now, Alice, whither will you bear him? 360

*Alice.* Sweet Mosbie, art thou come? Then weep that will:

I have my wish in that I joy thy sight.

*Greene.* Well, it behooves us to be circumspect.

*Mos.* Ay, for Franklin thinks that we have murdered him.

*Alice.* Ay, but he cannot prove it for his life.

We'll spend this night in dalliance and in sport.

*Here enters MICHAEL*

*Mich.* O mistress, the Mayor and all the watch

Are coming towards our house with glaives and bills! <sup>1</sup>

*Alice.* Make the door fast; let them not come in.

*Mos.* Tell me, sweet Alice, how shall I escape? 370

*Alice.* Out at the back-door, over the pile of wood,

And for one night lie at the Flower-de-luce.

*Mos.* That is the next way to betray myself.

*Greene.* Alas, Mistress Arden, the watch will take me here, And cause suspicion, where else would be none.

*Alice.* Why, take that way that Master Mosbie doth;

But first convey the body to the fields.

*Then they bear the body into the fields*

<sup>1</sup> Swords and halberts.



*Mos.* Until to-morrow, sweet Alice, now farewell:

And see you confess nothing in any case.

*Greene.* Be resolute, Mistress Arden, betray us not, 380

But cleave to us as we will stick to you.

*Exeunt MOSBIE and GREENE*

*Alice.* Now, let the judge and juries do their worst:

My house is clear, and now I fear them not.

*Sus.* As we went, it snowed all the way, Which makes me fear our footsteps will be spied.

*Alice.* Peace, fool, the snow will cover them again.

*Sus.* But it had done before we came back again.

*Alice.* Hark, hark, they knock! go, Michael, let them in.

*Here enters the Mayor and the Watch*

How now, Master Mayor, have you brought my husband home?

*Mayor.* I saw him come into your house an hour ago. 390

*Alice.* You are deceived; it was a Londoner.

*Mayor.* Mistress Arden, know you not one that is called Black Will?

*Alice.* I know none such: what mean these questions?

*Mayor.* I have the Council's warrant to apprehend him.

*Alice.* I am glad it is no worse.

Why, Master Mayor, think you I harbor any such?

*Mayor.* We are informed that here he is; And therefore pardon us, for we must search.

*Alice.* Ay, search, and spare you not, through every room:

Were my husband at home, you would not offer this. 400

*Here enters FRANKLIN*

Master Franklin, what mean you come so sad?

*Frank.* Arden, thy husband and my friend, is slain.

*Alice.* Ah, by whom? Master Franklin, can you tell?

*Frank.* I know not; but behind the Abbey

There he lies murdered in most piteous case.

*Mayor.* But, Master Franklin, are you sure 'tis he?

*Frank.* I am too sure; would God I were deceived.

*Alice.* Find out the murderers, let them be known.

*Frank.* Ay, so they shall: come you along with us.

*Alice.* Wherefore? 410

*Frank.* Know you this hand-towel and this knife?

*Sus.* —Ah, Michael, through this thy negligence

Thou hast betrayed and undone us all.

*Mich.* —I was so afraid I knew not what I did:

I thought I had thrown them both into the well.

*Alice.* It is the pig's blood we had to supper.

But wherefore stay you? find out the murderers.

*Mayor.* I fear me you'll prove one of them yourself.

*Alice.* I one of them? what mean such questions?

*Frank.* I fear me he was murdered in this house 420

And carried to the fields; for from that place

Backwards and forwards may you see

The print of many feet within the snow.

And look about this chamber where we are,

And you shall find part of his guiltless blood;

For in his slipshoe<sup>1</sup> did I find some rushes,<sup>2</sup>

Which argueth he was murdered in this room.

*Mayor.* Look in the place where he was wont to sit.

See, see! his blood! it is too manifest.

*Alice.* It is a cup of wine that Michael shed. 430

*Mich.* Ay, truly.

*Frank.* It is his blood, which, strumpet, thou hast shed.

But if I live, thou and thy 'complices Which have conspired and wrought his death shall rue it.

<sup>1</sup> Slipper.

<sup>2</sup> With which rooms were habitually strewn.



*Alice.* Ah, Master Franklin, God and heaven can tell  
I loved him more than all the world beside.

But bring me to him, let me see his body.

*Frank.* Bring that villain and Mosbie's sister too;

And one of you go to the Flower-de-luce,  
And seek for Mosbie, and apprehend him too.

*Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

!

[*An obscure street in London*]

*Here enters SHAKEBAG solus*

*Shake.* The widow Chambly in her husband's days I kept;  
And now he's dead, she is grown so stout<sup>1</sup>  
She will not know her old companions.  
I came thither, thinking to have had harbor  
As I was wont,  
And she was ready to thrust me out at doors;

But whether she would or no, I got me up,  
And as she followed me, I spurned her down the stairs,  
And broke her neck, and cut her tapster's throat,  
And now I am going to fling them in the Thames.

<sup>10</sup>

I have the gold; what care I though it be known!  
I'll cross the water and take sanctuary.<sup>2</sup>

*Exit*

[SCENE III]

[*Arden's House at Feversham*]

*Here enters the Mayor, MOSBIE, ALICE, FRANKLIN, MICHAEL, and SUSAN*

*Mayor.* See, Mistress Arden, where your husband lies;  
Confess this foul fault and be penitent.

*Alice.* Arden, sweet husband, what shall I say?

The more I sound his name, the more he bleeds;<sup>3</sup>

This blood condemns me, and in gushing forth

Speaks as it falls, and asks me why I did it.  
Forgive me, Arden: I repent me now,  
And, would my death save thine, thou should'st not die.

Rise up, sweet Arden, and enjoy thy love,  
And frown not on me when we meet in heaven:

<sup>10</sup>

In heaven I'll love thee, though on earth I did not.

*Mayor.* Say, Mosbie, what made thee murder him?

*Frank.* Study not for an answer; look not down:

His purse and girdle found at thy bed's head

Witness sufficiently thou didst the deed;  
It bootless is to swear thou didst it not.

*Mos.* I hired Black Will and Shakebag, ruffians both,

And they and I have done this murderous deed.

But wherefore stay we? Come and bear me hence.

*Frank.* Those ruffians shall not escape; I will up to London,

<sup>20</sup>

And get the Council's warrant to apprehend them.

*Exeunt*

[SCENE IV]

[*The Kentish Coast*]

*Here enters WILL*

*Will.* Shakebag, I hear, hath taken sanctuary,

But I am so pursued with hues and cries  
For petty robberies that I have done,  
That I can come unto no sanctuary.

Therefore must I in some oyster-boat<sup>1</sup>  
At last be fain to go on board some hoy,<sup>2</sup>  
And so to Flushing. There is no staying here.

At Sittingburgh the watch was like to take me,

And had not I with my buckler covered my head,

And run full blank at all adventures,<sup>3</sup>  
I am sure I had ne'er gone further than that place;

<sup>10</sup>

For the constable had twenty warrants to apprehend me,

<sup>1</sup> Feversham was famous for oysters.

<sup>2</sup> Small boat.

<sup>3</sup> Taken every chance.

<sup>1</sup> Proud.

<sup>2</sup> The precincts of certain churches and monasteries were exempt from the execution of the sheriff's writ.

<sup>3</sup> It was a common superstition that a dead body bled afresh in presence of the murderer.



Besides that, I robbed him and his man  
once at Gadshill.

Farewell, England, I'll to Flushing now.

*Exit WILL*

[SCENE V]

[*Justice-room at Feversham*]

*Here enters the Mayor, MOSBIE, ALICE,  
MICHAEL, SUSAN, and BRADSHAW*

*Mayor.* Come, make haste and bring  
away the prisoners.

*Brad.* Mistress Arden, you are now going  
to God,

And I am by the law condemned to die  
About a letter I brought from Master  
Greene.

I pray you, Mistress Arden, speak the truth:  
Was I ever privy to your intent or no.

*Alice.* What should I say? You brought  
me such a letter,  
But I dare swear thou knewest not the  
contents.

Leave now to trouble me with worldly  
things,

And let me meditate upon my Saviour  
Christ,

Whose blood must save me for the blood  
I shed.

*Mos.* How long shall I live in this hell of  
grief?

Convey me from the presence of that  
strumpet.

*Alice.* Ah, but for thee I had never been  
a strumpet.

What cannot oaths and protestations do,  
When men have opportunity to woo?

I was too young to sound thy villainies,  
But now I find it and repent too late.

*Sus.* Ah, gentle brother, wherefore should  
I die?

I knew not of it till the deed was done.

*Mos.* For thee I mourn more than for my-  
self;

But let it suffice, I cannot save thee now.

*Mich.* And if your brother and my mis-  
tress

Had not promised me you in marriage  
I had ne'er given consent to this foul deed.

*Mayor.* Leave to accuse each other now,  
And listen to the sentence I shall give.

Bear Mosbie and his sister to London  
straight,

Where they in Smithfield must be exe-  
cuted;

Bear Mistress Arden unto Canterbury,

Where her sentence is she must be burnt;<sup>1</sup>

Michael and Bradshaw in Feversham must  
suffer death.

*Alice.* Let my death make amends for all  
my sins.

*Mos.* Fie upon women! this shall be my  
song;

But bear me hence, for I have lived too  
long.

*Sus.* Seeing no hope on earth, in heaven is  
my hope.

*Mich.* Faith, I care not, seeing I die with  
Susan.

*Brad.* My blood be on his head that gave  
the sentence.

*Mayor.* To speedy execution with them  
all!

*Exeunt*

[SCENE VI]

*Here enters FRANKLIN,*

[*as Epilogue*]

*Frank.* Thus have you seen the truth of  
Arden's death.

As for the ruffians, Shakebag and Black  
Will,

The one took sanctuary, and, being sent  
for out,

Was murderèd in Southwark as he passed  
To Greenwich, where the Lord Protector  
lay.

Black Will was burned in Flushing on a  
stage;

Greene was hanged at Osbridge in Kent;  
The painter fled and how he died we know  
not.

But this above the rest is to be noted:

Arden lay murdered in that plot of ground<sup>10</sup>  
Which he by force and violence held from  
Reede;

And in the grass his body's print was seen  
Two years and more after the deed was  
done.

Gentlemen, we hope you'll pardon this  
naked tragedy,

Wherein no filed<sup>2</sup> points are foisted in  
To make it gracious to the ear or eye;

For simple truth is gracious enough,  
And needs no other points of glosing stuff.

*Exit*

<sup>1</sup> This sentence was actually carried out.

<sup>2</sup> Polished.





A  
**PLEASANT  
 CONCEYTED CO-**

medie of George a Greene, the Pinner  
 of Wakefield. &

*Written by . . . . . a minister, who as  
 he, pinced it in a smelt. Tyl W Shakespear  
 As it was sundry times acted by the servants of the right  
 Honourable the Earle of Sussex.*

*E. C. Tyl such yet the play was used by Ro. Grene*



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,  
 for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop  
 neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.



822.3

S'32T

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

Re 25'48 310

10/27'48 208

De 18'41 757

8'19 278

22<sup>6</sup>/56 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65 B 12



GEORGE A. GREENE should read GEORGE A GREENE  
in the running heads on pages 84-100



822.3

S32T

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

25'48 310

48'20"

08'18" 757

8'15" 278

27'6" 1360

17'6" 12



*George a Greene* was registered for publication in 1595, but not printed until 1599, when it appeared in quarto. According to Henslowe, it was on the stage in December, 1593, and January, 1594, acted by the Earl of Essex' men at the Rose playhouse. But it was already then an old play and was probably derived of the Queen's men who were active between 1582 and 1590. *George a Greene* was first reprinted by Dodsley in his *Collection of Old Plays*, 1744. The source was doubtless an Elizabethan version, now lost, of a prose tale entitled *The Famous History of George a Greene* (reprinted in Thom's *Early English Prose Romances*), from which the play differs only in a few episodes. In accordance with the prevailing earlier practise no author's name appears on the title page, and the ascription of authorship to Robert Greene in a contemporary handwriting (see the reproduction of the title page) is of course not definitive; although "Ed. Juby," the actor, who is cited as witness, is one who certainly could have known. The comedy is simpler and less literary than the avowed dramas of Greene, though much in his general manner and expressive of ideas well known to be like his. There is less difference in manner and style between this comedy and *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* than between many avowed plays, one with the other, of other authors. The text follows that of the quarto, which is no very good example of old printing, and seems curtailed and defective in some scenes. The editions of Dickinson and Adams have been consulted when needful.

Robert Greene lived between 1558 and 1592. He boasted degrees from both Cambridge, whither he went first, and Oxford, leaving the latter in 1588. His autobiographical pamphlets declare a varied and ungoverned life at home and abroad; and he enjoyed a great reputation for a species of work which swung from mere journalism (as it would have been called later) to successful fiction. About 1587 Greene turned to the stage with *Alphonsus of Arragon*, an imitation of Marlowe. He is best in romantic comedies such as *James IV of Scotland*, and in fresh English scenes such as those of *Friar Bacon* or *George a Greene*, if this be really his. Greene died prematurely and disreputably, leaving behind him the notorious pamphlet, *A Groatsworth of Wit Purchased with a Million of Repentance*, famous as containing the first allusion in print to Shakespeare.

The most recent edition of the plays of Greene is that of T. H. Dickinson, Mermaid Series, 1912. It contains this play.



# [PERSONS IN THE PLAY

EARL OF KENDAL	} <i>Rebels to King Edward</i>	NED, <i>Jane a Barley's Son</i>
LORD BONFIELD		JANE A BARLEY
SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG		MESSENGER
SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING		JENKIN, <i>the Clown, George's Man</i>
JOHNNY, <i>their Servant</i>		WILY, <i>George a Greene's Boy</i>
JUSTICE OF WAKEFIELD <i>and a TOWNSMAN</i>		EDWARD, <i>King of England and Train</i>
GEORGE A GREENE, <i>the Pinner</i>		LORD WARWICK
MUSGROVE		ROBIN HOOD
CUDDY, <i>his Son</i>		MAID MARIAN
MASTER GRIME		MUCH, <i>the Miller's Son</i>
BETRIS, <i>his Daughter</i>		A SHOEMAKER <i>of Bradford, Other Shoe-</i>
JAMES, <i>King of Scots</i>		<i>makers</i>
LORD HUMES <i>and SOLDIERS</i>		

SCENE: Wakefield, Bradford and Parts Near.]



# GEORGE A GREENE, THE PINNER<sup>1</sup> OF WAKEFIELD

ROBERT GREENE?

## [SCENE I]

[Near Bradford]

*Enter the* EARL OF KENDAL; *with him* LORD BONFIELD, SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, [SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING,] *and* JOHN

*Ken.* Welcome to Bradford, martial gentlemen,  
L[ord] Bonfield, and Sir Gilbert Armstrong both;  
And all my troops, even to my basest groom,  
Courage and welcome! for the day is ours.  
Our cause is good, it is for the land's avail:  
Then let us fight, and die for England's good.

*Omnes.* We will, my lord.

*Ken.* As I am Henry Momford, Kendal's earl,  
You honor me with this assent of yours;  
And here upon my sword I make protest<sup>10</sup>  
For to relieve the poor or die myself.  
And know, my lords, that James, the King of Scots,  
Wards hard upon the borders of this land:  
Here is his post.—Say, John Taylor, what news with King James?

*John.* War, my lord, tell; and good news.  
I trow; for King Jamy vows to meet you the twenty-sixth of this month, God willing; marry, doth he, sir.

*Ken.* My friends, you see what we have to win.—  
Well, John, commend me to King James, and tell him,  
I will meet him the twenty-sixth of this month,  
And all the rest; and so, farewell.

*Exit JOHN*

Bonfield, why stand'st thou as a man in dumps?

Courage! for, if I win, I'll make thee duke:  
I, Henry Momford will be king myself;

<sup>1</sup> One who impounds stray cattle.

And I will make thee Duke of Lancaster,  
And Gilbert Armstrong Lord of Doncaster.

*Bon.* Nothing, my lord, makes me amazed<sup>1</sup> at all,  
But that our soldiers finds<sup>2</sup> our victuals scant.

We must make havoc of those country-swains;<sup>80</sup>

For so will the rest tremble and be afraid,  
And humbly send provision to your camp.

*Gil.* My Lord Bonfield gives good advice:  
They make a scorn, and stand upon the king;

So what is brought is sent from them perforce;

Ask Mannering else.

*Ken.* What say'st thou, Mannering?

*Man.* Whenas<sup>3</sup> I showed your high commission,  
They made this answer,

Only to send provision for your horses.<sup>40</sup>

*Ken.* Well, hie thee to Wakefield, bid the town

To send me all provision that I want,  
Lest I, like martial Tamburlaine, lay waste  
Their bordering countries, and leaving none alive

That contradicts my commission

*Man.* Let me alone;  
My lord, I'll make them vail<sup>4</sup> their plumes;  
For whatsoe'er he be, the proudest knight,  
Justice, or other, that gainsay'th your word,  
I'll clap him fast, to make the rest to fear.<sup>50</sup>

*Ken.* Do so, Nick: hie thee thither presently,

And let us hear of thee again to-morrow.

*Man.* Will you not remove, my lord?

*Ken.* No, I will lie at Bradford all this night

And all the next.—Come, Bonfield, let us go,  
And listen out<sup>5</sup> some bonny lasses here.

*Exeunt omnes*

<sup>1</sup> Perplexed.

<sup>2</sup> This disagreement is merely apparent and a common idiom.

<sup>3</sup> When.

<sup>4</sup> Lower.

<sup>5</sup> Find out.



## [SCENE II]

## [Wakefield]

*Enter the Justice, a Townsman, GEORGE A GREENE, and SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING with his commission*

*Jus.* M[aster] Mannering, stand aside,  
whilst we confer  
What is best to do.—Townsman of Wake-  
field,

The Earl of Kendal here hath sent for  
victuals;  
And in aiding him we show ourselves no less  
Than traitors to the king; therefore  
Let me hear, townsmen, what is your con-  
sents.

*First Towns.* Even as you please, we are  
all content.

*Jus.* Then, M[aster] Mannering, we are  
resolved—

*Man.* As how?

*Jus.* Marry, sir, thus. 10

We will send the Earl of Kendal no victuals,  
Because he is a traitor to the king;  
And in aiding him we show ourselves no  
less.

*Man.* Why, men of Wakefield, are you  
waxen mad,

'That present danger cannot whet your wits,  
Wisely to make provision of yourselves?  
The earl is thirty thousand men strong in  
power,

And what town soever him resist,  
He lays it flat and level with the ground.  
Ye silly men, you seek your own decay: 20

Therefore send my lord such provision as he  
wants,  
So he will spare your town, and come no  
nearer

Wakefield than he is.

*Jus.* Master Mannering, you have your  
answer; you may be gone.

*Man.* Well, Woodroffe, for so I guess is  
thy name,

I'll make thee curse thy overthwart<sup>1</sup> denial;  
And all that sit upon the bench<sup>2</sup> this day  
shall rue

The hour they have withstood my lord's  
commission.

<sup>1</sup> Arrogant.

<sup>2</sup> Those in authority.

*Jus.* Do thy worst, we fear thee not.

*Man.* See you these seals? before you  
pass the town, 30  
I will have all things my lord doth want,  
In spite of you.

*Geo.* Proud dapper Jack, vail bonnet to  
the bench

That represents the person of the king;  
Or, sirrah, I'll lay thy head before thy feet.

*Man.* Why, who art thou?

*Geo.* Why, I am George a Greene,  
True liege-man to my king,  
Who scorns that men of such esteem as  
these

Should brook the braves of any traitorous  
squire. 40

You of the bench, and you, my fellow-  
friends,

Neighbors, we subjects all unto the king;  
We are English born, and therefore Ed-  
ward's friends,

Vowed unto him even in our mothers' womb,  
Our minds to God, our hearts unto our  
king:

Our wealth, our homage, and our carcasses,  
Be all King Edward's. Then, sirrah, we  
Have nothing left for traitors, but our  
swords,

Whetted to bathe them in your bloods, and  
die

'Gainst you, before we send you any vic-  
tuals. 50

*Jus.* Well spoken, George a Greene!

*Towns.* Pray let George a Greene speak  
for us.

*Geo.* Sirrah, you get no victuals here,  
Not if a hoof of beef would save your lives.

*Man.* Fellow, I stand amazed at thy pre-  
sumption.

Why, what art thou that dar'st gainsay my  
lord,

Knowing his mighty puissance and his  
stroke?

Why, my friend, I come not barely of my-  
self;

For, see, I have a large commission.

*Geo.* Let me see it, sirrah. 60

[Takes the commission]

Whose seals be these?

*Man.* This is the Earl of Kendal's seal-  
at-arms;

This Lord Charnel Bonfield's;  
And this Sir Gilbert Armstrong's.



*Geo.* I tell thee, sirrah, did good King Edward's son

Seal a commission 'gainst the king his father,

Thus would I tear it in despite of him,

*He tears the commission*

Being traitor to my sovereign.

*Man.* What, hast thou torn my lord's commission?

Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakefield.

*Geo.* What, are you in choler? I will give you pills

To cool your stomach.<sup>1</sup> Seest thou these seals?

Now, by my father's soul,

Which was a yeoman when he was alive,

Eat them, or eat my dagger's point, proud squire.

*Man.* But thou dost but jest, I hope.

*Geo.* Sure that shall you see before we two part.

*Man.* Well, an there be no remedy, so, George:

*[Swallows one of the seals]*

One is gone; I pray thee, no more now.

*Geo.* O, sir, if one be good, the others cannot hurt.

*[MANNERING swallows the other seals]*

So, sir; now you may go tell the Earl of Kendal,

Although I have rent his large commission, Yet of courtesy I have sent all his seals

Back again by you.

*Man.* Well, sir, I will do your errand.

*Exit*

*Geo.* Now let him tell his lord that he hath spoke

With George a Greene,

Right Pinner of merry Wakefield town,

That hath physic for a fool,

Pills for a traitor that doth wrong his sovereign.

Are you content with this that I have done?

*Jus.* Aye, content, George;

For highly hast thou honored Wakefield town

In cutting off proud Mannering so short.

Come, thou shalt be my welcome guest to-day;

For well thou hast deserved reward and favor.

*Exeunt omnes*

<sup>1</sup> Courage.

### [SCENE III]

*[Before Sandon Castle, the "hold" of Musgrove]*<sup>1</sup>

*Enter MUSGROVE and CUDDY*

*Cud.* Now, gentle father, list unto thy son,

And for my mother's love,

That erst was blithe and bonny in thine eye, Grant one petition that I shall demand.

*Mus.* What is that, my Cuddy?

*Cud.* Father, you know the ancient enmity of late

Between the Musgroves and the wily Scots, Whereof they have oath

Not to leave one alive that strides<sup>2</sup> a lance.

O father, you are old, and, waning, age unto the grave:

Old William Musgrove, which whilom was thought

The bravest horseman in all Westmoreland, Is weak, and forced to stay his arm upon a staff,

That erst could wield a lance.

Then, gentle father, resign the hold to me;

Give arms to youth, and honor unto age.

*Mus.* Avaunt, false-hearted boy! my joints do quake

Even with anguish of thy very words.

Hath William Musgrove seen an hundred years?

Have I been feared and dreaded of the Scots,

That, when they heard my name in any road,<sup>3</sup>

They fled away, and posted thence amain, And shall I die with shame now in mine age?

No, Cuddy, no: thus resolve I:

Here have I lived, and here will Musgrove die.

*Exeunt omnes*

### [SCENE IV]

*[Before GRIME's house]*

*Enter LORD BONFIELD, SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, M[ASTER] GRIME, and BETTRIS*

*Bon.* Now, gentle Grime, God-a-mercy for our good cheer;

<sup>1</sup> See the prose romance on *George a Greene* for Sandon or Handoun Castle.

<sup>2</sup> Bestrides.

<sup>3</sup> Inroad, foray.



Our fare was royal, and our welcome great:  
And sith<sup>1</sup> so kindly thou hast entertained  
us,

If we return with happy victory,  
We will deal as friendly with thee in recom-  
pense.

*Grime.* Your welcome was but duty,  
gentle lord;

For wherefore have we given us our wealth,  
But to make our betters welcome when they  
come?

[*Aside*] O, this goes hard when traitors must  
be flattered!

But life is sweet, and I cannot withstand it:  
God, I hope, will revenge the quarrel of my  
king. 11

*Arm.* What said you, Grime?

*Grime.* I say, Sir Gilbert, looking on my  
daughter,

I curse the hour that e'er I got the girl;  
For, sir, she may have many wealthy  
suitsors,

And yet she disdains them all,  
To have poor George a Greene unto her  
husband.

*Bon.* On that, good Grime, I am talking  
with thy daughter;

But she, in quirks and quiddities of love,  
Sets me to school, she is so over-wise.— 20  
But, gentle girl, if thou wilt forsake the  
Pinner

And be my love, I will advance thee high;  
To dignify those hairs of amber hue,  
I'll grace them with a chaplet made of  
pearl,

Set with choice rubies, sparks, and dia-  
monds,

Planted upon a velvet hood, to hide that  
head

Wherein two sapphires burn like sparkling  
fire:

This will I do, fair Bettris, and far more,  
If thou wilt love the Lord of Doncaster.

*Bet.* Heigh-ho! my heart is in a higher  
place, 30

Perhaps on the earl, if that be he.  
See where he comes, or angry or in love,  
For why<sup>2</sup> his color looketh discontent.

*Enter the EARL OF KENDAL and [SIR]  
NICHOLAS MANNERING*

*Ken.* Come, Nick, follow me.

*Bon.* How now, my lord! what news?

<sup>1</sup> Since.

<sup>2</sup> Because.

*Ken.* Such news, Bonfield, as will make  
thee laugh,

And fret thy fill, to hear how Nick was used.  
Why, the Justices stand on their terms:

Nick, as you know, is haughty in his words;  
He laid the law unto the Justices 40

With threatening braves,<sup>1</sup> that one looked  
on another,

Ready to stoop; but that a churl came in,  
One George a Greene, the Pinner of the  
town,

And with his dagger drawn laid hands on  
Nick,

And by no beggars<sup>2</sup> swore that we were  
traitors,

Rent our commission, and upon a brave  
Made Nick to eat the seals or brook the  
stab:

Poor Mannering, afraid, came posting hither  
straight.

*Bet.* O lovely George, fortune be still<sup>3</sup>  
thy friend!

And as thy thoughts be high, so be thy  
mind 50

In all accords, even to thy heart's desire!

*Bon.* What says fair Bettris?

*Grime.* My lord, she is praying for George  
a Greene:

He is the man, and she will none but him.

*Bon.* But him! why, look on me, my girl:  
Thou know'st, that yesternight I courted  
thee,

And swore at my return to wed with thee.  
Then tell me, love, shall I have all thy  
fair?<sup>4</sup>

*Bet.* I care not for earl, nor yet for  
knight,

Nor baron that is so bold;

For George a Greene, the merry Pinner,  
He hath my heart in hold.<sup>5</sup>

*Bon.* Bootless, my lord, are many vain re-  
plies:

Let us hie us to Wakefield, and send her the  
Pinner's head.

*Ken.* It shall be so.—Grime, gramercy,  
Shut up thy daughter, bridle her affects;<sup>6</sup>  
Let me not miss her when I make return;  
Therefore look to her, as to thy life, good  
Grime.

<sup>1</sup> Threats.

<sup>2</sup> No trifling oath.

<sup>3</sup> Always.

<sup>4</sup> Beauty.

<sup>5</sup> Bettris takes off the ballad manner.

<sup>6</sup> Affections.



*Grime.* I warrant you, my lord.

*Ken.* And, Bettris,  
Leave a base Pinner, for to love an earl. 70

[*Exeunt GRIME and BETTRIS*  
Fain would I see this Pinner George a  
Greene.

It shall be thus:

Nick Mannering shall lead on the battle,<sup>1</sup>  
And we three will go to Wakefield in some  
disguise:

But howsoever, I'll have his head to-day.

*Ex[eunt] omnes*

### [SCENE V]

[*Before SIR JOHN A BARLEY'S Castle*]

[*Enter the KING OF SCOTS, LORD HUMES,  
with Soldiers, and JOHNNY*]

*K. James.* Why, Johnny, then the Earl of  
Kendal is blithe,  
And hath brave men that troop along with  
him?

*John.* Ay, marry, my liege,  
And hath good men that come along with  
him,  
And vows to meet you at Scrasblesea, God  
willing.

*K. James.* If good S[aint] Andrew lend  
King Jamy leave,  
I will be with him at the 'pointed day.

*Enter JANE A BARLEY'S SON*

But, soft!—Whose pretty boy art thou?

*Ned.* Sir, I am son unto Sir John a Bar-  
ley,

Eldest, and all that e'er my mother had; 10  
Edward my name.

*K. James.* And whither art thou going,  
pretty Ned?

*Ned.* To seek some birds, and kill them,  
if I can:

And now my schoolmaster is also gone,  
So have I liberty to ply my bow;  
For when he comes, I stir not from my  
book.

*K. James.* Lord Humes, but mark the  
visage of this child:

By him I guess the beauty of his mother;  
None but Leda could breed Helena.

Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy  
mother? 20

<sup>1</sup> Army.

*Ned.* No[ne]<sup>1</sup> but herself and household  
servants, sir:

If you would speak with her, knock at this  
gate.

*K. James.* Johnny, knock at that gate.

[*JOHN knocks*]

*Enter JANE A BARLEY upon the walls*

*Jane.* O, I am betrayed! What multitudes  
be these?

*K. James.* Fear not, fair Jane, for all these  
men are mine,

And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me:  
I am thy lover, James the King of Scots,  
That oft have sued and wooed with many  
letters,

Painting my outward passions with my pen,  
Whenas my inward soul did bleed for woe. 30  
Little regard was given to my suit;  
But haply thy husband's presence wrought  
it:

Therefore, sweet Jane, I fitted me to time,  
And, hearing that thy husband was from  
home,

Am come to crave what long I have desired.

*Ned.* Nay, soft you, sir! you get no en-  
trance here,

That seek to wrong Sir John a Barley so,  
And offer such dishonor to my mother.

*K. James.* Why, what dishonor, Ned?

*Ned.* Though young, 40

Yet often have I heard my father say,  
No greater wrong than to be made cuckold.  
Were I of age, or were my body strong,  
Were he ten kings, I would shoot him to the  
heart

That should attempt to give Sir John the  
horn.

Mother, let him not come in:

I will go lie<sup>2</sup> at Jocky Miller's house.

*K. James.* Stay him.

*Jane.* Ay, well said; Ned, thou hast given  
the king his answer;

For were the ghost of Cæsar on the earth, 50  
Wrapped in the wonted glory of his honor.  
He should not make me wrong my husband  
so.

But good King James is pleasant, as I  
guess,

And means to try what humor I am in;  
Else would he never have brought an host  
of men,

<sup>1</sup> Quarto reads Not.

<sup>2</sup> Lodge.



To have them witness of his Scottish lust.

*K. James.* Jane, in faith, Jane,—

*Jane.* Never reply,

For I protest by the highest holy God,  
That doometh just revenge for things amiss,  
King James, of all men, shall not have my  
love. 61

*K. James.* Then list to me: Saint Andrew  
be my boot,<sup>1</sup>

But I'll raze thy castle to the very ground,  
Unless thou open the gate, and let me in.

*Jane.* I fear thee not, King Jamy: do thy  
worst.

This castle is too strong for thee to scale;  
Besides, to-morrow will Sir John come home.

*K. James.* Well, Jane, since thou dis-  
dain'st King James's love,  
I'll draw thee on with sharp and deep ex-  
tremes;<sup>2</sup>

For, by my father's soul, this brat of thine 70  
Shall perish here before thine eyes,  
Unless thou open the gate, and let me in.

*Jane.* O deep extremes! my heart begins  
to break:

My little Ned looks pale for fear.

Cheer thee, my boy, I will do much for thee.

*Ned.* But not so much as to dishonor me.

*Jane.* An if thou diest, I cannot live,  
sweet Ned.

*Ned.* Then die with honor, mother, dying  
chaste.

*Jane.* I am armed: 79

My husband's love, his honor, and his fame,  
Joins<sup>3</sup> victory by virtue. Now, King James,  
If mother's tears cannot allay thine ire,  
Then butcher him, for I will never yield:  
The son shall die before I wrong the father.

*K. James.* Why, then, he dies.

*Alarum within. Enter a Messenger*

*Mess.* My lord, Musgrove is at hand.

*K. James.* Who, Musgrove? The devil  
he is! Come, my horse!

*Exeunt omnes [below]*

*[Noise of fighting within]*

*Enter MUSGROVE with KING JAMES prisoner*

*Mus.* Now, King James, thou art my  
prisoner.

<sup>1</sup> Aid.

<sup>2</sup> Tempt you to extremities.

<sup>3</sup> For "enjoins."

*K. James.* Not thine, but fortune's pris-  
oner.

*Enter CUDDY*

*Cud.* Father, the field is ours: their colors  
we have seized,  
And Humes is slain; I slew him hand to  
hand.

*Mus.* God and Saint George!

*Cud.* O father, I am sore athirst!

*Jane.* Come in, young Cuddy, come and  
drink thy fill:

Bring in King Jamy with you as a guest;  
For all this broil was 'cause he could not  
enter.

*Exeunt omnes*

## [SCENE VI]

*[Wakefield]*

*Enter GEORGE A GREENE alone*

*Geo.* The sweet content of men that live  
in love  
Breeds fretting humors in a restless mind;  
And fancy,<sup>1</sup> being checked by fortune's spite,  
Grows too impatient in her sweet desires;  
Sweet to those men whom love leads on to  
bliss,  
But sour to me whose hap is still amiss.

*Enter [JENKIN,] the Clown*

*Jen.* Marry, amen, sir.

*Geo.* Sir, what do you cry "amen" at?

*Jen.* Why, did not you talk of love?

*Geo.* How do you know that? 10

*Jen.* Well, though I say it that should  
not say it, there are few fellows in our par-  
ish so nettled with love as I have been of  
late.

*Geo.* Sirrah, I thought no less, when the  
other morning you rose so early to go to  
your wenches. Sir, I had thought you had  
gone about my honest business.

*Jen.* Trow, you have hit it; for, master,  
be it known to you, there is some good- 20  
will betwixt Madge the souse-wife<sup>2</sup> and I;  
marry, she hath another lover.

*Geo.* Can'st thou brook any rivals in thy  
love?

<sup>1</sup> Love.

<sup>2</sup> A seller of soused or pickled pork.



*Jen.* A rider! no, he is a sow-gelder and goes afoot. But Madge 'pointed to meet me in your wheat-close.

*Geo.* Well, did she meet you there?

*Jen.* Never make question of that. And first I saluted her with a green gown,<sup>1</sup> and after fell as hard a-wooing as if the priest had been at our backs to have married us.

*Geo.* What, did she grant?

*Jen.* Did she grant! never make question of that. And she gave me a shirt-collar wrought over with no counterfeit stuff.

*Geo.* What, was it gold?

*Jen.* Nay, 'twas better than gold.

*Geo.* What was it?

*Jen.* Right Coventry blue. We had no sooner come there but wot you who came by?

*Geo.* No: who?

*Jen.* Clim the sow-gelder.

*Geo.* Came he by?

*Jen.* He spied Madge and I sit together: he leapt from his horse, laid his hand on his dagger, and began to swear. Now I seeing he had a dagger, and I nothing but this twig in my hand, I gave him fair words and said nothing. He comes to me, and takes me by the bosom. "You whoreson slave," said he, "hold my horse, and look he take no cold in his feet." "No, marry, shall he, sir," quoth I; "I'll lay my cloak underneath him." I took my cloak, spread it all along, and his horse on the midst of it.

*Geo.* Thou clown, didst thou set his horse upon thy cloak?

*Jen.* Ay, but mark how I served him. Madge and he was no sooner gone down into the ditch, but I plucked out my knife, cut four holes in my cloak, and made his horse stand on the bare ground.

*Geo.* 'Twas well done. Now, sir, go and survey my fields: if you find any cattle in the corn, to pound with them.

*Jen.* And if I find any in the pound, I shall turn them out.

*Exit JENKIN*

*Enter the EARL OF KENDAL, LORD BONFIELD, SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, all disguised, with a train of men*

*Ken.* Now we have put the horses in the corn,

70

<sup>1</sup> Tumbled her in the grass.

Let us stand in some corner for to hear  
What braving terms the Pinner will breathe  
When he spies our horses in the corn.

*[They retire with the others in ambush]*

*Enter JENKIN<sup>1</sup> blowing his horn*

*Jen.* O master, where are you? we have a prize.

*Geo.* A prize! what is it?

*Jen.* Three goodly horses in our wheat-close.

*Geo.* Three horses in our wheat-close! whose be they?

*Jen.* Marry, that's a riddle to me; but they are there; velvet<sup>2</sup> horses, and I never saw such horses before. As my duty was, I put off my cap, and said as followeth: "My masters, what do you make in our close?" One of them, hearing me ask what he made there, held up his head and neighed, and after his manner laughed as heartily as if a mare had been tied to his girdle. "My masters," said I, "it is no laughing matter; for, if my master take you here, you go as round as a top to the pound." Another untoward jade, hearing me threaten him to the pound and to tell you of them, cast up both his heels, and let such a monstrous great fart, that was as much as in his language to say, "A fart for the pound, and a fart for George a Greene!" Now I, hearing this, put on my cap, blew my horn, called them all jades, and came to tell you.

*Geo.* Now, sir, go and drive me those three horses to the pound.

*Jen.* Do you hear? I were best to take a constable with me.

*Geo.* Why so?

*Jen.* Why, they, being gentlemen's horses, may stand on their reputation, and will not obey me.

*Geo.* Go, do as I bid you, sir.

110

*Jen.* Well, I may go.

*The EARL OF KENDAL, LORD BONFIELD, and SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG meet them.*

*Ken.* Whither away, sir?

*Jen.* Whither away! I am going to put the horses in the pound.

*Ken.* Sirrah, those three horses belong to us,

<sup>1</sup> Q reads *Jack*.

<sup>2</sup> Sleek.



And we put them in,  
And they must tarry there and eat their fill.

*Jen.* Stay, I will go tell my master.—  
Hear you, master, we have another prize:  
those three horses be in your wheat-close  
still, and here be three geldings more. 120

*Geo.* What be these?

*Jen.* These are the masters of the horses.

*Geo.* Now, gentlemen—I know not your  
degrees, but more you cannot be, unless you  
be kings.—Why wrong you us of Wakefield  
with your horses? I am the Pinner, and,  
before you pass, you shall make good the  
trespass they have done.

*Ken.* Peace, saucy mate, prate not to us:  
I tell thee, Pinner, we are gentlemen. 130

*Geo.* Why, sir, so may I [be] sir, al-  
though I give no arms.<sup>1</sup>

*Ken.* Thou! how art thou a gentleman?

*Jen.* And such is my master, and he may  
give as good arms as ever your great-grand-  
father could give.

*Ken.* Pray thee, let me hear how.

*Jen.* Marry, my master may give for his  
arms the picture of April in a green jerkin,  
with a rook on one fist and an horn on 140  
the other: but my master gives his arms  
the wrong way, for he gives the horn on  
his fist; and your grandfather, because he  
would not lose his arms, wears the horn on  
his own head.<sup>2</sup>

*Ken.* Well, Pinner, sith<sup>3</sup> our horses be in,  
In spite of thee they now shall feed their fill,  
And eat until our leisures serve to go.

*Geo.* Now, by my father's soul,  
Were good King Edward's horses in the  
corn. 150

They shall amend the scath<sup>4</sup> or kiss the  
pound;

Much more yours, sir, whatsoe'er you be.

*Ken.* Why, man, thou knowest not us:  
We do belong to Henry Momford, Earl of  
Kendal;

Men that, before a month be full expired,  
Will be King Edward's betters in the land.

*Geo.* King Edward's betters! Rebel, thou  
liest!

*GEORGE strikes him*

<sup>1</sup> Only a gentleman could blazon his coat of arms.

<sup>2</sup> This foolery seems to allude to hawking with a  
blackbird on fist and a horn for the hunt. The play  
continues on horny hands and the inevitable  
cuckold's horn.

<sup>3</sup> Since.

<sup>4</sup> Insult.

*Bon.* Villain, what hast thou done? thou  
hast struck an earl.

*Geo.* Why, what care I? a poor man that  
is true,

Is better than an earl, if he be false. 160

Traitors reap no better favors at my hands.

*Ken.* Ay, so methinks; but thou shalt  
dear aby<sup>1</sup> this blow.—

Now or never lay hold on the Pinner!

*Enter all the ambush*

*Geo.* Stay, my lords, let us parley on  
these broils: Not Hercules against two, the  
proverb is, nor I against so great a multi-  
tude.—[aside] Had not your troops come  
marching as they did, I would have stopt  
your passage unto London: But now I'll  
fly to secret policy. 170

*Ken.* What dost thou murmur, George?

*Geo.* Marry, this, my lord; I muse, if  
thou be Henry Momford, Kendal's earl,  
that thou wilt do poor George a Greene  
this wrong, ever to match me with a troop  
of men.

*Ken.* Why dost thou strike me, then?

*Geo.* Why, my lord, measure me but by  
yourself: Had you a man had served you  
long, and heard your foe misuse you be- 180  
hind your back, and would not draw his  
sword in your defence, you would cashier  
him. Much more, King Edward is my  
king: And before I'll hear him so wronged,  
I'll die within this place, and maintain good  
whatsoever I have said. And, if I speak  
not reason in this case, what I have said I'll  
maintain in this place.

*Bon.* A pardon, my lord, for this Pinner;  
for, trust me, he speaketh like a man of 190  
worth.

*Ken.* Well, George, wilt<sup>2</sup> thou leave  
Wakefield and wend with me, I'll freely put  
up all and pardon thee.

*Geo.* Ay, my lord, considering me one  
thing,<sup>3</sup> you will leave these arms, and follow  
your good king.

*Ken.* Why, George, I rise not against  
King Edward, but for the poor that is op-  
pressed by wrong; and, if King Edward 200  
will redress the same, I will not offer him

<sup>1</sup> Dearly abide.

<sup>2</sup> If thou wilt.

<sup>3</sup> If you will take a piece of advice from me.



disparagement, but otherwise; and so let this suffice. Thou hear'st the reason why I rise in arms: Now, wilt thou leave Wakefield and wend with me, I'll make thee captain of a hardy band, and, when I have my will, dub thee a knight.

*Geo.* Why, my lord, have you any hope to win?

*Ken.* Why, there is a prophecy doth<sup>210</sup> say that King James and I shall meet at London, and make the king vail bonnet to us both.

*Geo.* If this were true, my lord, this were a mighty reason.

*Ken.* Why, it is a miraculous prophecy, and cannot fail.

*Geo.* Well, my lord, you have almost turned me.—Jenkin, come hither.

*Jen.* Sir?

*Geo.* Go your ways home, sir, and drive me those three horses home unto my house, and pour them down a bushel of good oats.

*Jen.* Well, I will.—[*aside*]. Must I give these scurvy horses oats?

*Exit JENKIN*

*Geo.* Will it please you to command your train aside?

*Ken.* Stand aside.

*Exit the train*

*Geo.* Now list to me: Here in a wood, not far from hence, there dwells an old<sup>230</sup> man in a cave alone, that can foretell what fortunes shall befall you, for he is greatly skilful in magic art. Go you three to him early in the morning, and question him: if he says good, why, then, my lord, I am the foremost man who will march up with your camp to London.

*Ken.* George, thou honorest me in this. But where shall we find him out?

*Geo.* My man shall conduct you to<sup>240</sup> the place; but, good, my lord, tell me true what the wise man saith.

*Ken.* That will I, as I am Earl of Kendal.

*Geo.* Why, then, to honor George a Greene the more, vouchsafe a piece of beef at my poor house; you shall have wafer-cakes your fill, a piece of beef hung up since Martlemas:<sup>1</sup> if that like you not, take what you bring, for me.

*Ken.* Gramercies, George.

*Exeunt omnes*

<sup>1</sup> Martinmas, November 11.

# [SCENE VII]

[*Before GRIME'S house*]

[*Enter GEORGE A GREENE'S boy WILY, disguised like a woman, to M[ASTER] GRIME'S*]

*Wily.* O, what is love! it is some mighty power,  
Else could it never conquer G[eorge] a Greene.

Here dwells a churl that keeps away his love:

I know the worst, and if<sup>1</sup> I be espied,  
'Tis but a beating; and if I by this means  
Can get fair Bettris forth<sup>2</sup> her father's door,  
It is enough. Venus for me, and all gods  
alone<sup>3</sup>

Be aiding to my wily enterprise!

*He knocks at the door*

*Enter GRIME*

*Grime.* How now! who knocks there?  
what would you have?  
From whence came you? where do you  
dwell?

*Wily.* I am, forsooth, a sempster's maid  
hard by,  
That hath brought work home to your  
daughter.

*Grime.* Nay, are you not  
Some crafty quean that comes from George  
a Greene,  
That rascal, with some letters to my  
daughter?

I will have you searched.

*Wily.* Alas, sir, it is Hebrew unto me,  
To tell me of George a Greene or any other!  
Search me, good sir, and if you find a letter  
about me, let me have the punishment  
that's due.

*Grime.* Why are you muffled? I like you  
the worse for that.

*Wily.* I am not, sir, ashamed to show my  
face;  
Yet loth I am my cheeks should take the  
air:

Not that I'm chary of my beauty's hue,  
But that I'm troubled with the toothache  
sore.

[*Unmuffles*]

<sup>1</sup> And if, an if = if.

<sup>2</sup> Through.

<sup>3</sup> And all the other gods aside. Q reads *goes for gods*.



*Grime.* [*aside*] A pretty wench, of smiling countenance!  
Old men can like, although they cannot love;  
Ay, and love, though not so brief as young men can.—  
Well, go in, my wench, and speak with my daughter.

*Exit* [*WILY into the house*]

I wonder much at the Earl of Kendal, <sup>20</sup>  
Being a mighty man, as still he is,  
Yet for to be a traitor to his king,  
Is more than God or man will well allow.  
But what a fool am I to talk of him!  
My mind is more here of the pretty lass.  
Had she brought some forty pounds to town,  
I could be content to make her my wife:  
Yet I have heard it in a proverb said,  
He that is old and marries with a lass,  
Lies but at home, and proves himself an  
ass. <sup>40</sup>

*Enter,* [*from the house*], BETTRIS in  
WILY's apparel, to GRIME

How now, my wench! how is't? what, not a word?—

Alas, poor soul, the toothache plagues her sore.—

Well, my wench, here is an angel<sup>1</sup> for to buy thee pins,

And I pray thee use mine house;

The oftener, the more welcome: farewell.

*Exit*

*Bet.* O blessed love, and blessed fortune both!

But, Bettris, stand not here to talk of love,  
But hie thee straight unto thy George a Greene:

Never went roebuck swifter on the downs  
Than I will trip it till I see my George. <sup>50</sup>

*Exit* [*BETTRIS*]

### [SCENE VIII]

[*Before the cave of the old man near Wakefield*]

*Enter the* EARL OF KENDAL, L[ORD] BONFIELD, SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, and  
JENKIN, the clown

*Ken.* Come away, Jenkin.

*Jen.* Come, here is his house.

—Where be you, ho?

<sup>1</sup> A gold coin worth about ten shillings.

*Geo.* [*within*] Who knocks there?

*Ken.* Here are two or three poor men, father, would speak with you.

*Geo.* [*within*] Pray, give your man leave to lead me forth.

*Ken.* Go, Jenkin, fetch him forth.

*Jen.* Come, old man. <sup>10</sup>

*Enter* GEORGE A GREENE *disguised*

*Ken.* Father, here is three poor men come to question

Thee a word in secret that concerns their lives.

*Geo.* Say on, my sons.

*Ken.* Father, I am sure you hear the news, how that

The Earl of Kendal wars against the king.

Now, father, we three are gentlemen by birth,

But younger brethren that want revenues,  
And for the hope we have to be preferred,  
If that we knew that we shall win,

We will march with him: if not, <sup>20</sup>

We will not march a foot to London more.  
Therefore, good father, tell us what shall happen,

Whether the king or the Earl of Kendal shall win.

*Geo.* The king, my son.

*Ken.* Art thou sure of that?

*Geo.* Ay, as sure as thou art Henry Momford,

The one L[ord] Bonfield, the other Sir Gilbert.

*Ken.* Why, this is wondrous, being blind of sight,

His deep perseverance<sup>1</sup> should be such to know us.

*Arm.* Magic is mighty and foretelleth great matters. <sup>30</sup>

Indeed, father, here is the earl come to see thee,

And therefore, good father, fable not with him.

*Geo.* Welcome is the earl to my poor cell,  
And so are you, my lords; but let me counsel you

To leave these wars against your king, and live in quiet.

*Ken.* Father, we come not for advice in war,

<sup>1</sup> Perceivance, power of perception.



But to know whether we shall win or leese.<sup>1</sup>

*Geo.* Lose, gentle lords, but not by good  
King Edward;

A baser man shall give you all the foil.

*Ken.* Aye, marry, father, what man is  
that? 40

*Geo.* Poor George a Greene, the Pinner.

*Ken.* What shall he?

*Geo.* Pull all your plumes, and sore dishonor you.

*Ken.* He! as how?

*Geo.* Nay, the end tries all; but so it will  
fall out.

*Ken.* But so it shall not, by my honor!  
Christ!

I'll raise my camp, and fire Wakefield town,  
And take that servile Pinner George a  
Greene,

And butcher him before King Edward's face.

*Geo.* Good my lord, be not offended, 50  
For I speak no more than art reveals to me:  
And for greater proof,

Give your man leave to fetch me my staff.

*Ken.* Jenkin, fetch him his walking-staff.

[Gives GEORGE his staff]

*Jen.* Here is your walking-staff.

*Geo.* I'll prove it good upon your car-  
cases;

[Throws off his disguise]

A wiser wizard never met you yet,  
Nor one that better could foredoom your  
fall.

Now I have singled you here alone,<sup>2</sup>  
I care not, though you be three to one. 60

*Ken.* Villain, hast thou betrayed us?

*Geo.* Momford, thou liest, ne'er was I  
traitor yet;

Only devised this guile to draw you on  
For to be combatants.

Now conquer me, and then march on to  
London!

But shall go hard<sup>3</sup> but I will hold you task.<sup>4</sup>

*Arm.* Come, my lord, cheerly, I'll kill him  
hand to hand.

*Ken.* A thousand pound to him that  
strikes that stroke!

*Geo.* Then give it me, for I will have the  
first.

*Here they fight; GEORGE kills SIR  
GILBERT and takes the other two prisoners*

*Bon.* Stay, George, we do appeal. 70

*Geo.* To whom?

*Bon.* Why, to the king:

For rather had we bide what he appoints,  
Than here be murdered by a servile groom.

*Ken.* What wilt thou do with us?

*Geo.* Even as Lord Bonfield wished,  
You shall unto the king: and, for that pur-  
pose,

See where the Justice is placed.

*Enter JUSTICE*

*Jus.* Now, my Lord of Kendal, where be  
all your threats?

Even as the cause, so is the combat fallen, 80  
Else one could never have conquered three.

*Ken.* I pray thee, Woodroffe, do not twit  
me;

If I have faulted, I must make amends.

*Geo.* Master Woodroffe, here is not a  
place for many words:

I beseech ye, sir, discharge all his soldiers,  
That every man may go home unto his  
own house.

*Jus.* It shall be so. What wilt thou do,  
George?

*Geo.* Master Woodroffe, look to your  
charge;

Leave me to myself.

*Jus.* Come, my lords. 90

*Exit all but GEORGE*

*Geo.* Here sit thou, George, wearing a  
willow wreath,

As one despairing of thy beauteous love:

Fie, George! no more;

Pine not away for that which cannot be,

I cannot joy in any earthly bliss,

So long as I do want my Bettris.

*Enter JENKIN*

*Jen.* Who see a master of mine?

*Geo.* How now, sirrah! whither away?

*Jen.* Whither away! why, who do you  
take me to be?

*Geo.* Why, Jenkin, my man. 100

*Jen.* I was so once indeed, but now the  
case is altered.

*Geo.* I pray thee, as how?

*Jen.* Were not you a fortune-teller to-  
day?

*Geo.* Well, what of that?

*Jen.* So sure am I become a juggler.

<sup>1</sup> Lose.

<sup>2</sup> Separated you from your followers.

<sup>3</sup> A familiar omission of the subject, it.

<sup>4</sup> Adams queries, fast.



What will you say if I juggle your sweet-heart?

*Geo.* Peace, prating losell!<sup>1</sup> her jealous father

Doth wait o'er her with such suspicious eyes,

That, if a man but dally by her feet,  
He thinks it straight a witch<sup>2</sup> to charm his daughter.

*Jen.* Well, what will you give me, if I bring her hither?

*Geo.* A suit of green, and twenty crowns besides.

*Jen.* Well, by your leave, give me room. You must give me something that you have lately worn.

*Geo.* Here is a gown, will that serve you?  
[Gives his gown]

*Jen.* Ay, this will serve me. Keep out of my circle, lest you be torn in pieces by she-devils.—Mistress Bettris, once, twice, thrice!

[JENKIN throws the gown<sup>3</sup> in, and she [BETRIS] comes out  
O, is this no cunnig?

*Geo.* Is this my love, or is it but her shadow?

*Jen.* Ay, this is the shadow, but here is the substance.

*Geo.* Tell me, sweet love, what good fortune brought thee hither?  
For one it was that favored George a Greene.

*Bet.* Both love and fortune brought me to my George,  
In whose sweet sight is all my heart's content.

*Geo.* Tell me, sweet love, how cam'st thou from thy father's?

*Bet.* A willing mind hath many slips in love:

It was not I, but Wily, thy sweet boy.

*Geo.* And where is Wily now?

*Bet.* In my apparel, in my chamber still.

*Geo.* Jenkin, come hither: go to Bradford,

And listen out<sup>4</sup> your fellow Wily.—

Come, Bettris, let us in,

And in my cottage we will sit and talk.

*Exeunt omnes*

<sup>1</sup> Fool.

<sup>2</sup> Often masculine, as here.

<sup>3</sup> Q read *ground*. The gown has been George's disguise, Bettris comes out of the supposed cave.

<sup>4</sup> Find out about.

# [SCENE IX]

## [Camp of KING EDWARD]

*Enter KING EDWARD, the KING of SCOTS,  
LORD WARWICK, young CUDDY,  
and their Train*

*K. Edw.* Brother of Scotland, I do hold it hard,

Seeing a league of truce was late confirmed  
'Twixt you and me, without displeasure offered

You should make such invasion in my land.  
The vows of kings should be as oracles,  
Not blemished with the stain of any breach;  
Chiefly where fealty and homage willeth it.

*K. James.* Brother of England, rub not the sore afresh;

My conscience grieves me for my deep misdeed.

I have the worst; of thirty thousand men,  
There 'scap'd not full five thousand from the field.

*K. Edw.* Gramercy, Musgrove, else it had gone hard:

Cuddy, I'll quite thee well ere we two part.

*K. James.* But had not his old father,  
William Musgrove,  
Played twice the man, I had not now been here.

A stronger man I seldom felt before;  
But one of more resolute valiance,  
Treads not, I think, upon the English ground.

*K. Edw.* I wot well, Musgrove shall not lose his hire.

*Cud.* An it please your grace, my father was

Five-score and three at midsummer last past:

Yet had King Jamy been as good as George a Greene,

Yet Billy Musgrove would have fought with him.

*K. Edw.* As George a Greene!

I pray thee, Cuddy, let me question thee.  
Much have I heard, since I came to my crown,

Many in manner of a proverb say,  
"Were he as good as George a Greene, I would strike him sure:"

I pray thee, tell me, Cuddy, canst thou inform me,



What is that George a Greene?

30

*Cud.* Know, my lord, I never saw the man,  
But mickle talk is of him in the country:  
They say he is the Pinner of Wakefield town:

But for his other qualities, I let alone.<sup>1</sup>

*War.* May it please your grace, I know the man too well.

*K. Edw.* Too well! why so, Warwick?

*War.* For once he swunged me till my bones did ache.

*K. Edw.* Why, dares he strike an earl?

*War.* An earl, my lord! nay, he will strike a king,

Be it not King Edward. For stature he is framed

40

Like to the picture of stout Hercules,  
And for his carriage passeth Robin Hood.  
The boldest earl or baron of your land,  
That offereth scath<sup>2</sup> unto the town of Wakefield,

George will arrest his pledge unto the pound;

And whoso resisteth bears away the blows,  
For he himself is good enough for three.

*K. Edw.* Why, this is wondrous: my Lord of Warwick,

Sore do I long to see this George a Greene.  
But leaving him, what shall we do, my lord,  
For to<sup>3</sup> subdue the rebels in the north?

51

They are now marching up to Doncaster.—

*Enter one with the* EARL OF KENDAL  
*prisoner*

Soft! who have we there?

*Cud.* Here is a traitor, the Earl of Kendal.

*K. Edw.* Aspiring traitor! how darest thou

Once cast thine eyes upon thy sovereign  
That honored thee with kindness, and with favor?

But I will make thee buy<sup>4</sup> this treason dear.

*Ken.* Good my lord,—

*K. Edw.* Reply not, traitor.—

60

Tell me, Cuddy, whose deed of honor  
Won the victory against this rebel?

*Cud.* George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.

*K. Edw.* George a Greene! now shall I hear news

Certain, what this Pinner is.

Discourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befell.

*Cud.* Kendal and Bonfield, with Sir Gilbert Armstrong,

Came to Wakefield town disguised,  
And there spoke ill of your grace;

Which George but hearing, felled them at his feet,

70

And, had not rescue come into the place,  
George had slain them in his close<sup>1</sup> of wheat.

*K. Edw.* But, Cuddy,  
Canst thou not tell where I might give and grant

Something that might please  
And highly gratify the Pinner's thoughts?

*Cud.* This at their parting George did say to me:

"If the king vouchsafe of this my service,  
Then, gentle Cuddy, kneel upon thy knee,  
And humbly crave a boon of him for me."

80

*K. Edw.* Cuddy, what is it?

*Cud.* It is his will your grace would pardon them,  
And let them live, although they have offended.

*K. Edw.* I think the man striveth to be glorious.

Well, George hath craved it, and it shall be granted,

Which none but he in England should have gotten.—

Live, Kendal, but as prisoner,  
So shalt thou end thy days within the Tower.

*Ken.* Gracious is Edward to offending subjects.

*K. James.* My Lord of Kendal, you're welcome to the court.

90

*K. Edw.* Nay, but ill-come as it falls out now;

Ay, ill-come indeed, were't not for George a Greene.

But, gentle king, for so you would aver,  
And Edward's betters, I salute you both,  
And here I vow by good Saint George,  
You'll gain but little when your sums are counted.

I sore do long to see this George a Greene:  
And for because<sup>2</sup> I never saw the north,  
I will forthwith go see it;

<sup>1</sup> Field.

<sup>2</sup> Inasmuch as.

<sup>1</sup> I leave the recital of them.

<sup>2</sup> Injury.

<sup>3</sup> A common old idiom.

<sup>4</sup> Aby.



And for that to none I will be known, we  
will 100  
Disguise ourselves and steal down secretly,  
Thou and I, King James, Cuddy, and two  
or three,  
And make a merry journey for a month.  
Away, then, conduct him to the Tower.  
Come on, King James, my heart must needs  
be merry,  
If fortune makes such havoc of our foes.

*Exeunt omnes*

### [SCENE X]

#### [ROBIN HOOD'S Retreat]

*Enter* ROBIN HOOD, MAID MARIAN, SCARLET,  
and MUCH, the Miller's Son

*Rob.* Why is not lovely Marian blithe  
of cheer?  
What ails my leman,<sup>1</sup> that she gins to  
lour?<sup>2</sup>

Say, good Marian, why art thou so sad?

*Mar.* Nothing, my Robin, grieves me to  
the heart

But, whensoever I do walk abroad,  
I hear no songs but all of George a Greene;  
Bettris, his fair leman, passeth me:  
And this, my Robin galls my very soul.

*Rob.* Content: what reck's it us though  
George a Greene be stout,  
So long as he does proffer us no scath?<sup>3</sup> 10  
Envy doth seldom hurt but to itself;  
And therefore, Marian, smile upon thy  
Robin.

*Mar.* Never will Marian smile upon her  
Robin,  
Nor lie with him under the greenwood  
shade,  
Till that thou go to Wakefield on a green,  
And beat the Pinner for the love of me.

*Rob.* Content thee, Marian, I will ease  
thy grief,  
My merry men and I will thither stray;  
And here I vow that, for the love of thee,  
I will beat George a Greene, or he shall  
beat me. 20

*Scar.* As I am Scarlet, next to Little John,  
One of the boldest yeomen of the crew,  
So will I wend with Robin all along,  
And try this Pinner what he dares do.

*Much.* As I am Much, the miller's son,  
That left my mill to go with thee,

<sup>1</sup> Love.    <sup>2</sup> Begins to frown.    <sup>3</sup> Injury.

And nill<sup>1</sup> repent that I have done,  
This pleasant life contenteth me;  
In aught I may, to do thee good,  
I'll live and die with Robin Hood. 30

*Mar.* And, Robin, Marian she will go with  
thee,  
To see fair Bettris how bright she is of  
blee.<sup>2</sup>

*Rob.* Marian, thou shalt go with thy  
Robin.—

Bend up your bows, and see your strings be  
tight,

The arrows keen, and everything be ready,  
And each of you a good bat<sup>3</sup> on his neck,  
Able to lay a good man on the ground.

*Scar.* I will have Friar Tuck's.

*Much.* I will have Little John's.

*Rob.* I will have one made of an ashen  
plank,<sup>4</sup>

Able to bear a bout or two.—

Then come on, Marian, let us go;

For before the sun doth show the morning  
day,

I will be at Wakefield to see this Pinner,  
George a Greene. *Exeunt omnes*

### [SCENE XI]

#### [Bradford]

*Enter a Shoemaker sitting upon the  
stage at work: JENKIN to him*

*Jen.* My masters, he that hath neither  
meat nor money, and hath lost his credit  
with the alewife, for anything I know, may  
go supperless to bed.—But, soft! who is  
here? here is a shoemaker; he knows where  
is the best ale. Shoemaker, I pray thee tell  
me, where is the best ale in the town?

*Shoe.* Afore, afore, follow thy nose; at  
the sign of the Egg-shell.

*Jen.* Come, shoemaker, if thou wilt, 10  
and take thy part of a pot.

*Shoe.* [coming forward] Sirrah, down with  
your staff, down with your staff.

*Jen.* Why, how now! is the fellow mad?  
I pray thee tell me, why should I hold down  
my staff?

*Shoe.* You will down with him, will you  
not, sir?

<sup>1</sup> Will not.

<sup>2</sup> Complexion.

<sup>3</sup> Cudgel, staff or single-stick.

<sup>4</sup> Q plunk.



Jen. Why, tell me wherefore?

Shoe. My friend, this is the town of merry Bradford,<sup>1</sup> and here is a custom held, that none shall pass with his staff on his shoulders but he must have a bout with me; and so shall you, sir.

Jen. And so will not I, sir.

Shoe. That will I try. Barking dogs bite not the sorest.

Jen. [aside] I would to God I were once well rid of him.

Shoe. Now, what, will you down with your staff?

Jen. Why, you are not in earnest, are you?

Shoe. If I am not, take that.

[Strikes him]

Jen. You whoreson, cowardly scab, it is but the part of a clapperdudgeon<sup>2</sup> to strike a man in the street. But darest thou walk to the town's end with me?

Shoe. Ay, that I dare do; but stay till I lay in my tools, and I will go with thee to the town's end presently.<sup>3</sup>

Jen. [aside] I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow.

Shoe. Come, sir, will you go to the town's end now, sir?

Jen. Ay, sir, come.—

[They walk across the stage and arrive the town's end]

Now we are at the town's end, what say you now?

Shoe. Marry, come, let us even have a bout.

Jen. Ha, stay a little; hold thy hands, I pray thee.

Shoe. Why, what's the matter?

Jen. Faith, I am Under-pinner of a town, and there is an order, which if I do not keep, I shall be turned out of mine office.

Shoe. What is that, sir?

Jen. Whensoever I go to fight with anybody, I use to flourish my staff thrice about my head before I strike, and then show no favor.

Shoe. Well, sir, and till then I will not strike thee.

Jen. Well, sir, here is once, twice:—here is my hand, I will never do it the third time.

Shoe. Why, then, I see we shall not fight.

Jen. Faith, no: come, I will give thee two pots of the best ale, and be friends.

Shoe. [aside] Faith, I see it is as hard to get water out of a flint as to get him to have a bout with me: therefore I will enter into him for some good cheer.—My friend, I see thou art a faint-hearted fellow, thou hast no stomach<sup>1</sup> to fight, therefore let us go to the ale-house and drink.

Jen. Well, content: go thy ways, and say thy prayers, thou 'scapest my hands to-day.

*Exeunt omnes*

## [SCENE XII]

[Wakefield]

*Enter GEORGE A GREENE and BETTRIS*

Geo. Tell me, sweet love, how is thy mind content?

What, canst thou brook to live with George a Greene?

Bet. O, George, how little pleasing are these words!

Came I from Bradford for the love of thee, And left my father for so sweet a friend?

Here will I live until my life do end.

Geo. Happy am I to have so sweet a love.—

But what are these come tracing<sup>2</sup> here along?

Bet. Three men come striking through the corn, my love.

*Enter ROBIN HOOD, and MARIAN, and His Train*

Geo. Back again, you foolish travellers, For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.

Rob. That were great shame. Now, by my soul, proud sir, We be three tall<sup>3</sup> yeomen, and thou art but one.—

Come, we will forward in despite of him.

Geo. Leap the ditch, or I will make you skip.

What, cannot the highway serve your turn, But you must make a path over the corn?

Rob. Why, art thou mad? dar'st thou encounter three?

<sup>1</sup> Courage.

<sup>2</sup> Walking single file.

<sup>3</sup> Bold.

<sup>1</sup> Q reads Wakefield.

<sup>2</sup> Beggar.

<sup>3</sup> At once.



We are no babes, man, look upon our limbs.

*Geo.* Sirrah, the biggest limbs have not the stoutest hearts. 20

Were ye as good as Robin Hood and his three merry men,

I'll drive you back the same way that ye came.

Be ye men, ye scorn to encounter me all at once;

But be ye cowards, set upon me all three, And try the Pinner what he dares perform.

*Scar.* Were thou as high in deeds As thou art haughty in words, Thou well might'st be a champion for the king:

But empty vessels have the loudest sounds, And cowards prattle more than men of worth. 30

*Geo.* Sirrah, darest thou try me?

*Scar.* Ay, sirrah, that I dare.

*They fight, and GEORGE A. GREENE beats him*

*Much.* How now! what, art thou down?—Come, sir, I am next.

*They fight, and GEORGE A. GREENE beats him*

*Rob.* Come, sirrah, now to me: spare me not,

For I'll not spare thee.

*Geo.* Make no doubt I'll be as liberal to thee.

*They fight; ROBIN HOOD stays*

*Rob.* Stay, George, for here I do protest, Thou art the stoutest champion that ever I Laid hands upon. 40

*Geo.* Soft, you sir! by your leave, you lie; You never yet laid hands on me.

*Rob.* George, wilt thou forsake Wakefield, And go with me?

Two liveries will I give thee every year, And forty crowns shall be thy fee.

*Geo.* Why, who art thou?

*Rob.* Why, Robin Hood:

I am come hither with my Marian And these my comen for to visit thee. 50

*Geo.* Robin Hood!

Next to King Edward art thou lief<sup>1</sup> to me. Welcome, sweet Robin; welcome, Maid Marian;

And welcome, you my friends. Will you to my poor house?

You shall have wafer-cakes your fill, A piece of beef hung up since Martlemas,<sup>2</sup> Mutton and veal: if this like you not,

Take that you find, or that you bring, for me.

*Rob.* Godamercies,<sup>1</sup> good George, I'll be thy guest to-day. 60

*Geo.* Robin, therein thou honorest me. I'll lead the way. Exeunt

### [SCENE XIII]

[Bradford]

*Enter KING EDWARD and KING JAMES disguised, with two staves*

*K. Edw.* Come on, King James; now we are thus disguised, There's none, I know, will take us to be kings:

I think we are now in Bradford, Where all the merry shoemakers dwell.

*Enter [several] Shoemaker[s]*

[*First*] *Shoe.* Down with your staves, my friends, Down with them.

*K. Edw.* Down with our staves! I pray thee, why so?

[*First*] *Shoe.* My friend, I see thou art a stranger here, Else wouldst thou not have question'd of the thing.

This is the town of merry Bradford, 10 And here hath been a custom kept of old, That none may bear his staff upon his neck, But trail it all along throughout the town, Unless they mean to have a bout with me.

*K. Edw.* But hear you, sir, hath the king granted you this custom?

[*First*] *Shoe.* King or kaiser, none shall pass this way, Except King Edward; No, not the stoutest groom that haunts his court;

Therefore down with your staves. 20

*K. Edw.* What were we best to do?

*K. James.* Faith, my lord, they are stout fellows;

And, because we will see some sport, We will trail our staves.

*K. Edw.* Hear'st thou, my friend? Because we are men of peace and travellers, We are content to trail our staves.

<sup>1</sup> God have mercy.

<sup>1</sup> Dear.

<sup>2</sup> Martinmass, November 11.



[First] Shoe. The way lies before you, go along.

Enter ROBIN HOOD and GEORGE A GREENE, disguised

Rob. See, George, two men are passing through the town,  
Two lusty men, and yet they trail their staves. <sup>30</sup>

Geo. Robin, they are some peasants tricked in yeoman's weeds.—  
Hollo, you two travellers!

K. Edw. Call you us, sir?

Geo. Ay, you. Are ye not big enough to bear  
Your bats upon your necks, but you must trail them

Along the streets?

K. Edw. Yes, sir, we are big enough; but here is a custom kept,  
That none may pass, his staff upon his neck,  
Unless he trail it at the weapon's point.  
Sir, we are men of peace, and love to sleep <sup>40</sup>  
In our whole skins, and therefore quietness is best.

Geo. Base-minded peasants, worthless to be men!

What, have you bones and limbs to strike a blow,

And be your hearts so faint you cannot fight?

Were't not for shame, I would drub<sup>1</sup> your shoulders well,

And teach you manhood 'gainst another time.

[First] Shoe. Well preach'd, Sir Jack! down with your staff!

K. Edw. Do you hear, my friends? an you be wise, keep down  
Your staves, for all the town will rise upon you.

Geo. Thou speakest like an honest, quiet fellow: <sup>50</sup>

But hear you me; in spite of all the swains Of Bradford town, bear me your staves upon your necks,

Or, to begin withal, I'll baste you both so well,

You were never better basted in your lives.

K. Edw. We will hold up our staves.

GEORGE A GREENE fights with the Shoemakers, and beats them all down

<sup>1</sup> Q shrub.

Geo. What, have you any more?

Call all your town forth, cut and longtail.<sup>1</sup>

[The Shoemakers spy GEORGE A GREENE

[First] Shoe. What, George a Greene, is it you? A plague found<sup>2</sup> you!

I think you longed to swinge me well.

Come, George, we will crush a pot before we part. <sup>60</sup>

Geo. A pot, you slave! we will have an hundred.—

Here, Will Perkins, take my purse; fetch me A stand of ale,<sup>3</sup> and set in the market-place,

That all may drink that are athirst this day;

For this is for a fee to welcome Robin Hood To Bradford town.

*They bring out a stand of ale and fall a-drinking*

Here, Robin, sit thou here;

For thou art the best man at the board this day.

You that are strangers, place yourselves where you will.

Robin, here's a carouse to good King Edward's self; <sup>70</sup>

And they that love him not, I would we had The basting of them a little.

Enter the EARL OF WARWICK with other Noblemen, bringing out the King's garments; then GEORGE A GREENE and the rest kneel down to the King.

K. Edw. Come, masters, ale—fellows.—  
Nay, Robin,

You are the best man at the board to-day.—  
Rise up, George.

Geo. Nay, good my liege, ill-nurtured we were, then:

Though we Yorkshire men be blunt of speech,

And little skilled in court or such quaint fashions,

Yet nature teacheth us duty to our king;  
Therefore I humbly beseech you pardon

George a Greene. <sup>80</sup>

Rob. And, good my lord, a pardon for poor Robin;

And for us all a pardon, good King Edward.

<sup>1</sup> Derived from the language of the chase, "dogs of all kinds."

<sup>2</sup> Confound.

<sup>3</sup> A table set forth with ale.



[First] Shoe. I pray you, a pardon for the Shoemakers.

K. Edw. I frankly grant a pardon to you all: [They rise]

And, George a Greene, give me thy hand; There's none in England that shall do thee wrong.

Even from my court I came to see thyself; And now I see that fame speaks naught but truth.

Geo. I humbly thank your royal majesty. That which I did against the Earl of Kendal,

'Twas but a subject's duty to his sovereign, And therefore little merits such good words.

K. Edw. But ere I go, I'll grace thee with good deeds.

Say what King Edward may perform, And thou shalt have it, being in England's bounds.

Geo. I have a lovely leman,<sup>1</sup> As bright of blee<sup>2</sup> as is the silver moon, And old Grime her father will not let her match

With me, because I am a Pinner, Although I love her, and she me, dearly. 100

K. Edw. Where is she?

Geo. At home at my poor house, And vows never to marry unless her father Give consent; which is my great grief, my lord.

K. Edw. If this be all, I will despatch it straight; I'll send for Grime and force him give his grant:

He will not deny King Edward such a suit.

*Enter JENKIN and speaks*

Ho, who saw a master of mine? O, he is gotten into company, an a body should rake hell for company. 110

Geo. Peace, ye slave! see where King Edward is.

K. Edw. George, what is he?

Geo. I beseech your grace pardon him; he is my man.

[First] Shoe. Sirrah, the king hath been drinking with us, and did pledge us too.

Jen. Hath he so? kneel; I dub you gentlemen.

[First] Shoe. Beg it of the king, Jen- 120 kin.

<sup>1</sup> Lover.

<sup>2</sup> Complexion, color.

Jen. I will.—I beseech your worship grant me one thing.

K. Edw. What is that?

Jen. Hark in your ear.

*He whispers the king in the ear*

K. Edw. Go your ways, and do it.

Jen. Come, down on your knees, I have got it.

[First] Shoe. Let us hear what it is first.

Jen. Marry, because you have drunk 130 with the king, and the king hath so graciously pledged you, you shall be no more called Shoemakers; but you and yours, to the world's end, shall be called the trade of the Gentle Craft.

[First] Shoe. I beseech your majesty reform this which he hath spoken.

Jen. I beseech your majesty consume this which he hath spoken.

K. Edw. Confirm it, you would say.— 140 Well, he hath done it for you, it is sufficient.

Come, George, we will go to Grime, and have thy love.

Jen. I am sure your worship will abide; for yonder is coming old Musgrove and mad Cuddy his son.—Master, my fellow Wily comes dressed like a woman, and Master Grime will marry Wily. Here they come.

*Enter MUSGROVE and CUDDY; and MASTER GRIME, WILY [disguised as a woman], MAID MARIAN, and BETTRIS*

K. Edw. Which is thy old father, Cuddy?

Cud. This, if it please your majesty.

[MUSGROVE] kneel[s]

K. Edw. Ah, old Musgrove, stand up; 150 It fits not such grey hairs to kneel.

Mus. [rising] Long live my sovereign! Long and happy be his days!

Vouchsafe, my gracious lord, a simple gift At Billy Musgrove's hand.

King James at Middleham Castle gave me this;

This won the honor, and this give I thee.

[Gives sword to KING EDWARD]

K. Edw. Godamercy, Musgrove, for this friendly gift;

And, for thou fell'dst a king with this same weapon,

This blade shall here dub valiant Musgrove knight. 160



*Mus.* Alas, what hath your highness done? I am poor.

*K. Edw.* To mend thy living take thou Middleham Castle,  
And hold of me.<sup>1</sup> And if thou want living, complain;  
Thou shalt have more to maintain thy estate.—

George, which is thy love?

*Geo.* This, if please your majesty.

*K. Edw.* Art thou her aged father?

*Grime.* I am, an it like your majesty.

*K. Edw.* And wilt not give thy daughter unto George?

*Grime.* Yes, my lord, if he will let me 170  
marry with this lovely lass.

*K. Edw.* What say'st thou, George?

*Geo.* With all my heart, my lord, I give consent.

*Grime.* Then do I give my daughter unto George.

*Wily.* Then shall the marriage soon be at an end.

Witness, my lord, if that I be a woman;  
[Throws off his disguise]

For I am Wily, boy to George a Greene,  
Who for my master wrought this subtle shift.<sup>2</sup>

*K. Edw.* What, is it a boy?—what say'st thou to this, Grime?

*Grime.* Marry, my lord, I think this boy hath 180  
More knavery than all the world besides.  
Yet am I content that George shall both have  
My daughter and my lands.

*K. Edw.* Now, George, it rests I gratify thy worth:  
And therefore here I do bequeath to thee,  
In full possession, half that Kendal hath;  
And what as Bradford holds of me in chief,  
I give it frankly unto thee for ever.

<sup>1</sup> *Q* The hold of both.<sup>2</sup> Clever trick.

Kneel down, George.

*Geo.* What will your majesty do? 190

*K. Edw.* Dub thee a knight, George.

*Geo.* I beseech your grace, grant me one thing.

*K. Edw.* What is that?

*Geo.* Then let me live and die a yeoman still:<sup>1</sup>

So was my father, so must live his son.  
For 'tis more credit to men of base degree,  
To do great deeds, than men of dignity.

*K. Edw.* Well, be it so, George.

*K. James.* I beseech your grace despatch<sup>2</sup>  
with me,

And set down my ransome. 200

*K. Edw.* George a Greene,  
Set down the King of Scots his ransom.

*Geo.* I beseech your grace pardon me;  
It passeth my skill.

*K. Edw.* Do it, the honor's thine.

*Geo.* Then let King James make good  
Those towns which he hath burnt upon the borders;

Give a small pension to the fatherless,  
Whose fathers he caused murdered in those wars;

Put in pledge for these things to your grace,  
And so return. 211

*K. Edw.* King James, are you content?

*K. James.* I am content, an like your majesty,

And will leave good castles in security.

*K. Edw.* I crave no more.—Now, George a Greene,

I'll to thy house; and when I have supt, I'll go

To ask and see if Jane a Barley be so fair  
As good King James reports her for to be.

And for the ancient custom of *Vail staff*,  
Keep it still, claim privilege from me: 220

If any ask a reason why, or how,  
Say, English Edward vailed his staff to you.

<sup>1</sup> Always.<sup>2</sup> Immediate decision in my case.



822.3

S32T

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

25'48 310

10'48 208

Do 18'41 757

8'19 278

27<sup>6</sup>/56 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65- 012



# THE TRAGICALL

History of D. Faustus.

*As it hath bene Acted by the Right  
Honorable the Earle of Nottingham his servants.*

Written by Ch. Marl.



LONDON

Printed by V.S. for Thomas Bushell 1604.



822.3

S 327

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

25'48 310

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17'6/65 012



General agreement assigns the first performance of *Doctor Faustus* to the winter of 1588-89, following the second part of *Tamburlaine*. *Faustus* enjoyed extraordinary popularity with Edward Alleyn in the title rôle, being acted, on the evidence of Henslowe, twenty-four times between September, 1594, and January, 1597. On January 7, 1601, "a book called the play of *Doctor Faustus*" was entered in the Register of the Stationers' Company, but no copy bearing so early a date survives. The earliest edition extant is the quarto of 1604, which exists in but a single copy, that of the Bodleian Library, Oxford. This, the present edition follows as that, in all likelihood, nearest the text of the author, although it seems curtailed, incomplete and "debased by a dozen years of theatrical manipulation and by careless printing," as Tucker Brooke puts it. Eight later quartos followed this, between 1609 and 1663, those of 1616 to 1631 displaying a text both amplified and recast, and also corrupted. It is unlikely that these later quartos add any word which was Marlowe's. The source of this play is the German *Faustbuch* of 1587, which Marlowe doubtless read in an English translation, although none of so early a date is extant.

Christopher Marlowe was born in 1564 about a month before Shakespeare. His home was Canterbury, his father a shoemaker and parish clerk. Christopher went from the King's school in Canterbury to Cambridge in 1581, taking his degrees B.A. in 1584 and M.A. in 1587. It was doubtless in this year that he wrote *Tamburlaine*, an immediate dramatic success, soon followed by a second part. His other works besides those of the text are *The Jew of Malta*, *The Massacre at Paris*, and *Dido*, in which Nash assisted, these two last dating not long before his death in 1590. Marlowe led an ungoverned life, though a remaining manuscript of his discloses a freethinking rather than an atheistical mind. Marlowe's death was disreputable, and legend attaches to it. We now know definitely that he was killed in self-defense by one Ingram Frizer, during an altercation concerning the reckoning at a tavern in Deptford, May 30, 1593; and that Frizer was subsequently granted a royal pardon for the deed. See J. Leslie Hotson, *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1925, p. 740.

A complete edition of *The Works of Christopher Marlowe* is that of C. F. Tucker Brooke, 1910.



### [PERSONS IN THE PLAY

CHORUS  
DOCTOR FAUSTUS  
WAGNER, *his Servant*  
GOOD, and EVIL ANGEL  
VALDES and CORNELIUS, *Conjurors*  
*Three Scholars*  
MEPHISTOPHILIS, *a Devil*  
THE CLOWN  
BALIOL, BELCHER, LUCIFER, BELZEBUB  
*and Other Devils*  
THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS  
THE POPE

CARDINAL OF LORRAIN  
FRIARS  
ROBIN, *the Hostler*  
RAFE  
A VINTNER  
THE EMPEROR  
A KNIGHT *and Attendants*  
SPIRITS OF ALEXANDER *and his PARAMOUR*  
A HORSE-COURSER  
THE DUKE of VANHOLT *and his DUCHESS*  
AN OLD MAN  
*The Spirit of HELEN OF TROY*

SCENE: Mainly the Study of Doctor Faustus; otherwise a Grove, the Pope's Privy-Chamber at Rome, the Courts of the Emperor and the Duke of Vanholt and elsewhere.]



# THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Enter CHORUS

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of  
Trasimene,  
Where Mars did mate<sup>1</sup> the Carthaginians;  
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,  
In courts of kings where state is overturned;  
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,  
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly  
verse:

Only this, gentlemen—we must perform  
The form<sup>2</sup> of Faustus' fortunes, good or  
bad;

To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,<sup>3</sup>  
And speak for Faustus in his infancy. <sup>10</sup>  
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,  
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes;<sup>4</sup>  
Of riper years to Wittenberg he went,  
Whereas<sup>5</sup> his kinsmen chiefly brought him  
up.

So soon he profits in divinity,  
The fruitful plot of scholarism<sup>6</sup> graced,  
That shortly he was graced with doctor's  
name,

Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes <sup>10</sup>  
In heavenly matters of theology;  
Till swollen with cunning,<sup>7</sup> of a self-conceit,  
His waxen wings did mount above his  
reach,

And, melting, heavens conspired his over-  
throw;

For, falling to a devilish exercise,  
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,  
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy.

Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,  
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.  
And this the man that in his study sits!

Exit

## [SCENE I]

Enter FAUSTUS in his Study

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and  
begin

<sup>1</sup> Fight to a stand.

<sup>2</sup> Outline.

<sup>3</sup> For applause.

<sup>4</sup> Rhoda near Jena.

<sup>5</sup> Where.

<sup>6</sup> Scholarship.

<sup>7</sup> Knowledge.

To sound the depth of that thou wilt pro-  
fess;<sup>1</sup>

Having commenced, be a divine in show,

Yet level at the end<sup>2</sup> of every art,

And live and die in Aristotle's works.

Sweet Analytics,<sup>3</sup> 'tis thou hast ravished me,

[Reads]

*Bene dissere est finis logices.*

Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?

Affords this art no greater miracle?

Then read no more, thou hast attained the  
end; <sup>10</sup>

A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:

Bid *ὄν καὶ μὴ ὄν*<sup>4</sup> farewell; Galen come,

Seeing *Ubi desinit philosophus ibi incipit  
medicus*;<sup>5</sup>

Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,

And be eternized for some wondrous cure.

[Reads]

*Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,*

The end of physic is our body's health.

Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that  
end?

Is not thy common talk sound aphorisms?<sup>6</sup>

Are not thy bills<sup>7</sup> hung up as monuments, <sup>20</sup>

Whereby whole cities have escaped the  
plague,

And thousand desperate maladies been  
eased?

Yet art thou still but Faustus and a man.

Wouldst thou make men to live eternally,

Or, being dead, raise them to life again,

Then this profession were to be esteemed.

Physic, farewell.—Where is Justinian?

[Reads]

*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter  
rem, alter valorem rei, etc.*<sup>8</sup>

A pretty case of paltry legacies! [Reads]

*Exhæreditare filium non potest pater nisi,  
etc.*<sup>9</sup> <sup>30</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Claim to know.

<sup>2</sup> Aim at perfection in.

<sup>3</sup> Logic.

<sup>4</sup> Aristotle's being and not being.

<sup>5</sup> Where the philosopher ends, the physician begins.

<sup>6</sup> Maxims of practice.

<sup>7</sup> Prescriptions.

<sup>8</sup> If one and the same thing is willed to two, one  
gets the thing, the other the value of it.

<sup>9</sup> The father can not disinherit a son, unless—



Such is the subject of the Institute  
And universal body of the law.<sup>1</sup>  
His<sup>2</sup> study fits a mercenary drudge,  
Who aims at nothing but external trash;  
Too servile and illiberal for me.  
When all is done divinity is best;  
Jerome's Bible,<sup>3</sup> Faustus, view it well.

[Reads]

*Stipendium peccati mors est.* Ha! *Stipendium*, etc.

The reward of sin is death. That's hard.

[Reads]

*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas.*<sup>40</sup>

If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die.

Ay, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this, *Che sera sera*,  
What will be, shall be?<sup>4</sup> Divinity, adieu!

These metaphysics of magicians

And necromantic books are heavenly:

Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters:

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.<sup>51</sup>

O, what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honor, of omnipotence

Is promised to the studious artisan!

All things that move between the quiet poles

Shall be at my command: emperors and kings

Are but obeyed in their several provinces,

Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds;

But his dominion that exceeds<sup>5</sup> in this

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man,<sup>60</sup>

A sound magician is a mighty god:

Here, Faustus, try thy brains to gain a deity.

Wagner!

*Enter WAGNER*

Commend me to my dearest friends,  
The German Valdes and Cornelius;<sup>6</sup>  
Request them earnestly to visit me.

<sup>1</sup> Justinian codified Roman law in the *Code*, *Pandects* and *Institutes*.

<sup>2</sup> Its.

<sup>3</sup> The Vulgate.

<sup>4</sup> The modern use of *will* and *shall* was unknown to Marlowe.

<sup>5</sup> Excels.

<sup>6</sup> Valdes is unknown; Cornelius Agrippa was a famous scholar.

*Wag.* I will, sir.

*Exit*

*Faust.* Their conference will be a greater help to me  
Than all my labors, plod I ne'er so fast.

*Enter the Good Angel and the Evil Angel*

*G. Ang.* O Faustus! lay that damnèd book aside,

And gaze not on it lest it tempt thy soul,<sup>70</sup>  
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.

Read, read the Scriptures: that is blasphemy.

*E. Ang.* Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,

Wherein all Nature's treasure is contained:  
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,  
Lord and commander of these elements.

*Exeunt [Angels]*

*Faust.* How am I gluttèd with conceit<sup>1</sup> of this!

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,  
Resolve me of all ambiguities,

Perform what desperate enterprise I will?<sup>80</sup>

I'll have them fly to India for gold,

Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,<sup>2</sup>

And search all corners of the new-found world

For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;

I'll have them read me strange philosophy

And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;

I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,  
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg,

I'll have them fill the public schools<sup>3</sup> with silk,

Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;<sup>80</sup>

I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,

And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,<sup>4</sup>

And reign sole king of all the provinces;

Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war

Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,<sup>5</sup>

I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

<sup>1</sup> The thought.

<sup>2</sup> *Ocean* and *India* are trisyllabic.

<sup>3</sup> Fill the universities with wealth.

<sup>4</sup> The Netherlands which Parma reconquered for Spain.

<sup>5</sup> A device used against Parma by the Dutch in 1585.



*Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS*

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,  
And make me blest with your sage conference.

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,  
Know that your words have won me at the last 100

To practise magic and concealèd arts:  
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy

That will receive no object;<sup>1</sup> for my head  
But ruminates on necromantic skill.

Philosophy is odious and obscure,  
Both law and physic are for petty wits;  
Divinity is basest of the three,

Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:  
'Tis magic, magic that hath ravished me. 100

Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;  
And I that have with concise syllogisms

Gravelled the pastors of the German church,  
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg

Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits

On sweet Musæus,<sup>2</sup> when he came to hell,  
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,

Whose shadows<sup>3</sup> made all Europe honor him.

*Vald.* Faustus, these books, thy wit, and  
our experience

Shall make all nations to canònize us. 110

As Indian Moors<sup>4</sup> obey their Spanish lords,  
So shall the spirits of every element

Be always serviceable to us three;  
Like lions shall they guard us when we

please;  
Like Almain rutters<sup>5</sup> with their horsemen's

staves<sup>6</sup>  
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;

Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,  
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows

Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:

From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,  
And from America the golden fleece 130

That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;  
If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.

*Faust.* Valdes, as resolute am I in this  
As thou to live; therefore object it not.

*Corn.* The miracles that magic will perform

Will make thee vow to study nothing else.  
He that is grounded in astrology,  
Enriched with tongues, well seen<sup>1</sup> in minerals,

Hath all the principles magic doth require.  
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowned, 140

And more frequented for this mystery  
Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.

The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,  
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wracks,

Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid  
Within the massy entrails of the earth;

Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

*Faus.* Nothing, Cornelius! O, this cheers  
my soul!

Come show me some demonstrations magical,

That I may conjure in some lusty grove, 150  
And have these joys in full possession.

*Vald.* Then haste thee to some solitary  
grove,

And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,<sup>2</sup>  
The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament;

And whatsoever else is requisite  
We will inform thee ere our conference

cease.  
*Corn.* Valdes, first let him know the  
words of art;

And then, all other ceremonies learned,  
Faustus may try his cunning<sup>3</sup> by himself,

*Vald.* First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments, 160

And then wilt thou be perfecter than I  
*Faust.* Then come and dine with me, and

after meat,  
We'll canvass every quiddity<sup>4</sup> thereof;

For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do:  
This night I'll conjure tho' I die therefore.

*Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

*[Before Faustus' House]*

*Enter two Scholars*

1 *Schol.* I wonder what's become of Faustus that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Thoroughly versed.

<sup>2</sup> Roger Bacon; either Abano, or perhaps Albertus Magnus.

<sup>3</sup> Knowledge.

<sup>4</sup> Detail.

<sup>5</sup> Thus, I prove it, a phrase of scholastic discussion.

<sup>1</sup> Brooke no objection. <sup>2</sup> Virgil, *Æneid*, vi, 667.

<sup>3</sup> Shades raised by necromantic power.  
American Indians. <sup>5</sup> German cavalry. <sup>6</sup> Lances.



2 *Schol.* That shall we know, for see here comes his boy.

*Enter WAGNER*

1 *Schol.* How now sirrah! Where's thy master?

*Wag.* God in heaven knows!

2 *Schol.* Why, dost not thou know?

*Wag.* Yes, I know. But that follows <sup>10</sup> not.

1 *Schol.* Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

*Wag.* That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiate, should stand upon't: therefore acknowledge your error and be attentive.

2 *Schol.* Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

*Wag.* Have you any witness on't? <sup>20</sup>

1 *Schol.* Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

*Wag.* Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

2 *Schol.* Well, you will not tell us?

*Wag.* Yes, sir, I will tell you; yet if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he *corpus naturale*? and is not that *mobile*?<sup>1</sup> then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, <sup>30</sup> I would say), it were not for you to come within forty feet of the place of execution,<sup>2</sup> although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian,<sup>3</sup> and begin to speak thus: Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships; and so the Lord <sup>40</sup> bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren. *Exit*

1 *Schol.* Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into that damned art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

2 *Schol.* Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But come, let us go and inform the rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him. <sup>60</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Corpus naturale sou mobile*, the scholastic phrase describing physics.

<sup>2</sup> The dining-room of Faustus.

<sup>3</sup> Puritan.

1 *Schol.* O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

2 *Schol.* Yet let us try what we can do. *Exeunt*

### [SCENE III]

*Enter FAUSTUS to conjure [in a grove]*

*Faust.* Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth

Longing to view Orion's drizzling<sup>1</sup> look,  
Leaps from the antarctic world unto the sky,  
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,  
Faustus, begin thine incantations,  
And try if devils will obey thy hest,  
Seeing thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them.

Within this circle is Jehovah's name,  
Forward and backward anagrammatized,  
The breviated names of holy saints, <sup>10</sup>  
Figures of every adjunct<sup>2</sup> to the heavens,  
And characters of signs and erring<sup>3</sup> stars,  
By which the spirits are enforced to rise:  
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,  
And try the uttermost magic can perform.

*Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valcat numen triplex Jehovah! Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, salвете! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et <sup>20</sup> surgat Mephistophilis. Quid tu moraris? <sup>4</sup> per Jehovah, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis! <sup>5</sup>*

*Enter [MEPHISTOPHILIS,] a Devil*

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;

Thou art too ugly to attend on me.

Go, and return an old Franciscan friar,  
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

*Exit DEVIL*

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps dazzling.

<sup>2</sup> Every star.

<sup>3</sup> Wandering stars, planets.

<sup>4</sup> *Q Quod tumeraris.*

<sup>5</sup> Be propitious to me; ye gods of Acheron! Strong be the triple divinity of Jehova! Hail, spirits of fire, of the air, of water! Belzebub, Prince of the East, sovereign of the burning lower regions and Demogorgon, we propitiate you that Mephistophilis may appear and arise. Why dost thou delay? By Jehova, by Gehenna and the holy water which I now sprinkle, and by the sign of the cross which I now make, and by our prayers, may Mephistophilis, now summoned by us, arise.



I see there's virtue in my heavenly words; <sup>30</sup>  
 Who would not be proficient in this art?  
 How pliant is this Mephistophilis,  
 Full of obedience and humility!  
 Such is the force of magic and my spells:  
 Now Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,  
 That canst command great Mephistophilis:  
*Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.*<sup>1</sup>

*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS [like a Franciscan Friar]*

*Meph.* Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me to do?

*Faust.* I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,  
 To do whatever Faustus shall command, <sup>40</sup>  
 Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,  
 Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

*Meph.* I am a servant to great Lucifer,  
 And may not follow thee without his leave:  
 No more than he commands must we perform.

*Faust.* Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

*Meph.* No, I came hither of mine own accord.

*Faust.* Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak.

*Meph.* That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;

For when we hear one rack the name of God,<sup>2</sup> <sup>50</sup>

Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,  
 We fly in hope to get his glorious soul;  
 Nor will we come, unless he use such means  
 Whereby he is in danger to be damned:  
 Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring  
 Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,  
 And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

*Faust.* So Faustus hath  
 Already done; and holds this principle,  
 There is no chief but only Belzebub, <sup>60</sup>  
 To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.  
 This word "damnation" terrifies not him,  
 For he confounds hell in Elysium;<sup>3</sup>  
 His ghost be with the old philosophers!  
 But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,  
 Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

<sup>1</sup> For indeed thou rulest in the image of thy brother Mephistophilis.

<sup>2</sup> Abuse, misuse.

<sup>3</sup> He is indifferent to heaven or hell.

*Meph.* Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

*Faust.* Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

*Meph.* Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.

*Faust.* How comes it then that he is prince of devils? <sup>70</sup>

*Meph.* O, by aspiring pride and insolence;  
 For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

*Faust.* And what are you that live with Lucifer?

*Meph.* Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,

Conspired against our God with Lucifer,  
 And are for ever damned with Lucifer.

*Faust.* Where are you damned?

*Meph.* In hell.

*Faust.* How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

*Meph.* Why this is hell, nor am I out of it: <sup>80</sup>

Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,

And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,  
 Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,  
 In being deprived of everlasting bliss?

O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands,  
 Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.

*Faust.* What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate<sup>1</sup>

For being deprived of the joys of heaven?  
 Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,  
 And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess. <sup>90</sup>

Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:  
 Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death  
 By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,  
 Say he surrenders up to him his soul,  
 So he will spare him four and twenty years,  
 Letting him live in all voluptuousness;  
 Having thee ever to attend on me;  
 To give me whatsoever I shall ask,  
 To tell me whatsoever I demand,  
 To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends, <sup>100</sup>  
 And always be obedient to my will.

Go and return to mighty Lucifer,  
 And meet me in my study at midnight,  
 And then resolve<sup>2</sup> me of thy master's mind.

*Meph.* I will, Faustus. *Exit*

*Faus.* Had I as many souls as there be stars,

<sup>1</sup> So moved.

<sup>2</sup> Inform.



I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.  
 By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,  
 And make a bridge thorough the moving air,  
 To pass the ocean with a band of men: 110  
 I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,  
 And make that country continent to Spain,  
 And both contributory to my crown.  
 The Emperor shall not live but by my  
 leave,  
 Nor any potentate of Germany.  
 Now that I have obtained what I desire,  
 I'll live in speculation<sup>1</sup> of this art  
 Till Mephistophilis return again. *Exit*

## [SCENE IV]

[Before FAUSTUS' house]

*Enter WAGNER and Clown**Wag.* Sirrah, boy, come hither.*Clown.* How, boy! Swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts<sup>1</sup> as I have; boy, quotha.*Wag.* Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?*Clown.* Ay, and goings out too. You may see else.*Wag.* Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! The villain is 10 bare and out of service, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw.*Clown.* How? My soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! Not so, good friend. By'r lady, I had need have it well roasted and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.*Wag.* Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll 20 make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*<sup>2</sup>*Clown.* How, in verse?*Wag.* No, sirrah; in beaten silk and stavesacre.<sup>3</sup>*Clown.* How, how, Knave's acre!<sup>4</sup> Ay, I thought that was all the land his father left him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.*Wag.* Sirrah, I say in stavesacre.<sup>1</sup> Consideration.<sup>2</sup> A pointed beard.<sup>3</sup> The first words of W. Lyly's *Ad discipulos carmen de moribus*.<sup>4</sup> A remedy for lice.<sup>5</sup> A low street in London.*Clown.* Oho! Oho! Stavesacre! Why 30 then belike if I were your man I should be full of vermin.*Wag.* So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years,<sup>1</sup> or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars,<sup>2</sup> and they shall tear thee in pieces.*Clown.* Do you hear, sir? You may save that labor: they are too familiar with me 40 already: swowns! they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for their meat and drink.*Wag.* Well, do you hear, sirrah? Hold, take these guilders. [*Gives money*]*Clown.* Gridirons! what be they?*Wag.* Why, French crowns.*Clown.* Mass, but in the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do 50 with these?*Wag.* Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the Devil shall fetch thee.*Clown.* No, no. Here, take your gridirons again.*Wag.* Truly I'll none of them.*Clown.* Truly but you shall.*Wag.* Bear witness I gave them him.*Clown.* Bear witness I give them you 60 again.*Wag.* Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away—Baliol and Belcher!*Clown.* Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils! Say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do you see yonder tall fellow in the round slop<sup>3</sup>—he has killed the 70 devil." So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.*Enter two Devils: the Clown runs up and down crying**Wag.* Baliol and Belcher! Spirits, away!  
*Exeunt [Devils]**Clown.* What, are they gone? A vengeance on them, they have vile long nails!<sup>1</sup> The usual period of apprenticeship.<sup>2</sup> Spirits that possess one.<sup>3</sup> Wide breeches.



There was a he-devil, and a she-devil! I'll tell you how you shall know them; all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me. 50

Clown. But, do you hear—if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything; to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

Clown. How! a Christian fellow to a dog or a cat, a mouse or a rat! No, no, sir. If you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, 60 that I may be here and there and everywhere. O, I'll tickle the pretty wenches' plackets; I'll be amongst them, i' faith.

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner?

Wag. How! Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. O Lord! I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

Wag. Villain—call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily<sup>1</sup> fixed 100 upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigiis nostris insistere*.<sup>2</sup> [Exit

Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him: I'll serve him, that's flat. [Exit

#### [SCENE V]

*Enter FAUSTUS in his Study*

Faust. Now, Faustus, must Thou needs be damned, and canst thou not be saved:

What boots it then to think of God or heaven?

Away with such vain fancies, and despair: Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub; Now go not backward: no, Faustus, be resolute:

Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears

"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"

Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.

To God?—He loves thee not— 10

The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite, Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub;

To him I'll build an altar and a church, And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

<sup>1</sup> For diametrically.

<sup>2</sup> As if to step in my tracks.

*Enter Good Angel and Evil*

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance! What of them?

G. Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven.

E. Ang. Rather, illusions—fruits of lunacy,

That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven, and heavenly things. 20

E. Ang. No, Faustus, think of honor and of wealth. *Excunt [Angels]*

Faust. Of wealth!

Why the signiory of Embden<sup>1</sup> shall be mine.

When Mephistophilis shall stand by me, What God can hurt thee? Faustus, thou art safe:

Cast no more doubts. Come, Mephistophilis,

And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer; Is't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis; *Veni, veni, Mephistophile!*

*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS*

Now tell me, what says Lucifer, thy lord? 30

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,

So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,

And write a deed of gift with thine own blood,

For that security craves great Lucifer.

If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis! and tell me what good

Will my soul do thy lord.

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom. 40

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*<sup>2</sup>

Faust. Why, have you any pain that tortures others?

<sup>1</sup> A town at the mouth of the Ems river.

<sup>2</sup> 'Tis a solace to the miserable to have had companions in sorrow.



*Meph.* As great as have the human souls of men.

But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul? And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee, And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

*Faust.* Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

*Meph.* Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,

And bind thy soul that at some certain day

Great Lucifer may claim it as his own; And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

*Faust.* [stabbing his arm] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,

I cut mine arm, and with my proper<sup>1</sup> blood Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's, Chief lord and regent of perpetual night! View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,

And let it be propitious for my wish.

*Meph.* But, Faustus, thou must

Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

*Faust.* Ay, so I will. [Writes] But, Mephistophilis,

My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

*Meph.* I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. *Exit*

*Faust.* What might the staying of my blood portend?

Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not that I may write afresh?

*Faustus gives to thee his soul.* Ah, there it stayed.

Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine own?

Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals*

*Meph.* Here's fire. Come, Faustus, set it on.

*Faust.* So now the blood begins to clear again;

Now will I make an end immediately.

[Writes]

*Meph.* O, what will not I do to obtain his soul. [Aside]

*Faust.* *Consummatum est:* this bill<sup>2</sup> is ended,

<sup>1</sup> Own.

<sup>2</sup> Deed is completed.

And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine arm?

*Homo, fuge!*<sup>1</sup> Whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceived; here's nothing writ—

I see it plain; here in this place is writ

*Homo, fuge!* Yet shall not Faustus fly.

*Meph.* I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. *Exit*

*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with Devils, giving crowns and rich apparel to FAUSTUS, and dance, and then depart*

*Faust.* Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

*Meph.* Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,

And to show thee what magic can perform.

*Faust.* But may I raise up spirits when I please?

*Meph.* Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

*Faust.* Then there's enough for a thousand souls.

Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll, A deed of gift of body and of soul:

But yet conditionally that thou perform

All articles prescribed between us both.

*Meph.* Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer

To effect all promises between us made.

*Faust.* Then hear me read them: On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him and bring him whatsoever. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his minister, Mephistophilis: and furthermore grant unto them, that twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul,

<sup>1</sup> Man, fly!



*flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me,*

*John Faustus.*

*Meph.* Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

*Faust.* Ay, take it, and the Devil give thee good on't!

*Meph.* Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

*Faust.* First will I question with thee about hell.

Tell me where is the place that men call hell?

*Meph.* Under the heavens. 120

*Faust.* Ay, but whereabout?

*Meph.* Within the bowels of these elements,

Where we are tortured and remain for ever;  
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed  
In one self place; for where we are is hell,  
And where hell is there must we ever be:  
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified,  
All places shall be hell that is not heaven.

*Faust.* Come, I think hell's a fable. 130

*Meph.* Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

*Faust.* Why, think'st thou then that Faustus shall be damned?

*Meph.* Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll

Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

*Faust.* Ay, and body too; but what of that?

Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond<sup>1</sup> to imagine

That, after this life, there is any pain?  
Tush; these are trifles, and mere old wives' tales.

*Meph.* But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,  
For I am damnèd, and am now in hell. 140

*Faust.* How! now in hell?  
Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damnèd here;

What? walking, disputing, etc.?  
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,  
The fairest maid in Germany;  
For I am wanton and lascivious,  
And cannot live without a wife.

*Meph.* How—a wife?

<sup>1</sup> Foolish.

I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

*Faust.* Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, 150  
fetch me one, for I will have one.

*Meph.* Well—thou wilt have one. Sit there till I come: I'll fetch thee a wife in the Devil's name. [Exit]

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a Devil dressed like a woman, with fireworks*

*Meph.* Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

*Faust.* A plague on her for a hot whore!

*Meph.* Tut, Faustus,  
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;  
And if thou lovest me, think no more of it.  
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans, 160  
And bring them every morning to thy bed;  
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,

Be she as chaste as was Penelope,  
And as wise as Saba,<sup>1</sup> or as beautiful  
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.  
Here, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:  
[Gives a book]

The iterating of these lines brings gold;  
The framing of this circle on the ground  
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning;

Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself, 170  
And men in armor shall appear to thee,  
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

*Faust.* Thanks, Mephistophilis; yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

*Meph.* Here they are, in this book.  
*There turn to them*

*Faust.* Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets<sup>2</sup> of the heavens, that I might know their 180 motions and dispositions.

*Meph.* Here they are too.  
*Turn to them*

*Faust.* Nay, let me have one book more—and then I have done—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon the earth.

*Meph.* Here they be.

*Faust.* O, thou art deceived.

*Meph.* Tut, I warrant thee.  
*Turn to them. [Exeunt]*

<sup>1</sup> Queen of Sheba.

<sup>2</sup> The characters of all the planets.



## [SCENE VI]

*Enter FAUSTUS in his Study, and  
MEPHISTOPHILIS*

*Faust.* When I behold the heavens, then  
I repent,  
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,  
Because thou hast deprived me of those  
joys.

*Meph.* Why, Faustus,  
Think'st thou heaven is such a glorious  
thing?

I tell thee 'tis not half so fair as thou,  
Or any man that breathes on earth.

*Faust.* How prov'st thou that?

*Meph.* 'Twas made for man, therefore is  
man more excellent.

*Faust.* If it were made for man, 'twas  
made for me; 10

I will renounce this magic and repent.

*Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel*

*G. Ang.* Faustus, repent; yet God will  
pity thee.

*E. Ang.* Thou art a spirit; God cannot  
pity thee.

*Faust.* Who buzzeth in my ears I am a  
spirit?

Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;  
Ay, God will pity me if I repent.

*E. Ang.* Ay, but Faustus never shall re-  
pent. *Exeunt [Angels]*

*Faust.* My heart's so hardened I cannot  
repent.

Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or  
heaven,

But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears 20  
"Faustus, thou art damned!" Then swords  
and knives,

Poison, gun, halters, and envenomed steel  
Are laid before me to dispatch myself,  
And long ere this I should have slain my-  
self,

Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep  
despair.

Have not I made blind Homer sing to me  
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?  
And hath not he that built the walls of  
Thebes <sup>1</sup>

With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,  
Made music with my Mephistophilis? 30

<sup>1</sup> Amphion.

Why should I die then, or basely despair?  
I am resolved: Faustus shall ne'er repent—  
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,  
And argue of divine astrology.  
Tell me, are there many heavens above the  
moon?

Are all celestial bodies but one globe,  
As is the substance of this centric earth? <sup>1</sup>

*Meph.* As are the elements, such are the  
spheres

Mutually folded in each other's orb,  
And, Faustus, 40

All jointly move upon one axle-tree  
Whose terminine <sup>2</sup> is termed the world's  
wide pole;

Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or  
Jupiter

Feigned, but are erring stars.

*Faust.* But tell me, have they all one  
motion both, *situ et tempore*? <sup>3</sup>

*Meph.* All jointly move from east to west  
in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the  
world; but differ in their motion upon the  
poles of the zodiac. 50

*Faust.* Tush!  
These slender trifles Wagner can decide;  
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?  
Who knows not the double motion of the  
planets?

The first is finished in a natural day;  
The second thus: as Saturn in thirty years;  
Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun,  
Venus, and Mercury in a year; the moon  
in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are  
freshmen's suppositions. But tell me, 60  
hath every sphere a dominion or *intelli-*  
*gentia*?

*Meph.* Ay.

*Faust.* How many heavens, or spheres, are  
there?

*Meph.* Nine: the seven planets, the  
firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

*Faust.* Well, resolve me in this question:  
Why have we not conjunctions, oppositions,  
aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in 70  
some years we have more, in some less?

*Meph.* *Per inaequalem motum respectu  
totius.* <sup>4</sup>

*Faust.* Well, I am answered. Tell me  
who made the world.

<sup>1</sup> According to the old Ptolemaic astronomy.

<sup>2</sup> Extremity.

<sup>3</sup> In direction and in time.

<sup>4</sup> Because of their unequal motion with respect to  
the whole.



*Meph.* I will not.

*Faust.* Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

*Meph.* Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

*Faust.* Villain, have I not bound thee <sup>80</sup> to tell me anything?

*Meph.* Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

*Faust.* Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

*Meph.* Remember this.<sup>1</sup> [Exit

*Faust.* Ay, go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell. 'Tis thou hast damned distressèd Faustus' soul.

Is't not too late?

*Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel*

*E. Ang.* Too late. <sup>90</sup>

*G. Ang.* Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

*E. Ang.* If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

*G. Ang.* Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. *Exeunt* [Angels]

*Faust.* Ah, Christ my Saviour,  
Seek to save distressèd Faustus' soul!

*Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS*

*Luc.* Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just;  
There's none but I have interest in the same.

*Faust.* O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

*Luc.* I am Lucifer,  
And this is my companion-prince in hell. <sup>100</sup>

*Faust.* O Faustus! they are come to fetch away thy soul!

*Luc.* We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;  
Thou talk'st of Christ contrary to thy promise;

Thou should'st not think of God: think of the Devil.

*Belz.* And his dam, too.

*Faust.* Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,  
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,  
Never to name God, or to pray to him,

<sup>1</sup> I.e. that thou art damned.

To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,  
And make my spirits pull his churches  
down. <sup>110</sup>

*Luc.* Do so and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

*Faust.* That sight will be as pleasing unto me,  
As Paradise was to Adam the first day  
Of his creation.

*Luc.* Talk not of Paradise nor creation, but mark this show: talk of the Devil, <sup>120</sup> and nothing else: come away!

*Enter the Seven Deadly Sins*

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

*Faust.* What art thou—the first?

*Pride.* I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea:<sup>1</sup> I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon her brow; or like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed I do—what do I not? But, fie, <sup>130</sup> what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

*Faust.* What art thou—the second?

*Covet.* I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl in an old leathern bag; and, might I have my wish, I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. O, my sweet gold! <sup>140</sup>

*Faust.* What art thou—the third?

*Wrath.* I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half an hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case<sup>2</sup> of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

*Faust.* What art thou—the fourth? <sup>150</sup>

*Envy.* I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O, that there would come a famine through all the world,

<sup>1</sup> A lascivious poem really of the Middle Ages.

<sup>2</sup> Pair.



that all might die, and I live alone! then thou should'st see how fat I would be. But must thou sit and I stand! Come down with a vengeance!

*Faust.* Away, envious rascal! What art thou—the fifth?

*Glut.* Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers<sup>1</sup>—a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! My grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother was a Hogshead of Claret wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring, and Martin Martlemas-beef;<sup>2</sup> O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

*Faust.* No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

*Glut.* Then the Devil choke thee!

*Faust.* Choke thyself, glutton! Who art thou—the sixth?

*Sloth.* I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

*Faust.* What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

*Lechery.* Who, I, sir? I am the one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stock-fish;<sup>3</sup> and the first letter of my name begins with L.<sup>4</sup>

*Luc.* Away to hell, to hell! *Exeunt the Sins.* Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

*Faust.* O, this feeds my soul!

*Luc.* Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

*Faust.* O, might I see hell, and return again,

How happy were I then!

*Luc.* Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight.

In meantime take this book; peruse it thoroughly,

<sup>1</sup> Refreshment between meals.

<sup>2</sup> Salt dried beef.

<sup>3</sup> Dried codfish.

<sup>4</sup> Qq. read *Lechery*.

And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

*Faust.* Great thanks, mighty Lucifer! This will I keep as chary as my life.

*Luc.* Farewell, Faustus, and think on the Devil.

*Faust.* Farewell, great Lucifer! Come, Mephistophilis.

*Exeunt omnes*

*Enter WAGNER solus*<sup>1</sup>

*Wag.* Learned Faustus,  
To know the secrets of astronomy,  
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,  
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,  
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,  
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.

He now is gone to prove cosmography,  
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,  
To see the Pope and manner of his court,  
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,  
That to this day<sup>2</sup> is highly solemnized.

*Exit Wagner*

## [SCENE VII]

[*The Privy-Chamber of the Pope*]

*Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS*

*Faust.* Having now, my good Mephistophilis,  
Passed with delight the stately town of Trier,<sup>3</sup>  
Environed round with airy mountain tops,  
With walls of flint, and deep entrenched lakes,  
Not to be won by any conquering prince;  
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,  
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,  
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;  
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,  
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,  
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick,  
Quarter the town in four equivalents:

<sup>1</sup> Later editions assign this passage to the Chorus and insert thirteen lines.

<sup>2</sup> Today.

<sup>3</sup> Treves.



There saw we learned Maro's<sup>1</sup> golden tomb,  
The way he cut, an English mile in length,  
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's  
space;

From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,  
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,  
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top.  
Thus hitherto has Faustus spent his time:  
But tell me, now, what resting-place is this?  
Hast thou, as erst I did command, <sup>21</sup>  
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

*Meph.* Faustus, I have; and because we  
will not be unprovided, I have taken up his  
Holiness' privy chamber for our use.

*Faust.* I hope his Holiness will bid us  
welcome.

*Meph.* Tut, 'tis no matter, man, we'll be  
bold with his good cheer.

And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st per-  
ceive <sup>30</sup>

What Rome containeth to delight thee with,  
Know that this city stands upon seven hills  
That underprop the groundwork of the  
same:

Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's  
stream,

With winding banks that cut it in two parts:  
Over the which four stately bridges lean,  
That make safe passage to each part of  
Rome:

Upon the bridge called Ponte Angelo  
Erected is a castle passing strong,  
Within whose walls such store of ordnance  
are, <sup>40</sup>

And double cannons<sup>2</sup> framed of carved  
brass,

As match the days within one complete  
year;

Besides the gates, and high pyramides,<sup>3</sup>  
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

*Faust.* Now, by the kingdoms of infernal  
rule,

Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake  
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear  
That I do long to see the monuments  
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:  
Come, therefore, let's away. <sup>50</sup>

*Meph.* Nay, Faustus, stay; I know you'd  
fain see the Pope,  
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,

<sup>1</sup> Virgil, who was reputed a magician, was buried  
at Naples.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps merely large cannon.

<sup>3</sup> Pronounced in four syllables.

Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate  
friars,

Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

*Faust.* Well, I'm content to compass them  
some sport,

And by their folly make us merriment.  
Then charm me, Mephistophilis, that I  
May be invisible, to do what I please  
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS charms him]

*Meph.* So, Faustus, now <sup>60</sup>  
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be dis-  
cerned.

*Sound a sennet.<sup>1</sup> Enter*  
*the POPE and the CARDINAL of LORRAIN to*  
*the banquet, with Friars attending*

*Pope.* My Lord of Lorrain, wilt please  
you draw near?

*Faust.* Fall to, and the devil choke you  
an<sup>2</sup> you spare!

*Pope.* How now! Who's that which  
spake?—Friars, look about.

*Friar.* Here's nobody, if it like your Holi-  
ness.

*Pope.* My lord, here is a dainty dish <sup>70</sup>  
was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

*Faust.* I thank you, sir. *Snatches it*

*Pope.* How now! Who's that which  
snatched the meat from me? Will no man  
look? My Lord, this dish was sent me  
from the Cardinal of Florence.

*Faust.* You say true; I'll ha't.

[*Snatches the dish*]

*Pope.* What, again! My lord, I'll drink  
to your grace.

*Faust.* I'll pledge your grace. <sup>80</sup>

[*Snatches the cup*]

*C. of Lor.* My lord, it may be some ghost  
newly crept out of purgatory, come to beg  
a pardon of your Holiness.

*Pope.* It may be so. Friars, prepare a  
dirge to lay the fury of this ghost. Once  
again, my lord, fall to.

*The POPE crosseth himself*

*Faust.* What, are you crossing of yourself?  
Well, use that trick no more I would advise  
you.

*Cross again*

Well, there's the second time. Aware the  
third,

<sup>1</sup> The sounding of a series of notes on the trumpet  
to denote a particular person.

<sup>2</sup> If.



I give you fair warning. 90

*Cross again, and FAUSTUS hits him a box of the ear; and they all run away*  
Come on, Mephistophilis, what shall we do?

*Meph.* Nay, I know not. We shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

*Faust.* How! bell, book, and candle—  
candle, book, and bell,  
Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell!

Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,  
Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

*Enter all the Friars to sing the Dirge*

*Friar.* Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion. *Sing this*  
Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table! *Maledicat Dominus!*<sup>1</sup> 100

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! *Maledicat Dominus! Et omnes sancti! Amen!*

[MEPHISTOPHILIS  
and FAUSTUS]

*beat the Friars, and sling fireworks among them: and so exeunt*

*Enter CHORUS*

*Chorus.* When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view  
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,  
He stayed his course, and so returned home;  
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,

I mean his friends, and near'st companions,  
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,  
And in their conference of what befell,  
Touching his journey through the world  
and air,

They put forth questions of astrology,  
Which Faustus answered with such learned skill,

As they admired and wondered at his wit.

<sup>1</sup> The Lord curse him!

Now is his fame spread forth in every land;  
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,  
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now  
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.  
What there he did in trial of his art,  
I leave untold—your eyes shall see performed. *Exit*

[SCENE VIII]

[An Inn-yard]

*Enter ROBIN the Ostler with a book in his hand*

*Robin.* Oh, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring books, and i' faith I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, stark-naked before me; and so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet.

*Enter RAFE calling ROBIN*

*Rafe.* Robin, prithee, come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and <sup>10</sup> he would have his things rubbed and made clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out; prithee, come away.

*Robin.* Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up; you are dismembered, Rafe: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

*Rafe.* Come, what dost thou with that same book? Thou can'st not read. 20

*Robin.* Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she for her private study; she's born to bear with me, or else my art fails.

*Rafe.* Why, Robin, what book is that?

*Robin.* What book! Why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

*Rafe.* Can'st thou conjure with it?

*Robin.* I can do all these things easily <sup>30</sup> with it; first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras<sup>1</sup> at any tavern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

*Rafe.* Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

<sup>1</sup> A sweetened wine.



*Robin.* True, Rafe; and more, Rafe, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchen-maid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use as often as thou wilt, and at midnight. 40

*Rafe.* O brave Robin, shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condition I'd feed thy devil with horse-bread as long as he lives, of free cost.

*Robin.* No more, sweet Rafe: let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name. *Exeunt*

## [SCENE IX]

[The Same]

*Enter ROBIN and RAPE with a silver goblet*

*Robin.* Come, Rafe, did not I tell thee we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? *ecce signum*, here's a simple purchase<sup>1</sup> for horse-keepers; our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

*Rafe.* But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

*Robin.* Hush! I'll gull<sup>2</sup> him supernaturally.

*Enter Vintner*

Drawer, I hope all is paid: God be 10 with you; come, Rafe.

*Vint.* Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

*Robin.* I, a goblet, Rafe; I, a goblet! I scorn you, and you are but a, etc.<sup>3</sup> I, a goblet! search me.

*Vint.* I mean so, sir, with your favor. *[Searches him]*

*Robin.* How say you now?

*Vint.* I must say somewhat to your 20 fellow. You, sir!

*Rafe.* Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. *[Vintner searches him.]* Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

*Vint.* Well, t'one<sup>4</sup> of you hath this goblet about you.

<sup>1</sup> Gain.

<sup>2</sup> Fool.

<sup>3</sup> The abuse is extempore.

<sup>4</sup> The one.

*Robin.* You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me. *[Aside]*—Sirrah you, I'll teach you to impeach honest men—stand by—I'll scour 30 you for a goblet!—stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub.—Look to the goblet, Rafe.

*[Aside to RAPE]*

*Vint.* What mean you, sirrah?

*Robin.* I'll tell you what I mean. *[Reads from a book]* *Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon*—nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner.—Look to the goblet, Rafe. *[Aside to RAPE]*

*[Reads]* *Polypragmos Belseborams framento pacostiphos tostus, Mephistophilis,* 40 *etc.*

*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, sets squibs at their backs, and then exit. They run about*

*Vint.* O nomine Domini! what meanest thou Robin? thou hast no goblet.

*Rafe.* *Peccatum peccatorum.*<sup>1</sup> Here's thy goblet, good Vintner.

*[Gives the goblet to Vintner, who exit]*

*Robin.* *Misericordia pro nobis!* What shall I do? Good Devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

*Enter to them MEPHISTOPHILIS*

*Meph.* Monarch of hell, under whose black survey

Great potentates do kneel with awful fear, 60  
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,  
How am I vexèd with these villains' charms?  
From Constantinople am I hither come  
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves.

*Robin.* How from Constantinople? You have had a great journey: will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and begone?

*Meph.* Well, villains, for your presumption I transform thee into an ape, and 60 thee into a dog; and so begone.

*Exit*

*Robin.* How, into an ape; that's brave! I'll have fine sport with the boys. I'll get nuts and apples enow.

*Rafe.* And I must be a dog.

*Robin.* I'faith thy head will never be out of the pottage pot. *Exeunt*

<sup>1</sup> Sin of sins.



## [SCENE X]

## [The Court]

*Enter* EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, and a Knight  
with Attendants

*Emp.* Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic; they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported; and here I swear to thee by the honor of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

*Knight.* I'faith he looks much like a conjuror. *Aside*

*Faust.* My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable<sup>1</sup> to the honor of your imperial majesty, yet for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

*Emp.* Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

As I was sometimes solitary set  
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose  
About the honor of mine ancestors,  
How they had won by prowess such exploits,  
Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms  
As<sup>2</sup> we that do succeed, or they that shall  
Hereafter possess our throne, shall  
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree  
Of high renown and great authority;  
Amongst which kings is Alexander the  
Great,  
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,  
The bright shining of whose glorious acts  
Lightens the world with his<sup>3</sup> reflecting  
beams,  
As<sup>4</sup> when I hear but motion<sup>5</sup> made of him

<sup>1</sup> In no wise equal to.

<sup>2</sup> Its.

<sup>3</sup> That.

<sup>4</sup> So that.

<sup>5</sup> Mention.

It grieves my soul I never saw the man. <sup>60</sup>  
If therefore thou by cunning of thine art  
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults  
below,

Where lies entombed this famous conqueror,  
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,  
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire

They used to wear during their time of life,

Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,  
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

*Faust.* My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request so far forth as <sup>65</sup> by art, and power of my spirit, I am able to perform.

*Knight.* I'faith that's just nothing at all. *Aside*

*Faust.* But, if it like your grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

*Knight.* Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you <sup>70</sup> will confess the truth. *Aside*

*Faust.* But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your grace in that manner that they best lived in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

*Emp.* Go to, Master Doctor, let me see them presently.<sup>1</sup> <sup>75</sup>

*Knight.* Do you hear, Master Doctor? You bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

*Faust.* How then, sir?

*Knight.* I'faith that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag!

*Faust.* No, sir, but when Actæon died, he left the horns for you. Mephistophilis, begone. *Exit* MEPH.

*Knight.* Nay an<sup>2</sup> you go to conjuring, <sup>80</sup> I'll begone. *Exit* Knight

*Faust.* I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so. Here they are, my gracious lord.

<sup>1</sup> At once.

<sup>2</sup> If.



*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with [Spirits in the shape of] ALEXANDER and his Paramour*

*Emp.* Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she lived had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

*Faust.* Your highness may boldly go and see.

*Emp.* Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes. *[Exeunt Spirits]*

*Faust.* Will't please your highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

*Emp.* One of you call him forth!  
*[Exit Attendant]*

*Enter the Knight with a pair of horns on his head*

How now, sir knight! why I had thought thou had'st been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head.

*Knight.* Thou damnèd wretch and execrable dog,  
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,

How darest thou thus abuse a gentleman? Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

*Faust.* O, not so fast, sir; there's no haste; but, good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

*Emp.* Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him; he hath done penance sufficient.

*Faust.* My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which, being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns: and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars. Mephistophilis, transform him straight. *[MEPHISTOPHILIS removes the horns]* Now, my good lord, having done my duty I humbly take my leave.

*Emp.* Farewell, Master Doctor; yet, ere you go,

Expect from me a bounteous reward.

*Exit Emperor*

## [SCENE XI]

*[A Green, then FAUSTUS' house  
Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS]*

*Faust.* Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course

That Time doth run with calm and silent foot,

Shortening my days and thread of vital life,  
Calls for the payment of my latest years:

Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us  
Make haste to Wittenberg.

*Meph.* What, will you go on horse-back or on foot?

*Faust.* Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,  
I'll walk on foot.

*Enter a Horse-Courser*

*Horse-C.* I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian: mass, see where he is! God save you, Master Doctor!

*Faust.* What, Horse-Courser! You are well met.

*Horse-C.* Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

*Faust.* I cannot sell him so: if thou likest him for fifty, take him.

*Horse-C.* Alas, sir, I have no more.—I pray you speak for me.

*Meph.* I pray you let him have him: he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

*Faust.* Well, come, give me your money. *[Horse-Courser gives FAUSTUS the money]* My boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water at any hand.<sup>1</sup>

*Horse-C.* Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

*Faust.* O, yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

*Horse-C.* Well, sir.—Now am I made man<sup>2</sup> for ever: I'll not leave my horse for twice forty: if he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him: he has a buttock as

<sup>1</sup> Under any circumstances.

<sup>2</sup> A made man.



slick as an eel. [*Aside*] Well, God buy, <sup>40</sup> sir, your boy will deliver him me: but hark you, sir; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, if I bring his water to you, you'll tell me what it is?

*Faust.* Away, you villain; what, dost think I am a horse-doctor?

*Exit Horse-Courser*

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemned to die?

Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;  
Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts:

Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:  
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the cross;

Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

*Sleep in his chair*

*Re-enter Horse-Courser, all wet, crying*

*Horse-C.* Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian quotha? Mass, Doctor Lopus<sup>1</sup> was never such a doctor. Has given me a purgation has purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water. Now I, thinking my horse had had some <sup>60</sup> rare quality that he would not have had me known of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle<sup>2</sup> of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my Doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse!<sup>3</sup>—O, yonder is his snipper-snapper.—Do you <sup>70</sup> hear? you hey-pass, where's your master?

*Meph.* Why, sir, what would you? You cannot speak with him.

*Horse-C.* But I will speak with him.

*Meph.* Why, he's fast asleep. Come some other time.

*Horse-C.* I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass windows about his ears.

*Meph.* I tell thee he has not slept this eight nights.

*Horse-C.* An he have not slept this eight weeks I'll speak with him.

<sup>1</sup> This allusion to Dr. Lopez, hanged on the charge of conspiracy to murder Elizabeth, in 1594, is not Marlowe's.

<sup>2</sup> Bundle.

<sup>3</sup> I.e. to him.

*Meph.* See where he is, fast asleep.

*Horse-C.* Ay, this is he. God save you, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian!—Forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

*Meph.* Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

*Horse-C.* So-ho, ho!—so-ho ho! (*Hol-<sup>80</sup> low in his ear*) No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. (*Pull him by the leg, and pull it away*) Alas, I am undone! What shall I do?

*Faust.* O, my leg, my leg! Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers. My leg, my leg!

*Meph.* Come, villain, to the constable.

*Horse-C.* O lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more.

*Meph.* Where be they?

*Horse-C.* I have none about me. Come to my ostry<sup>1</sup> and I'll give them you.

*Meph.* Begone quickly.

*Horse-Courser runs away*

*Faust.* What, is he gone? Farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labor. Well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

*Enter WAGNER*

How now, Wagner, what's the news with thee?

*Wag.* Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

*Faust.* The Duke of Vanholt! an honorable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him.

*Exeunt*

## [SCENE XII]

[*Court of the Duke*]

*Enter the DUKE and the DUCHESS,  
[FAUSTUS, and MEPHISTOPHILIS]*

*Duke.* Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

*Faust.* My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for some dainties or other: what is it, madam? tell me, and you shall have it.

<sup>1</sup> Inn, ostlery.



*Duchess.* Thanks, good Master Doctor; and for I see your courteous intent to <sup>10</sup> pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

*Faust.* Alas, madam, that's nothing! Mephistophilis, begone. [*Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS*] Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with the grapes*

Here they be, madam; wilt please you <sup>20</sup> taste on them?

*Duke.* Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

*Faust.* If it like your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, <sup>30</sup> as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the East; and by means of a swift spirit that I have I had them brought hither, as you see.—How do you like them, madam; be they good?

*Duchess.* Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.

*Faust.* I am glad they content you so, madam. <sup>40</sup>

*Duke.* Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath showed to you.

*Duchess.* And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

*Faust.* I humbly thank your grace.

*Duke.* Come, Master Doctor, follow us and receive your reward. *Exeunt*

### [SCENE XIII]

[*FAUSTUS' Study*]

*Enter WAGNER solus*

*Wag.* I think my master means to die shortly,  
For he hath given to me all his goods;

And yet, methinks, if that death were [so] near,

He would not banquet, and carouse and swill

Amongst the students, as even now he doth, Who are at supper with such belly-cheer

As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life. See where they come! belike the feast is ended.

*Enter FAUSTUS, with two or three Scholars [and MEPHISTOPHILIS]*

*1 Schol.* Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which <sup>10</sup> was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favor, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

*Faust.* Gentlemen,  
For that I know your friendship is un-  
feignèd, <sup>20</sup>

And Faustus' custom is not to deny  
The just requests of those that wish him  
well,

You shall behold that peerless dame of  
Greece,

No otherways for pomp and majesty,  
Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with  
her,

And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.  
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

*Music sounds and HELEN  
passeth over the stage*

*2 Schol.* Too simple is my wit to tell her  
praise,

Whom all the world admires for majesty.

*3 Schol.* No marvel though the angry  
Greeks pursued <sup>30</sup>

With ten years' war the rape of such a  
queen,

Whose heavenly beauty passeth all com-  
pare.

*1 Schol.* Since we have seen the pride of  
Nature's works,  
And only paragon of excellence,

*Enter an Old Man*

Let us depart; and for this glorious deed  
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.



*Faust.* Gentlemen, farewell—the same I wish to you.

*Exeunt Scholars [and WAGNER]*

*Old Man.* Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail  
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,  
By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal

That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!  
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,

Tears falling from repentant heaviness  
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,  
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul  
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins  
As no commiseration may expel,  
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,  
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

*Faust.* Where art thou, Faustus? wretch,  
what hast thou done?

Damned art thou, Faustus, damned; despair  
and die!

Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice  
Says "Faustus! come! thine hour is [almost]  
come!"

And Faustus now will come to do thee  
right.

*MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dagger*

*Old Man.* Ah stay, good Faustus, stay thy  
desperate steps!

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,  
And, with a vial full of precious grace,  
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:  
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

*Faust.* Ah, my sweet friend, I feel  
Thy words do comfort my distressed soul.  
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

*Old Man* I go, sweet Faustus, but with  
heavy cheer,  
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul.

*[Exit]*

*Faust.* Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy  
now?

I do repent; and yet I do despair;  
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my  
breast:

What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

*Meph.* Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy  
soul

For disobedience to my sovereign lord;  
Revolt,<sup>1</sup> or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

<sup>1</sup> Turn back from repentance.

*Faust.* Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy  
lord

To pardon my unjust presumption.  
And with my blood again I will confirm  
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

*Meph.* Do it then quickly, with un-  
feignèd heart,  
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

*[FAUSTUS stabs his  
arm and writes on a paper with his blood]*

*Faust.* Torment, sweet friend, that base  
and crookèd age,<sup>2</sup>

That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,  
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

*Meph.* His faith is great: I cannot touch  
his soul;

But what I may afflict his body with  
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

*Faust.* One thing, good servant, let me  
crave of thee,

To glut the longing of my heart's desire—  
That I might have unto my paramour  
That heavenly Helen, which I saw of late,  
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish  
clean

These thoughts that do dissuade me from  
my vow,

And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

*Meph.* Faustus, this or what else thou  
shalt desire

Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

*Enter HELEN*

*Faust.* Was this the face that launched a  
thousand ships

And burnt the topless<sup>2</sup> towers of Ilium?  
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

*[Kisses her]*

Her lips suck<sup>3</sup> forth my soul; see where it  
flies!—

Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.  
Here will I dwell, for heaven be in these  
lips,

And all is dross that is not Helena.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,  
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sacked;

And I will combat with weak Menelaus,

And wear thy colors on my plumèd crest:

Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,

And then return to Helen for a kiss.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;

<sup>1</sup> The old man.

<sup>2</sup> Tallest.

<sup>3</sup> Q. reads sucks.



Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter  
When he appeared to hapless Semele:  
More lovely than the monarch of the sky <sup>110</sup>  
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms: <sup>1</sup>  
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

*Exeunt*

*Enter the Old Man*

*Old Man.* Accursèd Faustus, miserable  
man,  
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of  
heaven,  
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

*Enter Devils*

Satan begins to sift <sup>2</sup> me with his pride:  
As in this furnace <sup>3</sup> God shall try my faith,  
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.  
Ambitious fiends! see how the heavens smile  
At your repulse, and laughs your state to  
scorn! <sup>120</sup>  
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

*Exeunt*

#### [SCENE XIV]

[*The Same*]

*Enter FAUSTUS with the Scholars*

*Faust.* Ah, gentlemen!

<sup>1</sup> *Schol.* What ails Faustus?

*Faust.* Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had  
I lived with thee, then had I lived still!  
but now I die eternally. Look, comes he  
not, comes he not?

<sup>2</sup> *Schol.* What means Faustus?

<sup>3</sup> *Schol.* Belike he is grown into some  
sickness by being over solitary.

<sup>1</sup> *Schol.* If it be so, we'll have physi- <sup>10</sup>  
cians to cure him. 'Tis but a surfeit. Never  
fear, man.

*Faustus.* A surfeit of deadly sin that hath  
damned both body and soul.

<sup>2</sup> *Schol.* Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven:  
remember God's mercies are infinite.

*Faust.* But Faustus' offence can ne'er be  
pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve  
may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gen-  
tlemen, hear me with patience, and <sup>20</sup>  
tremble not at my speeches! Though my

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps: more lovely than the blue sky mirrored  
in a spring.

<sup>2</sup> See *Luke*, xxii, 31.

<sup>3</sup> Suggested by *Daniel*, iii.

heart pants and quivers to remember that  
I have been a student here these thirty  
years, O, would I had never seen Witten-  
berg, never read book! And what wonders  
I have done, all Germany can witness, yea,  
all the world; for which Faustus hath lost  
both Germany and the world, yea heaven  
itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne  
of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and <sup>30</sup>  
must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell,  
for ever! Sweet friends! what shall become  
of Faustus being in hell for ever?

<sup>3</sup> *Schol.* Yet, Faustus, call on God.

*Faust.* On God, whom Faustus hath ab-  
jured! on God, whom Faustus hath blas-  
phemed! Ah, my God, I would weep, but  
the Devil draws in my tears. Gush forth  
blood instead of tears! Yea, life and soul!  
O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up <sup>40</sup>  
my hands, but see, they hold them, they  
hold them!

*All.* Who, Faustus?

*Faust.* Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah,  
gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my  
cunning! <sup>1</sup>

*All.* God forbid!

*Faust.* God forbade it indeed; but Faus-  
tus hath done it: for vain pleasure of  
twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eter- <sup>50</sup>  
nal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill <sup>2</sup>  
with mine own blood: the date is expired;  
the time will come, and he will fetch me.

<sup>1</sup> *Schol.* Why did not Faustus tell us of  
this before, that divines might have prayed  
for thee?

*Faust.* Oft have I thought to have done  
so: but the Devil threatened to tear me in  
pieces if I named God; to fetch both body  
and soul if I once gave ear to divinity: <sup>60</sup>  
and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away!  
lest you perish with me.

<sup>2</sup> *Schol.* O, what shall we do to [save]  
Faustus?

*Faust.* Talk not of me, but save your-  
selves, and depart.

<sup>3</sup> *Schol.* God will strengthen me. I will  
stay with Faustus.

<sup>1</sup> *Schol.* Tempt not God, sweet friend;  
but let us into the next room, and there <sup>70</sup>  
pray for him.

*Faust.* Ay, pray for me, pray for me! and  
what noise soever ye hear, come not unto  
me, for nothing can rescue me.

<sup>1</sup> Learning.

<sup>2</sup> I sealed a deed.



2 *Schol.* Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

*Faust.* Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning I'll visit you: if not—Faustus is gone to hell.

*All.* Faustus, farewell.

*Excunt Scholars*

*The clock strikes eleven*

*Faust.* Ah, Faustus,  
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,  
And then thou must be damned perpetually!  
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of  
heaven,

That time may cease, and midnight never  
come;

Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make  
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but

A year, a month, a week, a natural day,  
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!

*O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!*<sup>1</sup>

The stars move still,<sup>2</sup> time runs, the clock  
will strike,

The Devil will come, and Faustus must be  
damned.

Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me  
down?

See, see where Christ's blood streams in the  
firmament!

One drop would save my soul—half a drop:  
ah, my Christ!

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my  
Christ!

Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Luci-  
fer!—

Where is it now? 'tis gone; and see where  
God

Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful  
brows!

Mountain and hills come, come and fall on  
me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!  
No! no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth;  
Earth gape! O, no, it will not harbor me!

You stars that reigned at my nativity,  
Whose influence hath allotted death and  
hell,

Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist  
Into the entrails of yon laboring clouds,  
That when you vomit forth into the air,

<sup>1</sup> Gently, gently run, ye horses of the night. Ovid, *Amores*, i, 13.

<sup>2</sup> Ever.

My limbs may issue from their smoky  
mouths,

So that my soul may but ascend to heaven,

*The watch strikes [the half hour]*

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past  
anon!

O God!

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,  
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ran-  
somed me,

Impose some end to my incessant pain;  
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—

A hundred thousand, and—at last—be  
saved!

O, no end is limited to damnèd souls!

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?

Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis!<sup>1</sup> were  
that true,

This soul should fly from me, and I be  
changed

Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are  
happy,

For, when they die,  
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;

But mine must live, still<sup>2</sup> to be plagued in  
hell.

Curst be the parents that engendered me!

No, Faustus: curse thyself; curse Lucifer  
That hath deprived thee of the joys of  
heaven.

*The clock striketh twelve*

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to  
air,

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

*Thunder and lightning*

O soul, be changed into little water-drops,  
And fall into the ocean—ne'er be found.

My God! my God! look not so fierce on  
me!

*Enter Devils*

Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!

Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!

I'll burn my books!—Ah Mephistophilis!

*[Excunt with him]*

*Enter Chorus*

*Cho.* Cut is the branch that might have  
grown full straight,

<sup>1</sup> The doctrine of the transmigration of souls, ascribed to Pythagoras.

<sup>2</sup> Eternally.



And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough, <sup>140</sup>  
That sometime grew within this learnèd  
man.

Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,  
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise  
Only to wonder at<sup>1</sup> unlawful things,

<sup>1</sup> Merely to wonder at, not practise.

Whose deepness doth entice such forward  
wits

To practise more than heavenly power per-  
mits. *Exit*

*Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The hour ends the day. The author completes  
his work.



822.3

S 327

Schelling: Typical  
126 { Elizabethan Plays.

25'48 310

27'48 208

De 18'41 757

8'15 278

27'6/56 1360

17'6/65 012



# The troublefome

raigne and lamentable death of  
*Edward the fecond, King of*  
England: with the tragicall  
*fall of proud Mortimer:*

As it was fundrie times publicuely acted  
*in the honourable citie of London, by the*  
right honourable the Earle of Pem-  
*brooke his servants.*

*Written by Chri. Marlow Gent.*



Imprinted at London for *William Iane,*  
dwelling nere Holboune conduit at the  
*signe of the Game, 1594*



822.3

S32T

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

25'48 310

10'48 209

08'18 757

8'19 278

27<sup>6</sup>/56 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65- 012



Four quarto editions of *Edward II* survive: of 1594, 1598, 1612 and 1622. It seems that an earlier quarto, bearing date 1593, once existed (Tucker Brooke, *Marlowe*, 308); but it has perished. Except for *The Massacre at Paris*, *Edward II* is Marlowe's latest play. It was acted, as the title page of the quartos declare, by the Earl of Pembroke's men, and probably first in 1591 or in the earlier months of 1592. As Pembroke's men were Henslowe's rivals, no mention of Marlowe's tragedy occurs in the celebrated *Diary*; though it is not impossible that "*the Spencers*", for which £6 was paid, in March, 1589, to Chettle and Porter, may have had some relation to Marlowe's play. In September, 1602, Henslowe expended money on properties for "the play of Mortymore." And there is a small fragment of *The Fall of Mortimer* in the Jonson folio of 1641. The text follows that of the quarto of 1594, which is not only the best for this play, but the fullest and clearest of any of Marlowe's. As "the best preserved of the poet's tragedies," for its place in the history of the chronicle play, and for its direct inspiration of Shakespeare, Marlowe's *Edward II* demands attention. It was *Edward II* that first found print, after two editions of *Tamburlaine*, in the lifetime of the author.



## [PERSONS IN THE PLAY

PIERS GAVESTON, *Favorite of the King*  
 KING EDWARD II  
 EARL OF LANCASTER  
 MORTIMER SENIOR  
 ROGER MORTIMER, *his Nephew*  
 EDMUND, Earl of Kent, *the King's Brother*  
 GUY, Earl of Warwick  
 PEMBROKE  
 BISHOP OF COVENTRY  
 ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY  
 ISABELLA, *Edward's Queen*  
 BEAUMONT  
 SPENCER FILIUS, *"Earl of Gloucester"*  
 BALDOCK, *a Scholar*

A LADY, *Niece of King Edward*  
 LORD ARUNDEL  
 HUGH SPENCER, *"Earl of Wiltshire"*  
 LEVUNE, *a Frenchman*  
 PRINCE EDWARD, *later EDWARD III*  
 SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT  
 RICE AP HOWELL  
 LEICESTER  
 BISHOP OF WINCHESTER  
 TRUSSELL  
 BERKELEY  
 MATRAVIS  
 GURNEY  
 LIGHTBORN

} *Murderers*

Poor Men, Posts, Guards, Ladies, James and Servants, Herald, Abbot and Monks, Mower,  
 Soldiers, Champion, Lords.

SCENE: London, Westminster; Tynemouth Castle, Boroughbridge, Harwich, Bristol, the  
 Abbey of Neath, Killingworth (Kenilworth), and the Vicinities of these; one scene  
 in Paris.]



# THE TROUBLESOME REIGN OF EDWARD THE SECOND

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

[ACT I, SCENE I]

[London, a Street]

*Enter GAVESTON, reading on a letter that was brought him from the King*

*Gav.* 'My father is deceased. Come, Gaveston,  
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.'

Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight!

What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston  
Than live and be the favourite of a king!  
Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy  
amorous lines

Might have enforced me to have swum  
from France,

And, like Alexander, gasped upon the sand,  
So thou would'st smile, and take me in thine  
arms.

The sight of London to my exiled eyes <sup>10</sup>  
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul;  
Not that I love the city, or the men,  
But that it harbors him I hold so dear—  
The king, upon whose bosom let me lie,<sup>1</sup>  
And with the world be still at enmity.

What need the arctic people love starlight,  
To whom the sun shines both by day and  
night?

Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!  
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.  
As for the multitude, that are but sparks, <sup>20</sup>  
Raked up in embers of their poverty;—

*Tanti;*<sup>2</sup> I'll fawn first on the wind  
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.  
But how now, what are these?

*Enter three Poor Men*

*Poor Men.* Such as desire your worship's  
service.

*Gav.* What canst thou do?

*1 P. M.* I can ride.

*Gav.* But I have no horses. What art  
thou?

*2 P. M.* A traveller.

*Gav.* Let me see—thou would'st do well <sup>30</sup>  
To wait at my trencher and tell me lies at  
dinner-time;

And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.  
And what art thou?

*3 P. M.* A soldier, that hath served  
against the Scot.

*Gav.* Why, there are hospitals for such  
as you;

I have no war, and therefore, sir, begone.

*3 P. M.* Farewell, and perish by a sol-  
dier's hand,

That would'st reward them with an hospital.

*Gav.* Ay, ay, these words of his move me  
as much

As if a goose should play the porpentine,<sup>1</sup> <sup>40</sup>  
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my  
breast.

But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;  
I'll flatter these, and make them live in  
hope. *[Aside]*

You know that I came lately out of France,  
And yet I have not viewed my lord the  
king;

If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

*All.* We thank your worship.

*Gav.* I have some business. Leave me to  
myself.

*All.* We will wait here about the court.  
*Exeunt*

*Gav.* Do. These are not men for me: <sup>50</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Q. reads *die*.

<sup>2</sup> So much for them.

<sup>1</sup> Porcupine.



I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,  
Musicians, that with touching of a string  
May draw the pliant king which way I  
please.

Music and poetry is his delight;  
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,  
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing  
shows;

And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,  
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be  
clad;

My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,  
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic  
hay.<sup>1</sup>

Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,  
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,  
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,  
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,  
To hide those parts which men delight to  
see,

Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard  
by,

One like Actæon peeping through the grove,  
Shall by the angry goddess be transformed,  
And running in the likeness of an hart  
By yelping hounds pulled down, and seem  
to die:

Such things as these best please his majesty.  
Here comes my lord the king, and the  
nobles

From the parliament. I'll stand aside.  
[Retires]

*Enter the KING, LANCASTER, MORTIMER  
Senior, MORTIMER Junior, EDMUND, Earl  
of Kent, GUY, Earl of Warwick,  
[PEMBROKE and Attendants]*

*Edw.* Lancaster!

*Lan.* My lord.

*Gav.* That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor.  
[Aside]

*Edw.* Will you not grant me this?—In  
spite of them

I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,  
That cross me thus, shall know I am dis-  
pleased. [Aside]

*E. Mor.* If you love us, my lord, hate  
Gaveston.

*Gav.* That villain Mortimer! I'll be his  
death. [Aside]

*Mor.* Mine uncle here, this earl, and  
I myself,

<sup>1</sup> A country dance.

Were sworn to your father at his death,  
That he should ne'er return into the realm:  
And know, my lord, ere I will break my  
oath,

This sword of mine, that should offend your  
foes,

Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,  
And underneath thy banners march who  
will,

For Mortimer will hang his armor up.

*Gav.* *Mort Dieu!* [Aside]

*Edw.* Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue  
these words.

Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?

Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?

The sword shall plane the furrows of thy  
brows,

And hew these knees that now are grown so  
stiff.

I will have Gaveston; and you shall know  
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.

*Gav.* Well done, Ned! [Aside]

*Lan.* My lord, why do you thus incense  
your peers,

That naturally would love and honor you,<sup>100</sup>  
But for that base and obscure Gaveston?

Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster—  
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester—

These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,  
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm;  
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.

*Kent.* Barons and earls, your pride hath  
made me mute;

But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.  
I do remember, in my father's days,

Lord Percy of the north, being highly  
moved,

Braved Moubery<sup>1</sup> in presence of the king;  
For which, had not his highness loved him  
well,

He should have lost his head; but with his  
look

The undaunted spirit of Percy was ap-  
peased,

And Moubery and he were reconciled.

Yet dare you brave the king unto his face.  
Brother,<sup>2</sup> revenge it, and let these their  
heads

Preach upon poles, for trespass of their  
tongues.

*War.* O, our heads!

<sup>1</sup> This old spelling for Mowbray indicates the pro-  
nunciation.

<sup>2</sup> Kent was half-brother to the king.



*Edw.* Ay, yours; and therefore I would wish you grant—<sup>120</sup>

*War.* Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.

*Mor.* I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak.—

Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,

And strike off his that makes you threaten us.

Come, uncle, let us leave the brainsick king,  
And henceforth parley with our naked swords.

*E. Mor.* Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.

*War.* All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.

*Lan.* And northward Gaveston hath many friends.<sup>1</sup>

Adieu, my lord; and either change your mind,<sup>130</sup>

Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,

To float in blood; and at thy wanton head,  
The glozing<sup>2</sup> head of thy base minion thrown.

*Exeunt Nobiles [except KING EDWARD, KENT, GAVESTON and Attendants]*

*Edw.* I cannot brook these haughty menaces;

Am I a king, and must be overruled?  
Brother, display my ensigns in the field;  
I'll bandy<sup>3</sup> with the barons and the earls,  
And either die or live with Gaveston.

*Gav.* I can no longer keep me from my lord. [*Comes forward*]

*Edw.* What, Gaveston! welcome!—Kiss not my hand—<sup>140</sup>

Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.

Why should'st thou kneel? know'st thou not who I am?

Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston!  
Not Hylas was more mourned of Hercules,  
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.

*Gav.* And since I went from hence, no soul in hell

Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

*Edw.* I know it.—Brother, welcome home my friend.

Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,

And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster: <sup>150</sup>  
I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight;  
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,  
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.

I here create thee Lord High Chamberlain,  
Chief Secretary to the state and me,  
Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man.

*Gav.* My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

*Kent.* Brother, the least of these may well suffice

For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

*Edw.* Cease, brother: for I cannot brook these words. <sup>160</sup>

Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,

Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart;  
If for these dignities thou be envied,  
I'll give thee more; for, but to honor thee,  
Is Edward pleased with kingly regiment.<sup>1</sup>

Fear'st thou thy person? <sup>2</sup> thou shalt have a guard:

Wantest thou gold? go to my treasury:  
Wouldst thou be loved and feared? receive my seal;

Save or condemn, and in our name command

Whatso thy mind affects, or fancy likes. <sup>170</sup>

*Gav.* It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,

Which whiles I have, I think myself as great

As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,  
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

*Enter the BISHOP OF COVENTRY*

*Edw.* Whither goes my lord of Coventry so fast?

*Bish.* To celebrate your father's exequies.  
But is that wicked Gaveston returned?

*Edw.* Ay, priest, and lives to be revenged on thee,

That wert the only cause of his exile.

*Gav.* 'Tis true; and but for reverence of these robes, <sup>180</sup>

Thou should'st not plod one foot beyond this place.

*Bish.* I did no more than I was bound to do;

And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaimed,  
As then I did incense the parliament,

<sup>1</sup> Rule.

<sup>2</sup> Fearest for thy safety.

<sup>1</sup> These two lines are ironical.

<sup>2</sup> Flattering.

<sup>3</sup> Contend.



So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

*Gav.* Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

*Edw.* Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,

And in the channel<sup>1</sup> christen him anew.

*Kent.* Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him!

For he'll complain unto the see of Rome. <sup>100</sup>

*Gav.* Let him complain unto the see of hell;

I'll be revenged on him for my exile.

*Edw.* No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods:

Be thou lord bishop and receive his rents, And make him serve thee as thy chaplain:

I give him thee—here, use him as thou wilt.

*Gav.* He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

*Edw.* Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.

*Bish.* For this offence, be thou accurst of God!

*Edw.* Who's there? Convey this priest to the Tower. <sup>200</sup>

*Bish.* True, true.

*Edw.* But, in the meantime, Gaveston, away,

And take possession of his house and goods. Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard

guard

To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

*Gav.* What should a priest do with so fair a house?

A prison may [best] beseem his holiness. *[Exeunt]*

## [SCENE II]

*[Westminster]*

*Enter [on one side] both the MORTIMERS; [on the other,] WARWICK and LANCASTER*

*War.* 'Tis true, the bishop is in the Tower, And goods and body given to Gaveston.

*Lan.* What! will they tyrannize upon the church?

Ah, wicked king! accursèd Gaveston! This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,

Shall be their timeless<sup>2</sup> sepulchre or mine.

*Mor.* Well, let that peevish<sup>3</sup> Frenchman guard him sure;

<sup>1</sup> Gutter.

<sup>2</sup> Untimely.

<sup>3</sup> Silly.

Unless his breast be sword-proof he shall die.

*E. Mor.* How now! why droops the Earl of Lancaster?

*Mor.* Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent? <sup>10</sup>

*Lan.* That villain Gaveston is made an earl.

*E. Mor.* An earl!

*War.* Ay, and besides Lord Chamberlain of the realm,

And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.

*E. Mor.* We may not, nor we will not suffer this.

*Mor.* Why post we not from hence to levy men?

*Lan.* "My Lord of Cornwall," now at every word!

And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes, For vailing of his bonnet,<sup>1</sup> one good look.

Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march: <sup>20</sup>

Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits;

And all the court begins to flatter him.

*War.* Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,

He nods and scorns and smiles at those that pass.

*E. Mor.* Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

*Lan.* All stomach<sup>2</sup> him, but none dare speak a word.

*Mor.* Ah, that bewrays<sup>3</sup> their baseness, Lancaster!

Were all the earls and barons of my mind, We'd hale him from the bosom of the king, And at the court-gate hang the peasant up, Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride, Will be the ruin of the realm and us. <sup>30</sup>

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY [and an Attendant]*

*War.* Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.

*Lan.* His countenance bewrays he is displeased.

*Arch.* First were his sacred garments rent and torn,

Then laid they violent hands upon him; next

<sup>1</sup> Taking off his hat as a mark of respect.

<sup>2</sup> Are angered at him.

<sup>3</sup> Betrays.



Himself imprisoned, and his goods asseized:  
This certify the Pope;—away, take horse.  
[Exit Attend.]

*Lan.* My lord, will you take arms against  
the king?

*Arch.* What need I? God himself is up  
in arms, 40

When violence is offered to the church.

*Mor.* Then will you join with us, that be  
his peers,

To banish or behead that Gaveston?

*Arch.* What else, my lords? for it con-  
cerns me near;

The bishopric of Coventry is his.

*Enter* QUEEN ISABELLA

*Mor.* Madam, whither walks your maj-  
esty so fast?

*Isab.* Unto the forest,<sup>1</sup> gentle Mortimer,  
To live in grief and baleful discontent;  
For now, my lord, the king regards me not,  
But dotes upon the love of Gaveston. 50  
He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his  
neck,

Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;  
And when I come he frowns, as who should  
say,

"Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaves-  
ton."

*E. Mor.* Is it not strange that he is thus  
bewitched?

*Mor.* Madam, return unto the court  
again.

That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,  
Or lose our lives; and yet, ere that day  
come,

The king shall lose his crown; for we have  
power,

And courage too, to be revenged at full. 60

*Arch.* But yet lift not your swords against  
the king.

*Lan.* No; but we will lift Gaveston from  
hence.

*War.* And war must be the means, or he'll  
stay still.<sup>2</sup>

*Isab.* Then let him stay; for rather than  
my lord

Shall be oppressed with civil mutinies,  
I will endure a melancholy life,

And let him frolic with his minion.

*Arch.* My lords, to ease all this, but hear  
me speak:

<sup>1</sup> Away from the world. <sup>2</sup> Forever.

We and the rest, that are his counsellors,  
Will meet, and with a general consent 70  
Confirm his banishment with our hands and  
seals.

*Lan.* What we confirm the king will frus-  
trate.

*Mor.* Then may we lawfully revolt from  
him.

*War.* But say, my lord, where shall this  
meeting be?

*Arch.* At the New Temple.

*Mor.* Content.

*Arch.* And, in the meantime, I'll entreat  
you all

To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with  
me.

*Lan.* Come then, let's away.

*Mor.* Madam, farewell! 80

*Isab.* Farewell, sweet Mortimer; and, for  
my sake,

Forbear to levy arms against the king.

*Mor.* Ay, if words will serve; if not, I  
must. Exeunt

### [SCENE III]

[London, a Street]

*Enter* GAVESTON and the EARL OF KENT.

*Gav.* Edmund, the mighty Prince of Lan-  
caster,

That both more earldoms than an ass can  
bear,

And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,  
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted  
knight,

Are gone towards Lambeth—there let them  
remain. [Exeunt]

### [SCENE IV]

[The New Temple]

*Enter* Nobles, LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEM-  
BROKE, the Elder MORTIMER, Young  
MORTIMER, the ARCHBISHOP OF  
CANTERBURY and Attendants]

*Lan.* Here is the form of Gaveston's  
exile:

May it please your lordship to subscribe  
your name.

*Arch.* Give me the paper.

[He subscribes, as do the others after him]



*Lan.* Quick, quick, my lord; I long to write my name.

*War.* But I long more to see him banished hence.

*Mor.* The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,  
Unless he be declined from that base peasant.

*Enter KING EDWARD, GAVESTON, [and KENT]*

*Edw.* What, are you moved that Gaveston sits here?

It is our pleasure; we will have it so.

*Lan.* Your grace doth well to place him by your side,

For nowhere else the new earl is so safe.

*E. Mor.* What man of noble birth can brook this sight?

*Quam male conveniunt!*<sup>1</sup>

See what a scornful look the peasant casts!

*Pem.* Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?

*War.* Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun!

*Mor.* Their downfall is at hand, their forces down:

We will not thus be faced and overpeered<sup>2</sup>

*Edw.* Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!

*E. Mor.* Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston!

*Kent.* Is this the duty that you owe your king?

*War.* We know our duties—let him know his peers.

*Edw.* Whither will you bear him? Stay, or ye shall die.

*E. Mor.* We are no traitors; therefore threaten not.

*Gav.* No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home!

Were I a king—

*Mor.* Thou villain, wherefore talk'st thou of a king,

That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

*Edw.* Were he a peasant, being my minion,

I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.

*Lan.* My lord, you may not thus disparage us.—

Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston!

<sup>1</sup> How ill they agree!

<sup>2</sup> Outrivalled.

*E. Mor.* And with the Earl of Kent that favors him.

[Attendants *remove* KENT and GAVESTON]

*Edw.* Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king,

Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne:

Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown:

Was ever king thus overruled as I?

*Lan.* Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.

*Mor.* What we have done, our heart-blood shall maintain.

*War.* Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?

*Edw.* Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

*Arch.* Why are you moved? be patient,<sup>1</sup> my lord,

And see what we your counsellors have done.

*Mor.* My lords, now let us all be resolute, And either have our wills, or lose our lives.

*Edw.* Meet you for this, proud over-daring peers?

Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me, This isle shall fleet<sup>2</sup> upon the ocean,

And wander to the unfrequented Inde.

*Arch.* You know that I am legate to the Pope;

On your allegiance to the see of Rome, Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.

*Mor.* Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we

Depose him and elect another king.

*Edw.* Ay, there it goes! but yet I will not yield:

Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

*Lan.* Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.

*Arch.* Remember how the bishop was abused!

Either banish him that was the cause thereof,

Or I will presently discharge these lords Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

*Edw.* It boots me not to threat—I must speak fair: [Aside]

The legate of the Pope will be obeyed.

My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm;

Thou, Lancaster, High Admiral of our fleet;

<sup>1</sup> Trisyllabic.

<sup>2</sup> Float.



Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;

And you, Lord Warwick, President of the North;

And thou of Wales. If this content you not,  
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy, <sup>70</sup>  
And share it equally amongst you all,  
So I may have some nook or corner left,  
To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.

*Arch.* Nothing shall alter us—we are resolved.

*Lan.* Come, come, subscribe.

*Mor.* Why should you love him whom the world hates so?

*Edw.* Because he loves me more than all the world.

Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men  
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston;

You that be noble-born should pity him. <sup>80</sup>

*War.* You that are princely-born should shake him off:

For shame subscribe, and let the lown<sup>1</sup> depart.

*E. Mor.* Urge him, my lord.

*Arch.* Are you content to banish him the realm?

*Edw.* I see I must, and therefore am content:

Instead of ink I'll write it with my tears.  
[Subscribes]

*Mor.* The king is lovesick for his minion.

*Edw.* 'Tis done—and now, accursèd hand, fall off!

*Lan.* Give it me—I'll have it published in the streets.

*Mor.* I'll see him presently<sup>2</sup> dispatched away. <sup>90</sup>

*Arch.* Now is my heart at ease.

*War.* And so is mine.

*Pem.* This will be good news to the common sort.

*E. Mor.* Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

*Exeunt Nobiles*

*Edw.* How fast they run to banish him I love!

They would not stir, were it to do me good.  
Why should a king be subject to a priest?  
Proud Rome! that hatchest such imperial  
grooms,

For these thy superstitious taper-lights,  
Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,  
I'll fire thy crazèd buildings, and enforce <sup>100</sup>

The papal towers to kiss the lowly ground!  
With slaughtered priests make Tiber's channel swell,

And banks raised higher with their sepulchres!

As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,  
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

*Enter GAVESTON*

*Gav.* My lord, I hear it whispered everywhere,

That I am banished, and must fly the land.

*Edw.* 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston—O! were it false!

The legate of the Pope will have it so, <sup>100</sup>  
And thou must hence, or I shall be deposed.  
But I will reign to be revenged of them;  
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.

Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough;

And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost,

I'll come to thee; my love shall ne'er decline.

*Gav.* Is all my hope turned to this hell of grief?

*Edw.* Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing words:

Thou from this land, I from myself am banished.

*Gav.* To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston; <sup>110</sup>

But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks  
The blessedness of Gaveston remains:

For nowhere else seeks he felicity.

*Edw.* And only this torments my wretched soul,

That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.

Be governor of Ireland in my stead,  
And there abide till fortune call thee home.

Here, take my picture, and let me wear  
thine;

O, might I keep thee here as I do this,  
Happy were I! but now most miserable!

*Gav.* 'Tis something to be pitied of a king. <sup>120</sup>

*Edw.* Thou shalt not hence—I'll hide thee, Gaveston.

*Gav.* I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.

*Edw.* Kind words and mutual talk makes our grief greater:

<sup>1</sup> Worthless fellow.

<sup>2</sup> At once.



Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part—

Stay, Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus.

*Gav.* For every look, my lord, drops down a tear:

Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

*Edw.* The time is little that thou hast to stay,

And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill:

But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way. 140

*Gav.* The peers will frown.

*Edw.* I pass<sup>1</sup> not for their anger.—Come, let's go;

O, that we might as well return as go.

*Enter QUEEN ISABELLA*

*Isab.* Whither goes my lord?

*Edw.* Fawn not on me, French strumpet! get thee gone!

*Isab.* On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

*Gav.* On Mortimer!! with whom, ungentle queen—

I say no more—judge you the rest, my lord.

*Isab.* In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston;

Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord, 150

And art a bawd to his affections,

But thou must call mine honor thus in question?

*Gav.* I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.

*Edw.* Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,

And by thy means is Gaveston exiled;

But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,

Or thou shalt ne'er be reconciled to me.

*Isab.* Your highness knows it lies not in my power.

*Edw.* Away then! touch me not—Come, Gaveston.

*Isab.* Villain! 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord. 160

*Gav.* Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.

*Edw.* Speak not unto her; let her droop and pine.

*Isab.* Wherein, my lord, have I deserved these words?

<sup>1</sup> Care not.

Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,  
Witness this heart, that sighing for thee,  
breaks,

How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.

*Edw.* And witness heaven how dear thou art to me:

There weep: for till my Gaveston be repealed,

Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.

*Exeunt EDWARD and GAVESTON*

*Isab.* O miserable and distressed queen!  
Would, when I left sweet France and was embarked, 171

That charming Circe walking on the waves,  
Had changed my shape, or at the marriage-day

The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,  
Or with those arms that twined about my neck

I had been stifled, and not lived to see

The king my lord thus to abandon me!

Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth

With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;

For never doted Jove on Ganymede 180

So much as he on cursèd Gaveston:

But that will more exasperate his wrath;

I must entreat him, I must speak him fair;

And be a means to call home Gaveston:

And yet he'll ever dote on Gaveston;

And so am I for ever miserable.

*Enter the Nobles to the Queen*

*Lan.* Look where the sister of the King  
of France,

Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!

*War.* The king, I fear, hath ill-entreated her.

*Pem.* Hard is the heart that injures such a saint. 190

*Mor.* I know 'tis 'long of Gaveston she weeps.

*E. Mor.* Why, he is gone.

*Mor.* Madam, how fares your grace?

*Isab.* Ah, Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth.

And he confesseth that he loves me not.

*Mor.* Cry quittance, madam, then; and love not him.

*Isab.* No, rather will I die a thousand deaths:

And yet I love in vain—he'll ne'er love me.

*Lan.* Fear ye not, madam; now his minion's gone,



His wanton humor will be quickly left.

*Isab.* O, never, Lancaster! I am en-  
joined 200

To sue upon you all for his repeal;  
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,  
Or else be banished from his highness' pres-  
ence.

*Lan.* For his repeal, madam! he comes  
not back,

Unless the sea cast up his shipwrecked body.

*War.* And to behold so sweet a sight as  
that,

There's none here but would run his horse  
to death.

*Mor.* But, madam, would you have us  
call him home?

*Isab.* Ay, Mortimer, for till he be re-  
stored,

The angry king hath banished me the  
court; 210

And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tender'st  
me,

Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

*Mor.* What! would ye have me plead  
for Gaveston?

*E. Mor.* Plead for him that will, I am  
resolved.

*Lan.* And so am I, my lord: dissuade the  
queen.

*Isab.* O Lancaster! let him dissuade the  
king,

For 'tis against my will he should return.

*War.* Then speak not for him, let the  
peasant go.

*Isab.* 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for  
him.

*Pem.* No speaking will prevail, and there-  
fore cease. 220

*Mor.* Fair queen, forbear to angle for the  
fish

Which, being caught, strikes him that takes  
it dead;

I mean that vile torpedo,<sup>1</sup> Gaveston,

That now, I hope, floats on the Irish seas.

*Isab.* Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me  
awhile,

And I will tell thee reasons of such weight  
As<sup>2</sup> thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.

*Mor.* It is impossible; but speak your  
mind.

*Isab.* Then thus, but none shall hear it  
but ourselves.

[Talks to MORTIMER apart]

*Lan.* My lords, albeit the queen win  
Mortimer 230

Will you be resolute, and hold with me?

*E. Mor.* Not I, against my nephew.

*Pem.* Fear not, the queen's words cannot  
alter him.

*War.* No? do but mark how earnestly  
she pleads!

*Lan.* And see how coldly his looks make  
denial!

*War.* She smiles; now for my life his  
mind is changed!

*Lan.* I'll rather lose his friendship, I, than  
grant.

*Mor.* Well, of necessity it must be so.—

My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston,  
I hope your honors make no question, 240

And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,  
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail;

Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the  
king's.

*Lan.* Fie, Mortimer, dishonor not thyself!  
Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?

And is this true, to call him home again?  
Such reasons make white black, and dark

night day.

*Mor.* My lord of Lancaster, mark the re-  
spect.<sup>1</sup>

*Lan.* In no respect can contraries be true.

*Isab.* Yet, good my lord, hear what he  
can allege. 250

*War.* All that he speaks is nothing; we  
are resolved.

*Mor.* Do you not wish that Gaveston  
were dead?

*Pem.* I would he were!

*Mor.* Why then, my lord, give me but  
leave to speak.

*E. Mor.* But, nephew, do not play the  
sophister.

*Mor.* This which I urge is of a burning  
zeal

To mend the king, and do our country good.  
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,  
Which may in Ireland purchase him such  
friends, 259

As<sup>2</sup> he will front the mightiest of us all?

And whereas<sup>3</sup> he shall live and be beloved,  
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

*War.* Mark you but that, my lord of  
Lancaster.

*Mor.* But were he here, detested as he is,

<sup>1</sup> Reason.

<sup>2</sup> That.

<sup>3</sup> Where.

<sup>1</sup> The electric eel.

<sup>2</sup> That.



How easily might some base slave be  
suborned

To greet his lordship with a poniard,  
And none so much as blame the murderer,  
But rather praise him for that brave at-  
tempt,

And in the chronicle enrol his name  
For purging of the realm of such a plague!

*Pem.* He saith true. 271

*Lan.* Ay, but how chance this was not  
done before?

*Mor.* Because, my lords, it was not  
thought upon.

Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us  
To banish him, and then to call him home,  
'Twill make him vail<sup>1</sup> the top-flag of his  
pride,

And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.

*E. Mor.* But how if he do not, nephew?

*Mor.* Then may we with some color<sup>2</sup> rise  
in arms; 280

For, howsoever we have borne it out,  
'Tis treason to be up against the king;  
So we shall have the people of our side,  
Which for his father's sake lean to the king,  
But cannot brook a night-grown mushrump,  
Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is,  
Should bear us down of the nobility.  
And when the commons and the nobles join,  
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston;  
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he  
hath.

My lords, if to perform this I be slack, 290  
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

*Lan.* On that condition, Lancaster will  
grant.

*War.* And so will Pembroke and I.

*E. Mor.* And I.

*Mor.* In this I count me highly gratified,  
And Mortimer will rest at your command.

*Isab.* And when this favor Isabel forgets,  
Then let her live abandoned and forlorn. 300  
But see, in happy time, my lord the  
king,

Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his  
way,

Is new returned; this news will glad him  
much; 300

Yet not so much as me; I love him more  
Than he can Gaveston; would he love me  
But half so much, then were I treble-  
blessed!

<sup>1</sup> Lower.

<sup>2</sup> Reason, excuse.

*Enter KING EDWARD, mourning*

*Edw.* He's gone, and for his absence thus  
I mourn.

Did never sorrow go so near my heart  
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston;  
And could my crown's revenue bring him  
back,

I would freely give it to his enemies,  
And think I gained, having bought so dear  
a friend.

*Isab.* Hark! how he harps upon his  
minion. 310

*Edw.* My heart is as an anvil unto sor-  
row,

Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' ham-  
mers,

And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,  
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.

Ah! had some bloodless Fury rose from hell,  
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,  
When I was forced to leave my Gaveston!

*Lan.* *Diablo!* What passions call you  
these?

*Isab.* My gracious lord, I come to bring  
you news.

*Edw.* That you have parleyed with your  
Mortimer! 320

*Isab.* That Gaveston, my lord, shall be  
repealed.

*Edw.* Repealed! the news is too sweet to  
be true.

*Isab.* But will you love me, if you find  
it so?

*Edw.* If it be so, what will not Edward  
do?

*Isab.* For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.

*Edw.* For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st  
Gaveston;

I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck, 330  
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good suc-  
cess.

*Isab.* No other jewels hang about my  
neck

Than these, my lord; nor let me have more  
wealth 330

Than I may fetch from this rich treasury—  
O, how a kiss revives poor Isabel!

*Edw.* Once more receive my hand; and  
let this be

A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.

*Isab.* And may it prove more happy than  
the first!

My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,



That wait attendance for a gracious look,  
And on their knees salute your majesty.

*Edw.* Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king!

And, as gross vapors perish by the sun, <sup>340</sup>  
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile.

Live thou with me as my companion.

*Lan.* This salutation overjoys my heart.

*Edw.* Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:

These silver hairs will more adorn my court  
Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery.

Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.

*War.* Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.

*Edw.* In solemn triumphs, and in public shows,

Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king. <sup>350</sup>

*Pem.* And with this sword Pembroke will fight for you.

*Edw.* But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?

Be thou commander of our royal fleet;  
Or, if that lofty office like thee not,  
I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm.

*Mor.* My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,

As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

*Edw.* And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke,

Whose great achievements in our foreign war  
Deserves no common place, nor mean reward; <sup>360</sup>

Be you the general of the levied troops,  
That now are ready to assail the Scots.

*E. Mor.* In this your grace hath highly honored me,

For with my nature war doth best agree.

*Isab.* Now is the King of England rich and strong,

Having the love of his renowned peers.

*Edw.* Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.

Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth  
For Gaveston to Ireland:

[*Enter BEAUMONT with warrant*]

Beaumont, fly

As fast as Iris or Jove's Mercury. <sup>370</sup>

*Bea.* It shall be done, my gracious lord.

[*Exit*]

*Edw.* Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.

Now let us in, and feast it royally.

Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes,

We'll have a general tilt and tournament;  
And then his marriage shall be solemnized.

For wot you not that I have made him sure <sup>1</sup>

Unto our cousin,<sup>2</sup> the Earl of Gloucester's heir?

*Lan.* Such news we hear, my lord.

*Edw.* That day, if not for him, yet for my sake, <sup>380</sup>

Who in the triumph will be challenger,

Spare for no cost; we will requite your love.

*War.* In this, or aught your highness shall command us.

*Edw.* Thanks, gentle Warwick: come, let's in and revel.

*Exeunt. Manent MORTIMERS*

*E. Mor.* Nephew, I must go to Scotland; thou stayest here.

Leave now t'oppose thyself against the king.

Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,

And, seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston,

Let him without controlment have his will.

The mightiest kings have had their minions:

Great Alexander loved Hephestion; <sup>390</sup>

The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept;

And for Patroclus stern Achilles drooped.

And not kings only, but the wisest men:

The Roman Tully loved Octavius;

Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.

Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,

And promiseth as much as we can wish,

Freely enjoy that vain, light-headed earl;

For riper years will wean him from such toys. <sup>400</sup>

*Mor.* Uncle, his wanton humor grieves not me;

But this I scorn, that one so basely born  
Should by his sovereign's favor grow so

pert,

And riot it with the treasure of the realm.

While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,

He wears a lord's revenue on his back,

And Midas-like, he jets it in the court,

With base outlandish cullions at his heels,  
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such

show,

As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appeared.

I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk; <sup>410</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Betrothed him.

<sup>2</sup> Here niece.



He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,  
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,  
A jewel of more value than the crown.  
While others walk below, the king and he  
From out a window laugh at such as we.  
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.  
Uncle, 'tis this makes me impatient.

*E. Mor.* But, nephew, now you see the  
king is changed.

*Mor.* Then so am I, and live to do him  
service.

But, whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,  
I will not yield to any such upstart.

You know my mind; come, uncle, let's  
away.

*Exeunt*

## [ACT II, SCENE II]

### [Gloucester's House]

*Enter SPENCER and BALDOCK*

*Bald.* Spencer,  
Seeing that our lord the Earl of Gloucester's  
dead,  
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to  
serve?

*Spen.* Not Mortimer, nor any of his side;  
Because the king and he are enemies.  
Baldock, learn this of me, a factious lord  
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;  
But he that hath the favor of a king,  
May with one word advance us while we  
live:

The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man  
On whose good fortune Spencer's hope de-  
pends.

*Bald.* What, mean you then to be his  
follower?

*Spen.* No, his companion; for he loves  
me well,  
And would have once preferred me to the  
king.

*Bald.* But he is banished; there's small  
hope of him.

*Spen.* Ay, for a while; but, Baldock, mark  
the end.

A friend of mine told me in secrecy  
That he's repealed, and sent for back again;  
And even now a post came from the court  
With letters to our lady from the king;  
And as she read she smiled, which makes  
me think

It is about her lover Gaveston.

*Bald.* 'Tis like enough; for, since he was  
exiled

She neither walks abroad, nor comes in  
sight.

But I had thought the match had been  
broke off,

And that his banishment had changed her  
mind.

*Spen.* Our lady's first love is not waver-  
ing;

My life for thine she will have Gaveston.

*Bald.* Then hope I by her means to be  
preferred,

Having read unto her since she was a child.

*Spen.* Then, Baldock, you must cast the  
scholar off,

And learn to court it like a gentleman.

'Tis not a black coat and a little band,  
A velvet-caped cloak, faced before with  
serge,

And smelling to a nosegay all the day,  
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,  
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,  
Or making low legs<sup>1</sup> to a nobleman,  
Or looking downward with your eyelids  
close,<sup>2</sup>

And saying, 'Truly, an't may please your  
honor,'

Can get you any favor with great men;  
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, reso-  
lute,

And now and then stab, as occasion serves.

*Bald.* Spencer, thou know'st I hate such  
formal toys,

And use them but of mere hypocrisy.  
Mine old lord whiles he lived was so precise,  
That he would take exceptions at my but-  
tons,

And being like pin's heads, blame me for  
the bigness;

Which made me curate-like in mine attire,  
Though inwardly licentious enough,  
And apt for any kind of villainy.

I am none of these common pedants, I,  
That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.<sup>3</sup>

*Spen.* But one of those that saith, *quan-  
doquidem*,<sup>4</sup>

And hath a special gift to form a verb.<sup>5</sup>

*Bald.* Leave off this jesting, here my lady  
comes.

<sup>1</sup> Bows.

<sup>2</sup> Slyly.

<sup>3</sup> Because.

<sup>4</sup> Since.

<sup>5</sup> Say the correct thing.



*Enter the Lady, [KING EDWARD'S NIECE]*

*Lady.* The grief for his exile was not so much,  
As is the joy of his returning home.  
This letter came from my sweet Gaveston:  
What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?

I know thou could'st not come and visit me: *[Reads]*

'I will not long be from thee, though I die.'  
This argues the entire love of my lord;

*[Reads]*  
'When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart.'

But stay thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.

*[Puts the letter into her bosom]*

Now to the letter of my lord the king.—  
He wills me to repair unto the court,  
And meet my Gaveston? why do I stay,  
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?

Who's there? Baldock! *[70]*  
See that my coach be ready, I must hence.

*Bald.* It shall be done, madam.

*Lady.* And meet me at the park-pale presently. *Exit [BALDOCK]*

Spencer, stay you and bear me company,  
For I have joyful news to tell thee of;  
My lord of Cornwall is a-coming over,  
And will be at the court as soon as we.

*Spen.* I knew the king would have him home again.

*Lady.* If all things sort out, as I hope they will,

Thy service, Spencer, shall be thought upon.

*Spen.* I humbly thank your ladyship. *[81]*

*Lady.* Come, lead the way; I long till I am there. *Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

*[Before Tynemouth Castle]*

*Enter [KING] EDWARD, the QUEEN, LANCASTER, [Young] MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, KENT, and Attendants*

*Edw.* The wind is good, I wonder why he stays;

I fear me he is wrecked upon the sea.

*Isab.* Look, Lancaster, how passionate<sup>1</sup> he is,

<sup>1</sup> Sorrowful.

And still his mind runs on his minion!

*Lan.* My lord—

*Edw.* How now! what news? is Gaveston arrived?

*Mor.* Nothing but Gaveston! what means your grace?

You have matters of more weight to think upon;

The King of France sets foot in Normandy.

*Edw.* A trifle! we'll expel him when we please. *[10]*

But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device  
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

*Mor.* A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.

*Edw.* Pray thee, let me know it.

*Mor.* But, seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:

A lofty cedar tree, fair flourishing,  
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,  
And by the bark a canker creeps me<sup>1</sup> up,  
And gets unto the highest bough of all:  
The motto, *Æque tandem*.<sup>2</sup> *[20]*

*Edw.* And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?

*Lan.* My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.

Pliny reports there is a flying fish  
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,  
And therefore, being pursued, it takes the air:  
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl  
That seizeth it; this fish, my lord, I bear,  
The motto this: *Undique mors est*.<sup>3</sup>

*Edw.* Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!

Is this the love you bear your sovereign? *[30]*  
Is this the fruit your reconciliation bears?  
Can you in words make show of amity,  
And in your shields display your rancorous minds!

What call you this but private libelling  
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother?

*Isab.* Sweet husband, be content, they all love you.

*Edw.* They love me not that hate my Gaveston.

I am that cedar, shake me not too much;  
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,  
I have the jesses<sup>4</sup> that will pull you down;

<sup>1</sup> The ethical dative.

<sup>2</sup> Justly at last.

<sup>3</sup> On all sides, death.

<sup>4</sup> The strap fastening a hawk's legs to the falconer's leash.



And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry  
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.  
Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,  
And threatenest death whether he rise or fall,

'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,  
Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.

*Mor.* If in his absence thus he favors him,

What will he do whenas he shall be present?

*Lan.* That shall we see; look where his lordship comes.

*Enter GAVESTON*

*Edw.* My Gaveston!

Welcome to Tynemouth! welcome to thy friend!

Thy absence made me droop and pine away;

For, as the lovers of fair Danae,  
When she was locked up in a brazen tower,  
Desired her more, and waxed outrageous,  
So did it fare<sup>1</sup> with me: and now thy sight  
Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence  
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

*Gav.* Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth mine,  
Yet have I words left to express my joy:  
The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage  
Frolics not more to see the painted spring,  
Than I do to behold your majesty.

*Edw.* Will none of you salute my Gaveston?

*Lan.* Salute him? yes; welcome, Lord Chamberlain!

*Mor.* Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall!

*War.* Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of Man!

*Pem.* Welcome, Master Secretary!

*Kent.* Brother, do you hear them?

*Edw.* Still will these earls and barons use me thus.

*Gav.* My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.

*Isab.* Ay, me, poor soul, when these begin to jar.

*Edw.* Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.

*Gav.* Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,  
Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef;

<sup>1</sup> Q. reads *sure*.

And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,  
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low

As to bestow a look on such as you.

*Lan.* Yet I disdain not to do this for you.  
[*Draws his sword and offers to stab GAVESTON*]

*Edw.* Treason! treason! where's the traitor?

*Pem.* Here! here!

*Edw.* Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him.

*Gav.* The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.

*Mor.* Villain! thy life, unless I miss mine aim.

*Isab.* Ah! furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?

*Mor.* No more than I would answer, were he slain.

[*Exit GAVESTON with Attendants*]

*Edw.* Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live;

Dear shall you both aby<sup>1</sup> this riotous deed.  
Out of my presence! come not near the court.

*Mor.* I'll not be barred the court for Gaveston.

*Lan.* We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

*Edw.* Look to your own heads; his is sure enough.

*War.* Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

*Kent.* Warwick, these words do ill besem thy years.

*Edw.* Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus;

But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads  
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.

Come, Edmund, let's away and levy men,  
'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride

*Exeunt the KING, [QUEEN ISABELLA, and KENT]*

*War.* Let's to our castles, for the king is moved.

*Mor.* Moved may he be, and perish in his wrath!

*Lan.* Cousin, it is no dealing with him now,

<sup>1</sup> Abide.



He means to make us stoop by force of arms;

And therefore let us jointly here protest,  
To persecute that Gaveston to the death.

*Mor.* By heaven, the abject villain shall not live!

*War.* I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.

*Pem.* The like oath Pembroke takes.

*Lan.* And so doth Lancaster.  
Now send our heralds to defy the king; <sup>110</sup>  
And make the people swear to put him down.

*Enter a Post*<sup>1</sup>

*Mor.* Letters! from whence?

*Post.* From Scotland, my lord.

*Lan.* Why, how now, cousin, how fares all our friends?

*Mor.* My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

*Lan.* We'll have him ransomed, man; be of good cheer.

*Mor.* They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.

Who should defray the money but the king,  
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?  
I'll to the king.

*Lan.* Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.

*War.* Meantime, my lord of Pembroke and myself <sup>120</sup>

Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.<sup>2</sup>

*Mor.* About it, then, and we will follow you.

*Lan.* Be resolute and full of secrecy.

*War.* I warrant you.

*[Exit with PEMBROKE]*

*Mor.* Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,

I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,  
As never subject did unto his king.

*Lan.* Content, I'll bear my part—Holla! who's there?

*[Enter Guard]*

*Mor.* Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well.

*Lan.* Lead on the way. <sup>130</sup>

*Guard.* Whither will your lordships?

*Mor.* Whither else but to the king.

*Guard.* His highness is disposed to be alone.

*Lan.* Why, so he may, but we will speak to him.

*Guard.* You may not in, my lord.

*Mor.* May we not?

*[Enter KING EDWARD and KENT]*

*Edw.* How now!

What noise is this? who have we there?  
is't you?

*[Going]*

*Mor.* Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you news;

Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

*Edw.* Then ransom him.

*Lan.* 'Twas in your wars; you should ransom him. <sup>140</sup>

*Mor.* And you shall ransom him, or else—

*Kent.* What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him?

*Edw.* Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,<sup>1</sup>

To gather for him throughout the realm.

*Lan.* Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.

*Mor.* My lord, the family of the Mortimers

Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,

'Twould levy men enough to anger you.

We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

*Edw.* Shall I still be haunted thus? <sup>150</sup>

*Mor.* Nay, now you're here alone, I'll speak my mind.

*Lan.* And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.

*Mor.* The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,

And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston,  
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak;

The murmuring commons overstretched hath.<sup>2</sup>

*Lan.* Look for rebellion, look to be deposed;

Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,  
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.

<sup>1</sup> Letters patent to gather money for a particular purpose.

<sup>2</sup> All this hath overstretched.

<sup>1</sup> Messenger.

<sup>2</sup> Levy troops.



The wild O'Neill, with swarms of Irish kerns,<sup>1</sup>

Lives uncontrolled within the English pale.  
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,<sup>2</sup>

And unresisted drive away rich spoils.

*Mor.* The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,

While in the harbor ride thy ships unriggered.

*Lan.* What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?

*Mor.* Who loves thee, but a sort<sup>3</sup> of flatterers?

*Lan.* Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,<sup>4</sup>

Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

*Mor.* Thy court is naked, being bereft of those

That make a king seem glorious to the world;

I mean the peers, whom thou should'st dearly love:

Libels are cast again<sup>5</sup> thee in the street:

Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

*Lan.* The Northern borderers seeing their houses burnt,

Their wives and children slain, run up and down,

Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

*Mor.* When wert thou in the field with banner spread?

But once. And then thy soldiers marched like players,

With garish robes, not armor; and thyself, Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest,

Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,  
Where women's favors hung like labels down.

*Lan.* And thereof came it, that the fleeing Scots,  
To England's high disgrace, have made this jig.<sup>6</sup>

*Maids of England, sore may you mourn, 100*  
*For your lemans<sup>7</sup> you have lost at Bannocksburn<sup>8</sup>*

*With a heave and a ho!*

*What weeneth the King of England,*

<sup>1</sup> Irregular foot soldiers.

<sup>2</sup> Inroad.

<sup>3</sup> Set.

<sup>4</sup> Isabella was really Valois' cousin.

<sup>5</sup> Against.

<sup>6</sup> Satirical verse.

<sup>7</sup> Lovers.

<sup>8</sup> Bannockburn came later.

*So soon to have won Scotland?*

*With a rombelow!*

*Mor.* Wigmore shall fly,<sup>1</sup> to set my uncle free.

*Lan.* And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.

If ye be moved, revenge it as yo: can;

Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

*Exeunt Nobiles*

*Edw.* My swelling heart for very anger breaks!

How oft have I been baited by these peers,  
And dare not be revenged, for their power is great!

Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels  
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,  
And let their lives' blood slake thy fury's hunger.

If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,

Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.

*Kent.* My lord, I see your love to Gaveston

Will be the ruin of the realm and you;

For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars,  
And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.

*Edw.* Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?

*Kent.* Ay, and it grieves me that I favored him.

*Edw.* Traitor, begone! whine thou with Mortimer.

*Kent.* So will I rather than with Gaveston.

*Edw.* Out of my sight, and trouble me no more!

*Kent.* No marvel though thou scorn thy noble peers,

When I thy brother am rejected thus.

*Edw.* Away!

*Exit [KENT]*

Poor Gaveston, that has no friend but me,  
Do what they can, we'll live in Tynemouth here,

And, so I walk with him about the walls,  
What care I though the earls begirt us round?—

Here cometh<sup>2</sup> she that's cause of all these jars.

*Enter the QUEEN, three Ladies, [GAVESTON,] BALDOCK and [Young] SPENCER*

*Isab.* My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.

<sup>1</sup> Mortimer's castle.

<sup>2</sup> Qq. read comes.



*Edw.* Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favor 'em.

*Isab.* Thus do you still suspect me without cause?

*Lady.* Sweet uncle! speak more kindly to the queen.

*Gav.* My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.

*Edw.* Pardon me, sweet, I [had] forgot myself.

*Isab.* Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel.

*Edw.* The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,

That to my face he threatens civil wars.

*Gav.* Why do you not commit him to the Tower?

*Edw.* I dare not, for the people love him well.

*Gav.* Why, then we'll have him privily made away.

*Edw.* Would Lancaster and he had both caroused

A bowl of poison to each other's health!

But let them go, and tell me what are these.

*Lady.* Two of my father's servants whilst he liv'd—

May't please your grace to entertain them now.

*Edw.* Tell me, where wast thou born? what is thine arms?

*Bald.* My name is Baldock, and my gentry

I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry.

*Edw.* The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.

Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.

*Bald.* I humbly thank your majesty.

*Edw.* Knowest thou him, Gaveston?

*Gav.* Ay, my lord;

His name is Spencer, he is well allied;

For my sake, let him wait upon your grace;

Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

*Edw.* Then, Spencer, wait upon me; for his sake

I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.

*Spen.* No greater titles happen unto me, Than to be favored of your majesty!

*Edw.* Cousin, this day shall be your marriage-feast.

And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well,

To wed thee to our niece, the only heir

Unto the Earl of Gloucester late deceased.

*Gav.* I know, my lord, many will stomach<sup>1</sup> me,

But I respect neither their love nor hate.

*Edw.* The headstrong barons shall not limit me;

He that I list to favor shall be great.

Come, let's away; and when the marriage ends,

Have at the rebels, and their 'complices!

*Exeunt omnes*

### [SCENE III]

[Near Tynemouth Castle]

*Enter* LANCASTER, [Young] MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, KENT, [and others]

*Kent.* My lords, of love to this our native land

I come to join with you and leave the king; And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof Will be the first that shall adventure life.

*Lan.* I fear me, you are sent of policy,<sup>2</sup> To undermine us with a show of love.

*War.* He is your brother, therefore have we cause

To cast<sup>3</sup> the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

*Kent.* Mine honor shall be hostage of my truth:

If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords.

*Mor.* Stay, Edmund; never was Plantagenet

False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

*Pem.* But what's the reason you should leave him now?

*Kent.* I have informed the Earl of Lancaster.

*Lan.* And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,

That Gaveston is secretly arrived, And here in Tynemouth frolics<sup>4</sup> with the king.

Let us with these our followers scale the walls,

And suddenly surprise them unawares.

*Mor.* I'll give the onset.

*War.*

And I'll follow thee.

*Mor.* This tottered ensign<sup>5</sup> of my ancestors,

<sup>1</sup> Be angered at me.

<sup>2</sup> Out of craft.

<sup>3</sup> Suspect.

<sup>4</sup> Revels.

<sup>5</sup> Tattered flag.



Which swept the desert shore of that Dead  
Sea

Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,<sup>1</sup>  
Will I advance upon this castle's walls.  
Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their  
sport,

And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston!

*Lan.* None be so hardy as to touch the  
king;  
But neither spare you Gaveston nor his  
friends. *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV]

[*The Same*]

*Enter the KING and [Young] SPENCER, to  
them GAVESTON, [the QUEEN, Lady  
and Others]*

*Edw.* O, tell me, Spencer, where is  
Gaveston?

*Spen.* I fear me he is slain, my gracious  
lord.

*Edw.* No, here he comes; now let them  
spoil and kill.

Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have got the  
hold;<sup>2</sup>

Take shipping and away to Scarborough;  
Spencer and I will post away by land.

*Gav.* O, stay, my lord, they will not in-  
jure you.

*Edw.* I will not trust them; Gaveston,  
away!

*Gav.* Farewell, my lord.

*Edw.* Lady, farewell.

*Lady.* Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet  
again. 10

*Edw.* Farewell, sweet Gaveston; and  
farewell, niece.

*Isab.* No farewell to poor Isabel thy  
queen?

*Edw.* Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's  
sake.

*Exeunt omnes, manet ISABELLA [and Lady]*

*Isab.* Heaven can witness I love none but  
you.

From my embracements thus he breaks  
away.

O, that mine arms could close this isle  
about,

That I might pull him to me where I  
would!

<sup>1</sup> *De mortuo mari.*

<sup>2</sup> Stronghold, keep.

Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine  
eyes,

Had power to mollify his stony heart, 10  
That when I had him we might never part!

*Enter the Barons, alarums*

*Lan.* I wonder how he scaped!

*Mor.* Who's this? the queen!

*Isab.* Ay, Mortimer, the miserable queen,  
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have  
blasted,

And body with continual mourning wasted:  
These hands are tired with haling of my  
lord

From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,  
And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,  
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.

*Mor.* Cease to lament, and tell us where's  
the king?

*Isab.* What would you with the king?  
is't him you seek? 20

*Lan.* No, madam, but that cursèd Gaves-  
ton.

Far be it from the thought of Lancaster  
To offer violence to his sovereign.

We would but rid the realm of Gaveston:  
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

*Isab.* He's gone by water into Scarbor-  
ough;

Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape;  
The king hath left him, and his train is  
small.

*War.* Forslow<sup>1</sup> no time, sweet Lancaster;  
let's march.

*Mor.* How comes it that the king and he  
is parted? 40

*Isab.* That thus your army, going several  
ways,

Might be of lesser force: and with the power  
That he intendeth presently to raise,  
Be easily suppressed; therefore be gone.

*Mor.* Here in the river rides a Flemish  
hoy;<sup>2</sup>

Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.

*Lan.* The wind that bears him hence will  
fill our sails:

Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hour's sail-  
ing.

*Mor.* Madam, stay you within this castle  
here.

*Isab.* No, Mortimer, I'll to my lord the  
king. 60

<sup>1</sup> Delay.

<sup>2</sup> Small ship.



*Mor.* Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

*Isab.* You know the king is so suspicious, As<sup>1</sup> if he hear I have but talked with you, Mine honor will be called in question; And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.

*Mor.* Madam, I cannot stay to answer you, But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

[*Exeunt all except ISABELLA and Lady*]

*Isab.* So well hast thou deserved, sweet Mortimer, As<sup>1</sup> Isabel could live with thee for ever. In vain I look for love at Edward's hand, <sup>20</sup> Whose eyes are fixed on none but Gaveston. Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer:

If he be strange and not regard my words, My son and I will over into France, And to the king my brother there complain, How Gaveston hath robbed me of his love: But yet, I hope my sorrows will have end, And Gaveston this blessed day be slain.

*Exeunt*

[SCENE V]

[*Open Country*]

*Enter GAVESTON, pursued*

*Gav.* Yet, lusty lords, I have escaped your hands, Your threats, your larums, and your hot pursuits; And though divorcèd from King Edward's eyes, Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurprised,<sup>2</sup> Breathing, in hope (*malgrado*<sup>3</sup> all your beards, That muster rebels thus against your king,) To see his royal sovereign once again.

*Enter the Nobles, WARWICK, LANCASTER, PEMBROKE, Young MORTIMER, Soldiers, JAMES, and other Attendants of PEMBROKE*

*War.* Upon him, soldiers, take away his weapons.

*Mor.* Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace, Corrupter of thy king; cause of these broils,

Base flatterer, yield! and, were it not for shame,

Shame and dishonor to a soldier's name,<sup>11</sup> Upon my weapon's point here should'st thou fall,

And welter in thy gore.

*Lan.* Monster of men!

That, like the Greekish strumpet,<sup>1</sup> trained<sup>2</sup> to arms

And bloody wars so many valiant knights; Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death!

King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

*War.* Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave?

Go, soldiers, take him hence, for, by my sword,

His head shall off: Gaveston, short warning Shall serve thy turn: it is our country's cause,

That here severely we will execute Upon thy person. Hang him at a bough.

*Gav.* My lord!—

*War.* Soldiers, have him away— But for<sup>3</sup> thou wert the favorite of a king, Thou shalt have so much honor at our hands—

*Gav.* I thank you all, my lords: then I perceive, That heading is one,<sup>4</sup> and hanging is the other, And death is all.

*Enter ARUNDEL*

*Lan.* How now, my lord of Arundel?

*Arun.* My lords, King Edward greets you all by me.

*War.* Arundel, say your message.

*Arun.* His majesty, Hearing that you had taken Gaveston, Entreateth you by me, yet but he may See him before he dies; for why,<sup>5</sup> he says, And sends you word, he knows that die he shall;

And if you gratify his grace so far, He will be mindful of the courtesy.

*War.* How now?

*Gav.* Renowned Edward, how thy name Revives poor Gaveston!

*War.* No, it needeth not; <sup>20</sup> Arundel, we will gratify the king

<sup>1</sup> That.

<sup>2</sup> Not captured.

<sup>3</sup> Despite (Ital.).

<sup>1</sup> Helen of Troy.

<sup>2</sup> Lured.

<sup>3</sup> Because.

<sup>4</sup> I.e. honorable.

<sup>5</sup> Because.



In other matters; he must pardon us in this.  
Soldiers, away with him!

*Gav.* Why, my lord of Warwick,  
Will not these delays beget my hopes?  
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at,  
Yet grant King Edward this.

*Mor.* Shalt thou appoint  
What we shall grant? Soldiers, away with  
him:

Thus we'll gratify the king,  
We'll send his head by thee; let him be-  
stow

His tears on that, for that is all he gets <sup>50</sup>  
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.

*Lan.* Not so, my lords, lest he bestow  
more cost

In burying him than he hath ever earned.

*Arun.* My lords, it is his majesty's re-  
quest,

And in the honor of a king he swears,  
He will but talk with him, and send him  
back.

*War.* When? can you tell? Arundel, no;  
we wot,

He that the care of his realm remits,  
And drives his nobles to these exigents<sup>1</sup>  
For Gaveston, will, if he sees<sup>2</sup> him once, <sup>60</sup>  
Violate any promise to possess him.

*Arun.* Then, if you will not trust his grace  
in keep,

My lords, I will be pledge for his return.

*Mor.* 'Tis honorable in thee to offer this;  
But, for we know thou art a noble gentle-  
man,

We will not wrong thee so, to make away  
A true man for a thief.

*Gav.* How mean'st thou, Mortimer? that  
is over-base.

*Mor.* Away, base groom, robber of king's  
renown!

Question with thy companions and mates. <sup>70</sup>

*Pem.* My Lord Mortimer, and you, my  
lords, each one,

To gratify the king's request therein,  
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,  
Because his majesty so earnestly  
Desires to see the man before his death,  
I will upon mine honor undertake  
To carry him, and bring him back again;  
Provided this, that you my lord of Arundel  
Will join with me.

*War.* Pembroke, what wilt thou do?

Cause yet more bloodshed? is it not  
enough <sup>80</sup>

That we have taken him, but must we now  
Leave him on 'had I wist,'<sup>1</sup> and let him  
go?

*Pem.* My lords, I will not over-woo your  
honors,

But if you dare trust Pembroke with the  
prisoner,

Upon mine oath, I will return him back.

*Arun.* My lord of Lancaster, what say  
you in this?

*Lan.* Why, I say, let him go on Pem-  
broke's word.

*Pem.* And you, Lord Mortimer?

*Mor.* How say you, my lord of  
Warwick?

*War.* Nay, do your pleasures, I know how  
'twill prove.

*Pem.* Then give him me.

*Gav.* Sweet sovereign, yet I come  
To see thee ere I die.

*War.* Yet not, perhaps, <sup>90</sup>  
If Warwick's wit and policy prevail. [*Aside*]

*Mor.* My lord of Pembroke, we deliver  
him you;

Return him on your honor. Sound, away!

*Manent* PEMBROKE, ARUNDEL, GAVESTON,  
and PEMBROKE'S men, four Soldiers

*Pem.* My lord of Arundel, you shall go  
with me.

My house is not far hence; out of the way  
A little, but our men shall go along.

We that have pretty wenches to our wives,  
Sir, must not come so near to balk their  
lips.

*Arun.* 'Tis very kindly spoke, my lord of  
Pembroke; <sup>100</sup>

Your honor hath an adamant of power  
To draw a prince.

*Pem.* So, my lord. Come hither, James:  
I do commit this Gaveston to thee,  
Be thou this night his keeper; in the morn-  
ing

We will discharge thee of thy charge: be  
gone.

*Gav.* Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest  
thou now?

*Exit cum servis Pem.*

*Horse-boy.* My lord, we'll quickly be at  
Cobham. *Exeunt ambo*

<sup>1</sup> Extremities.

<sup>2</sup> Q. reads *zease*, perhaps *seize*, *possess*.

<sup>1</sup> Had I known, the phrase of those who repent a  
folly (Dyce).



## [ACT III, SCENE I]

[Open Country]

*Enter GAVESTON mourning, [JAMES, and others,] the Earl of PEMBROKE's men*

*Gav.* O treacherous Warwick! thus to wrong thy friend.

*James.* I see it is your life these arms pursue.

*Gav.* Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?

O! must this day be period of my life?  
Center of all my bliss! An ye be men,  
Speed to the king.

*Enter WARWICK and his Company*

*War.* My lord of Pembroke's men,  
Strive you no longer—I will have that Gaveston.

*James.* Your lordship does dishonor to yourself,

And wrong our lord, your honorable friend.

*War.* No, James, it is my country's cause I follow.

Go, take the villain; soldiers, come away.  
We'll make quick work. Commend me to your master,

My friend, and tell him that I watched it well.

Come, let thy shadow<sup>1</sup> parley with King Edward.

*Gav.* Treacherous earl, shall I not see the king?

*War.* The King of Heaven perhaps, no other king.

Away!

*Exeunt WARWICK and his men with GAVESTON. Manent James cum cæteris*

*James.* Come, fellows, it booteth not for us to strive,

We will in haste go certify our lord.

*Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

[Near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire]

*Enter KING EDWARD and Young SPENCER, [BALDOCK, and Nobles of the KING's side, and Soldiers] with drums and fifes*

*Edw.* I long to hear an answer from the barons

<sup>1</sup> Ghost.

Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.  
Ah Spencer, not the riches of my realm  
Can ransom him! ah, he is marked to die!  
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer,

Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster  
Inexorable, and I shall never see  
My lovely Pierce, my Gaveston again!  
The barons overbear me with their pride.

*Spen.* Were I King Edward, England's sovereign,

<sup>10</sup>

Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,  
Great Edward Longshanks' issue, would I bear

These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontrolled

These barons thus to beard me in my land,  
In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech:

Did you retain your father's magnanimity,<sup>1</sup>  
Did you regard the honor of your name,  
You would not suffer thus your majesty  
Be counterbuffed<sup>2</sup> of your nobility.

Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles!

<sup>20</sup>

No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,

As by their preachments they will profit much,

And learn obedience to their lawful king.

*Edw.* Yea, gentle Spencer, we have been too mild,

Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword,

And if they send me not my Gaveston,  
We'll steel it<sup>3</sup> on their crest, and poll<sup>4</sup> their tops.

*Bald.* This haught<sup>5</sup> resolve becomes your majesty

Not to be tied to their affection,<sup>6</sup>

As though your highness were a schoolboy still,

<sup>30</sup>

And must be awed and governed like a child.

*Enter HUGH SPENCER,<sup>7</sup> with his truncheon and Soldiers*

*Hugh.* Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward—

<sup>1</sup> Greatness of spirit.

<sup>2</sup> Literally hit back at by.

<sup>3</sup> Try it with our swords.

<sup>4</sup> Crop.

<sup>5</sup> Bold.

<sup>6</sup> Humor.

<sup>7</sup> Q. adds an Old Man, father to the young Spencer.



In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!

*Edw.* Welcome, old man, com'st thou in Edward's aid?

Then tell thy prince of whence, and what thou art.

*Hugh.* Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,  
Brown bills<sup>1</sup> and targeteers, four hundred strong,

Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,  
I come in person to your majesty,  
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there,  
Bound to your highness everlastingly,  
For favors done, in him, unto us all.

*Edw.* Thy father, Spencer?

*Spen.* True, an it like your grace,  
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,  
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.

*Edw.* Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again.

Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,  
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.  
Spencer, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,

And daily will enrich thee with our favor,  
That, as the sunshine, shall reflect o'er thee.  
Beside, the more to manifest our love,  
Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,

And that the Mortimers are in hand<sup>2</sup> withal,  
Thou shalt have crowns of us t' outbid the barons:

And, Spencer, spare them not, lay it on.  
Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all!

*Spen.* My lord, here comes the queen.

*Enter the QUEEN and her son, [PRINCE EDWARD,] and LEVUNE, a Frenchman*

*Edw.* Madam, what news?

*Isab.* News of dishonor, lord, and discontent.

Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,  
Informeth us, by letters and by words,  
That Lord Valois our brother, King of France,

Because your highness hath been slack in homage,

Hath seizèd Normandy into his hands.  
These be the letters, this the messenger.

<sup>1</sup> Halberds.

<sup>2</sup> In negotiation.

*Edw.* Welcome, Levune. Tush, Sib,<sup>1</sup> if this be all,

Valois and I will soon be friends again.—  
But to my Gaveston; shall I never see,  
Never behold thee now?—Madam, in this matter,

We will employ you and your little son;  
You shall go parley with the King of France.—

Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,  
And do your message with a majesty.

*Prince.* Commit not to my youth things of more weight

Than fits a prince so young as I to bear,  
And fear not, lord and father, heaven's great beams

On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe,  
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.

*Isab.* Ah, boy! this towardness makes thy mother fear

Thou art not marked to many days on earth.

*Edw.* Madam, we will that you with speed be shipped,  
And this our son; Levune shall follow you  
With all the haste we can dispatch him hence.

Choose of our lords to bear you company;  
And go in peace, leave us in wars at home.

*Isab.* Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king;  
God end them once! My lord, I take my leave,

To make my preparation for France.

[Exit with PRINCE EDWARD]

*Enter LORD ARUNDEL*

*Edw.* What, Lord Arundel, dost thou come alone?

*Arun.* Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.

*Edw.* Ah, traitors! have they put my friend to death?

Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st,  
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

*Arun.* Neither, my lord; for, as he was surprised,  
Begirt with weapons and with enemies round,

<sup>1</sup> Gossip, equal to dear; hardly an abbreviation of Isabel.



I did your highness' message to them all;  
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,  
And said, upon the honor of my name.

That I would undertake to carry him <sup>99</sup>  
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.

*Edw.* And tell me, would the rebels deny  
me that?

*Spen.* Proud recreants!

*Edw.* Yea, Spencer, traitors all.

*Arun.* I found them at the first inexorable;

The Earl of Warwick would not bide the  
hearing,

Mortimer hardly; Pembroke and Lancaster  
Spake least: and, when they flatly had denied,

Refusing to receive me pledge for him,  
The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake:  
'My lords, because our sovereign sends for  
him,

And promiseth he shall be safe returned, <sup>110</sup>  
I will this undertake, to have him hence,  
And see him re-delivered to your hands.'

*Edw.* Well, and how fortunes it that he  
came not?

*Spen.* Some treason, or some villainy  
was the cause.

*Arun.* The Earl of Warwick seized him on  
his way;

For, being delivered unto Pembroke's men,  
Their lord rode home thinking his prisoner  
safe;

But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,  
And bare him to his death; and in a trench  
Strake off his head, and marched unto the  
camp. <sup>120</sup>

*Spen.* A bloody part, flatly against law of  
arms!

*Edw.* O, shall I speak, or shall I sigh and  
die!

*Spen.* My lord, refer your vengeance to  
the sword

Upon these barons; hearten up your men;  
Let them not unrevenged murder your  
friends!

Advance your standard, Edward, in the  
field,

And march to fire them from their starting  
holes.

*Edw.* (*kneels and saith*) By earth, the  
common mother of us all,  
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof,  
By this right hand, and by my father's  
sword, <sup>130</sup>

And all the honors 'longing to my crown,  
I will have heads and lives for him, as  
many

As I have manors, castles, towns, and  
towers!— <sup>[Rises]</sup>

Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!

If I be England's king, in lakes of gore  
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I  
trail,

That you may drink your fill, and quaff in  
blood,

And stain my royal standard with the same,  
That so my bloody colors may suggest  
Remembrance of revenge immortally <sup>140</sup>

On your accursèd traitorous progeny,  
You villains, that have slain my Gaveston!

And in this place of honor and of trust,  
Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here:

And merely <sup>1</sup> of our love we do create thee  
Earl of Gloucester, and Lord Chamberlain,  
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

*Spen.* My lord, here's a messenger from  
the barons

Desires access unto your majesty.

*Edw.* Admit him near. <sup>2</sup> <sup>150</sup>

*Enter the Herald from the Barons with  
his coat of arms*

*Her.* Long live King Edward, England's  
lawful lord!

*Edw.* So wish not they, I wis, that sent  
thee hither.

Thou com'st from Mortimer and his com-  
plices,

A ranker rout of rebels never was.

Well, say thy message.

*Her.* The barons up in arms, by me sa-  
lute

Your highness with long life and happiness;  
And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,

That if without effusion of blood  
You will this grief have ease and remedy, <sup>160</sup>

That from your princely person you remove  
This Spencer, as a putrifying branch,

That deads the royal vine, whose golden  
leaves

Empale your princely head, your diadem,  
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts

dim,  
Say they; and lovingly advise your grace,

To cherish virtue and nobility,

<sup>1</sup> Simply because of.

<sup>2</sup> To our presence.



And have old servitors in high esteem,  
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:

This granted, they, their honors, and their lives, <sup>170</sup>

Are to your highness vowed and consecrate.

*Spen.* Ah, traitors! will they still display their pride?

*Edw.* Away, tarry no answer, but be gone!

Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign  
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?  
Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce

[*Embraces SPENCER*]

Spencer from me.—Now get thee to thy lords,

And tell them I will come to chastise them  
For murdering Gaveston; hie thee, get thee gone!

Edward with fire and sword follows at thy heels. <sup>180</sup>

[*Exit Herald*]

My lords, perceive you how these rebels swell?

Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,

For now, even now, we march to make them stoop.

Away!

*Exeunt. Alarums, excursions, a great fight, and a retreat [sounded, within]*

### [SCENE III]

[*The Same*]

[*Re-]enter the KING, SPENCER, the father, SPENCER, the son, and the Noblemen of the KING's side*

*Edw.* Why do we sound retreat? Upon them, lords!

This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword

On those proud rebels that are up in arms,  
And do confront and countermand their king.

*Spen.* I doubt it not, my lord, right will prevail.

*Hugh.* 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part

To breathe awhile; our men, with sweat and dust

All choked well near, begin to faint for heat;

And this retire<sup>1</sup> refresheth horse and man.

*Spen.* Here come the rebels. <sup>10</sup>

*Enter the Barons MORTIMER, LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, cum cæteris*

*Mor.* Look, Lancaster, yonder is Edward Among his flatterers.

*Lan.* And there let him be

Till he pay dearly for their company.

*War.* And shall, or Warwick's sword shall smite in vain.

*Edw.* What, rebels, do you shrink and sound retreat?

*Mor.* No, Edward, no, thy flatterers faint and fly.

*Lan.* They'd best betimes forsake thee, and their trains,<sup>2</sup>

For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.

*Spen.* Traitor on thy face, 'rebellious Lancaster!

*Pem.* Away, base upstart, bravest thou nobles thus? <sup>20</sup>

*Spen.* A noble attempt, and honorable deed,

Is it not, trow ye, to assemble aid,

And levy arms against your lawful king!

*Edw.* For which ere long their heads shall satisfy,

To appease the wrath of their offended king.

*Mor.* Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,

And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood,

Than banish that pernicious company?

*Edw.* Ay, traitors all, rather than thus be braved,

Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones, <sup>30</sup>

And plows to go about our palace gates.

*War.* A desperate and unnatural resolution!

Alarum!—to the fight!

St. George for England, and the barons' right.

*Edw.* Saint George for England, and King Edward's right.

[*Alarums. Exeunt the two parties severally*]

<sup>1</sup> Retreat.

<sup>2</sup> Plots.



## [SCENE IV]

[The Same]

*Enter KING EDWARD [and his followers,]  
with the Barons [and KENT,] captives*

*Edw.* Now, lusty lords, now, not by  
chance of war,  
But justice of the quarrel and the cause,  
Vailed<sup>1</sup> is your pride; methinks you hang  
the heads,

But we'll advance them,<sup>2</sup> traitors; now 'tis  
time

To be avenged on you for all your braves,  
And for the murder of my dearest friend,  
To whom right well you knew our soul was  
knit,

Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favor-  
ite.

Ah, rebels! recreants! you made him away.

*Kent.* Brother, in regard of<sup>3</sup> thee, and of  
thy land,

Did they remove that flatterer from thy  
throne.

*Edw.* So, sir, you have spoke; away,  
avoid our presence! [Exit KENT]

Accursèd wretches, was't in regard of us,  
When we had sent our messenger to request  
He might be spared to come to speak with  
us,

And Pembroke undertook for his return,  
That thou, proud Warwick, watched the  
prisoner,

Poor Pierce, and headed<sup>4</sup> him 'gainst law  
of arms?

For which thy head shall overlook the rest,  
As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest.

*War.* Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and  
menaces;

It is but temporal<sup>5</sup> that thou canst inflict.

*Lan.* The worst is death, and better die  
to live

Than live in infamy under such a king.

*Edw.* Away with them, my lord of Win-  
chester!<sup>6</sup>

These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancas-  
ter,

I charge you roundly—off with both their  
heads!

<sup>1</sup> Lowered.

<sup>2</sup> Raise them (on pikes).

<sup>3</sup> With respect to.

<sup>4</sup> Beheaded.

<sup>5</sup> Supply punishment.

<sup>6</sup> Perhaps a slip for Wiltshire: see above, III, ii, 49.

Away!

*War.* Farewell, vain world!

*Lan.* Sweet Mortimer, farewell.

*Mor.* England, unkind to thy nobility, <sup>30</sup>  
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art  
maimed!

*Edw.* Go, take that haughty Mortimer to  
the Tower,

There see him safe bestowed; and for the  
rest,

Do speedy execution on them all.

Begone!

*Mor.* What, Mortimer! can ragged stony  
walls

Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?  
No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not  
be;

Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.

[The captive Barons are led off]

*Edw.* Sound drums and trumpets! March  
with me, my friends, <sup>40</sup>  
Edward this day hath crowned him king  
anew.

*Exeunt. Manent*

Young SPENCER, LEVUNE, and BALDOCK.

*Spn.* Levune, the trust that we repose in  
thee,

Begets the quiet of King Edward's land.  
Therefore begone in haste, and with advice  
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,  
That, therewith all enchanted, like the  
guard

That suffered Jove to pass in showers of  
gold

To Danae, all aid may be denied  
To Isabel, the queen, that now in France  
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her  
young son, <sup>50</sup>

And step into his father's regiment.<sup>1</sup>

*Levune.* That's it these barons and the  
subtle queen

Long levelled at.

*Bald.* Yea, but Levune, thou seest  
These barons lay their heads on blocks to-  
gether;

What they intend, the hangman frustrates  
clean.

*Levune.* Have you no doubt, my lords,  
I'll clap so close<sup>2</sup>

Among the lords of France with England's  
gold,

That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,

<sup>1</sup> Rule.

<sup>2</sup> Contrive so secretly.



And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

*Spen.* Then make for France, amain—  
Levune, away!  
Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories.  
*Exeunt omnes*

[ACT IV, SCENE I]

[Near the Tower, London]

*Enter KENT*

*Kent.* Fair blows the wind for France;  
blow, gentle gale,  
Till Edmund be arrived for England's good!  
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this.  
A brother? no, a butcher of thy friends!  
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy  
presence?  
But I'll to France, and cheer the wronged  
queen,  
And certify what Edward's looseness is.  
Unnatural king! to slaughter noblemen  
And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay  
Thy sweet escape: stand gracious, gloomy  
night,  
To his device. 10

*Enter Young MORTIMER, disguised*

*Mor.* Holla! who walketh there?  
Is't you, my lord?

*Kent.* Mortimer, 'tis I;  
But hath thy potion wrought so happily?

*Mor.* It hath, my lord; the warders all  
asleep,  
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in  
peace.

But hath your grace got shipping unto  
France?

*Kent.* Fear it not. [Exeunt]

[SCENE II]

[Paris]

*Enter QUEEN ISABELLA and her son [PRINCE  
EDWARD]*

*Isab.* Ah, boy! our friends do fail us all  
in France:  
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind;  
What shall we do?

*Prince.* Madam, return to England,

And please my father well, and then a fig  
For all my uncle's friendship here in France.  
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly;  
A<sup>1</sup> loves me better than a thousand  
Spencers.

*Isab.* Ah, boy, thou art deceived, at least  
in this,  
To think that we can yet be tuned to-  
gether;

No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois! 10  
Unhappy Isabel! when France rejects,  
Whither, O! whither dost thou bend thy  
steps?

*Enter SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT*

*Sir J.* Madam, what cheer?

*Isab.* Ah! good Sir John of Hainault,  
Never so cheerless, nor so far distressed.

*Sir J.* I hear, sweet lady, of the king's  
unkindness;  
But droop not, madam; noble minds con-  
temn

Despair; will your grace with me to  
Hainault,

And there stay time's advantage with your  
son?

How say you, my lord, will you go with  
your friends,

And share of<sup>2</sup> all our fortunes equally? 20

*Prince.* So pleaseth the queen, my  
mother, me it likes:

The King of England, nor the court of  
France,

Shall have me from my gracious mother's  
side,

Till I be strong enough to break a staff;  
And then have at the proudest Spencer's  
head.

*Sir J.* Well said, my lord.

*Isab.* O, my sweetheart, how do I moan  
thy wrongs,

Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy!  
Ah, sweet Sir John! even to the utmost  
verge

Of Europe, or the shore of Tanais, 30  
We will with thee to Hainault—so we  
will:—

The marquis is a noble gentleman;  
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.  
But who are these?

<sup>1</sup> He.

<sup>2</sup> Qq. read *shake of* (Brooke's emendation).



*Enter KENT and Young MORTIMER*

*Kent.* Madam, long may you live,  
Much happier than your friends in England  
do!

*Isab.* Lord Edmund and Lord Mortimer  
alive!

Welcome to France! the news was here, my  
lord,

That you were dead, or very near your  
death.

*Mor.* Lady, the last was truest of the  
twain:

But Mortimer, reserved for better hap, 40  
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the Tower,  
And lives t'advance your standard, good my  
lord.

*Prince.* How mean you, an<sup>1</sup> the king,  
my father, lives?

No, my Lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.<sup>2</sup>

*Isab.* Not, son! why not? I would it  
were no worse.

But, gentle lords, friendless we are in  
France.

*Mor.* Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend  
of yours,

Told us, at our arrival, all the news—  
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king  
Hath showed himself; but, madam, right  
makes room 50

Where weapons want; and, though a many  
friends

Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,  
And others of our party and faction;  
Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in  
England

Would cast up caps, and clap their hands  
for joy,

To see us there, appointed<sup>3</sup> for our foes.

*Kent.* Would all were well, and Edward  
well reclaimed

For England's honor, peace, and quietness.

*Mor.* But by the sword, my lord, 't must  
be deserved;<sup>4</sup>

The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers. 60

*Sir J.* My lords of England, sith<sup>5</sup> th' un-  
gentle king

Of France refuseth to give aid of arms  
To this distressed queen his sister here,  
Go you with her to Hainault; doubt ye not,

<sup>1</sup> If.

<sup>2</sup> I'll not advance against my father, I assure you.

<sup>3</sup> Equipped to meet.

<sup>4</sup> Earned.

<sup>5</sup> Since.

We will find comfort, money, men and  
friends

Ere long, to bid the English king a base.<sup>1</sup>  
How say'st, young prince? What think you  
of the match?

*Prince.* I think King Edward will outrun  
us all.

*Isab.* Nay, son, not so; and you must not  
discourage

Your friends, that are so forward in your  
aid. 70

*Kent.* Sir John of Hainault, pardon us, I  
pray;

These comforts that you give our woeful  
queen

Bind us in kindness all at your command.

*Isab.* Yea, gentle brother; and the God of  
heaven

Prosper your happy motion, good Sir John.

*Mor.* This noble gentleman, forward in  
arms,

Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.

Sir John of Hainault, be it thy renown,  
That England's queen, and nobles in dis-  
tress,

Have been by thee restored and comforted.

*Sir J.* Madam, along, and you, my lords,  
with me, 81

That England's peers may Hainault's wel-  
come see. [Exeunt]

### [SCENE III]

[The Palace, London]

*Enter the KING, ARUNDEL, the two  
SPENCERS, with others*

*Edw.* Thus, after many threats of wrath-  
ful war,

Triumpheth England's Edward with his  
friends;

And triumph, Edward, with his friends un-  
controlled!

My lord of Gloucester, do you hear the  
news?

*Spen.* What news, my lord?

*Edw.* Why, man, they say there is great  
execution

Done through the realm; my lord of Arun-  
del,

You have the note, have you not?

*Arun.* From the Lieutenant of the  
Tower, my lord.

<sup>1</sup> Challenge as at the game of prisoners' base.



*Edw.* I pray let us see it. [*Takes the note*] What have we there? <sup>10</sup>

Read it, Spencer.

[*Hands the note to Young*] SPENCER, [*who*] reads their names  
Why, so; they barked apace a month ago:  
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite.

Now, sirs, the news from France? Gloucester, I trow

The lords of France love England's gold so well,

As <sup>1</sup> Isabella gets no aid from thence.

What now remains? have you proclaimed, my lord,

Reward for them <sup>2</sup> can bring in Mortimer?

*Spen.* My lord, we have; and if he be in England,

A <sup>3</sup> will be had ere long, I doubt it not. <sup>20</sup>

*Edw.* 'If,' dost thou say? Spencer, as true as death

He is in England's ground; our portmasters  
Are not so careless of their king's command.

*Enter a Post*

How now, what news with thee? from whence come these?

*Post.* Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of France—

To you, my lord of Gloucester, from Levune.

*Edw.* Read.

*Spen.*

*Reads the letter*

'My duty to your honor premise, etc., I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the King of France his <sup>30</sup> lords, and effected, that the queen, all discontented and discomforted, is gone; whither, if you ask, with Sir John of Hainault, brother to the marquis, into Flanders. With them are gone Lord Edmund, and the Lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others; and, as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for them. <sup>40</sup> This is all the news of import.

Your honor's in all service, LEVUNE.'

*Edw.* Ah, villains! hath that Mortimer escaped?

With him is Edmund gone associate?

<sup>1</sup> That.

<sup>2</sup> Them that can.

<sup>3</sup> He.

And will Sir John of Hainault lead the round? <sup>1</sup>

Welcome, a God's name, madam, and your son;

England shall welcome you and all your rout.

Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky,

And dusky night, in rusty iron car,

Between you both shorten the time, I pray,  
That I may see that most desired day, <sup>20</sup>

When we may meet these traitors in the field.

Ah, nothing grieves me, but <sup>2</sup> my little boy  
Is thus misled to countenance their ills.

Come, friends, to Bristow, <sup>3</sup> there to make us strong;

And, winds, as equal be to bring them in,  
As you injurious were to bear them forth!

[*Exeunt*]

#### [SCENE IV]

[*Near Harwich*]

*Enter the QUEEN, her son, PRINCE EDWARD, KENT, MORTIMER, and SIR JOHN*

[*of HAINAULT*]

*Isab.* Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen,

Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds!

Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,  
To cope with friends at home; a heavy case  
When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive <sup>4</sup>

In civil broils make kin and countrymen  
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides

With their own weapons gore! But what's the help?

Misgoverned kings are cause of all this wrack;

And, Edward, thou art one among them all,  
Whose looseness hath betrayed thy land to spoil, <sup>11</sup>

Who made the channels <sup>5</sup> overflow with blood

Of thine own people; patron shouldst thou be,

But thou—

<sup>1</sup> Circle, group.

<sup>2</sup> Except that.

<sup>3</sup> Bristol.

<sup>4</sup> Broadsword.

<sup>5</sup> Gutters.



*Mor.* Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,  
You must not grow so passionate in  
speeches.

Lords,  
Sith that we are by sufferance of heaven  
Arrived, and armèd in this prince's right,  
Here for our country's cause swear we to  
him

All homage, fealty and forwardness;  
And for the open wrongs and injuries  
Edward hath done to us, his queen and  
land,

We come in arms to wreak it with the  
sword;

That England's queen in peace may repos-  
sess

Her dignities and honors; and withal  
We may remove these flatterers from the  
king,

That havocs<sup>1</sup> England's wealth and treas-  
ury.

*Sir J.* Sound trumpets, my lord, and for-  
ward let us march.

Edward will think we come to flatter him.

*Kent.* I would he never had been flat-  
tered more! [Exeunt]

### [SCENE V]

[Near Bristol]

*Enter the KING, BALDOCK, and SPENCER,*  
*flying about the stage*

*Spn.* Fly, fly, my lord! the queen is  
over-strong;  
Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.  
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to  
breathe.

*Edw.* What! was I born to fly and run  
away,  
And leave the Mortimers conquerors be-  
hind?

Give me my horse, and let's r'inforce<sup>2</sup> our  
troops:

And in this bed of honor die with fame.

*Bald.* O, no, my lord, this princely reso-  
lution

Fits not the time; away! we are pursued.  
[Exeunt]

[Enter] KENT alone, with sword and target

*Kent.* This way he fled, but I am come  
too late.

<sup>1</sup> Bring to wreck.

<sup>2</sup> Encourage.

Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee.  
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou  
chase

Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy  
sword?

Vile wretch! and why hast thou, of all un-  
kind,<sup>1</sup>

Borne arms against thy brother and thy  
king?

Rain showers of vengeance on my cursèd  
head,

Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs  
To punish this unnatural revolt!

Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life!

O, fly him, then! But, Edmund, calm this  
rage,

Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer

And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire:

And yet she bears a face of love forsooth.

Fie on that love that hatcheth death and  
hate!

Edmund, away! Bristow to Longshanks'  
blood

Is false; be not found single for suspect.<sup>2</sup>

Proud Mortimer pries near unto thy walks.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter the QUEEN, MORTIMER, the young  
Prince and SIR JOHN of HAINAULT*

*Isab.* Successful battle gives the God of  
kings

To them that fight in right and fear his  
wrath.

Since then successfully we have prevailed,<sup>30</sup>  
Thanks be heaven's great architect, and  
you.

Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,  
We here create our well-belovèd son,  
Of love and care unto his royal person,  
Lord Warden of the realm, and sith the  
fates

Have made his father so infortunate,  
Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,  
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

*Kent.* Madam, without offence, if I may  
ask,

How will you deal with Edward in his fall?

*Prince.* Tell me, good uncle, what Ed-  
ward do you mean?

*Kent.* Nephew, your father; I dare not  
call him king.

<sup>1</sup> Of all the most unnatural.

<sup>2</sup> Be not found alone lest you be suspected.

<sup>3</sup> Spies on thy doings.



*Mor.* My lord of Kent, what needs these questions?

'Tis not in her controlment, nor in ours,  
But as the realm and parliament shall please,

So shall your brother be disposèd of.—  
I like not this relenting mood in Edmund,  
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.

[*Aside to the QUEEN*]

*Isab.* My lord, the Mayor of Bristow knows our mind.

*Mor.* Yea, madam, and they scape not easily

That fled the field.

*Isab.* Baldock is with the king.  
A goodly chancellor is he not, my lord?

*Sir J.* So are the Spencers, the father and the son.

*Kent.* This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

*Enter RICE AP HOWEL, and the Mayor of Bristow, with SPENCER, the father*

*Rice.* God save Queen Isabel, and her princely son!

Madam, the Mayor and citizens of Bristow,  
In sign of love and duty to this presence,  
Present by me this traitor to the state,  
Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,  
That, like the lawless Catiline of Rome, <sup>80</sup>  
Reveled in England's wealth and treasury.

*Isab.* We thank you all.

*Mor.* Your loving care in this  
Deserveth princely favors and rewards.  
But where's the king and the other Spencer fled?

*Rice.* Spencer the son, created Earl of Gloucester,  
Is with that smooth-tongued scholar Baldock gone,  
And shipped but late for Ireland with the king.

*Mor.* Some whirlwind fetch them back or sink them all!—  
[*Aside*]  
They shall be started thence,<sup>1</sup> I doubt it not.

*Prince.* Shall I not see the king my father yet?

*Kent.* Unhappy Edward, chased from England's bounds. [*Aside*]

*Sir J.* Madam, what resteth, why stand you in a muse?

<sup>1</sup> Routed out from there.

*Isab.* I rue my lord's ill-fortune; but alas!

Care of my country called me to this war.

*Mor.* Madam, have done with care and sad complaint;

Your king hath wronged your country and himself,

And we must seek to right it as we may.

Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block.

*Hugh.* Rebel is he that fights against the prince;

So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.

*Mor.* Take him away, he prates;

[*Exeunt Attendants with the Elder SPENCER*]

You, Rice ap Howel,

Shall do good service to her majesty,  
Being of countenance in your country here,  
To follow these rebellious runagates.

We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice,

How Baldock, Spencer, and their complices,  
May in their fall be followed to their end.

*Exeunt omnes*

## [SCENE VI]

[*The Abbey of Neath*]

*Enter the Abbot, Monks, EDWARD, SPENCER, and BALDOCK [the three latter disguised]*

*Abbot.* Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear;

As silent and as careful will we be,  
To keep your royal person safe with us,  
Free from suspect, and fell invasion  
Of such as have your majesty in chase,  
Yourself, and those your chosen company,  
As danger of this stormy time requires.

*Edw.* Father, thy face should harbor no deceit.

O! hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,  
Pierced deeply with a sense of my distress,  
Could not but take compassion of my state.  
Stately and proud, in riches and in train, <sup>12</sup>  
Whilom<sup>1</sup> I was, powerful and full of pomp:  
But what is he whom rule and empery  
Have not in life or death made miserable?  
Come, Spencer; come, Baldock, come, sit down by me;

Make trial now of that philosophy,

<sup>1</sup> Once.



That in our famous nurseries of arts  
Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle.

Father, this life contemplative is heaven. 20  
O, that I might this life in quiet lead!  
But we, alas! are chased; and you, my friends,

Your lives and my dishonor they pursue.  
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold nor fee,

Do you betray us and our company.

*Monk.* Your grace may sit secure,<sup>1</sup> if none but we

Do wot of your abode.

*Spen.* Not one alive, but shrewdly I suspect

A gloomy fellow in a mead<sup>2</sup> below,  
A<sup>3</sup> gave a long look after us, my lord;  
And all the land I know is up in arms,  
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

*Bald.* We were embarked for Ireland, wretched we!

With awkward winds and sore tempests driven

To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear  
Of Mortimer and his confederates.

*Edw.* Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?  
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,

That bloody man? Good father, on thy lap  
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care. 40  
O, might I never open these eyes again!  
Never again lift up this drooping head!  
O never more lift up this dying heart!

*Spen.* Look up, my lord.—Baldock, this drowsiness

Betides no good; here even we are betrayed.

*Enter, with Welsh hooks, RICE AP HOWEL, a Mower, and the Earl of LEICESTER*

*Mow.* Upon my life, those be the men ye seek.

*Rice.* Fellow, enough.—My lord, I pray be short,

A fair commission warrants what we do.

*Leices.* The queen's commission, urged by Mortimer;

What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen? 50

Alas! see where he sits, and hopes unseen

<sup>1</sup> In safety.

<sup>2</sup> Meadow.

<sup>3</sup> He.

To escape their hands that seek to reave his life.

Too true it is, *Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*

*Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.*<sup>1</sup>

But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate.  
Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,  
I do arrest you of high treason here.  
Stand not on titles, but obey the arrest;  
'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.

My lord, why droop you thus? 60

*Edw.* O day the last of all my bliss on earth!

Center of all misfortune! O my stars,  
Why do you lour unkindly on a king?  
Comes Leicester, then, in Isabella's name  
To take my life, my company from me?  
Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,

And take my heart in rescue of my friends!

*Rice.* Away with them!

*Spen.* It may become thee yet

To let us take our farewell of his grace.

*Abbot.* My heart with pity earns<sup>2</sup> this sight, 70

A king to bear these words and proud commands. [Aside]

*Edw.* Spencer, ah, sweet Spencer, thus then must we part?

*Spen.* We must, my lord, so will the angry heavens.

*Edw.* Nay, so will hell and cruel Mortimer;

The gentle heavens have not to do in this.

*Bald.* My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.

Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves;

Our lots are cast; I fear me, so is thine.

*Edw.* In heaven we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet;

And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us? 80

*Leices.* Your majesty must go to Killingworth.<sup>3</sup>

*Edw.* Must! it is somewhat hard, when kings must go.

*Leices.* Here is a litter ready for your grace,

That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.

<sup>1</sup> He whom the dawn sees proud, the dying day beholds prostrate. Seneca, *Thyestes*, 613.

<sup>2</sup> Yearns.

<sup>3</sup> Kenilworth.



*Rice.* As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

*Edw.* A litter hast thou? lay me in a hearse,

And to the gates of hell convey me hence;

Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,  
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore,

For friends hath Edward none but these, <sup>so</sup>  
And these must die under a tyrant's sword.

*Rice.* My lord, be going; care not for these,

For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

*Edw.* Well, that shall be, shall be: part we must!

Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must!

Hence feignèd weeds! <sup>1</sup> unfeignèd are my woes;

[*Throws off his disguise*]

Father, farewell! Leicester, thou stay'st for me,

And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends.

*Exeunt EDWARD and LEICESTER*

*Spen.* O! Is he gone? Is noble Edward gone?

Parted from hence? never to see us more?

Rend, sphere of heaven! and, fire, forsake thy orb!

Earth, melt to air! gone is my sovereign,  
Gone, gone, alas! never to make return.

*Bald.* Spencer, I see our souls are fleeing hence;

We are deprived the sunshine of our life:

Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes,

And heart and hands to heaven's immortal throne;

Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance;

Reduce we all our lessons unto this,

To die, sweet Spencer, therefore live we all;  
Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall. <sup>121</sup>

*Rice.* Come, come, keep these preachments till you come to the place appointed.  
You, and such as you are, have made wise work in England; will your lordships away?

*Mow.* Your worship, I trust, will remember me?

*Rice.* Remember thee, fellow! what else?  
Follow me to the town. [*Exeunt*]

<sup>1</sup> Cloths.

[ACT V, SCENE I]

[*Within Killingworth Castle*]

*Enter the KING, LEICESTER, with the BISHOP  
[of WINCHESTER, and TRUSSEL]  
for the crown*

*Leices.* Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,  
Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,

And that you lay for pleasure here a space,  
Not of compulsion or necessity.

*Edw.* Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,

Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows;

For kind and loving hast thou always been.  
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,  
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,

Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds; <sup>10</sup>

But, when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,  
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,  
And highly scorning that the lowly earth  
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.

And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind

The ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,

And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,  
That thus hath pent and mewed me in a prison;

For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,  
As <sup>1</sup> with the wings of rancor and disdain, <sup>so</sup>  
Full often am I soaring up to heaven,  
To plain <sup>2</sup> me to the gods against them both.

But, when I call to mind I am a king,  
Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,

That Mortimer and Isabel have done.  
But what are kings, when regiment <sup>3</sup> is gone,  
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?

My nobles rule, I bear the name of king;  
I wear the crown, but am controlled by them,

By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen, <sup>so</sup>  
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;

<sup>1</sup> That.

<sup>2</sup> Make my complaint.

<sup>3</sup> Rule.



Whilst I am lodged within this cave of  
care,

Where sorrow at my elbow still<sup>1</sup> attends,  
To company<sup>2</sup> my heart with sad laments,  
That bleeds within me for this strange ex-  
change.

But tell me, must I now resign my crown,  
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

*Winch.* Your grace mistakes; it is for  
England's good,  
And princely Edward's right we crave the  
crown.

*Edw.* No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's  
head;

For he's a lamb, encompassèd by wolves,  
Which in a moment will abridge his life.  
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,  
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless  
fire!

Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,<sup>3</sup>  
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;  
So shall not England's vine be perishèd,  
But Edward's name survives, though Ed-  
ward dies.

*Leices.* My lord, why waste you thus the  
time away?

They stay your answer; will you yield your  
crown?

*Edw.* Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I  
can brook

To lose my crown and kingdom without  
cause;

To give ambitious Mortimer my right,  
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,  
In which extreme my mind here murdered  
is.

But what the heavens appoint, I must obey!  
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward  
too;

Two kings in England cannot reign at once.  
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,  
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;  
So shall my eyes receive their last content,<sup>4</sup>  
My head, the latest honor due to it,  
And jointly both yield up their wishèd<sup>4</sup>  
right.

Continue ever thou celestial sun;  
Let never silent night possess this clime:  
Stand still you watches of the element;  
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,  
That Edward may be still fair England's  
king!

But day's bright beams doth vanish fast  
away,

And needs I must resign my wishèd<sup>1</sup> crown.  
Inhuman creatures! nursed with tiger's  
milk!

Why gape you for your sovereign's over-  
throw!

My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.  
See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again!  
What, fear you not the fury of your king?  
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly<sup>2</sup> led;  
They pass<sup>3</sup> not for thy frowns as late they  
did,

But seeks to make a new-elected king;  
Which fills my mind with strange despair-  
ing thoughts,

Which thoughts are martyrèd with endless  
torments,

And in this torment comfort find I none,  
But that I feel the crown upon my head;  
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

*Trus.* My lord, the parliament must have  
present news,  
And therefore say, will you resign or no?

*The KING rageth*

*Edw.* I'll not resign, but whilst I live be  
king.

Traitors, be gone! and join you with Morti-  
mer!

Elect, conspire, install, do what you will—  
Their blood and yours shall seal these  
treacheries!

*Winch.* This answer we'll return, and so  
farewell.

*[Going with TRUSSEL]*

*Leices.* Call them again, my lord, and  
speak them fair;

For if they go, the prince shall lose his  
right.

*Edw.* Call thou them back, I have no  
power to speak.

*Leices.* My lord, the king is willing to  
resign.

*Winch.* If he be not, let him choose.

*Edw.* O would I might! but heavens and  
earth conspire

To make me miserable! Here, receive my  
crown;

Receive it? no, these innocent hands of  
mine

Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.  
He of you all that most desires my blood,<sup>100</sup>  
And will be called the murderer of a king,

<sup>1</sup> Ever.

<sup>2</sup> Accompany.

<sup>3</sup> *Æneid*, vi, 571.

<sup>4</sup> Coveted.

<sup>1</sup> Coveted.

<sup>2</sup> Foolishly.

<sup>3</sup> Care.



Take it. What, are you moved? pity you me?

Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,  
And Isabel, whose eyes, being turned to steel,

Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.  
Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,

Here, here! [Gives the crown]

Now, sweet God of heaven,  
Make me despise this transitory pomp,  
And sit for aye enthronized in heaven!  
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes, 110

Or if I live, let me forget myself.

*Winch.* My lord—

*Edw.* Call me not lord; away—out of my sight:

Ah, pardon me: grief makes me lunatic!  
Let not that Mortimer protect<sup>1</sup> my son;  
More safety is there in a tiger's jaws,  
Than his embracements. Bear this to the queen,

Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs; [Gives a handkerchief]

If with the sight thereof she be not moved,  
Return it back and dip it in my blood. 120

Commend me to my son, and bid him rule  
Better than I. Yet how have I transgressed,

Unless it be with too much clemency?

*Trus.* And thus most humbly do we take our leave.

*Edw.* Farewell;

*[Exeunt*

*the BISHOP of WINCHESTER and TRUSSEL]*

I know the next news that they bring  
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be;  
To wretched men, death is felicity.

*Enter BERKELEY,<sup>2</sup> [who gives a paper to LEICESTER]*

*Leices.* Another post! what news brings he?

*Edw.* Such news as I expect—come,  
Berkeley, come,  
And tell thy message to my naked breast. 130

*Berk.* My lord, think not a thought so villainous

Can harbor in a man of noble birth.  
To do your highness service and devoir,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Become Protector.

<sup>2</sup> Q. reads *Bartley*.

<sup>3</sup> Duty.

And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die.

*Leices.* My lord, the council of the queen commands

That I resign my charge.

*Edw.* And who must keep me now?  
Must you, my lord?

*Berk.* Ay, my most gracious lord—so 'tis decreed.

*Edw.* *[taking the paper]* By Mortimer, whose name is written here!

Well may I rend his name that rends my heart! 140

*[Tears it]*

This poor revenge has something eased my mind.

So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!  
Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!

*Berk.* Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley straight.

*Edw.* Whither you will; all places are alike,

And every earth is fit for burial.

*Leices.* Favor him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.

*Berk.* Even so betide my soul as I use him.

*Edw.* Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,  
And that's the cause that I am now removed. 150

*Berk.* And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel?

*Edw.* I know not; but of this am I assured,

That death ends all, and I can die but once.  
Leicester, farewell!

*Leices.* Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your way. *Exeunt omnes*

## [SCENE II]

*[The Palace, London]*

*Enter MORTIMER and QUEEN ISABEL*

*Mor.* Fair Isabel, now have we our desire;

The proud corrupters of the light-brained king

Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,

And he himself lies in captivity.

Be ruled by me, and we will rule the realm.  
In any case take heed of childish fear,



For now we hold an old wolf<sup>1</sup> by the ears,  
That, if he slip, will seize upon us both,  
And gripe the sorer, being griped himself.  
Think therefore, madam, that<sup>2</sup> imports us  
much

To erect your son<sup>3</sup> with all the speed we  
may,

And that I be protector over him;  
For our behoof will bear the greater sway  
Whenas<sup>4</sup> a king's name shall be under writ.

*Isab.* Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,  
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well,  
And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,  
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,  
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,  
And I myself will willingly subscribe.

*Mor.* First would I hear news that he  
were deposed,  
And then let me alone to handle him.

*Enter Messenger*

Letters! from whence?

*Mess.* From Killingworth, my lord.

*Isab.* How fares my lord the king?

*Mess.* In health, madam, but full of pen-  
siveness.

*Isab.* Alas, poor soul, would I could ease  
his grief!

*Enter [the BISHOP of] WINCHESTER  
with the crown*

Thanks, gentle Winchester. [*To the Mes-  
senger*] Sirrah, begone.

[*Exit Messenger*]

*Winch.* The king hath willingly resigned  
his crown.

*Isab.* O happy news! send for the prince,  
my son.

*Winch.* Further, or<sup>5</sup> this letter was  
sealed, Lord Berkeley came,  
So that he now is gone from Killingworth;  
And we have heard that Edmund laid a  
plot

To set his brother free; no more but so.  
The lord of Berkeley is so<sup>6</sup> pitiful  
As Leicester that had charge of him before.

*Isab.* Then let some other be his guar-  
dian.

*Mor.* Let me alone, here is the privy seal.  
[*Exit the BISHOP of WINCHESTER*]

<sup>1</sup> That is, the king.

<sup>2</sup> That is.

<sup>3</sup> Crown him king.

<sup>4</sup> When.

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps *e'er*.

<sup>6</sup> As.

Who's there?—Call hither Gurney and  
Matrevis.

To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,<sup>1</sup>  
Berkeley shall be discharged, the king re-  
moved,

And none but we shall know where he lieth.

*Isab.* But, Mortimer, as long as he sur-  
vives,

What safety rests for us, or for my son?

*Mor.* Speak, shall he presently be dis-  
patched and die?

*Isab.* I would he were, so 'twere not by  
my means.

*Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY*

*Mor.* Enough.—

Matrevis, write a letter presently  
Unto the lord of Berkeley from ourself  
That he resign the king to thee and Gur-  
ney;

And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our  
name.

*Mat.* It shall be done, my lord.

*Mor.* Gurney.

*Gur.* My lord.

*Mor.* As thou intend'st to rise by Mor-  
timer,

Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he  
please,

Seek all the means thou canst to make him  
droop,

And neither give him kind word nor good  
look.

*Gur.* I warrant you, my lord.

*Mor.* And this above the rest: because  
we hear

That Edmund casts<sup>2</sup> to work his liberty,  
Remove him still<sup>3</sup> from place to place by  
night,

Till at the last he come to Killingworth,  
And then from thence to Berkeley back  
again;

And by the way, to make him fret the more,  
Speak curstly to him; and in any case

Let no man comfort him if he chance to  
weep,

But amplify his grief with bitter words.

*Mat.* Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you  
command.

*Mor.* So now away; post thitherwards  
again.

<sup>1</sup> Plot.

<sup>2</sup> Plots.

<sup>3</sup> Constantly.



*Isab.* Whither goes this letter? to my lord the king?

Commend me humbly to his majesty,  
And tell him that I labor all in vain <sup>70</sup>  
To ease his grief, and work his liberty;  
And bear him this as witness of my love.  
[*Gives a ring*]

*Mat.* I will, madam.

*Exeunt MATREVIS and GURNEY*

*Mor.* Finely dissembled. Do so still,  
sweet queen.

Here comes the young prince with the Earl of Kent.

*Isab.* Something he whispers in his childish ears.

*Mor.* If he have such access unto the prince,  
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dashed.

*Isab.* Use Edmund friendly as if all were well.

*Enter the young PRINCE, and KENT talking with him. Manent ISABEL and MORTIMER*

*Mor.* How fares my honorable lord of Kent? <sup>80</sup>

*Kent.* In health, sweet Mortimer: how fares your grace?

*Isab.* Well, if my lord your brother were enlarged.

*Kent.* I hear of late he hath deposed himself.

*Isab.* The more my grief.

*Mor.* And mine.

*Kent.* Ah, they do dissemble! [*Aside*]

*Isab.* Sweet son, come hither, I must talk with thee.

*Mor.* Thou being his uncle, and the next of blood,

Do look to be protector over the prince.

*Kent.* Not I, my lord; who should protect the son,

But she that gave him life? I mean the queen.

*Prince.* Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown: <sup>90</sup>

Let him be king—I am too young to reign.

*Isab.* But be content, seeing it is his highness' pleasure.

*Prince.* Let me but see him first, and then I will.

*Kent.* Ay, do, sweet nephew.

*Isab.* Brother, you know it is impossible.

*Prince.* Why, is he dead?

*Isab.* No. God forbid.

*Kent.* I would those words proceeded from your heart.

*Mor.* Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favor him,

That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

*Kent.* The more cause have I now to make amends. <sup>100</sup>

*Mor.* I tell thee, 'tis not meet that one so false

Should come about the person of a prince.

[*Aside to ISABEL*]

My lord, he hath betrayed the king his brother,

And therefore trust him not.

*Prince.* But he repents, and sorrows for it now.

*Isab.* Come, son, and go with this gentle lord and me.

*Prince.* With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

*Mor.* Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of Mortimer?

Then I will carry thee by force away.

*Prince.* Help, uncle Kent! Mortimer will wrong me. <sup>110</sup>

*Isab.* Brother Edmund, strive not; we are his friends;

Isabel is nearer than the Earl of Kent.

*Kent.* Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him.

*Isab.* Edward is my son, and I will keep him.

*Kent.* Mortimer shall know that he hath wronged me!—

Hence will I haste to Killingworth Castle,  
And rescue aged Edward from his foes,

To be revenged on Mortimer and thee.

[*Aside*]

*Exeunt omnes*

### [SCENE III]

[*An Outhouse of Killingworth Castle*]

*Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY [and Soldiers] with the KING*

*Mat.* My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends;

Men are ordained to live in misery,  
Therefore come—dalliance dangereth our lives.



*Edu.* Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?

Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?  
Must I be vexèd like the nightly bird,  
Whose sight is loathsome to all wingèd fowls?

When will the fury of his mind assuage?  
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?  
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,

And give my heart to Isabel and him;  
It is the chiefest mark they level at.<sup>1</sup>

*Gur.* Not so, my liege, the queen hath given this charge

To keep your grace in safety;

Your passions make your dolours to increase.

*Edu.* This usage makes my misery to increase.

But can my air of life<sup>2</sup> continue long  
When all my senses are annoyed with stench?

Within a dungeon England's king is kept,  
Where I am starved for want of sustenance.  
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,<sup>21</sup>  
That almost rents<sup>3</sup> the closet of my heart;  
Thus lives old Edward<sup>4</sup> not relieved by any,

And so must die, though pitièd by many.  
O, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,  
And clear my body from foul excrements!

*Mat.* Here's channel<sup>5</sup> water, as our charge is given;

Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

*Edu.* Traitors, away! what, will you murder me,

Or choke your sovereign with puddle-water?

*Gur.* No; but wash your face, and shave away your beard,

Lest you be known and so be rescued.

*Mat.* Why strive you thus? your labor is in vain!

*Edu.* The wren may strive against the lion's strength,

But all in vain: so vainly do I strive  
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

*They wash him with puddle-water, and shave his beard away*  
Immortal powers! that knows the painful cares

That waits upon my poor distressed soul,

<sup>1</sup> Aim at.

<sup>2</sup> Breath of life.

<sup>3</sup> Rends.

<sup>4</sup> Edward was forty-three, at this time.

<sup>5</sup> Gutter.

O level all your looks upon these daring men,

That wrongs their liege and sovereign, England's king!

O Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wronged,

For me, both thou and both the Spencers died!

And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take.

The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain,  
Wish well to mine; then tush, for them I'll die.

*Mat.* 'Twixt theirs and yours shall be no enmity.

Come, come away; now put the torches out,  
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

*Enter KENT*

*Gur.* How now, who comes there?

*Mat.* Guard the king sure: it is the Earl of Kent.

*Edu.* O gentle brother, help to rescue me!

*Mat.* Keep them asunder; thrust in the king.

*Kent.* Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

*Gur.* Lay hands upon the earl for his assault.

*Kent.* Lay down your weapons, traitors! yield the king!

*Mat.* Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.

*Kent.* Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus?

*Gur.* Bind him and so convey him to the court.

*Kent.* Where is the court but here? here is the king;

And I will visit him; why stay you me?

*Mat.* The court is where Lord Mortimer remains;

Thither shall your honor go; and so farewell.

*Exeunt MATREVIS and GURNEY, with KING EDWARD. Manent KENT and the Soldiers*

*Kent.* Oh, miserable is that commonweal,  
Where lords keep courts, and kings are locked in prison!

*Sol.* Wherefore stay we? On, sirs, to the court!



*Kent.* Ay, lead me whither you will, even  
to my death,  
Seeing that my brother cannot be released.  
*Exeunt omnes*

## [SCENE IV]

[*The Palace, London*]

*Enter MORTIMER alone*

*Mor.* The king must die, or Mortimer  
goes down;  
The commons now begin to pity him:  
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,  
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;  
And therefore will I do it cunningly.  
This letter, written by a friend of ours,  
Contains his death, yet bids them save his  
life.  
"*Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum  
est.*"  
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die."  
But read it thus, and that's another sense: <sup>10</sup>  
"*Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum  
est.*"  
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the  
worst."  
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,  
That, being dead,<sup>1</sup> if it chance to be found,  
Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,  
And we be quit that caused it to be done.  
Within this room is locked the messenger  
That shall convey it, and perform the rest:  
And by a secret token that he bears,  
Shall he be murdered when the deed is  
done.— <sup>20</sup>  
Lightborn, come forth!

*Enter LIGHTBORN*

Art thou so resolute as thou wast?  
*Light.* What else, my lord? and far more  
resolute.  
*Mor.* And hast thou cast<sup>2</sup> how to accom-  
plish it?  
*Light.* Ay, ay, and none shall know which  
way he died.  
*Mor.* But at his looks, Lightborn, thou  
wilt relent.  
*Light.* Relent, ha! ha! I use much to re-  
lent.  
*Mor.* Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

<sup>1</sup> The king being dead.    <sup>2</sup> Arranged.

*Light.* You shall not need to give instruc-  
tions;  
'Tis not the first time I have killed a man. <sup>30</sup>  
I learned in Naples how to poison flowers;  
To strangle with a lawn<sup>1</sup> thrust down the  
throat;  
To pierce the windpipe with a needle's  
point;  
Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill  
And blow a little powder in his ears:  
Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver  
down.  
And yet I have a braver way than these.  
*Mor.* What's that?  
*Light.* Nay, you shall pardon me; none  
shall know my tricks.  
*Mor.* I care not how it is, so it be not  
spied. <sup>40</sup>  
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis.  
[*Gives letter*]  
At every ten mile end thou hast a horse.  
Take this [*Gives money*]: away! and never  
see me more.  
*Light.* No!  
*Mor.* No; unless thou bring me news of  
Edward's death.  
*Light.* That will I quickly do. Farewell,  
my lord. [*Exit*]  
*Mor.* The prince I rule, the queen do I  
command,  
And with a lowly congè to the ground,  
The proudest lords salute me as I pass;  
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will. <sup>50</sup>  
Feared am I more than loved—let me be  
feared,  
And when I frown, make all the court look  
pale.  
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,  
Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.  
They thrust upon me the protectorship,  
And sue to me for that that I desire.  
While at the council-table, grave enough,  
And not unlike a bashful puritan,  
First I complain of imbecility,<sup>2</sup>  
Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum*; <sup>3</sup> <sup>60</sup>  
Till being interrupted by my friends,  
*Suscepi* that *provinciam*<sup>4</sup> as they term it;  
And to conclude, I am Protector now.  
Now is all sure: the queen and Mortimer  
Shall rule the realm, the king; and none  
rules us.

<sup>1</sup> Rag.

<sup>2</sup> Unequalness to the task.

<sup>3</sup> "A very heavy burden."

<sup>4</sup> "I have undertaken that office."



Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance;

And what I list command who dare control?

*Major sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere.*<sup>1</sup>

And that this be the coronation day,

It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen. 70

The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

*Enter the Young KING, [ARCH]BISHOP, Champion, Nobles, QUEEN*

*Arch.* Long live King Edward, by the grace of God,

King of England and Lord of Ireland!

*Cham.* If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,

Dare but affirm that Edward's not true king,

And will avouch his saying with the sword, I am the champion that will combat him.

*Mor.* None comes, sound trumpets.

*Edw. Third.* Champion, here's to thee.

[*Gives a purse*]

*Isab.* Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

*Enter Soldiers, with the Earl of KENT prisoner*

*Mor.* What traitor have we there with blades and bills? 80

*Sol.* Edmund, the Earl of Kent.

*Edw. Third.* What hath he done?

*Sol.* A would have taken the king away perforce,

As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

*Mor.* Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund? speak.

*Kent.* Mortimer, I did; he is our king, And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.

*Mor.* Strike off his head! He shall have martial law.

*Kent.* Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee!

*Edw. Third.* My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

*Mor.* My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die. 90

*Kent.* Stay, villains!

*Edw. Third.* Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,

Entreat my Lord Protector for his life.

*Isab.* Son, be content; I dare not speak a word.

*Edw. Third.* Nor I, and yet methinks I should command;

But, seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him—My lord, if you will let my uncle live,

I will requite it when I come to age.

*Mor.* 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realm's.—

How often shall I bid you bear him hence?

*Kent.* Art thou king? must I die at thy command? 101

*Mor.* At our command.—Once more away with him.

*Kent.* Let me but stay and speak; I will not go.

Either my brother or his son is king,

And none of both them<sup>1</sup> thirst for Edmund's blood:

And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?

*They hale KENT away, and carry him to be beheaded*

*Edw. Third.* What safety may I look for at his hands,

If that my uncle shall be murdered thus?

*Isab.* Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy foes;

Had Edmund lived, he would have sought thy death. 110

Come, son, we'll ride a-hunting in the park.

*Edw. Third.* And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?

*Isab.* He is a traitor; think not on him; come. *Exeunt omnes*

## [SCENE V]

[*Within Berkeley Castle*]

*Enter MATR[EVIS] and GURNEY*

*Mat.* Gurney, I wonder the king dies not, Being in a vault up to the knees in water, To which the channels<sup>2</sup> of the castle run, From whence a damp continually ariseth, That were enough to poison any man, Much more a king brought up so tenderly.

*Gur.* And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight I opened but the door to throw him meat,

<sup>1</sup> Neither of them.

<sup>2</sup> Drains.

<sup>1</sup> "I am too great for Fortune to hurt me." Ovid. *Metamorphoses*, vi. 195.



And I was almost stifled with the savor.

*Mat.* He hath a body able to endure<sup>10</sup>  
More than we can inflict: and therefore  
now

Let us assail his mind another while.

*Gur.* Send for him out thence, and I will  
anger him.

*Mat.* But stay, who's this?

*Enter LIGHTBORN*

*Light.* My Lord Protector greets you.  
[*Gives letter*]

*Gur.* What's here? I know not how to  
construe it.

*Mat.* Gurney, it was left unpointed for  
the nonce;<sup>1</sup>

*"Edwardum occidere nolite timere,"*

That's his meaning.

*Light.* Know ye this token? I must have  
the king. [Gives token]

*Mat.* Ay, stay awhile, thou shalt have  
answer straight.<sup>20</sup>

This villain's sent to make away the king.  
[*Aside*]

*Gur.* I thought as much. [*Aside*]

*Mat.* And when the murder's done,  
See how he must be handled for his labor.  
*Pereat iste!*<sup>2</sup> Let him have the king.  
[*Aside*]

What else? Here is the key, this is the  
lock;<sup>3</sup>

Do as you are commanded by my lord.

*Light.* I know what I must do. Get you  
away.

Yet be not far off, I shall need your help;  
See that in the next room I have a fire,  
And get me a spit, and let it be red-hot.<sup>30</sup>

*Mat.* Very well.

*Gur.* Need you anything besides?

*Light.* What else? A table and a feather-  
bed.

*Gur.* That's all?

*Light.* Ay, ay; so, when I call you, bring  
it in.

*Mat.* Fear not you that.

*Gur.* Here's a light, to go into the dun-  
geon.

[Gives a light, and  
then exit with MATREVIS]<sup>4</sup>

*Light.* So, now

<sup>1</sup> On purpose.

<sup>2</sup> He must die.

<sup>3</sup> Q. reads *lake*.

<sup>4</sup> A curtain doubtless drawn, disclosing the king.

Must I about this gear; ne'er was there any  
So finely handled as this king shall be.

Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my  
heart!<sup>40</sup>

*Edw.* Who's there? what light is that?  
wherefore com'st thou?

*Light.* To comfort you, and bring you  
joyful news.

*Edw.* Small comfort finds poor Edward in  
thy looks.

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

*Light.* To murder you, my most gracious  
lord!

Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me to see how you were  
used,

For she relents at this your misery:

And what eyes can refrain from shedding  
tears,

To see a king in this most piteous state?<sup>50</sup>

*Edw.* Weep'st thou already? list awhile  
to me.

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,  
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,  
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.

This dungeon where they keep me is the  
sink

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

*Light.* O villains!

*Edw.* And there in mire and puddle have  
I stood

This ten days' space; and, lest that I should  
sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum.<sup>60</sup>

They give me bread and water, being a  
king;

So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,  
My mind's distempered, and my body's  
numbed;

And whether I have limbs or no I know not.  
O, would my blood dropped out from every  
vein,

As doth this water from my tattered robes.  
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,  
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,  
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.

*Light.* O, speak no more, my lord! this  
breaks my heart.<sup>70</sup>

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

*Edw.* These looks of thine can harbor  
nought but death:

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.  
Yet stay awhile; forbear thy bloody hand,  
And let me see the stroke before it comes,



That even then when I shall lose my life,  
My mind may be more steadfast on my  
God.

*Light.* What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

*Edw.* What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

*Light.* These hands were never stained  
with innocent blood,  
Nor shall they now be tainted with a  
king's.

*Edw.* Forgive my thought for having  
such a thought.  
One jewel have I left; receive thou this.  
[*Giving jewel*]

Still fear I, and I know not what's the  
cause,  
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.  
O, if thou harborest murder in thy heart,  
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy  
soul!

Know that I am a king: O, at that name  
I feel a hell of grief! where is my crown?  
Gone, gone! and do I still remain alive?

*Light.* You're overwatched,<sup>1</sup> my lord; lie  
down and rest.

*Ed.* But that grief keeps me waking, I  
should sleep;  
For not these ten days have these eyelids  
closed.

Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear  
Open again. O, wherefore sitt'st thou here?

*Light.* If you mistrust me, I'll begone,  
my lord.

*Edw.* No, no, for if thou means't to  
murder me,  
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.  
[*Sleeps*]

*Light.* He sleeps.

*Edw.* [*waking*] O let me not die yet!  
O stay a while!

*Light.* How now, my lord?

*Edw.* Something still<sup>2</sup> buzzeth in mine  
ears,  
And tells me if I sleep I never wake;  
This fear is that which makes me tremble  
thus.

And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou  
come?

*Light.* To rid thee of thy life.—Matrevis,  
come!

*Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY*

*Edw.* I am too weak and feeble to resist—

Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!

*Light.* Run for the table.

*Edw.* O spare me, or dispatch me in a  
trice.

*Light.* So, lay the table down, and stamp  
on it,  
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his  
body.

[*KING EDWARD is murdered*]

*Mat.* I fear me that this cry will raise  
the town,

And therefore, let us take horse and away.

*Light.* Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely  
done?

*Gur.* Excellent well; take this for thy reward.

*Then GURNEY stabs LIGHTBORN*  
Come, let us cast the body in the moat,  
And bear the king's to Mortimer our iord:  
Away!

*Exeunt [with the bodies]*

## [SCENE VI]

[*The Palace, London*]

*Enter MORTIMER and MATREVIS*

*Mor.* Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?

*Mat.* Ay, my good lord; I would it were  
undone!

*Mor.* Matrevis, if thou now growest penitent  
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore choose,  
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,  
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

*Mat.* Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will,  
I fear,  
Betray us both, therefore let me fly.

*Mor.* Fly to the savages!

*Mat.* I humbly thank your honor.  
[*Exit*]

*Mor.* As for myself, I stand as Jove's  
huge tree,<sup>1</sup>  
And others are but shrubs compared to me.  
All tremble at my name, and I fear none;  
Let's see who dare impeach me for his  
death!

<sup>1</sup> The oak.

<sup>1</sup> Worn out with waking.

<sup>2</sup> Ever.



*Enter the QUEEN*

*Isab.* Ah, Mortimer, the king my son  
hath news  
His father's dead, and we have murdered  
him!

*Mor.* What if he have? the king is yet a  
child.

*Isab.* Ay, ay, but he tears his hair, and  
wings his hands,  
And vows to be revenged upon us both.  
Into the council-chamber he is gone,  
To crave the aid and succor of his peers. 20  
Ay me! see where he comes, and they with  
him;  
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

*Enter the KING with the Lords*

*Lords.* Fear not, my lord, know that you  
are a king.

*Edw. Third.* Villain!

*Mor.* How now, my lord!

*Edw. Third.* Think not that I am frightened  
with thy words!  
My father's murdered through thy treach-  
ery;  
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful  
hearse

Thy hateful and accursèd head shall lie.  
To witness to the world, that by thy means  
His kingly body was too soon interred. 30

*Isab.* Weep not, sweet son!

*Edw. Third.* Forbid me not to weep; he  
was my father;  
And, had you loved him half so well as I,  
You could not bear his death thus patiently.  
But you, I fear, conspired with Mortimer.

*Lords.* Why speak you not unto my lord  
the king?

*Mor.* Because I think it scorn to be ac-  
cused.

Who is the man dares say I murdered him?

*Edw. Third.* Traitor! in me my loving  
father speaks,  
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that mur-  
der'dst him.

*Mor.* But hath your grace no other proof  
than this?

*Edw. Third.* Yes, if this be the hand of  
Mortimer.

[*Showing letter*]

*Mor.* False Gurney hath betrayed me  
and himself.

[*Aside*]

*Isab.* I feared as much; murder cannot  
be hid. [Aside]

*Mor.* It is my hand; what gather you by  
this?

*Edw. Third.* That thither thou didst send  
a murderer.

*Mor.* What murderer? Bring forth the  
man I sent.

*Edw. Third.* Ah, Mortimer, thou knowest  
that he is slain;  
And so shalt thou be too.—Why stays he  
here?

Bring him unto a hurdle,<sup>1</sup> drag him forth; 20  
Hang him, I say, and set his quarters up;  
But bring his head back presently<sup>2</sup> to me.

*Isab.* For my sake, sweet son, pity Mor-  
timer.

*Mor.* Madam, entreat not, I will rather  
die,  
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.

*Edw. Third.* Hence with the traitor! with  
the murderer!

*Mor.* Base Fortune, now I see, that in  
thy wheel  
There is a point, to which when men aspire,  
They tumble headlong down: that point I  
touched,

And, seeing there was no place to mount  
up higher, 30  
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?—  
Farewell, fair queen; weep not for Mor-  
timer,

That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,  
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

*Edw. Third.* What! suffer you the traitor  
to delay?

[*MORTIMER is taken away*]

*Isab.* As thou receivedest thy life from  
me,  
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer!

*Edw. Third.* This argues that you spilt  
my father's blood,

Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.

*Isab.* I spill his blood? no. 30

*Edw. Third.* Ay, madam, you; for so the  
rumor runs.

*Isab.* That rumor is untrue; for loving  
thee,  
Is this report raised on poor Isabel.

*Edw. Third.* I do not think her so un-  
natural.

<sup>1</sup> A crate or boxing put about a criminal on his  
way to execution.

<sup>2</sup> At once.



*Lord.* My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.

*Edw. Third.* Mother, you are suspected for his death,

And therefore we commit you to the Tower  
Till farther trial may be made thereof;  
If you be guilty, though I be your son,  
Think not to find me slack or pitiful. <sup>80</sup>

*Isab.* Nay, to my death, for too long have I lived,

Whenas<sup>1</sup> my son thinks to abridge my days.

*Edw. Third.* Away with her, her words enforce these tears,  
And I shall pity her if she speak again.

*Isab.* Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord,  
And with the rest accompany him to his grave?

*Lord.* Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you shall hence.

*Isab.* He hath forgotten me; stay, I am his mother.

*Lords.* That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.

<sup>1</sup> When.

*Isab.* Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief. [Exit] <sup>90</sup>

[*Re-enter Lord, with the head of MORTIMER*]

*Lord.* My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

*Edw. Third.* Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie;  
And bring my funeral robes.

Accursèd head,  
Could I have ruled thee then, as I do now,  
Thou had'st not hatched this monstrous treachery!—

Here comes the hearse; help me to mourn, my lords.

[*Enter Attendants with the hearse and funeral robes*]

Sweet father, here unto thy murdered ghost  
I offer up this wicked traitor's head;  
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,

Be witness of my grief and innocence. <sup>100</sup>  
[*Exeunt*]



822.3

S32T

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

25'43 310

48

0818'41

757

8'19 278

27<sup>6</sup>/56 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65- B 12





THE  
Pleasant Comedie of  
Old Fortunatus.

As it was plaied before the Queenes  
*Maiestie this Christmas*, by the Right  
Honourable the Earle of Notting-  
ham, Lord high Admirall of Eng-  
land his Seruants,



LONDON

Printed by S. S. for William Aspley, dwelling in  
Paules Church-yard at the signe of the  
Tygers head. 1 6 0 0.



822.3

S32T

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

05'48 310

1'48 207

08'18 757

8'19 278

27<sup>6</sup>/56 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65 012



This popular play was printed in four quartos, 1600, 1603, 1622, and 1624, which differ little in text. The version which we have is clearly that which was dressed for court, doubtless not only by a new prologue and epilogue, but by the "additions" of the scenes in which Virtue and Vice appear. These, which, fine as they are, somewhat mar the unity of the play, were handsomely paid for by Henslowe, on his own statement, towards the end of 1599. The revised play was acted before the queen during the Christmas festivities of that year and registered for publication the following February. As to the earlier version, Henslowe records the performance of *The Whole History of Fortunatus* by the Admiral's men at the Rose in February, 1596; and this would seem to indicate a still earlier date for the original staging of the play: 1590 has been surmised. Dekker found his ultimate source for *Old Fortunatus* in the old German *Volksbuch* of the story, printed in 1509, but whether through some English intermediary, now lost, is not certain. Dekker was not unacquainted with Dutch. The story is a universal one and of Eastern origin, and a dramatic version, which seems to have no touch with Dekker's, had appeared in Germany by Hans Sachs in 1553. I have followed the text of the quarto of 1600.

Thomas Dekker was born in London about 1572 and appears to have been of Dutch extraction. He is first heard of in Henslowe's Diary as writing for the Admiral's men in 1598, and may well have been at work for them three or four years earlier. Dekker was an exceedingly busy collaborator up to 1602, writing for various companies and with several coadjutors. He took part in the "war of the theaters," writing *Satiromastix* for the Chamberlain's men and Paul's boys in 1601. His after career is one of incessant writing for the stage and production of that species of ephemeral literature known as the pamphlet. An important later collaboration of Dekker was that with Middleton, in which he produced *The Honest Whore*, 1605 and other plays. *The Shoemakers' Holiday*, 1599, is, with the play of the text, Dekker's best effort. Other excellent works in which he shared are *The Virgin Martyr* with Massinger, *The Sun's Darling* with Ford and *The Witch of Edmonton* with Ford and William Rowley. Dekker is lost sight of about 1632.

Dekker's plays have not been reprinted entire since the unsatisfactory *Pearson Reprint*, 4 vols., 1873. Several plays are reprinted by E. Rhys in the *Mermaid Series*, 1887.



# [PERSONS IN THE PLAY

CHORUS  
 TWO OLD MEN  
 FORTUNATUS, *an Old Man*  
 ECHO, *a Voice*  
 FORTUNE, *a Goddess*  
 A SHEPHERD, A CARTER, A TAILOR, A MONK;  
 FOUR KINGS  
 AMPEDO } *Sons of Fortunatus*  
 ANDELOCIA }  
 SHADOW, *their Servant*  
 VIRTUE } *Goddesses*  
 VICE }  
 A PRIEST  
 THE SOLDAN OF BABYLON *and his Nobles*  
 THE THREE DESTINIES

A COMPANY OF SATYRS  
 ORLEANS, *a French Nobleman*  
 GALLOWAY, *a Scottish Noble*  
 A BOY  
 THE PRINCE OF CYPRUS  
 AGRIPTYNE, *a Princess, daughter of King*  
*Athelstane*  
 CORNWALL } *English Nobles*  
 CHESTER }  
 LONGAVILLE, *a French Noble*  
 LINCOLN, *an English Courtier*  
 ATHELSTANE, *King of England*  
 INSULTADO, *a Spanish Lord*  
 ATTENDANTS, *Ladies*  
 MONTROSE, *a Scottish courtier*

SCENE: Cyprus, Babylon, England.]



## THE PROLOGUE AT COURT

*Enter Two Old Men*

1 *Old*. Are you then travelling to the temple of Eliza?

2 *Old*. Even to her temple are my feeble limbs travelling. Some call her Pandora:<sup>1</sup> some Gloriana, some Cynthia: some Delphœbe, some Astræa: all by several names to express several loves: yet all those names make but one celestial body, as all those loves meet to create but one soul.

1 *Old*. I am one of her own country, and we adore her by the name of Eliza.

2 *Old*. Blessed name, happy country: your Eliza makes your land Elysium: but what do you offer? 10

1 *Old*. That which all true subjects should: when I was young, an armed hand; now I am crooked, an upright heart: but what offer you?

1 *Old*. That which all strangers do: two eyes struck blind with admiration: two lips proud to sound her glory: two hands held up full of prayers and praises: what not, that may express love? what not, that may make her beloved?

1 *Old*. How long is't since you last beheld her?

2 *Old*. A just year: yet that year hath seemed to me but one day, because her glory hath been my hourly contemplation, 20 and yet that year hath seemed to me more than twice seven years, because so long I have been absent from her. Come therefore, good father, let's go faster, lest we come too late: for see, the tapers of the night are already lighted, and stand brightly burning in their starry candlesticks: see how gloriously the moon shines upon us.

*Both kneel*

1 *Old*. Peace, fool: tremble, and kneel: the moon, say'st thou? Our eyes are dazzled by Eliza's beams, See (if at least thou dare see) where she sits: This is the great Pantheon of our goddess, 30 And all those faces which thine eyes thought stars, Are nymphs attending on her deity. Prithee begin, for I want power to speak.

2 *Old*. No, no, speak thou, I want words to begin. Weeps

1 *Old*. Alack, what shall I do? com'st thou with me, And weep'st now thou behold'st this majesty?

2 *Old*. Great landlady of hearts,<sup>2</sup> pardon me. Blame not mine eyes, good father; in these tears. My pure love shines, as thine doth in thy fears: I weep for joy to see so many heads 40 Of prudent ladies, clothed in the livery Of silver-handed age, for serving you Whilst in your eyes youth's glory doth renew:

<sup>1</sup> Lyly in *The Woman in the Moon*.

<sup>2</sup> A phrase already used by Greene, *Tritameron*.



I weep for joy to see the sun look old,  
 To see the moon mad at her often change,  
 To see the stars only by night to shine,  
 Whilst you are still<sup>1</sup> bright, still one, still divine:  
 I weep for joy to see the world decay,  
 Yet see Eliza flourishing like May:  
 O pardon me your pilgrim, I have measured  
 Many a mile to find you: and have brought  
 Old Fortunatus and his family,  
 With other Cypriots, my poor countrymen,  
 To pay a whole year's tribute: O vouchsafe,  
 Dread Queen of Fairies, with your gracious eyes,  
 T'accept theirs and our humble sacrifice.

1 *Old*. Now I'll beg for thee too: and yet I need not:  
 Her sacred hand hath evermore been known,  
 As soon held out to strangers as her own.

2 *Old*. Thou dost encourage me: I'll fetch them in,  
 They have no princely gifts, we are all poor,  
 Our offerings are true hearts, who can wish more?

80

80

*Exeunt*

### THE PROLOGUE

Of Love's sweet war our timorous Muse doth sing,  
 And to the bosom of each gentle dear,  
 Offers her artless tunes, borne on the wing  
 Of sacred poesy. A benumbing fear,  
 That your nice<sup>2</sup> souls, cloyed with delicious sounds,  
 Will loath her lowly notes, makes her pull in  
 Her fainting pinions, and her spirit confounds,  
 Before the weak voice of her song begin.  
 Yet since within the circle of each eye,  
 Being like so many suns in his round sphere,  
 No wrinkle yet is seen, she'll dare to fly,  
 Borne up with hopes, that as you oft do rear  
 With your fair hands, those who would else sink down,  
 So some will deign to smile, where all might frown:  
 And for<sup>3</sup> this small circumference must stand,  
 For the imagined surface of much land,  
 Of many kingdoms, and since many a mile  
 Should here be measured out, our Muse entreats  
 Your thoughts to help poor art, and to allow  
 That I may serve as Chorus to her scenes;  
 She begs your pardon, for she'll send me<sup>4</sup> forth,  
 Not when the laws of poesy do call,  
 But as the story needs; your gracious eye  
 Gives life to Fortunatus' history.

10

20

*Exit*

<sup>1</sup> Ever.

<sup>2</sup> Fastidious.

<sup>3</sup> Inasmuch as.

<sup>4</sup> I.e., me, the prologue.



# THE COMEDY OF OLD FORTUNATUS

THOMAS DEKKER

[ACT I, SCENE I]

[A Forest in Cyprus]

*Enter FORTUNATUS meanly attired; he walks about, ere he speak, cracking nuts*

*Fort.* So, ho, ho, ho, ho.

*Echo [within]* Ho, ho, ho, ho.

*Fort.* There, boy.

*Echo.* There, boy.

*Fort.* An thou bee'st a good fellow, tell me how thou call'st this wood.

*Echo.* This wood.

*Fort.* Ay, this wood, and which is my best way out.

*Echo.* Best way out.

*Fort.* Ha, ha, ha, that's true, my best way out is my best way out, but how <sup>10</sup> that out will come in, by this maggot I know not. I see by this we are all worms' meat. Well, I am very poor and very patient; Patience is a virtue: would I were not virtuous, that's to say, not poor, but full of vice, that's to say, full of chinks.<sup>1</sup> Ha, ha, so I am, for I am so full of chinks, that a horse with one eye may look through and through me. I have sighed long, and that makes me windy; I have <sup>20</sup> fasted long, and that makes me chaste; marry, I have prayed little, and that makes me<sup>2</sup> I still dance in this conjuring circle; I have wandered long, and that makes me weary. But for my weariness, anon I'll lie down, instead of fasting I'll feed upon nuts, and instead of sighing will laugh and be lean, Sirrah Echo.

*Echo.* Sirrah Echo.

*Fort.* Here's a nut. 80

*Echo.* Here's a nut.

*Fort.* Crack it.

*Echo.* Crack it.

*Fort.* Hang thyself.

*Echo.* Hang thyself.

*Fort.* Th'art a knave, a knave.

*Echo.* A knave, a knave.

<sup>1</sup> Money, holes.

<sup>2</sup> Supply *that*.

*Fort.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Echo.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Fort.* Why so, two fools laugh at one <sup>40</sup> another, I at my tittle tattle gammer<sup>1</sup> Echo, and she at me. Shortly ther will creep out in print some filthy<sup>2</sup> book of the old hoary wandering knight, meaning me: would I were that book, for then I should be sure to creep out from hence. I should be a good soldier, for I traverse my ground rarely; marry I see neither enemy nor friends, but popinjays,<sup>3</sup> and squirrels, and apes, and owls, and daws, and wagtails, <sup>60</sup> and the spite is that none of these grass-eaters can speak my language, but this fool that mocks me, and swears to have the last word, in spite of my teeth, ay, and she shall have it because she is a woman, which kind of cattle are indeed all echo, nothing but tongue, and are like the great bell of St. Michael's in Cyprus, that keeps most rumbling when men would most sleep. Echo, a pox on thee for mocking me. 80

*Echo.* A pox on thee for mocking me.

*Fort.* Why so, snip snap, this war is at an end, but this wilderness is world without end. To see how travel can transform: my teeth are turned into nut-crackers, a thousand to one I break out shortly, for I am full of nothing but waxen kernels, my tongue speaks no language but an almond for [a] parrot, and crack me this nut.<sup>4</sup> If I hop three days more up and down this <sup>70</sup> cage of cuckoos' nests, I shall turn wild man sure, and be hired to throw squibs among the commonalty upon some terrible day. In the meantime, to tell truth, here will I lie. Farewell, fool!

*Echo.* Farewell, fool.

*Fort.* Are not these comfortable words to a wise man? All hail, signor tree, by your leave I'll sleep under your leaves. I pray bow to me, and I'll bend to you, for your <sup>80</sup> back and my brows must, I doubt, have a

<sup>1</sup> Gossip.

<sup>2</sup> Wretched.

<sup>3</sup> Parrots.

<sup>4</sup> Popular titles of the moment.



game or two at noddy ere I wake again:  
down, great heart, down. Hey, ho, well,  
well. *He lies down and sleeps*

*Enter a SHEPHERD, a CARTER, a TAILOR,<sup>1</sup> and  
a MONK, all crowned; a NYMPH with a  
globe, another with FORTUNE'S wheel;  
then FORTUNE. After her, four KINGS  
with broken crowns and scepters,  
chained in silver gyves and led by her.  
The foremost come out singing. FORTUNE  
takes her chair, the KINGS lying  
at her feet, she treading on them as she  
goes up.*

#### THE SONG

Fortune smiles, cry holiday,  
Dimples on her cheeks do dwell,  
Fortune frowns, cry welladay,<sup>2</sup>  
Her love is heaven, her hate is hell:  
Since heaven and hell obey her power.  
Tremble when her eyes do lower,  
Since heaven and hell her power obey,  
When she smiles, cry holiday.

Holiday with joy we cry  
And bend, and bend, and merrily  
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity,  
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity.

*All.* { Let us sing, merrily, merrily, merrily,  
With our song let heaven resound,  
Fortune's hands our heads have  
crowned;  
Let us sing merrily, merrily, merrily.

1 *King.* Accursèd Queen of Chance, what  
had we done,  
Who having sometimes like young Phaetons,  
Rid in the burnished chariot of the sun,  
And sometimes been thy minions, when thy  
fingers  
Weaved wanton love-nets in our curlèd  
hair,<sup>3</sup>  
And with sweet juggling kisses warmed our  
cheeks:  
O how have we offended thy proud eyes,  
That thus we should be spurned and trod  
upon,  
Whilst those infected limbs of the sick  
world,  
Are fixed by thee for stars in that bright  
sphere,  
Wherein our sun-like radiance did appear.

<sup>1</sup> Qq. read a Gardener, a Smith for these two.

<sup>2</sup> Alas.

<sup>3</sup> Actual dandified fashion.

*All the Kings.* Accursèd Queen of Chance,  
damned sorceress.  
Most powerful Queen of Chance, dread  
sovereignness.

*Fortune.* No more: curse on! your cries  
to me are music,  
And fill the sacred rondure<sup>1</sup> of mine ears  
With tunes more sweet than moving of the  
spheres.

Curse on: on our celestial brows do sit  
Unnumbered smiles, which then leaps from  
their throne,  
When they see peasants dance and mon-  
archs groan.

Behold you not this globe, this golden bowl,  
This toy called world, at our imperial feet?  
This world is Fortune's ball, wherewith she  
sports.

Sometimes I strike it up into the air,  
And then create I emperors and kings:  
Sometimes I spurn it, at which spurn<sup>2</sup>  
crawls out

That wild beast Multitude. Curse on, you  
fools,—

'Tis I that tumble princes from their  
thrones,  
And gild false brows with glittering diadems.  
'Tis I that tread on necks of conquerors,  
And when, like semi-gods, they have been  
drawn

In ivory chariots to the capitol,  
Circled about with wonder of all eyes,  
The shouts of every tongue, love of all  
hearts,  
Being swollen with their own greatness, I  
have pricked  
The bladder of their pride, and made them  
die,

As water-bubbles, without memory.  
I thrust base cowards into Honor's chair,  
Whilst the true-spirited soldier stands by  
Bare-headed, and all bare, whilst at his scars  
They scoff, that ne'er durst view the face of  
wars.

I set an idiot's cap<sup>3</sup> on Virtue's head,  
Turn Learning out of doors, clothe Wit in  
rags,

And paint ten thousand images of loam<sup>4</sup>  
In gaudy silken colors. On the backs  
Of mules and asses I make asses ride,  
Only for sport, to see the apish world

<sup>1</sup> Sinuosity.

<sup>2</sup> Spurning.

<sup>3</sup> The coxcomb.

<sup>4</sup> Brown clay.



Worship such beasts with sound<sup>1</sup> idolatry.  
This Fortune does, and when [all] this is  
done,

She sits and smiles to hear some curse her  
name,

And some with adoration crown her fame. 150

*Monk.* True center of this wide circum-  
ference,

Sacred commandress of the destinies,  
Our tongues shall only sound thy excellence.

*The Rest.* Thy excellence our tongues  
shall only sound.

2 *King.* Thou painted strumpet, that with  
honeyed smiles,

Openest the gates of heaven and criest,  
"Come in";

Whose glories being seen, thou with one  
frown,

In pride, lower than hell tumblest us down.

*All Kings.* Ever, for ever, will we ban thy  
name.

*Fortune.* How sweet your howlings relish  
in mine ears! 160

*She comes down*

Stand by! now rise,—behold, here lies a  
wretch,

To vex your souls, this beggar I'll advance  
Beyond the sway of thought; take instru-  
ments,

And let the raptures of choice harmony,  
Th[orough] the hollow windings of his ear,  
Carry their sacred sounds, and wake each  
sense,

To stand amazed at our bright eminence.<sup>2</sup>

*Music awhile and he waketh*

*Fort.* O, how am I transported? Is this  
earth?

Or blest Elysium?

*Fortune.* Fortunatus, rise. 170

*Fort.* Dread goddess, how should such a  
wretch as I

Be known to such a glorious deity?

O pardon me: for to this place I come,

Led by my fate, not folly; in this wood

With weary sorrow have I wanderèd,

And three times seen the sweating sun take  
rest,

And three times frantic Cynthia naked ride

About the rusty<sup>3</sup> highways of the skies

Stuck full of burning stars, which lent her  
light

To court her negro paramour grim Night. 180

<sup>1</sup> Profound.

<sup>2</sup> Sublimity.

<sup>3</sup> Russety.

*Fortune.* This travel now expires: yet  
from this circle,

Where I and these with fairy troops abide,  
Thou canst not stir, unless I be thy guide.

I the world's empress am, Fortune my  
name,

This hand hath written in thick leaves of  
steel

An everlasting book of changeless fate,  
Showing who's happy, who unfortunate.

*Fort.* If every name, dread queen, be  
there writ down

I am sure mine stands in characters of  
black;

Though happiness herself lie in my name, 190  
I am Sorrow's heir, and eldest son to Shame.

*The Kings.* No, we are sons to Shame,  
and Sorrow's heirs.

*Fortune.* Thou shalt be one of Fortune's  
minions:

Behold these four chained like Tartarian  
slaves,<sup>1</sup>

These I created emperors and kings,

And these are now my basest underlings:

This sometimes was a German emperor,

Henry the Fifth,<sup>2</sup> who being first deposed,

Was after thrust into a dungeon

And thus in silver chains shall rot to death.

This Frederick Barbarossa,<sup>3</sup> Emperor 201

Of Almaine once: but by Pope Alexander

Now spurned and trod on when he takes his  
horse,

And in these fetters shall he die his slave.

This wretch once wore the diadem of  
France,

Lewis the meek,<sup>4</sup> but through his children's  
pride,

Thus have I caused him to be famishèd.

Here stands the very soul of misery,

Poor Bajazet,<sup>5</sup> old Turkish Emperor,

And once the greatest monarch in the East;

Fortune herself is sad to view thy fall, 211

And grieves to see thee glad to lick up  
crumbs

At the proud feet of that great Scythian  
swain,

Fortune's best minion, warlike Tambur-  
laine:

Yet must thou in a cage of iron be drawn

<sup>1</sup> The giants who attempted the dethroning of  
Jupiter.

<sup>2</sup> More likely Henry IV, dead in 1106.

<sup>3</sup> His grandson humiliated by Pope Alexander III.

<sup>4</sup> Lewis I, son of Charlemagne, 880.

<sup>5</sup> Defeated by Tamburlaine (Timur) in 1402, and  
caged.



In triumph at his heels, and there in grief  
Dash out thy brains.

4 *King*. O miserable me!

*Fortune*. No tears can melt the heart of  
destiny:

These have I ruined and exalted those. 230  
These hands have conquered Spain, these  
brows fill up

The golden circle of rich Portugal,—

Viriat<sup>1</sup> a monarch now, but born a shep-  
herd;

This Primislaus,<sup>2</sup> a Bohemian king,

Last day a carter; this monk, Gregory,<sup>3</sup>

Now lifted to the Papal dignity;—

Wretches,<sup>4</sup> why gnaw you not your fingers  
off,

And tear your tongues out, seeing your-  
selves trod down,

And this Dutch botcher<sup>5</sup> wearing Munster's  
crown,

John Leyden,<sup>6</sup> born in Holland poor and  
base, 230

Now rich in empery and Fortune's grace?

As these I have advanced, so will I thee.

Six gifts I spend upon mortality,

Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life,  
and riches,

Out of my bounty: one of these is thine,—  
Choose then which likes thee best.

*Fort*. O most divine!

Give me but leave to borrow wonder's eye,  
To look amazed at thy bright majesty!

Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life,  
and riches. 240

*Fortune*. Before thy soul at this deep lot-  
tery

Draw forth her prize, ordained by destiny,  
Know that here's no recanting a first choice.

Choose then discreetly for the laws of Fate,  
Being graven in steel, must stand inviolate.

*Fort*. Daughters of Jove and the unblem-  
ished Night,

Most righteous Parcae,<sup>7</sup> guide my genius  
right!

Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life,  
and riches.

*Fortune*. Stay, Fortunatus, once more  
hear me speak;

<sup>1</sup> An Iberian chief of B.C. 40.

<sup>2</sup> A Bohemian adventurer.

<sup>3</sup> Gregory VII, Hildebrand, who died an exile, in 1080.

<sup>4</sup> Addressed to the Kings.

<sup>5</sup> Tailor.

<sup>6</sup> Leader of the Anabaptists, at Munster, d. 1530.

<sup>7</sup> The Fates.

If thou kiss Wisdom's cheek and make her  
thine, 250

She'll breathe into thy lips divinity,  
And thou like Phœbus shalt speak oracle<sup>1</sup>  
Thy heaven-inspired soul, on Wisdom's  
wings,

Shall fly up to the Parliament of Jove,  
And read the statutes of eternity,  
And see what's past and learn what is to  
come.

If thou lay claim to strength, armies shall  
quake

To see thee frown: as kings at mine do lie,  
So shall thy feet trample on empery.<sup>2</sup>

Make health thine object, thou shalt be  
strong proof 260

'Gainst the deep searching darts of surfeit-  
ing,

Be ever merry, ever revelling.

Wish but for beauty, and within thine eyes  
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,

And on thy cheeks I'll mix such white and  
red,

That Jove shall turn away young Gany-  
mede,

And with immortal arms shall circle thee.  
Are thy desires long life?—thy vital thread

Shall be stretched out, thou shalt behold  
the change

Of monarchies and see those children die 270  
Whose great great grandsires now in cradles  
lie.

If through gold's sacred hunger thou dost  
pine,

Those gilded wantons which in swarms do  
run,

To warm their tender<sup>3</sup> bodies in the sun,  
Shall stand for number of those golden  
piles,

Which in rich pride shall swell before thy  
feet;

As those are, so shall these be infinite.

Awaken then thy soul's best faculties,

And gladly kiss this bounteous hand of  
Fate,

Which strives to bless thy name of Fortu-  
nate. 280

*The Kings*. Old man, take heed, her  
smiles will murder thee.

*The Others*. Old man, she'll crown thee  
with felicity.

*Fort*. O, whither am I rapt beyond my-  
self?

<sup>1</sup> Oracularly.

<sup>2</sup> Empire.

<sup>3</sup> Q. slender.



More violent conflicts fight in every  
thought,  
Than his whose fatal choice Troy's downfall  
wrought.<sup>1</sup>

Shall I contract myself to wisdom's love?  
Then I lose riches: and a wise man poor,  
Is like a sacred book that's never read,—  
To himself he lives, and to all else seems  
dead.

This age thinks better of a gilded fool, <sup>290</sup>  
Than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's  
school.

I will be strong: then I refuse long life,  
And though mine arm should conquer  
twenty worlds,

There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors:  
The greatest strength expires with loss of  
breath;

The mightiest in one minute stoop to death.  
Then take long life, or health: should I do  
so

I might grow ugly, and that tedious scroll  
Of months and years, much misery may  
enroll.

Therefore I'll beg for beauty; yet I will  
not, <sup>300</sup>

That fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul  
Leprous as sin itself, than hell more foul.  
The wisdom of this world is idiotism,<sup>2</sup>  
Strength a weak reed: health sickness'  
enemy,

And it at length will have the victory.  
Beauty is but a painting, and long life  
Is a long journey in December gone,  
Tedious and full of tribulation.<sup>3</sup>

Therefore, dread sacred Empress, makes me  
rich, *Kneel down*

My choice is store of gold; the rich are  
wise. <sup>310</sup>

He that upon his back rich garments wears,  
Is wise, though on his head grow Midas'  
ears.

Gold is the strength, the sinews of the  
world,

The health, the soul, the beauty most  
divine,

A mask of gold hides all deformities;  
Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative,  
O therefore make me rich: not as the  
wretch,

That only serves lean banquets to his eye,

<sup>1</sup> Paris and his "judgment."

<sup>2</sup> Idiocy.

<sup>3</sup> *Tedious* is disyllabic; *tribulation* has five syl-  
lables.

Has gold, yet starves, is famished in his  
store:

No, let me ever spend, be never poor. <sup>320</sup>

*Fort.* Thy latest words confine<sup>1</sup> thy  
destiny,

Thou shalt spend ever, and be never poor:  
For proof receive this purse: with it this  
virtue,

Still<sup>2</sup> when thou thrusts thy hand into the  
same,

Thou shalt draw forth ten pieces of bright  
gold,

Current in any realm where then thou  
breathest;

If thou canst dribble out the sea by drops,  
Then shalt thou want: but that can ne'er  
be done,

Nor this grow empty.

*Fort.* Thanks, great deity. <sup>330</sup>

*Fortune.* The virtue ends when thou and  
thy sons end.

This path leads thee to Cyprus, get thee  
hence;

Farewell, vain covetous fool, thou wilt re-  
pent,

That for the love of dross thou hast  
despised

Wisdom's divine embrace, she would have  
borne thee

On the rich wings of immortality;

But now go dwell with cares and quickly  
die.

*The Kings.* We dwell with cares, yet can-  
not quickly die.

*Exeunt all singing, manet FORTUNATUS*

*Fort.* But now go dwell with cares and  
quickly die? How quickly? if I die to- <sup>340</sup>  
morrow, I'll be merry to-day: if next day,  
I'll be merry to-morrow. Go dwell with  
cares? Where dwells Care? Hum ha, in  
what house dwells Care, that I may choose  
an honest neighbor? In princes' courts?  
No. Among fair ladies? Neither: there's  
no care dwells with them, but care how to  
be most gallant. Among gallants then?  
Fie, fie, no! Care is afraid sure of a gilt  
rapier, the scent of musk is her poison,<sup>3</sup> <sup>350</sup>  
tobacco chokes her, rich attire presseth her  
to death. Princes, fair ladies and gallants,  
have amongst you then, for this wet-eyed  
wench Care dwells with wretches: they are  
wretches that feel want, I shall feel none if

<sup>1</sup> Determine.

<sup>2</sup> Ever.

<sup>3</sup> Q. reads *prison*.



I be never poor; therefore, Care, I cashier<sup>1</sup> you my company. I wonder what blind gossip this minx is that is so prodigal; she should be a good one by her open dealing: her name's Fortune: it's no matter what <sup>300</sup> she is, so she does as she says. "Thou shalt spend ever, and be never poor." Mass,<sup>2</sup> yet I feel nothing here to make me rich:—here's no sweet music with her silver sound. Try deeper: ho God be here: ha, ha, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten, good, just ten. It's gold sure, it's so heavy, try again, one, two, &c. Good again, just ten, and just ten. Ha, ha, ha, this is rare: a leather mint, admirable: <sup>370</sup> an Indian mine in a lamb's skin, miraculous! I'll fill three or four bags full for my sons, but keep this for myself. If that lean tawny face tobaccoist Death, that turns all into smoke, must turn me so quickly into ashes, yet I will not mourn in ashes, but in music, hey, old lad, be merry. Here's riches, wisdom, strength, health, beauty, and long life—if I die not quickly. Sweet purse, I kiss thee; Fortune, I adore thee; Care, <sup>380</sup> I despise thee; Death, I defy thee.

*Exit*

[SCENE II]

[*Outside the House of Fortunatus*]

*Enter AMPEDO, SHADOW after him, both sad:*  
*ANDELOCIA after them*

*Andel.* 'Sheart,<sup>3</sup> why how now: two knights of the post.<sup>4</sup>

*Shad.* Ay, master, and we are both forsworn, as all such wooden knights be, for we both took an oath—marry it was not corporal, you may see by our cheeks—that we would not fast twenty-four hours to amend, and we have tasted no meat since the clock told two dozen.<sup>5</sup>

*Andel.* That lacks not much of twenty- <sup>10</sup> four, but I wonder when that half-faced moon of thine will be at the full.

*Shad.* The next quarter, not this, when the sign is in Taurus.

*Andel.* Ho! that's to say, when thou eat'st bull beef. But, Shadow, what day is to-day?

<sup>1</sup> Banish, discharge.

<sup>2</sup> By the Mass.

<sup>3</sup> God's heart.

<sup>4</sup> Sharpers.

<sup>5</sup> The Italian mode still of telling time.

*Shad.* Fasting day.

*Andel.* What day was yesterday?

*Shad.* Fasting day too. 20

*Andel.* Will to-morrow be so too?

*Shad.* Ay, and next day too.

*Andel.* That will be rare, you slave:  
For a lean diet makes a fat wit.

*Shad.* I had rather be a fool and wear a fat pair of cheeks.

*Andel.* Now am I prouder of this poverty, which I know is mine own, than a waiting gentlewoman is of a frizzled groatsworth of hair, that never grew on her <sup>30</sup> head. Sirrah Shadow, now we can all three swear like Puritans<sup>1</sup> at one bare word: this want makes us like good bowlers, we are able to rub<sup>2</sup> out and shift in every place.

*Shad.* That's not so, we have shifted ourselves in no place this three months: marry, we rub out in every corner, but here follows no amendment either of life or of livery.

*Andel.* Why, brother Ampedo, art thou <sup>40</sup> not yet tired with riding post?<sup>3</sup> Come, come, 'light from this loggerheaded jade, and walk afoot, and talk with your poor friends.

*Shad.* Nay, by my troth, he is like me: if his belly be empty, his heart is full.

*Andel.* The famine of gold gnaws his covetous stomach, more than the want of good victuals: thou hast looked very devilishly ever since the good angel<sup>4</sup> left <sup>50</sup> thee: come, come, leave these broadbrim<sup>5</sup> fashions; because the world frowns upon thee, wilt not thou smile upon us?

*Amp.* Did but the bitterness of mine own fortunes

Infect my taste, I could paint o'er my cheeks

With ruddy-colored smiles: 'tis not the want Of costly diet or desire of gold

Enforce this rupture in my wounded breast.

O no, our father—if he live—doth lie

Under the iron foot of misery, 60

And, as a dove gripped in a falcon's claw,  
There pant'th for life being most assured of death.

Brother, for him my soul thus languisheth.

<sup>1</sup> The Puritan foreswore swearing.

<sup>2</sup> Fail because of the rub or unevenness in the court.

<sup>3</sup> Riding fast and also cheating.

<sup>4</sup> The usual pun on the gold coin so called.

<sup>5</sup> Puritan.



*Shad.* 'Tis not for my old master that I languish.

*Amp.* I am not enamored of this painted idol,

This strumpet World; for her most beautiful looks

Are poisoned baits, hung upon golden hooks:

When fools do swim in wealth, her Cynthian beams

Will wantonly dance on the silver streams;  
But when this squint-eyed age sees Virtue poor,

And by a little spark sits shivering,  
Begging at all, relieved at no man's door,  
She smiles on her, as the sun shines on fire,  
To kill that little heat, and, with her frown,  
Is proud that she can tread poor Virtue down:

Therefore her wrinkled brow makes not mine sour,

Her gifts are toys, and I deride her power.

*Shad.* 'Tis not the crab-tree faced World neither that makes mine sour.

*Andel.* Her gifts toys! Well, brother <sup>80</sup> Virtue, we have let slip the ripe plucking of those toys so long, that we flourish like apple-trees in September, which, having the falling sickness,<sup>1</sup> bear neither fruit nor leaves.

*Shad.* Nay, by my troth, master, none flourish in these withering times, but ancient-bearers<sup>2</sup> and trumpeters.

*Andel.* Shadow, when thou provest a substance, then the tree of virtue and honesty, and such fruit of heaven, shall flourish upon earth.

*Shad.* True, or when the sun shines at midnight, or women fly—and yet they are light enough.

*Andel.* 'Twas never merry world with us, since purses and bags were invented, for now men set lime-twigs<sup>3</sup> to catch wealth: and gold, which riseth like the sun out of the East Indies, to shine upon every one, <sup>100</sup> is like a cony<sup>4</sup> taken napping in a pursenet,<sup>5</sup> and suffers his glistening yellow-face deity to be lapped up in lambskins, as if the innocency of those leather prisons should

dispense with the cheveril<sup>1</sup> consciences of the iron-hearted jailors.

*Shad.* Snudges<sup>2</sup> may well be called jailors: for if a poor wretch steal but into a debt of ten pound, they lead him straight to execution.

*Andel.* Doth it not vex thee, Shadow, to stalk up and down Cyprus, and to meet the outside of a man, lapped<sup>3</sup> all in damask, his head and beard as white as milk, only with conjuring in the snowy circles of the field argent,<sup>4</sup> and his nose as red as scarlet, only with kissing the ruddy lips of angels, and such an image to wear on his thumb, three men's livings in the shape of a seal ring, whilst my brother Virtue here,—

*Shad.* And you his brother Vice!

*Andel.* Most true, my little lean Iniquity—whilst we three, if we should starve, cannot borrow five shillings of him neither in word nor deed: does not this vex thee, Shadow?

*Shad.* Not me; it vexes me no more to see such a picture, than to see an ass laden with riches, because I know when he can bear no longer, he must leave his burthen <sup>120</sup> to some other beast.

*Andel.* Art not thou mad, to see money on goldsmiths stalls, and none in our purses?

*Shad.* It mads<sup>5</sup> not me, I thank the destinies.

*Andel.* By my poverty, and that's but a thread-bare oath, I am more than mad to see silks and velvets lie crowding together in mercers' shops, as in prisons, only for <sup>140</sup> fear of the smell of wax—they cannot abide to see a man made out of wax,<sup>6</sup> for these satin commodities have such smooth consciences that they'll have no man give his word for them or stand bound for their coming forth, but vow to lie till they rot in those shop counters, except Monsieur Money bail them. Shadow, I am out of my little wits to see this.

*Shad.* So is not Shadow: I am out of <sup>150</sup> my wits, to see fat gluttons feed all day long, whilst I that am lean fast every day: I am out of my wits, to see our Famagosta

<sup>1</sup> Anemia.

<sup>2</sup> Ensigns.

<sup>3</sup> A method of trapping small birds.

<sup>4</sup> Rabbit.

<sup>5</sup> A net with a string to draw it close.

<sup>1</sup> Kid skin used for gloves and easily stretched.

<sup>2</sup> Misers.

<sup>3</sup> Wrapped.

<sup>4</sup> Argent was in heraldry white; gold was red.

<sup>5</sup> Angers.

<sup>6</sup> Pink of perfection.



fools turn half a shop of wares into a suit of gay apparel, only to make other idiots laugh, and wise men to cry, who's the fool now? I am mad, to see soldiers beg, and cowards brave:<sup>1</sup> I am mad, to see scholars in the broker's shop, and dunces in the mercer's: I am mad, to see men that<sup>100</sup> have no more fashion in them than poor Shadow, yet must leap thrice a day into three orders of fashions: I am mad, to see many things, but horn-mad,<sup>2</sup> that my mouth feels nothing.

*Andel.* Why now, Shadow, I see thou hast a substance: I am glad to see thee thus mad.

*Amp.* The sons of Fortunatus had not wont

Thus to repine at others' happiness: <sup>170</sup>

But fools have always this loose garment wore,

Being poor themselves, they wish all others poor.

Fie, brother Andelocia, hate this madness, Turn your eyes inward, and behold your soul,

That wants more than your body; burnish that

With glittering virtue, and make idiots grieve

To see your beauteous mind in wisdom shine,

As you at their rich poverty repine.

*Enter FORTUNATUS, gallant<sup>3</sup>*

*Andel.* Peace, good Virtue; Shadow, here comes another shadow.

*Shad.* It should be a chameleon: for he is all in colors. <sup>180</sup>

*Amp.* O, 'tis my father. With these tears of joy,

My love and duty greet your fair return! A double gladness hath refreshed my soul; One, that you live, and one, to see your fate Looks freshly howsoever poor in state.

*Andel.* My father Fortunatus, and thus brave?

*Shad.* 'Tis no wonder to see a man brave, but a wonder how he comes brave.

*Fort.* Dear Andelocia and son Ampedo, And my poor servant Shadow, plume your spirits

<sup>1</sup> Well dressed.

<sup>2</sup> Outrageously mad.

<sup>3</sup> Richly dressed.

With light-winged mirth; for Fortunatus' hand <sup>190</sup>

Can now pour golden showers into their laps

That sometimes scorned him for his want of gold.

Boys, I am rich, and you shall ne'er be poor;

Wear gold, spend gold, we all in gold will feed,

Now is your father Fortunate indeed.

*Andel.* Father, be not angry, if I set open the windows of my mind: I doubt for all your bragging, you'll prove like most of our gallants in Famagosta, that have a rich outside and a beggarly inside, and like <sup>200</sup> mules wear gay trappings, and good velvet foot-cloths<sup>1</sup> on their backs, yet champ on the iron bit of penury—I mean, want coin. You gild our ears with a talk of gold, but I pray dazzle our eyes with the majesty of it.

*Fort.* First will I wake your senses with the sound

Of gold's sweet music: tell me what you hear?

*Amp.* Believe me, sir, I hear not any thing.

*Andel.* Ha, ha, ha. 'Sheart, I thought <sup>210</sup> as much; if I hear any jingling, but of the purse strings that go flip flap, flip flap, flip flap, would I were turned into a flip-flap,<sup>2</sup> and sold to the butchers!

*Fort.* Shadow, I'll try thine ears; hark, dost rattle?

*Shad.* Yes, like three blue beans in a blue bladder, rattle bladder, rattle: your purse is like my belly, th' one's without money, th' other without meat.

*Fort.* Bid your eyes blame the error of your ears: <sup>220</sup>

You misbelieving pagans, see, here's gold—Ten golden pieces: take them, Ampedo. Hold, Andelocia, here are ten for thee.

*Amp.* Shadow, there's one for thee, provide thee food.

*Fort.* Stay, boy: hold, Shadow, here are ten for thee.

*Shad.* Ten, master? then defiance to fortune, and a fig for famine.

*Fort.* Now tell me, wags, hath my purse gold or no?

<sup>1</sup> Housings for a horse.

<sup>2</sup> A flap on the end of a stick for killing flies.



*Andel.* We the wags have gold, father; but I think there's not one angel more wagging in this sacred temple. Why, this is <sup>200</sup> rare: Shadow, five will serve thy turn, give me th' other five.

*Shad.* Nay, soft, master, liberality died long ago. I see some rich beggars are never well, but when they be craving: my ten ducats are like my ten fingers, they will not jeopard<sup>1</sup> a joint for you. I am yours, and these are mine; if I part from them, I shall never have part of them.

*Amp.* Father, if heaven have blest you once again, <sup>240</sup>  
Let not an open hand disperse that store,  
Which gone, life's gone; for all tread down the poor.

*Fort.* Peace, Ampedo, talk not of poverty. Disdain, my boys, to kiss the tawny cheeks Of lean Necessity: make not inquiry How I came rich; I am rich, let that suffice. There are four leathern bags trussed full of gold:

Those spent, I'll fill you more. Go, lads, be gallant:  
Shine in the streets of Cyprus like two stars,  
And make them bow their knees that once did spurn you; <sup>260</sup>  
For, to effect such wonders, gold can turn you.

Brave it in Famagosta, or elsewhere;  
I'll travel to the Turkish Emperor,  
And then I'll revel it with Prester John,<sup>2</sup>  
Or banquet with great Cham<sup>3</sup> of Tartary,  
And try what frolic court the Soldan keeps.  
I'll leave you presently.<sup>4</sup> Tear off these rags;

Glitter, my boys, like angels,<sup>5</sup> that the world May, whilst our life in pleasure's circle roams,

Wonder at Fortunatus and his sons. <sup>280</sup>

*Andel.* Come, Shadow, now we'll feast it royally.

*Shad.* Do, master, but take heed of beggary. *Exeunt*

### [SCENE III]

#### [A Wood in Cyprus]

*Music sounds. Enter VICE with a gilded face, and horns on her head; her gar-*

<sup>1</sup> Risk.

<sup>2</sup> The supposed Christian king of a vast eastern empire.

<sup>3</sup> Khan.

<sup>4</sup> At once.

<sup>5</sup> Gold pieces.

*ments long, painted before with silver half-moons, increasing by little and little till they come to the full; in the midst of them, in capital letters, this written, "Crescit Eundo"; her garment painted behind with fools' faces and devils' heads; and underneath it, in the midst, this written, "Ha, Ha, He." She, and others wearing gilded vizards and attired like devils, bring out a fair tree of gold with apples on it. After her comes VIRTUE, a corcomb on her head, all in white before, and this written about the middle, "Sibi sapit"<sup>1</sup>; her attire behind painted with crowns and laurel garlands, stuck full of stars held out by hands thrust out of bright clouds, and among them written, "Dominabitur astris."<sup>2</sup> She and other nymphs, all in white with corcombs on their heads, bring a tree with green and withered leaves mingled together, and little fruit on it; after her FORTUNE, one bearing her wheel, another her globe; and last, the Priest*

*Fortune.* You ministers of Virtue, Vice, and Fortune,

Tear off this upper garment of the earth,  
And in her naked bosom stick these trees.

*Virtue.* How many kingdoms have I measured,  
Only to find a climate, apt to cherish  
These withering branches? But no ground can prove

So happy; ay me, none do Virtue love.  
I'll try this soil; if here I likewise fade,  
To heaven I'll fly, from whence I took my birth,

And tell the gods, I am banished from the earth. <sup>10</sup>

*Vice.* Virtue, I am sworn thy foe: if there thou plant,

Here, opposite to thine, my tree shall flourish,

And as the running wood-bine spreads her arms,

To choke thy withering boughs in their embrace,

I'll drive thee from this world: were Virtue fled,

Vice as an angel should be honorèd.

<sup>1</sup> Know thyself.

<sup>2</sup> Be ruled by the stars.



*Fortune.* Servants of this bright devil and  
that poor saint,  
Apply your task whilst you are laboring:  
To make your pains seem short our priest  
shall sing.

*The song: whilst he  
sings, the rest set the trees into the earth*

Virtue's branches wither, Virtue pines, 20  
O pity, pity, and alack the time,  
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines,  
Her gilded boughs above the cedar climb.  
Vice hath golden cheeks, O pity, pity,  
She in every land doth monarchize.  
Virtue is exiled from every city,  
Virtue is a fool, Vice only wise.  
O pity, pity, Virtue weeping dies.

Vice laughs to see her faint,—alack the  
time.  
This sinks; with painted wings the other  
flies: 30  
Alack that best should fall, and bad  
should climb.

O pity, pity, pity, mourn, not sing,  
Vice is a saint, Virtue an underling.  
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines,  
Virtue's branches wither, Virtue pines.

*Fortune.* Flourish or wither, Fortune cares  
not which,  
In either's fall or height our eminence  
Shines equal to the sun: the Queen of  
chance  
Both virtuous souls and vicious doth ad-  
vance  
These shadows of yourselves shall, like your-  
selves, 40  
Strive to make men enamored of their  
beauties;  
This grove shall be our temple, and hence-  
forth  
Be consecrated to our deities.

*Virtue.* How few will come and kneel at  
Virtue's shrine?

*Vice.* This contents Virtue, that she is  
called divine.

*Fortune.* Poor Virtue, Fortune grieves to  
see thy looks  
Want cunning to entice: why hang these  
leaves,  
As loose as autumn's hair which every wind  
In mockery blows from his rotten brows?  
Why like a drunkard art thou pointed at? 50

Why is this motley-scorn<sup>1</sup> set on thy head?  
Why stands thy court wide open, but none  
in it?

Why are the crystal pavements of thy  
temple,  
Not worn, not trod upon? All is for this,  
Because thy pride is to wear base attire,  
Because thine eyes flame not with amorous  
fire.

*Virtue.* Virtue is fairest in a poor array.

*Fortune.* Poor fool, 'tis not this badge of  
purity,  
Nor *Sibi sapit*, painted on thy breast,  
Allures mortality to seek thy love. 60  
No: now the great wheel of thy globe hath  
run

And met this first point of creation.  
On crutches went this world but yesterday,  
Now it lies bed-rid, and is grown so old,  
That it's grown young; for 'tis a child again,  
A childish soul it hath, 'tis a mere fool:  
And fools and children are well pleased  
with toys.

So must this world, with shows it must be  
pleased.

Then, Virtue, buy a golden face like Vice,  
And hang thy bosom full of silver moons, 70  
To tell the credulous world, As those in-  
crease,

As the bright moon swells in her pearlèd  
sphere,

So wealth and pleasures them to heaven  
shall rear.

*Virtue.* Virtue abhors to wear a borrowed  
face.

*Vice.* Why hast thou borrowed, then,  
that idiot's hood?

*Virtue.* Fools placed it on my head that  
knew me not,

And I am proud to wear the scorn of fools.

*Fortune.* Mourn in that pride and die, all  
the world hates thee.

*Virtue.* Not all, I'll wander once more  
through the world:

Wisdom I know hath with her blessed  
wings 80

Fled to some bosom: if I meet that breast,  
There I'll erect my temple, and there rest.  
Fortune nor Vice shall then e'er have the  
power

By their loose eyes to entice my paramour.  
Then will I cast off this deformity,  
And shine in glory, and triumph to see

<sup>1</sup> Coxcomb.



You conquered at my feet, that tread on me.

*Fortune.* Virtue begins to quarrel: Vice, farewell.

*Vice.* Stay, Fortune, whilst within this grove we dwell,

If my angelical and saint-like form<sup>90</sup>  
Can win some amorous fool to wanton here,  
And taste the fruit of this alluring tree,  
Thus shall his saucy brows adorned be,  
To make us laugh. *Makes horns*

*Fortune.* It will be rare: adieu.

*Virtue.* Foul, hell-bred fiend, Virtue shall strive with you,  
If any be enamored of thine eyes,  
Their love must needs beget deformities.  
Men are transformed to beasts, feasting with sin;

But if in spite of thee their souls I win,<sup>100</sup>  
To taste this fruit, though thou disguise their head,

Their shapes shall be re-metamorphosèd.

*Vice.* I dare thee do thy worst.

*Virtue.* My best I'll try.

*Fort.* Fortune shall judge who wins the sovereignty. *Exeunt*

## [ACT II]

### *Enter Chorus*

*Chorus.* The world to the circumference of heaven

Is as a small point in geometry,  
Whose greatness is so little, that a less  
Cannot be made: into that narrow room,  
Your quick imaginations we must charm,  
To turn that world: and turned, again to part it  
Into large kingdoms, and within one moment

To carry Fortunatus on the wings  
Of active thought, many a thousand miles.  
Suppose then, since you last beheld him<sup>10</sup>  
here,  
That you have sailed with him upon the seas,

And leapt with him upon the Asian shores,  
Been feasted with him in the Tartar's palace,

And all the courts of each barbarian king:  
From whence, being called by some unlucky star,—

For happiness never continues long,—

Help me to bring him back to Arragon,  
Where for his pride—riches make all men proud—

On slight quarrel, by a covetous Earl  
Fortune's dear minion is imprisonèd.<sup>20</sup>

There think you see him sit with folded arms,

Tears dropping down his cheeks, his white hairs torn,

His legs in rusty fetters, and his tongue  
Bitterly cursing that his squint-eyed soul  
Did not make choice of wisdom's sacred lore.<sup>1</sup>

Fortune, to triumph in inconstancy,  
From prison bails him: liberty is wild,  
For being set free, he like a lusty eagle  
Cuts with his vent'rous feathers through the sky,

And lights<sup>2</sup> not till he find the Turkish court.<sup>30</sup>

Thither transport your eyes, and there behold him,

Reveling with the Emperor of the East,  
From whence, through fear, for safeguard of his life,

Flying into the arms of ugly Night,  
Suppose you see him brought to Babylon;  
And that the sun clothed all in fire hath rid  
One quarter of his hot celestial way  
With the bright morning, and that in this instant,

He and the Soldan meet, but what they say,  
Listen you—the talk of kings none dare bewray.<sup>40</sup>

*Exit*

## [SCENE I]

### *[The Court at Babylon]*

*Enter the SOLDAN, his NOBLEMEN, and FORTUNATUS*

*Sold.* Art thou that Fortunatus, whose great name,

Being carried in the chariot of the winds,  
Hast filled the courts of all our Asian kings  
With love and envy, whose dear presence ties

The eyes of admiration to thine eyes?  
Art thou that Jove that in a shower of gold  
Appeared'st before the Turkish Emperor?

*Fort.* I am that Fortunatus, mighty Soldan.

<sup>1</sup> Q. love.

<sup>2</sup> Alights.



*Sold.* Where is that purse which threw  
abroad such treasure?

*Fort.* I gave it to the Turkish Soliman, <sup>10</sup>  
A second I bestowed on Prester John,<sup>1</sup>

A third the great Tartarian Cham received:  
For with these monarchs have I banqueted,  
And rid with them in triumph through their  
courts,

In crystal chariots drawn by unicorns.  
England, France, Spain, and wealthy Belgia,  
And all the rest of Europe's blessed daugh-  
ters,

Have made my covetous eye rich in th'  
embrace

Of their celestial beauties; now I come  
To see the glory of fair Babylon. <sup>20</sup>

Is Fortunatus welcome to the Soldan?  
For I am like the sun, if Jove once chide,  
My gilded brows from amorous heaven I  
hide.

*Sold.* Most welcome, and most happy are  
mine arms

In circling such an earthly deity;  
But will not Fortunatus make me blessed  
By sight of such a purse?

*Fort.* Ere I depart,  
The Soldan shall receive one at my hands:  
For I must spend some time in framing it, <sup>30</sup>  
And then some time to breathe that vir-  
tuous spirit

Into the heart thereof, all which is done  
By a most sacred inspiration.

*Sold.* Welcome, most welcome to the Sol-  
dan's court;

Stay here and be the King of Babylon:  
Stay here, and I will more amaze thine  
eyes

With wondrous sights, than can all Asia.  
Behold yon tower, there stands mine  
armory,

In which are corselets forged of beaten gold,  
To arm ten hundred thousand fighting men,  
Whose glittering squadrons when the sun  
beholds, <sup>41</sup>

They seem like to ten hundred thousand  
Joves,

When Jove on the proud back of thunder  
rides,

Trapped all in lightning flames: there can I  
show thee

The ball of gold that set all Troy on fire;<sup>2</sup>

There shalt thou see the scarf of Cupid's  
mother,

Snatched from the soft moist ivory of her  
arm,

To wrap about Adonis' wounded thigh;  
There shalt thou see a wheel of Titian's  
car,<sup>1</sup>

Which dropped from heaven when Phaeton  
fired the world: <sup>50</sup>

I'll give thee, if thou wilt, two silver doves  
Composed by magic to divide<sup>2</sup> the air,  
Who, as they fly, shall clap their silver  
wings,

And give strange music to the elements;  
I'll give thee else the fan of Proserpine,  
Which in reward for a sweet Thracian song  
The black-browed empress threw to  
Orpheus,

Being come to fetch Eurydice from hell.

*Fort.* Hath ever mortal eye beheld these  
wonders?

*Sold.* Thine shall behold them, and make  
choice of any, <sup>60</sup>

So thou wilt give the Soldan such a purse.

*Fort.* By Fortune's blessed hand, who  
christened me,

The mighty Soldan shall have such a purse,  
Provided I may see these priceless wonders.

*Sold.* Leave us alone: never was mortal  
ear

*Exeunt Nobles*  
Acquainted with the virtue of a jewel,  
Which now I'll show, out-valuing all the  
rest.

*Fort.* It is impossible.

*Sold.* Behold this casket,

*Draw a curtain*  
Fettered in golden chains, the lock pure  
gold, <sup>70</sup>

The key of solid gold, which myself keep,  
And here's the treasure that's contained in it.

*Takes out the hat*  
*Fort.* A coarse felt hat? is this the  
precious jewel?

*Sold.* I'll not exchange this for ten dia-  
dems.

On pain of death, none listen to our talk.

*Fort.* What needs this solemn conjura-  
tion!

*Sold.* O, yes, for none shall understand  
the worth

Of this inestimable ornament,  
But you: and yet not you, but that you  
swear

<sup>1</sup> Q. care.

<sup>2</sup> Cleave.

<sup>1</sup> See above, I, ii, 254.

<sup>2</sup> The apple of Até.



By her white hand, that lent you such a  
name, 80

To leave a wondrous purse in Babylon.

*Fort.* What I have sworn, I will not vio-  
late,

But now uncover the virtues of this hat.

*Sold.* I think none listen; if they do,  
they die.

*Fort.* None listen: tell, what needs this  
jealousy? <sup>1</sup>

*Sold.* You see 'tis poor in show: did I  
want jewels,

Gold could beget them, but the wide world's  
wealth

Buys not this hat: this clapped upon my  
head,

I, only with a wish, am through the air  
Transported in a moment over seas 90

And over lands to any secret place;

By this I steal to every prince's court,  
And hear their private counsels and pre-  
vent <sup>2</sup>

All dangers which to Babylon are meant;

By help of this I oft see armies join,

Though when the dreadful alvarado <sup>3</sup>  
sounds,

I am distant from the place a thousand  
leagues.

O, had I such a purse and such a hat,  
The Soldan were, of all, most fortunate.

*Fort.* O, had I such a hat, then were I  
brave. 100

Where's he that made it?

*Sold.* Dead, and the whole world  
Yields not a workman that can frame the  
like.

*Fort.* No, does? <sup>4</sup>—By what trick shall I  
make this mine? Aside

Methinks, methinks, when you are borne  
o'er seas,

And over lands, the heaviness thereof  
Should weigh you down, drown you, or  
break your neck.

*Sold.* No, 'tis more light than any hat be-  
side:

Your hand shall peise <sup>5</sup> it.

*Fort.* O, 'tis wondrous heavy. 110

*Sold.* Fie, y'are deceived: try it upon  
your head.

<sup>1</sup> Suspicion.

<sup>2</sup> Anticipate.

<sup>3</sup> Call to battle.

<sup>4</sup> Fortunatus breaks off in what he is saying to  
think, in the aside, how to get the hat.

<sup>5</sup> Weigh, poise.

*Fort.* Would I were now in Cyprus with  
my sons. Exit

*Sold.* Stay! Fortunatus, stay! I am un-  
done.

Treason, lords, treason, get me wings, I'll fly  
After this damnèd traitor through the air.

[Re-]enter Nobles

*Nobles.* Who wrongs the mighty King of  
Babylon?

*Sold.* This Fortunatus, this fiend, wrongs  
your king.

*Nobles.* Lock the court gates, where is the  
devil hid?

*Sold.* No gates, no grates of iron imprison  
him,

Like a magician breaks he through the  
clouds, 120

Bearing my soul with him, for that jewel  
gone,

I am dead, and all is dross in Babylon.

Fly after him!—'tis vain: on the wind's  
wings,

He'll ride through all the courts of earthly  
kings.

*Nobles.* What is the jewel that your grace  
hath lost?

*Sold.* He dies that troubles me: call me  
not king;

For I'll consume my life in sorrowing.

[Exeunt]

## [SCENE II]

[Outside the House of FORTUNATUS]

Enter ANDELOCIA, very gallant, <sup>1</sup> and SHADOW

*Andel.* Shadow? what have I lost to-day  
at dice?

*Shad.* More than you will win again in  
a month.

*Andel.* Why, sir, how much comes it to?

*Shad.* It comes to nothing, sir, for you  
have lost your wits; and when a man's wits  
are lost, the man is like twenty pounds'  
worth of tobacco, which mounts into th'  
air, and proves nothing but one thing. 10

*Andel.* And what thing is that, you ass?

*Shad.* Marry, sir, that he is an ass that  
melts so much money in smoke.

*Andel.* 'Twere a charitable deed to hang  
thee a smoking.

<sup>1</sup> Handsomely dressed.



*Shad.* I should never make good bacon, because I am not fat.

*Andel.* I'll be sworn thy wit is lean.

*Shad.* It's happy I have a lean wit: but, master, you have none; for when your <sup>20</sup> money tripped away, that went after it, and ever since you have been mad. Here comes your brother.

*Enter AMPEDO*

Borrow a dram of him, if his be not mouldy: for men's wits in these days are like the cuckoo, bald once a year, and that makes motley so dear, and fools so good cheap.<sup>1</sup>

*Andel.* Brother, all hail.

*Shad.* There's a rattling salutation.

*Andel.* You must lend me some more <sup>30</sup> money. Nay, never look so strange, and you will come off, so; if you will bar me from square play, do. Come, come, when the old traveller my father comes home, like a young ape, full of fantastic tricks, or a painted parrot stuck full of outlandish feathers, he'll lead the world in a string, and then like a hot shot I'll charge and discharge all.

*Shad.* I would be loth, master, to see <sup>40</sup> that day: for he leads the world in a string that goes to hanging.

*Andel.* Take heed I turn not that head into the world, and lead you so. Brother wilt be? Ha' ye any ends of gold or silver?

*Amp.* Thus wanton revelling breeds beggary.

Brother, 'twere better that you still lived poor.

Want would make wisdom rich: but when your coffers

Swell to the brim, then riot sets up sails, <sup>50</sup> And like a desperate unskilled mariner Drives your unsteady fortunes on the point Of wreck inevitable. Of all the wealth Left by our father, when he left us last, This little is unspent, and this being wasted, Your riot ends; therefore consume it all. I'll live, or dying, find some burial.

*Andel.* Thanks for my crowns.<sup>2</sup> Shadow, I am villainous hungry, to hear one of the seven wise masters talk thus emptily. <sup>60</sup>

*Shad.* I am a villain, master, if I am not hungry.

<sup>1</sup> Very cheap.

<sup>2</sup> Q. assigns these words to Ampedo.

*Andel.* Because I'll save this gold, sirrah Shadow, we'll feed ourselves with paradoxes.

*Shad.* O rare: what meat's that?

*Andel.* Meat, you gull: 'tis no meat: a dish of paradoxes is a feast of strange opinion, 'tis an ordinary<sup>1</sup> that our greatest gallants haunt nowadays, because they would be held for statesmen. <sup>70</sup>

*Shad.* I shall never fill my belly with opinions.

*Andel.* In despite of sway-bellies,<sup>2</sup> gluttons, and sweet-mouthed epicures, I'll have thee maintain a paradox in commendations of hunger.

*Shad.* I shall never have the stomach<sup>3</sup> to do't.

*Andel.* See'st thou this crusado?<sup>4</sup> do it, and turn this into a feast. <sup>80</sup>

*Shad.* Covetousness and lechery are two devils, they'll tempt a man to wade through deep matters: I'll do't though good cheer conspire my death, for speaking treason against her.

*Andel.* Fall to it then with a full mouth.

*Shad.* O famine, inspire me with thy miserable reasons. I begin, master.

*Amp.* O miserable invocation.

*Andel.* Silence! <sup>90</sup>

*Shad.* There's no man but loves one of these three beasts, a horse, a hound, or a whore; the horse by his goodwill has his head ever in the manger; the whore with your ill will has her hand ever in your purse; and a hungry dog eats dirty puddings.

*Andel.* This is profound; forward: the conclusion of this now.

*Shad.* The conclusion is plain: for <sup>100</sup> since all men love one of these three monsters, being such terrible eaters, therefore all men love hunger.

*Amp.* A very lean argument.

*Shad.* I can make it no fatter.

*Andel.* Proceed, good Shadow; this fats me.

*Shad.* Hunger is made of gunpowder.

*Andel.* Give fire to that opinion.

*Shad.* Stand by, lest it blow you up. <sup>110</sup> Hunger is made of gunpowder, or gunpowder of hunger, for they both eat through

<sup>1</sup> Eating house.

<sup>2</sup> Potbellies.

<sup>3</sup> Playing upon the two meanings, appetite and courage.

<sup>4</sup> A Portuguese coin worth about 2s. 6d.



stone walls; hunger is a grindstone, it sharpens wit; hunger is fuller of love than Cupid, for it makes a man eat himself; hunger was the first that ever opened a cook-shop; cooks the first that ever made sauce, sauce being liquorish, licks up good meat; good meat preserves life: hunger therefore preserves life. <sup>120</sup>

*Amp.* By my consent thou shouldst still live by hunger.

*Shadow.* Not so, hunger makes no man mortal: hunger is an excellent physician, for he dares kill any body. Hunger is one of the seven liberal sciences.

*Andel.* O learned! Which of the seven?

*Shad.* Music, for she'll make a man leap at a crust; but as few care for her six sisters, so none love to dance after her pipe. <sup>130</sup> Hunger, master, is hungry and covetous; therefore the crusado.

*Andel.* But hast thou no sharper reasons than this?

*Shad.* Yes, one: the dagger in Cyprus had never stabbed out such six penny pies, but for hunger.

*Andel.* Why, you dolt, these pies<sup>1</sup> are but in their minority.

*Shad.* My belly and my purse have <sup>140</sup> been twenty times at dagger's drawing, with parting the little urchins.

*Enter FORTUNATUS*

*Amp.* Peace, idiot, peace, my father is returned.

*Fort.* Touch me not, boys, I am nothing but air; let none speak to me, till you have marked me well.

*Shad.* (*Chalking FORTUNATUS' back*) Now speak your mind.

*Amp.* Villain, why hast thou chalked <sup>150</sup> my father's back?

*Shad.* Only to mark him, and to try what color air is of.

*Fort.* Regard him not, Ampedo: Andelocia, Shadow, view me, am I as you are, or am I transformed?

*Andel.* I thought travel would turn my father madman or fool.

*Amp.* How should you be transformed? I see no change. <sup>160</sup>

*Shad.* If your wits be not planet stricken, if your brains lie in their right place, you

are well enough; for your body is little mended by your fetching<sup>1</sup> vagaries.

*Andel.* Methinks, father, you look as you did, only your face is more withered.

*Fort.* That's not my fault; age is like love, it cannot be hid.

*Shad.* Or like gunpowder a-fire, or like a fool, or like a young novice new come to <sup>170</sup> his lands: for all these will show of what house they come. Now, sir, you may amplify.

*Fort.* Shadow, turn thy tongue to a shadow, be silent! Boys, be proud, your father hath the whole world in this compass, I am all felicity, up to the brims. In a minute am I come from Babylon, I have been this half-hour in Famagosta.

*Andel.* How? in a minute, father? Ha, <sup>180</sup> ha, I see travellers must lie.

*Shad.* 'Tis their destiny: the Fates do so conspire.

*Fort.* I have cut through the air like a falcon; I would have it seem strange to you.

*Shad.* So it does, sir.

*Fort.* But 'tis true. I would not have you believe it neither.

*Shad.* No more we do not, sir.

*Fort.* But 'tis miraculous and true. <sup>190</sup> Desire to see you, brought me to Cyprus. I'll leave you more gold, and go visit more countries.

*Shad.* Leave us gold enough, and we'll make all countries come visit us.

*Amp.* The frosty hand of age now nips your blood,

And strews her snowy flowers upon your head,

And gives you warning that within few years,

Death needs must marry you: those short-lived<sup>2</sup> minutes,

That dribble out your life, must needs be spent <sup>200</sup>

In peace, not travel: rest in Cyprus then.

Could you survey ten worlds, yet you must die;

And bitter is the sweet that's reaped thereby.

*Andel.* Faith, father, what pleasure have you met by walking your stations?<sup>3</sup>

*Fort.* What pleasure, boy? I have revelled with kings, danced with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen

<sup>1</sup> Wandering. <sup>2</sup> Q. lines. <sup>3</sup> Journeying about.

<sup>1</sup> Q. reads *pipes*.



fantásticos,<sup>1</sup> conversed with humorists,<sup>2</sup> been ravished with divine raptures of Doric,<sup>210</sup> Lydian and Phrygian harmonies.<sup>3</sup> I have spent the day in triumphs, and the night in banqueting.

*Andel.* O rare: this was heavenly.

*Shad.* Methinks 'twas horrible.

*Andel.* He that would not be an Arabian phoenix<sup>4</sup> to burn in these sweet fires, let him live like an owl for the world to wonder at.

*Amp.* Why, brother, are not all these<sup>220</sup> vanities?

*Fort.* Vanities? Ampedo, thy soul is made of lead, too dull, too ponderous to mount up to the incomprehensible glory that travel lifts men to.

*Shad.* My old master's soul is cork and feathers, and being so light doth easily mount up.

*Andel.* Sweeten mine ears, good father, with some more.<sup>230</sup>

*Fort.* When in the warmth of mine own country's arms  
We yawned like sluggards, when this small horizon

Imprisoned up my body, then mine eyes  
Worshipped these clouds as brightest; but,  
my boys,

The glist'ring beams which do abroad appear  
In other heavens,—fire is not half so clear.

*Shad.* Why, sir, are there other heavens in other countries?

*Andel.* Peace; interrupt him not upon thy life.

*Fort.* For still in all the regions I have seen,

I scorned to crowd among the muddy<sup>5</sup>  
throng<sup>240</sup>

Of the rank multitude, whose thickened breath,

Like to condensèd fogs, do choke that beauty,

Which else would dwell in every kingdom's cheek.

No, I still boldly stept into their courts,  
For there to live 'tis rare, O 'tis divine;  
There shall you see faces angelical,  
There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses,

<sup>1</sup> Dandies.

<sup>2</sup> Wits.

<sup>3</sup> The various scales on which Greek music was written.

<sup>4</sup> It lived unparalleled 500 years and dying out of its ashes came the new phoenix.

<sup>5</sup> Common.

Whose star-like eyes have power, might  
they still shine,  
To make night day, and day more crystal-  
line.

Near these you shall behold great heroës,<sup>1</sup><sup>250</sup>  
White-headed counsellors and jovial spirits,  
Standing like fiery cherubims to guard  
The monarch, who in god-like glory sits  
In midst of these, as if this deity  
Had with a look created a new world,  
The standers-by being the fair workman-  
ship.

*Andel.* O, how my soul is rapt to a third  
heaven.

I'll travel sure, and live with none but  
kings.

*Shad.* Then Shadow must die among  
knaves; and yet why so? In a bunch of<sup>260</sup>  
cards, knaves wait upon the kings.

*Andel.* When I turn king, then shalt  
thou wait on me.

*Shad.* Well, there's nothing impossible:  
a dog has his day, and so have you.

*Amp.* But tell me, father, have you in all  
courts

Beheld such glory, so majestic  
In all perfection, no way blemishèd?

*Fort.* In some courts shall you see ambi-  
tion

Sit piecing Dedalus' old waxen wings,<sup>270</sup>  
But being clapped on, and they about to  
fly,

Even when their hopes are busied in the  
clouds,

They melt against the sun of majesty,  
And down they tumble to destruction:

For since the heaven's strong arms teach  
kings to stand,

Angels are placed about their glorious  
throne,

To guard it from the strokes of trait'rous  
hands.

By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.  
Fantastic compliment stalks up and down,  
Tricked in outlandish feathers, all his words,  
His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous,<sup>281</sup>  
All apish, childish, and Italianate.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter FORTUNE [in the background]: after  
her [The] THREE DESTINIES,<sup>3</sup> working*

*Shad.* I know a medicine<sup>4</sup> for that mal-  
ady.

<sup>1</sup> Trisyllabic.

<sup>2</sup> Affected.

<sup>3</sup> Fates.

<sup>4</sup> Dissyllabic.



*Fort.* By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.

*Andel.* And these are sights for none but gods and kings.

*Shad.* Yes, and for Christian creatures, if they be not blind.

*Fort.* In these two hands do I grip all the world.

This leather purse, and this bald woollen hat

Make me a monarch. Here's my crown and scepter!

In progress will I now go through the world. I'll crack your shoulders, boys, with bags of gold

Ere I depart; on Fortune's wings I ride, And now sit in the height of human pride.

*Fortune.* [Coming forward] Now! fool, thou liest; where thy proud feet do tread,

These shall throw down thy cold and breathless head.

*Fort.* O sacred deity, what sin is done, That Death's iron fist should wrestle with thy son? *All kneel*

*Fortune.* Thou art no son of Fortune, but her slave:

Thy cedar hath aspired<sup>1</sup> to his<sup>2</sup> full height. Thy sun-like glory hath advanced herself<sup>300</sup> Into the top of pride's meridian,

And down amain it comes. From beggary I plumed thee like an ostrich, like that ostrich

Thou hast eaten metals, and abused my gifts,

Hast played the ruffian, wasted that in riots Which as a blessing I bestowed on thee.

*Fort.* Forgive me, I will be more provident.

*Fortune.* No, endless follies follow endless wealth.

Thou hadst thy fancy, I must have thy fate, Which is, to die when th'art most fortunate. <sup>310</sup>

This inky thread, thy ugly sins have spun, Black life, black death; faster! that it were done.

*Fort.* O, let me live, but till I can redeem.

*Fortune.* The Destinies deny thee longer life.

*Fort.* I am but now lifted to happiness.

*Fortune.* And now take I most pride to cast thee down.

<sup>1</sup> Grown.

<sup>2</sup> Its.

Hadst thou chosen wisdom, this black had been white,

And Death's stern brow could not thy soul affright.

*Fort.* Take this again! [Offering the purse] Give wisdom to my sons.

*Fortune.* No, fool, 'tis now too late: as death strikes thee, <sup>320</sup>

So shall their ends sudden and wretched be. Jove's daughters—righteous Destinies—make haste!

His life hath wasteful been, and let it waste.

*Exeunt* [FORTUNE and The Three Destinies]

*Andel.* Why the pox dost thou sweat so?

*Shad.* For anger to see any of God's creatures have such filthy<sup>1</sup> faces as these sempsters<sup>2</sup> had that went hence.

*Andel.* Sempsters? why, you ass, they are Destinies.

*Shad.* Indeed, if it be one's destiny to <sup>330</sup> have a filthy<sup>3</sup> face, I know no remedy but to go masked and cry "Woe worth the Fates."

*Amp.* Why droops my father? these are only shadows, Raised by the malice of some enemy, To fright your life, o'er which they have no power.

*Shad.* Shadows? I defy their kindred.<sup>4</sup>

*Fort.* O Ampedo, I faint; help me, my sons.

*Andel.* Shadow, I pray thee run and <sup>340</sup> call more help.

*Shad.* If that desperate Don Dego Death hath ta'en up the cudgels once, here's never a fencer in Cyprus dare take my old master's part.

*Andel.* Run, villain, call more help.

*Shad.* Bid him thank the Destinies for this. *Exit*

*Fort.* Let me<sup>5</sup> shrink down, and die between your arms,

Help comes in vain. No hand can conquer fate, <sup>350</sup>

This instant is the last of my life's date. This goddess, if at least she be a goddess, Names herself Fortune: wand'ring in a wood,

Half famished, her I met. I have, quoth she,

Six gifts to spend upon mortality,

<sup>1</sup> Ugly.

<sup>2</sup> Seamstresses.

<sup>3</sup> Ugly.

<sup>4</sup> Possibly: Shadows, I defy; they're kindred.

<sup>5</sup> Q. him.



Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life  
and riches.

Out of my bounty one of these is thine.

*Amp.* What benefit did from your choice  
arise?

*Fort.* Listen, my sons! in this small com-  
pass lies

Infinite treasure: this she gave to me, <sup>360</sup>  
And gave to this,<sup>1</sup> this virtue, Take, quoth  
she,

So often as from hence thou draw'st thy  
hand,

Ten golden pieces of that kingdom's coin,  
Where'er thou liv'st; which plenteous sure  
shall last,

After thy death, till thy sons' lives do waste.

*Andel.* Father, your choice was rare, the  
gift divine.

*Fort.* It had been so, if wisdom<sup>2</sup> had  
been mine.

*Amp.* But hath this golden virtue never  
failed?

*Fort.* Never.

*Andel.* O admirable: here's a fire <sup>370</sup>  
Hath power to thaw the very heart of  
death,

And give stones life; by this most sacred  
breath,<sup>3</sup>

See brother, here's all India in my hand.

*Fort.* Inherit you, my sons, that golden  
land.

This hat I brought away from Babylon,  
I robbed the Soldan of it, 'tis a prize,  
Worth, twenty empires<sup>4</sup> in this jewel lies.

*Andel.* How, father? jewel? call you this  
a jewel? it's coarse wool, a bald fashion,  
and greasy to the brim; I have bought a <sup>380</sup>  
better felt for a French crown forty times:  
of what virtuous block<sup>5</sup> is this hat, I pray?

*Fort.* See it upon thy head, and with a  
wish,

Thou in the moment, on the wind's swift  
wings,

Shalt be transported into any place.

*Andel.* A wishing hat, and a golden mine?

*Fort.* O Andelocia, Ampedo! now Death  
Sounds his third summons, I must hence!  
These jewels

To both I do bequeath; divide them not,  
But use them equally: never bewray <sup>390</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In addition to this.

<sup>2</sup> Q. *riches*.

<sup>3</sup> Q. misprints *death*.

<sup>4</sup> The worth of twenty empires.

<sup>5</sup> Valuable shape.

What virtues are in them; for if you do,  
Much shame, much grief, much danger fol-  
lows you.

Peruse this book; farewell! behold in me  
The rotten strength of proud mortality.

*Dies*

*Amp.* His soul is wandering to the  
Elysian shades.

*Andel.* The flower that's fresh at noon, at  
sunset fades.

Brother, close you down his eyes, because  
you were his eldest; and with them close up  
your tears, whilst I, as all younger brothers  
do, shift for myself: let us mourn, be- <sup>400</sup>  
cause he's dead, but mourn the less, because  
he cannot revive. The honor we can do him,  
is to bury him royally; let's about it then,  
for I'll not melt myself to death with scald-  
ing sighs, nor drop my soul out at mine  
eyes, were my father an emperor.

*Amp.* Hence, hence, thou stop'st the tide  
of my true tears.

True grief is dumb, though it hath open  
ears.

*Andel.* Yet God send my grief a tongue,  
that I may have good utterance for it: <sup>410</sup>  
sob on, brother mine, whilst you sigh there,  
I'll sit and read what story my father has  
written here.

*They both fall asleep. FORTUNE and a  
company of Satyrs enter with music, and,  
playing about FORTUNATUS' body, take him  
away. They gone, SHADOW enters running*

*Shad.* I can get none, I can find none:  
where are you, master? Have I ta'en you  
napping? and you too? I see sorrow's eye-  
lids are made of a dormouse skin, they  
seldom open, or of a miser's purse, that's  
always shut. So ho, master.<sup>1</sup>

*Andel.* Shadow, why how now? what's <sup>420</sup>  
the matter?

*Shad.* I can get none, sir, 'tis impossible.

*Amp.* What is impossible? what canst  
not get?

*Shad.* No help for my old master.

*Andel.* Hast thou been all this while call-  
ing for help?

*Shad.* Yes, sir: he scorned all Famagosta  
when he was in his huffing,<sup>2</sup> and now he  
lies puffing for wind, they say they scorn <sup>430</sup>  
him.

<sup>1</sup> The cry of the hunter finding a hare.

<sup>2</sup> Swaggering prosperity.



*Amp.* The poison of their scorn infects not him;  
He wants no help. See where he breathless lies:

Brother, to what place have you borne his body?

*Andel.* I bear it? I touched it not.

*Amp.* Nor I: a leaden slumber pressed mine eyes.

*Shad.* Whether it were lead or latten<sup>1</sup> that hasped down those winking casements, I know not, but I found you both snorting.

*Amp.* And in that sleep, methought, I heard the tunes 440

Of sullen passions apt for funerals,  
And saw my father's lifeless body borne  
By Satyrs: O I fear that deity  
Hath stolen him hence!—that snudge,<sup>2</sup> his destiny.

*Andel.* I fear he's risen again; didst not thou meet him?

*Shad.* I, sir? do you think this white and red durst have kissed my sweet cheeks, if if they had seen a ghost? But, master, if the Destinies, or Fortune, or the Fates, 450  
or the Fairies have stolen him, never indict them for the felony: for by this means the charges of a tomb is saved, and you being his heirs, may do as many rich executors do, put that money in your purses, and give out he died a beggar.

*Andel.* Away, you rogue, my father die a beggar!  
I'll build a tomb for him of massy gold.

*Shad.* Methinks, master, it were better to let the memory of him shine in his 460  
own virtues, if he had any, than in alabaster.<sup>3</sup>

*Andel.* I shall mangle that alabaster face, you whoreson virtuous vice.

*Shad.* He has a marble heart, that can mangle a face of alabaster.

*Andel.* Brother, come, come, mourn not; our father is but stepped to agree with Charon for his boat hire to Elysium. See, here's a story of all his travels; this book 470  
shall come out with a new addition: I'll tread after my father's steps; I'll go measure the world, therefore let's share these jewels, take this, or this!

*Amp.* Will you then violate our father's will?

*Andel.* A Puritan!—keep a dead man's will? Indeed in the old time, when men were buried in soft churchyards, that their ghosts might rise, it was good; but, 480  
brother, now they are imprisoned in strong brick and marble, they are fast. Fear not: away, away, these are fooleries, gulleries, trumperies: here's this or this, or I am gone with both!

*Amp.* Do as you please, the sin shall not be mine.

Fools call those things profane that are divine.

*Andel.* Are you content to wear the jewels by turns? I'll have the purse for a year, you the hat, and as much gold as 490  
you'll ask; and when my pursership ends, I'll resign, and cap you.

*Amp.* I am content to bear all discontents. Exit

*Andel.* I should serve this bearing ass rarely now, if I should load him, but I will not. Though conscience be, like physic, seldom used, for so it does least hurt, yet I'll take a dram of it. This for him, and some gold: this for me; for having this 500  
mint about me, I shall want no wishing cap. Gold is an eagle, that can fly to any place, and, like death, that dares enter all places. Shadow, wilt thou travel with me?

*Shad.* I shall never fadge<sup>1</sup> with the humor because I cannot lie.

*Andel.* Thou dolt, we'll visit all the kings' courts in the world.

*Shad.* So we may, and return dolts home, but what shall we learn by travel? 510

*Andel.* Fashions.<sup>2</sup>

*Shad.* That's a beastly disease: methinks it's better staying in your own country.

*Andel.* How? In my own country—like a cage-bird, and see nothing?

*Shad.* Nothing? yes, you may see things enough, for what can you see abroad that is not at home? The same sun calls you up in the morning, and the same man in the moon lights you to bed at night; our 520  
fields are as green as theirs in summer, and their frosts will nip us more in winter: our birds sing as sweetly and our women are as fair: in other countries you shall have one drink to you; whilst you kiss your hand,

<sup>1</sup> A base metal.

<sup>2</sup> Niggard.

<sup>3</sup> Material used for the images on tombs.

<sup>1</sup> Agree.

<sup>2</sup> Popularly used for *farcy*, a disease of horses.



and duck,<sup>1</sup> he'll poison you: I confess you shall meet more fools, and asses, and knaves abroad than at home, yet God be thanked we have pretty store of all, but for punks,<sup>2</sup> we put them down. 630

*Andel.* Prepare thy spirits, for thou shalt go with me.

To England shall our stars direct our course;

Thither the Prince of Cyprus, our king's son, Is gone to see the lovely Agripyne.

Shadow, we'll gaze upon that English dame, And try what virtue gold has to inflame.

First to my brother, then away let's fly;

Shadow must be a courtier ere he die. Exit

*Shad.* If I must, the Fates shall be served: I have seen many clowns 640 courtiers, then why not Shadow? Fortune, I am for thee. Exit

### [ACT III, SCENE I]

[*London. The Court of Athelstane*]

*Enter ORLEANS melancholic, GALLOWAY with him; a Boy after them with a lute*

*Orle.* Begone: leave that with me, and leave me to myself; if the king ask for me, swear to him I am sick, and thou shalt not lie; pray thee leave me.

*Boy.* I am gone, sir. Exit

*Orle.* This music makes me but more out of tune.

O, Agripyna.

*Gall.* Gentle friend, no more.

Thou sayest love is a madness, hate it then, Even for the name's sake. 10

*Orle.* O, I love that madness, Even for the name's sake.

*Gall.* Let me tame this frenzy, By telling thee thou art a prisoner here, By telling thee she's daughter to a king, By telling thee the King of Cyprus' son Shines like a sun, between her looks and thine,

Whilst thou seem'st but a star to Agripyne:

He loves her.

*Orle.* If he do: why so do I. 20

*Gall.* Love is ambitious, and loves majesty.

<sup>1</sup> Bow.

<sup>2</sup> Dissolute women.

*Orle.* Dear friend, thou art deceived, love's voice doth sing

As sweetly in a beggar as a king.

*Gall.* Dear friend, thou art deceived: O bid thy soul

Lift up her intellectual eyes to heaven,

And in this ample book of wonders read,

Of what celestial mould, what sacred essence,

Herself is formed, the search whereof will drive

Sounds musical among the jarring spirits,

And in sweet tune set that which none inherits. 30

*Orle.* I'll gaze on heaven if Agripyne be there:

If not: fa, la, la, sol, la, etc.

*Gall.* O, call this madness in; see, from the windows

Of every eye derision thrusts out cheeks, Wrinkled with idiot laughter; every finger Is like a dart shot from the hand of scorn, By which thy name is hurt, thine honor torn.

*Orle.* Laugh they at me, sweet Galloway?

*Gall.* Even at thee.

*Orle.* Ha, ha, I laugh at them, are not they mad 40

That let my true true sorrow make them glad?

I dance and sing only to anger Grief,

That in that anger, he might smite life down

With his iron fist. Good heart, it seemeth then,

They laugh to see grief kill me: O, fond<sup>1</sup> men,

You laugh at others' tears; when others smile,

You tear yourselves in pieces: vile, vile, vile!

Ha, ha, when I behold a swarm of fools,

Crowding together to be counted wise,

I laugh because sweet Agripyne's not there,

But weep because she is not anywhere, 50

And weep because whether she be or not,

My love was ever, and is still, forgot:

Forgot, forgot, forgot.

*Gall.* Draw back this stream, why should my Orleans mourn?

*Orle.* Look yonder, Galloway, dost thou see that sun?

<sup>1</sup> Foolish.



Nay, good friend, stare upon it, mark it well,

Ere he be two hours elder, all that glory  
Is banished heaven, and then for grief this  
sky,

That's now so jocund,<sup>1</sup> will mourn all in  
black,

And shall not Orleans mourn? Alack, alack!  
O what a savage tyranny it were <sup>61</sup>  
T'enforce Care laugh, and Woe not shed a  
tear!

Dead is my love, I am buried in her scorn,  
That is my sunset, and shall I not mourn?  
Yes, by my troth I will.

*Gall.* Dear friend, forbear,  
Beauty, like sorrow, dwelleth everywhere.  
Rase out this strong idea<sup>2</sup> of her face,  
As fair as hers shineth in any place.

*Orle.* Thou art a traitor to that white  
and red, <sup>70</sup>  
Which, sitting on her cheeks, being Cupid's  
throne,

Is my heart's sovereign: O, when she is  
dead,

This wonder, beauty, shall be found in  
none.

Now Agripyne's not mine, I vow to be  
In love with nothing but deformity.  
O fair Deformity, I muse<sup>3</sup> all eyes  
Are not enamored of thee: thou didst never  
Murder men's hearts, or let them pine like  
wax,

Melting against the sun of destiny;<sup>4</sup>  
Thou art a faithful nurse to chastity; <sup>80</sup>  
Thy beauty is not like to Agripyne's,  
For cares, and age, and sickness hers deface,  
But thine's eternal. O Deformity,  
Thy fairness is not like to Agripyne's,  
For, dead,<sup>5</sup> her beauty will no beauty have,  
But thy face looks most lovely in the  
grave.

*Enter [the] PRINCE OF CYPRUS and  
AGRIPYNE*

*Gall.* See where they come together, hand  
in hand.

*Orle.* O watch, sweet Galloway, when  
their hands do part,  
Between them shalt thou find my murdered  
heart.

<sup>1</sup> Joyous.

<sup>2</sup> Image.

<sup>3</sup> Wonder.

<sup>4</sup> Swinburne suggests *thy disdain*.

<sup>5</sup> Q. *dread*.

*Cypr.* By this then it seems a thing <sup>90</sup>  
impossible, to know when an English lady  
loves truly.<sup>1</sup>

*Agrip.* Not so, for when her soul steals  
into her heart, and her heart leaps up to  
her eyes, and her eyes drop into her hands,  
then if she say, Here's my hand! she's your  
own,—else never.

*Cypr.* Here's a pair of your prisoners,  
let's try their opinion.

*Agrip.* My kind prisoners, well en- <sup>100</sup>  
countered; the Prince of Cyprus here and  
myself have been wrangling about a ques-  
tion of love: my lord of Orleans, you look  
lean, and likest a lover—Whether is it more  
torment to love a lady and never enjoy her,  
or always to enjoy a lady whom you can-  
not choose but hate?

*Orle.* To hold her ever in mine arms  
whom I loath in my heart, were some  
plague,<sup>2</sup> yet the punishment were no <sup>110</sup>  
more than to be enjoined to keep poison  
in my hand, yet never to taste it.

*Agrip.* But say you should be compelled  
to swallow the poison?

*Orle.* Then a speedy death would end a  
speeding misery. But to love a lady and  
never enjoy her, O, it is not death, but  
worse than damnation; 'tis hell, 'tis—

*Agrip.* No more, no more, good Orleans;  
nay, then, I see my prisoner is in love <sup>120</sup>  
too.

*Cypr.* Methinks, soldiers cannot fall into  
the fashion of love.

*Agrip.* Methinks a soldier is the most  
faithful lover of all men else; for his af-  
fection stands not upon compliment. His  
wooing is plain home-spun stuff; there's no  
outlandish thread in it, no rhetoric. A  
soldier casts no figures<sup>3</sup> to get his mistress'  
heart; his love is like his valor in the <sup>130</sup>  
field, when he pays downright blows.

*Gall.* True, madam, but would you re-  
ceive such payment?

*Agrip.* No, but I mean, I love a soldier  
best for his plain dealing.

*Cypr.* That's as good as the first.

*Agrip.* Be it so, that goodness I like: for  
what lady can abide to love a spruce silken-  
face courtier, that stands every morning  
two or three hours learning how to look <sup>140</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Note the drop into prose.

<sup>2</sup> Something of a plague.

<sup>3</sup> Makes no astrological calculations.



by his glass, how to speak by his glass, how to sigh by his glass, how to court his mistress by his glass? I would wish him no other plague, but to have a mistress as brittle as glass.

*Gall.* And that were as bad as the horn plague.<sup>1</sup>

*Cypr.* Are any lovers possessed with this madness?

*Agrip.* What madmen are not possessed with this love? Yet by my troth, we poor women do but smile in our sleeves to see all this foppery: yet we all desire to see our lovers attired gallantly, to hear them sing sweetly, to behold them dance comely and such like. But this apish monkey fashion of effeminate niceness,<sup>2</sup> out upon it! O, I hate it worse than to be counted a scold.

*Cypr.* Indeed, men are most regarded, <sup>100</sup> when they least regard themselves.

*Gall.* And women most honored, when they show most mercy to their lovers.

*Orle.* But is't not a miserable tyranny, to see a lady triumph in the passions of a soul languishing through her cruelty?

*Cypr.* Methinks it is.

*Gall.* Methinks 'tis more than tyranny.

*Agrip.* So think not I; for as there is no reason to hate any that love us, so it <sup>110</sup> were madness to love all that do not hate us; women are created beautiful, only because men should woo them; for 'twere miserable tyranny to enjoin poor women to woo men: I would not hear of a woman in love, for my father's kingdom.

*Cypr.* I never heard of any woman that hated love.

*Agrip.* Nor I: but we had all rather die than confess we love; our glory is to <sup>120</sup> hear men sigh whilst we smile, to kill them with a frown, to strike them dead with a sharp eye, to make you this day wear a feather, and to-morrow a sick nightcap. O, why this is rare! there's a certain deity in this, when a lady by the magic of her looks, can turn a man into twenty shapes.

*Orle.* Sweet friend, she speaks this but to torture me.

*Gall.* I'll teach thee how to plague <sup>130</sup> her: love her not.

*Agrip.* Poor Orleans how lamentably he looks: if he stay, he'll make me surely love

<sup>1</sup> Jealousy.

<sup>2</sup> Fastidiousness.

him for pure pity. I must send him hence, for of all sorts of love, I hate the French; I pray thee, sweet prisoner, entreat Lord Longaville to come to me presently.

*Orle.* I will, and esteem myself more than happy, that you will employ me. *Exit*

*Agrip.* Watch him, watch him for <sup>140</sup> God's sake, if he sigh not or look not back.

*Cypr.* He does both; but what mystery lies in this?

*Agrip.* Nay, no mystery, 'tis as plain as Cupid's forehead: why this is as it should be.—'And esteem myself more than happy, that you will employ me.' My French prisoner is in love over head and ears.

*Cypr.* It's wonder how he scapes drown-  
150ing.

*Gall.* With whom, think you?

*Agrip.* With his keeper, for a good wager: Ah, how glad he is to obey! And how proud am I to command in this empire of affection! Over him and such spongy-livered youths, that lie soaking in love, I triumph more with mine eye, than ever he did over a soldier with his sword. Is't not a gallant victory for me to subdue my father's enemy with a look? Prince of <sup>160</sup> Cyprus, you were best take heed, how you encounter an English lady.

*Cypr.* God bless me from loving any of you, if all be so cruel.

*Agrip.* God bless me from suffering you to love me, if you be not so formable.<sup>1</sup>

*Cypr.* Will you command me any service, as you have done Orleans?

*Agrip.* No other service but this, that, as Orleans, you love me, for no other <sup>170</sup> reason, but that I may torment you.

*Cypr.* I will: conditionally, that in all company I may call you my tormentor.

*Agrip.* You shall: conditionally, that you never beg for mercy. Come, my Lord of Galloway.

*Gall.* Come, sweet madam.

*Exeunt, manet [the PRINCE OF] CYPRUS*

*Cypr.* The ruby-colored portals of her speech

Were closed by mercy: but upon her eye, Attired in frowns, sat murdering cruelty. 180

[Re-]enter AGRIPYNE and listens

She's angry, that I durst so high aspire. O, she disdains that any stranger's breast

<sup>1</sup> Conformable.



Should be a temple for her deity:  
She's full of beauty, full of bitterness.  
Till now, I did but <sup>1</sup> dally with love's fire:  
And when I thought to try his flames in-  
deed,

I burnt me even to cinders. O, my stars,  
Why from my native shore did your beams  
guide me,  
To make me dote on her that doth deride  
me? 249

[AGRIPTYNE] *kneels*: [CYPRUS] *walks musing*  
*Agrip.* Hold him in this mind, sweet  
Cupid, I conjure thee. O, what music these  
hey-hos make! I was about to cast my  
little self into a great love-trance for him,  
fearing his heart had been flint: but since  
I see 'tis pure virgin wax, he shall melt his  
bellyful: for now I know how to temper  
him.

*Exit*; [as she goes, CYPRUS] *spies her*

*Cypr.* Never beg mercy? yet be my tor-  
mentor.

I hope she heard me not: doubtless she did,  
And now will she insult upon my passions,<sup>2</sup>  
And vex my constant love with mockeries.  
Nay, then, I'll be mine own physician, 252  
And outface love, and make her think that  
I  
Mourned thus, because I saw her standing  
by.

#### *Enter CORNWALL*

What news, my Lord of Cornwall?

*Corn.* This fair prince,  
One of your countrymen, is come to court,  
A lusty gallant brave, in Cyprus' isle,  
With fifty bard<sup>3</sup> horses, prancing at his  
heels

Backed by as many strong-limbed Cypriots,  
All whom he keeps in pay: whose offered  
service, 271  
Our king with arms of gladness hath em-  
braced.

*Cypr.* Born in the isle of Cyprus? what's  
his name?

*Corn.* His servants call him Fortunatus'  
son.

*Cypr.* Rich Fortunatus' son! Is he ar-  
rived?

<sup>1</sup> Q. not.

<sup>2</sup> Feelings.

<sup>3</sup> Richly comparisoned, originally armored.

*Enter LONGAVILLE, GALLOWAY, and CHESTER*  
*with jewels*

*Long.* This he bestowed on me.

*Chest.* And this on me.

*Gall.* And this his bounteous hand en-  
forced me take.

*Long.* I prize this jewel at a hundred  
marks,<sup>1</sup>

Yet would he needs bestow this gift on me.

*Cypr.* My lords, whose hand hath been  
thus prodigal? 281

*Gall.* Your countryman, my lord, a  
Cypriot.

*Long.* The gallant sure is all compact<sup>2</sup> of  
gold,

To every lady hath he given rich jewels,  
And sent to every servant in the court  
Twenty fair English angels.<sup>3</sup>

*Cypr.* This is rare.

#### *Enter LINCOLN*

*Linc.* My Lords, prepare yourselves for  
revelling,

'Tis the king's pleasure that this day be  
spent

In royal pastimes, that this golden lord, 290  
For so all that behold him, christen him,  
May taste the pleasures of our English  
court.

Here comes the gallant, shining like the  
sun.

*Trumpets sound*

*Enter ATHELSTANE, ANDELOCIA, AGRIPTYNE,*  
*ORLEANS, Ladies, and Other Attendants.*

*INSULTADO, a Spanish Lord. Music*  
*sounds within*

*Andel.* For these your royal favors done  
to me,

Being a poor stranger, my best powers shall  
prove,

By acts of worth, the soundness of my love.

*Athel.* Herein your love shall best set out  
itself,

By staying with us: if our English isle  
Hold any object welcome to your eyes,  
Do but make choice, and claim it as your  
prize. 300

<sup>1</sup> A considerable sum; a mark was about 13s. 4d.  
but varied. No English coin was so called.

<sup>2</sup> Made up.

<sup>3</sup> About 100.



*Andel.* I thank your grace. [*The KING and CYPRUS confer aside*] Would he durst keep his word,

I know what I would claim. Tush, man, be bold,

Were she a saint, she may be won with gold.

*Cypr.* 'Tis strange, I must confess, but in this pride

His father Fortunatus, if he live,  
Consumes his life in Cyprus: still he spends,

And still his coffers with abundance swell,  
But how he gets these riches none can tell.

*The KING and AGRIPYNE confer aside*

*Athel.* Hold him in talk: come hither, Agripyne.

*Cypr.* But what enticed young Andelocia's soul

To wander hither?

*Andel.* That which did allure  
My sovereign's son, the wonder of the place.

*Agrip.* This curious heap of wonders,  
which an Empress

Gave him, he gave me, and by Venus' hand,  
The warlike Amorato needs would swear,  
He left his country Cyprus for my love.

*Athel.* If by the sovereign magic of thine eye,

Thou canst enchant his looks to keep the circles

Of thy fair cheeks, be bold to try their charms,

Feed him with hopes, and find the royal vein,

That leads this Cypriot to his golden mine.  
Here's music spent in vain, lords, fall to dancing.

*Cypr.* My fair tormentor, will you lend a hand?

*Agrip.* I'll try this stranger's cunning<sup>1</sup> in a dance.

*Andel.* My cunning is but small, yet who'll not prove

To shame himself for such a lady's love?

*Orle.* These Cypriots are the devils that torture me.

He courts her, and she smiles, but I am born

To be her beauty's slave, and her love's scorn.

*Andel.* I shall never have the face to ask the question twice.

<sup>1</sup> Skill.

*Agrip.* What's the reason? Cowardliness or pride?

*Andel.* Neither: but 'tis the fashion of us Cypriots, both men and women, to yield at first assault, and we expect others should do the like.

*Agrip.* It's a sign, that either your women are very black,<sup>1</sup> and are glad to be sped,<sup>2</sup> or your men very fond,<sup>3</sup> and will take no denial.

*Andel.* Indeed our ladies are not so fair as you.

*Agrip.* But your men more venturous at a breach than you, or else they are all dastardly soldiers.

*Andel.* He that fights under these sweet colors, and yet turns coward, let him be shot to death with the terrible arrows of fair ladies' eyes.

*Athel.* Nay, Insultado, you must not deny us.

*Insul.* *Mi corazon es muy pesado, mi anima muy atormentada. No, por los Cielos! El pie (de) español no hace musica en tierra ingles[a].*<sup>4</sup>

*Cypr.* Sweet Insultado, let us see you dance.

I have heard the Spanish dance is full of state.

*Insul.* *Verdad, señor: la danza española es muy alta, majestica y para monarcas: vuestra inglesa, baja, fantastica, y muy humilde.*<sup>5</sup>

*Agrip.* Doth my Spanish prisoner deny to dance? He has sworn to me by the cross of his pure Toledo,<sup>6</sup> to be my servant: by that oath, my Castilian prisoner, I conjure you to show your cunning; though all your body be not free, I am sure your heels are at liberty.

*Insul.* *No lo quiero contradecir: vuestro ojo hace conquisto a su prisionero: Oireis la pavana<sup>7</sup> española; sea vuestra musica y gravedad, y majestad: Paje dame tabaco, toma mi capa, y mi espada. Más*

<sup>1</sup> Dark in complexion.

<sup>2</sup> Betrothed.

<sup>3</sup> Foolish.

<sup>4</sup> "My heart is heavy, my spirit much vexed. No, by heaven, a Spanish foot makes no music on English soil."

<sup>5</sup> "In truth, sir, the Spanish dance is very dignified, majestic, and therefore suitable for monarchs: your English (dance) is vulgar, fantastic, and very humble."

<sup>6</sup> By the hilt of his Toledo blade.

<sup>7</sup> A stately dance.



*alta, más alta: Desviaos, desviaos, compañeros, más alta, más alta.*

*He dances*

*Athel.* Thanks, Insultado.

*Cypr.* 'Tis most excellent.

*Agrip.* The Spaniard's dance is as his deeds be, full of pride.

*Athel.* The day grows old, and what remains unspent, 350

Shall be consumed in banquets. Agripyne, Leave us awhile, if Andelocia please,

Go bear our beauteous daughter company.

*And.* Fortune, I thank thee: now thou smil'st on me.

*Exeunt* AGRIPYNE, ANDELOCIA, and Ladies

*Athel.* This Cypriot bears a gallant princely mind.

My lord, of what birth is your countryman?

Think not, sweet prince, that I propound this question

To wrong you in your love to Agripyne:

Our favors grace him to another end. 350

Nor let the wings of your affection droop, Because she seems to shun love's gentle

lure.

Believe it on our word, her beauty's prize

Only shall yield a conquest to your eyes.

But tell me what's this Fortunatus' son?

*Cypr.* Of honorable blood, and more renowned

In foreign kingdoms, whither his proud spirit,

Plumed with ambitious feathers, carries him,

Than in his native country; but last day<sup>2</sup>

The father and the sons were, through their riots,

Poor and disdained of all, but now they glisten 400

More bright than Midas;<sup>3</sup> if some damned fiend

Fed not his bags, this golden pride would end.

*Athel.* His pride we'll somewhat tame, and curb the head

Of his rebellious prodigality:

He hath invited us, and all our peers,

<sup>1</sup> "I do not desire to refuse it; your eye has conquered your prisoner. You shall hear the Spanish pavan, but for that purpose let your music be slow and majestic. Page, give me tobacco; take my cloak and my sword. Higher, higher; make way, make way, friends, higher, higher." It seems unnecessary here to record the several misprints of the quartos.

<sup>2</sup> But the other day.

<sup>3</sup> Gold.

To feast with him to-morrow; his provision,

I understand, may entertain three kings.

But Lincoln, let our subjects secretly

Be charged on pain of life that not a man

Sell any kind of fuel to his servants. 410

*Cypr.* This policy shall clip his golden wings,

And teach his pride what 'tis to strive with kings.

*Athel.* Withdraw awhile::

*Exeunt, manet Athelstane*

None filled his hands with gold, for we set spies,

To watch who fed his prodigality:

He hung the marble bosom of our court,

As thick with glist'ring spangles of pure gold,

As e'er the spring hath stuck the earth with flowers.

Unless he melt himself to liquid gold,

Or be some god, some devil, or can transport 420

A mint about him, by enchanted power,

He cannot rain such showers. With his own hands

He threw more wealth abroad in every street,

Than could be thrust into a chariot.

He's a magician sure, and to some fiend,

His soul by infernal covenants has he sold,

Always to swim up to the chin in gold.

Be what he can be, if those doting fires,

Wherein he burns for Agripyna's love,

Want power to melt from him this endless mine, 430

Then like a slave we'll chain him in our Tower,

Where tortures shall compel his sweating hands

To cast rich heaps into our treasury.

*Exit*

## [SCENE II]

[*The Same*]

*Music sounding still; a curtain being drawn, where ANDELOCIA lies sleeping in AGRIPYNE'S lap; she has his purse, and herself and another lady tie another like it in the place, and then rise from him. [Enter ATHELSTANE]*

*Agrip.* I have found the sacred spring that never ebbs.



Leave us: [*Exit Lady*] But I'll not show't  
your majesty

Till you have sworn by England's royal  
crown,

To let me keep it.

*Athel.* By my crown I swear,  
None but fair Agripyne the gem shall wear.

*Agrip.* Then is this mine: see, father,  
here's the fire

Whose gilded beams still burn, this is the  
sun

That ever shines, the tree that never dies,  
Here grows the Garden of Hesperides; <sup>10</sup>

The outside mocks you, makes you think  
'tis poor,

But entering it, you find eternal store.

*Athel.* Art sure of this? How didst thou  
drive it out? <sup>1</sup>

*Agrip.* Fear not his waking yet, I made  
him drink

That soporiferous juice which was composed  
To make the queen, my mother, relish sleep,  
When her last sickness summoned her to  
heaven.

He sleeps profoundly: when his amorous  
eyes

Had singed their wings in Cupid's wanton  
flames,

I set him all on fire, and promised love, <sup>20</sup>  
In pride whereof, he drew me forth this  
purse,

And swore, by this he multiplied his gold.  
I tried and found it true: and secretly  
Commanded music with her silver tongue,  
To chime soft lullabies into his soul,  
And whilst my fingers wantoned with his  
hair,

T'entice the sleepy juice to charm his eyes,  
In all points was there made a purse, like  
his,

Which counterfeit is hung in place of this.

*Athel.* More than a second kingdom hast  
thou won. <sup>30</sup>

Leave him, that when he wakes he may  
suspect,

Some else <sup>2</sup> has robbed him; come, dear  
Agripyne,

If this strange purse his <sup>3</sup> sacred virtues <sup>4</sup>  
hold,

We'll circle England with a wall of gold. <sup>5</sup>

*Exeunt*

*Music still: Enter SHADOW very gallant,  
reading a bill, with empty bags in his  
hand, singing*

*Shad.* These English occupiers are mad  
Trojans: <sup>1</sup> let a man pay them never so  
much, they'll give him nothing but the bag.  
Since my master created me steward over  
his fifty men, and his one-and-fifty horse, I  
have rid over much business, yet never <sup>40</sup>  
was galled, I thank the Destinies. Music?  
O delicate warble: O these courtiers are  
most sweet triumphant creatures! Seignior,  
sir, monsieur, sweet seignior: this is the  
language of the accomplishment. O de-  
licious strings; these heavenly wire-drawers  
have stretched my master even out at  
length: yet at length he must wake.  
Master?

*Andel.* Wake me not yet, my gentle  
Agripyne. <sup>50</sup>

*Shad.* One word, sir, for the billets, and  
I vanish.

*Andel.* There's heaven in these times:  
throw the musicians  
A bounteous largesse of three hundred angels.

*ANDELOCIA starts up*

*Shad.* Why, sir, I have but ten pound  
left.

*Andel.* Ha, Shadow? where's the Princess  
Agripyne?

*Shad.* I am not Apollo, I cannot reveal.

*Andel.* Was not the princess here, <sup>60</sup>  
when thou cam'st in?

*Shad.* Here was no princess but my  
princely self.

*Andel.* In faith?

*Shad.* No, in faith, sir.

*Andel.* Where are you hid? where stand  
you wantoning? <sup>2</sup> Not here? gone, i'faith?  
have you given me the slip? Well, 'tis but  
an amorous trick, and so I embrace it: my  
horse, Shadow, how fares my horse? <sup>70</sup>

*Shad.* Upon the best oats my under-  
steward can buy.

*Andel.* I mean, are they lusty, sprightly,  
gallant, wanton, fiery?

*Shad.* They are as all horses are, cater-  
pillars to the commonwealth, they are ever  
munching: but, sir, for these billets, <sup>3</sup> and  
these fagots and bavins? <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The English were supposed descendants of Troy.

<sup>2</sup> Coquetting.

<sup>3</sup> Sticks of wood.

<sup>4</sup> Bundles of twigs.

<sup>1</sup> Find it out.

<sup>2</sup> Its.

<sup>3</sup> Someone else.

<sup>4</sup> Qualities.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. The wall of brass in *Faustus* and *Friar Bacon*.



*Andel.* S'heart, what billets, what fagots? dost make me a woodmonger? <sup>80</sup>

*Shad.* No, sweet seignior, but you have bid the king and his peers to dinner, and he has commanded that no woodmonger sell you a stick of wood, and that no collier shall cozen you of your measure, but must tie up the mouth of their sacks, lest their coals kindle your choler.<sup>1</sup>

*Andel.* Is't possible? is't true, or hast thou learnt of the English gallants to gull?<sup>2</sup>

*Shad.* He's a gull<sup>3</sup> that would be <sup>90</sup> taught by such gulls.

*Andel.* Not a stick of wood? Some child of envy has buzzed this stratagem into the king's ear, of purpose to disgrace me. I have invited his majesty, and though it cost me a million, I'll feast him. Shadow, thou shalt hire a hundred or two of carts, with them post to all the grocers in London, buy up all the cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, licorish and all other spices, that have <sup>100</sup> any strong heart,<sup>4</sup> and with them make fires to prepare our cookery.

Ere Fortunatus' son look red with shame,  
He'll dress a king's feast in a spiced flame.

*Shad.* This device, sir, will be somewhat akin to Lady Pride, 'twill ask cost.

*Andel.* Fetch twenty porters, I'll lade all with gold.

*Shad.* First, master, fill these bags.

*Andel.* Come then, hold up. How <sup>110</sup> now? tricks, new crotchets. Madame Fortune? Dry as an eel-skin? Shadow, take thou my gold out.

*Shad.* Why, sir, here's none in.

*Andel.* Ha, let me see: O here's a bastard cheek,<sup>5</sup>

I see now 'tis not mine; 'tis counterfeit,  
'Tis so! Slave, thou hast robbed thy master.

*Shad.* Not of a penny, I have been as true a steward—

*Andel.* Vengeance on thee and on thy stewardship!

Yet wherefore curse I thee? thy leaden soul  
Had never power to mount up to the knowledge <sup>121</sup>

Of the rich mystery closed in my purse.  
O no, I'll curse myself, mine eyes I'll curse,  
They have betrayed me; I will curse my tongue,

That hath betrayed me; I'll curse Agripyne,

She hath betrayed me. Sirens, cease to sing,  
Your charms have ta'en effect, for now I see,

All your enchantments were, to cozen me.

*Music ceaseth*

*Shad.* What shall I do with this ten pound, sir?

*Andel.* Go buy with it a chain and hang thyself. <sup>130</sup>

Now think I on my father's prophecy.

Tell none, quoth he, the virtue; if you do,  
Much shame, much grief, much danger follows you.

With tears I credit his divinity.

O fingers, were you upright justices,  
You would tear out mine eyes! had not they gazed

On the frail color of a painted cheek,  
None had betrayed me: henceforth I'll defy  
All beauty, and will call a lovely eye,  
A sun whose scorching beams burn up our joys, <sup>140</sup>

Or turn them black like Ethiopians.

O women, wherefore are you born men's woe,

Why are your faces framed angelical?

Your hearts of sponges, soft and smooth in show,

But touched, with poison they do overflow,  
Had sacred wisdom been my father's fate,  
He had died happy, I lived fortunate.

Shadow, bear this to beauteous Agripyne,  
With it this message, tell her, I'll reprove  
Her covetous sin the less, because for gold,  
I see that most men's souls too cheap are sold. <sup>151</sup>

*Shad.* Shall I buy these spices to-day or to-morrow?

*Andel.* To-morrow? ay, to-morrow thou shalt buy them.

To-morrow tell the princess I will love her,  
To-morrow tell the king I'll banquet him,  
To-morrow, Shadow, will I give thee gold;  
To-morrow pride goes bare and lust a-cold.  
To-morrow will the rich man feed the poor,  
And vice to-morrow virtue will adore.

To-morrow beggars shall be crownèd kings,  
This no-time, morrow's-time, no sweetness sings: <sup>161</sup>

I pray thee hence; bear that to Agripyne.

*Shad.* I'll go hence, because you send me;  
but I'll go weeping hence, for grief that I

<sup>1</sup> A frequent pun.

<sup>2</sup> Cheat.

<sup>3</sup> Fool.

<sup>4</sup> Flavor.

<sup>5</sup> A false outside.



must turn villain as many do, and leave you when you are up to the ears in adversity.

*Exit*

*Andel.* She hath robbed me, and now I'll play the thief,

Ay, steal from hence to Cyprus, for black shame

Here, through my riots, brands my lofty name.

I'll sell this pride for help to bear me thither,

170

So pride and beggary shall walk together.

This world is but a school of villainy,

Therefore I'll rob my brother, not of gold,

Nor of his virtues, virtue none will steal—

But, if I can, I'll steal his wishing-hat,

And with that, wandering round about the world,

I'll search all corners to find Misery,

And where she dwells, I'll dwell, languish and die.

*Exit*

#### [ACT IV]

*Chorus.* Gentles, if e'er you have beheld the passions,

The combats of his soul, who being a king,  
By some usurping hand hath been deposed  
From all his royalties: even such a soul,  
Such eyes, such heart swol'n big with sighs  
and tears,

The star-crossed son of Fortunatus wears.  
His thoughts crowned him a monarch in the morn,

Yet now he's bandied by the seas in scorn  
From wave to wave: his golden treasure's spoil

Makes him in desperate language to entreat  
The winds to spend their fury on his life: <sup>11</sup>  
But they, being mild in tyranny, or scorning  
To triumph in a wretch's funeral,

Toss him to Cyprus. O, what treachery  
Cannot this serpent gold entice us to?

He robs his brother of the Soldan's prize,  
And having got his wish, the wishing hat,

He does not, as he vowed, seek misery,  
But hopes by that to win his purse again;

And in that hope from Cyprus is he fled. <sup>20</sup>  
If your swift thoughts clap on their wonted wings

In Genoa may you take this fugitive,  
Where having cozened <sup>1</sup> many jewellers,

<sup>1</sup> Cheated.

To England back he comes; step but to court,

And there disguised you find him bargaining  
For jewels with the beauteous Agripyne,

Who wearing at her side the virtuous purse,  
He clasps her in his arms, and as a raven,

Gripping the tender-hearted nightingale,  
So flies he with her, wishing in the air <sup>20</sup>

To be transported to some wilderness:

Imagine this the place; see, here they come!

Since they themselves have tongues, mine shall be dumb.

*Exit*

#### [SCENE I]

##### [A Desert Place]

*Enter ANDELOCIA with the wishing hat on,  
[and dragging in] AGRIPYNE in his hand*

*Agrip.* What devil art thou that af-fright'st me thus,

Haling a princess from her father's court,  
To spoil <sup>1</sup> her in this savage wilderness?

*Andel.* Indeed the devil and the pick-purse should always fly together, for they are sworn brothers: but Madam Covetousness, I am neither a devil as you call me, nor a jeweller as I call myself; no, nor a juggler,—yet ere you and I part, we'll have some legerdemain together. Do you <sup>10</sup> know me?

*Agrip.* I am betrayed: this is the Cypriot.  
Forgive me, 'twas not I that changed thy purse,

But Athelstane my father; send me home,  
And here's thy purse again: here are thy jewels,

And I in satisfaction of all wrongs—

*Andel.* Talk not you of satisfaction, this is some recompense, that I have you. 'Tis not the purse I regard: put it off, and I'll mince it as small as pie meat. The <sup>20</sup> purse? hang the purse: were that gone, I can make another, and another, and another, ay, and another: 'tis not the purse I care for, but the purser, you, ay you. Is't not a shame that a king's daughter, a fair lady, a lady not for lords, but for monarchs, should for gold sell her love, and when she has her own asking, and that there stands nothing between, then to cheat your

<sup>1</sup> Despoil.



sweetheart? O fie, fie, a she cony-<sup>30</sup>  
catcher?<sup>1</sup> You must be dealt soundly with.

*Agrip.* Enjoin what pains thou wilt, and  
I'll endure them,  
So thou wilt send me to my father's court.

*Andel.* Nay God's lid, y'are not gone so:  
set your heart at rest, for I have set up  
my rest,<sup>2</sup> that except you can run swifter  
than a hart, home you go not. What pains  
shall I lay upon you? Let me see: I could  
serve you now but a slippery touch: I  
could get a young king or two, or three,<sup>40</sup>  
of you, and then send you home, and bid  
their grandsire king nurse them: I could  
pepper you, but I will not.

*Agrip.* O, do not violate my chastity.

*Andel.* No, why I tell you I am not given  
to the flesh, though I savor in your nose<sup>3</sup>  
a little of the devil, I could run away else,  
and starve you here.

*Agrip.* If I must die, doom me some  
easier death.<sup>60</sup>

*Andel.* Or transform you, because you  
love picking,<sup>4</sup> into a squirrel, and make you  
pick out a poor living here among the nut  
trees: but I will not neither.

*Agrip.* What will my gentle Andelocia  
do?

*Andel.* O, now you come to your old bias  
of cogging.<sup>5</sup>

*Agrip.* I pray thee, Andelocia, let me go:  
Send me to England, and by heaven I  
swear,<sup>80</sup>

Thou from all kings on earth my love shalt  
bear.

*Andel.* Shall I in faith?

*Agrip.* In faith, in faith thou shalt.

*Andel.* Hear, God a mercy: now thou  
shalt not go.

*Agrip.* O God.

*Andel.* Nay, do you hear, lady? Cry not,  
y'are best; no, nor curse me not. If you  
think but a crabbed thought of me, the  
spirit that carried you in mine arms<sup>70</sup>  
through the air, will tell me all; therefore  
set your Sunday face<sup>6</sup> upon't. Since you'll  
love me, I'll love you, I'll marry you, and  
lie with you, and beget little jugglers:  
marry, home you get not. England, you'll  
say, is yours: but, Agripyne, love me, and  
I'll make the whole world thine.

*Agrip.* I care not for the world, thou  
murd'rest me;

Between my sorrow, and the scalding sun  
I faint, and quickly will my life be done,  
My mouth is like a furnace, and dry heat<sup>81</sup>  
Drinks up my blood. O God, my heart will  
burst,

I die, unless some moisture quench my  
thirst.

*Andel.* 'Sheart, now I am worse than ere  
I was before:

For half the world I would not have her die.  
Here's neither spring nor ditch, nor rain,  
nor dew,

Nor bread nor drink: My lovely Agripyne,  
Be comforted, see here are apple trees.

*Agrip.* Climb up for God's sake, reach  
me some of them.

*Andel.* Look up, which of these apples  
likes thee best?<sup>90</sup>

*Agrip.* This hath a withered face, 'tis  
some sweet fruit.

Not that, my sorrows are too sour already.

*Andel.* Come hither, here, [here] are  
apples like gold.

*Agrip.* O, ay, for God's sake gather some  
of these.

Ay me, would God I were at home again!

*Andel.* Stand farther, lest I chance to fall  
on thee. *Climbs up*

O here be rare apples, rare red-cheeked  
apples that cry come kiss me: apples, hold  
your peace, I'll teach you to cry.

*Eats one*

*Agrip.* O England, shall I ne'er behold  
thee more?<sup>100</sup>

*Andel.* Agripyna, 'tis a most sugared de-  
licious taste in one's mouth, but when 'tis  
down, 'tis as bitter as gall.

*Agrip.* Yet gather some of them. O, that  
a princess

Should pine for food: were I at home again,  
I should disdain to stand thus and com-  
plain.

*Andel.* Here's one apple that grows high-  
est, Agripyne; an' I could reach that, I'll  
come down.

*He stands fishing with his girdle for it*

*Agrip.* Make haste, for the hot sun doth  
scald my cheeks.<sup>110</sup>

*Andel.* The sun kiss thee? hold, catch,  
put on my hat,

I will have yonder highest apple, though I  
die for't.

<sup>1</sup> Woman sharper.

<sup>2</sup> Decided.

<sup>3</sup> Smack.

<sup>4</sup> Thieving.

<sup>5</sup> Habit to cajole.

<sup>6</sup> Put your best face on.



*Agrip.* I had not wont be sun-burnt,  
wretched me.  
O England would I were again in thee!

*Exit*

[ANDELOCIA] *leaps down*

*Andel.* 'Swounds, Agripyna, stay, O, I am undone!

Sweet Agripyna, if thou hear'st my voice,  
Take pity of me, and return again.  
She flies like lightning: O she hears me not!  
I wish myself into a wilderness,  
And now I shall turn wild: here I shall  
famish,

120

Here die, here cursing die, here raving die,  
And thus will wound my breast, and rend  
mine hair.

What hills of flint are grown upon my  
brows;

O me, two forkèd horns, I am turned beast,  
I have abused two blessings, wealth and  
knowledge,

Wealth in my purse, and knowledge in my  
hat,

By which being borne into the courts of  
kings,

I might have seen the wondrous works of  
Jove,

Acquired experience, learning, wisdom,  
truth,

120

But I in wildness<sup>1</sup> tottered out my youth,  
And therefore must turn wild, must be a  
beast,

An ugly beast: my body horns must bear,  
Because my soul deformity doth wear.

Lives none within this wood? If none but I  
Live here,—thanks heaven! for here none  
else shall die.

*He lies down and sleeps under the tree*

*Enter FORTUNE, VICE, VIRTUE, the Priest;  
Satyrs with music, playing as they*

*come in before FORTUNE. They  
play awhile*

*Fortune.* See where my new-turned devil  
has built his hell.

*Vice.* Virtue, who conquers now? the fool  
is ta'en.

*Virtue.* O sleepy sin.

*Vice.* Sweet tunes, wake him again.

*Music awhile, and then cease*

*Fortune.* Vice sits too heavy on his  
drowsy soul,

140

<sup>1</sup> Q. wilderness.

Music's sweet concord cannot pierce his ear.  
Sing, and amongst your songs mix bitter  
scorn.

*Virtue.* Those that tear Virtue, must by  
Vice be torn.

#### THE SONG

Virtue, stand aside: the fool is caught.  
Laugh to see him, laugh aloud to wake  
him;

Folly's nets are wide, and neatly wrought,  
Mock his horns, and laugh to see Vice take  
him.

*Quire.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in  
scorn,

Who's the fool? the fool, he wears a horn.  
*ANDELOCIA wakens and stands up*

Virtue, stand aside, mock him, mock him,  
mock him,

150

Laugh aloud to see him, call him fool.

Error gave him suck, now Sorrows rock  
him

Send the riotous beast to madness' school.

*Quire.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in  
scorn.

Who's the fool? the fool, he wears a horn.  
Virtue, stand aside: your school he hates.  
Laugh aloud to see him, mock, mock, mock  
him.

Vanity and hell keep open gates,  
He's in, and a new nurse, Despair, must  
rock him.

*Quire.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in  
scorn.

160

Fool, fool, fool, fool, fool, wear still the  
horn.

*When they have done  
singing, VICE and VIRTUE hold apples out to  
[ANDELOCIA], VICE laughing, VIRTUE grieving*

*Andel.* O me, what hell is this? fiends,  
tempt me not.

Thou glorious devil, hence. O now I see,  
This fruit is thine, thou hast deformèd me:  
Idiot, avoid, thy gifts I loathe to taste.

Away: since I am entered madness' school,  
As good to be a beast, as be a fool.

Away, why tempt you me? some powerful  
grace

Come and redeem me from this hideous  
place.

*Fortune.* To her hath Andelocia all his  
life

170



Sworn fealty; would'st thou forsake her  
now?

*Andel.* Whose blessed tongue names  
Andelocia?

*Fortune.* Hers, who, attended on by Des-  
tinies,  
Shortened thy father's life, and lengthens  
thine.

*Andel.* (*Kneels*) O sacred Queen of  
Chance, now shorten mine,  
Else let thy deity take off this shame.

*Fortune.* Woo her, 'twas she that set it  
on thy head.

*Andel.* She laughs to see me meta-  
morphosèd. *Rises*

*Virtue.* Woo me, and I'll take off this  
ugly scorn.

*Vice.* Woo me, and I'll clap on another  
horn. 150

*Andel.* I am beset with anguish, shame  
and death.

O bid the Fates work fast, and stop my  
breath.

*Fortune.* No, Andelocia, thou must live  
to see

Worse torments, for thy follies, light on  
thee.

This golden tree, which did thine eyes en-  
tice,

Was planted here by Vice: lo, here stands  
Vice:

How often hast thou sued to win her grace?

*Andel.* Till now, I never did behold her  
face.

*Fortune.* Thou didst behold her at thy  
father's death, 150

When thou in scorn didst violate his will;  
Thou didst behold her, when thy stretched-  
out arm

Catched at the highest bough, the loftiest  
vice,

The fairest apple, but the foulest price;  
Thou didst behold her, when thy liquorish  
eye

Fed on the beauty of fair Agripyne;  
Because th' hadst gold, thou thought'st all  
women thine.

When look'st thou off from her? for they  
whose souls

Still revel in the nights of vanity,  
On the fair cheeks of Vice still fix their eye.

Because her face doth shine, and all her  
bosom 200

Bears silver moons, thou wast enamored  
of her.

But hadst thou upward looked, and seen  
these shames,

Or viewed her round about, and in this glass  
Seen idiots' faces, heads of devils and hell,  
And read this '*Ha, ha, he,*' this merry  
story,

Thou wouldst have loathed her: where, by  
loving her,

Thou bear'st this face, and wear'st this ugly  
head,

And if she once can bring thee to this place,  
Loud sounds these '*Ha, ha, he[s]*' she'll  
laugh apace. 211

*Andel.* O, re-transform me to a glorious  
shape,

And I will learn how I may love to hate her.

*Fortune.* I cannot re-transform thee, woo  
this woman.

*Andel.* This woman? wretched is my  
state, when I,

To find out wisdom, to a fool must fly.

*Fortune.* Fool, clear thine eyes, this is  
bright Aretë,<sup>1</sup>

This is poor Virtue, care not how the world  
Doth crown her head, the world laughs her  
to scorn,

Yet '*Sibi sapit,*' Virtue knows her worth.

Run after her, she'll give thee these and  
these, 210

Crowns and bay-garlands, honors, victories:  
Serve her, and she will fetch thee pay from  
heaven,

Or give thee some bright office in the stars.

*Andel.* Immortal Aretë, Virtue divine:  
*Kneels*

O smile on me, and I will still be thine.

*Virtue.* Smile thou on me, and I will still  
be thine:

Though I am jealous<sup>2</sup> of thy apostasy,  
I'll entertain thee: here, come taste this  
tree,

Here's physic for thy sick deformity.

*Andel.* 'Tis bitter: this fruit I shall ne'er  
digest.

*Virtue.* Try once again, the bitterness  
soon dies. 230

*Vice.* Mine's sweet, taste mine.

*Virtue.* But being down 'tis sour,  
And mine being down has a delicious taste.  
The path that leads to Virtue's court is  
narrow,

<sup>1</sup> Virtue.

<sup>2</sup> Suspicious.



Thorny and up a hill, a bitter journey,  
But being gone through, you find all heav-  
enly sweets,  
The entrance is all flinty, but at th' end,  
To towers of pearl and crystal you ascend.

*Andel.* O delicate, O sweet Ambrosian<sup>1</sup>  
relish, 239

And see, my ugliness drops from my brows,  
Thanks, beauteous Aretë: O had I now  
My hat and purse again, how I would shine,  
And gild my soul with none but thoughts  
divine.

*Fortune.* That shall be tried, take fruit  
from both these trees,  
By help of them, win both thy purse and  
hat,  
I will instruct thee how, for on my wings  
To England shalt thou ride; thy virtuous  
brother

Is, with that Shadow who attends on thee;  
In London, there I'll set thee presently.

But if thou lose our favors once again, 240  
To taste her sweets, those sweets must  
prove thy bane.

*Virtue.* Vice, who shall now be crowned  
with victory?

*Vice.* She that triumphs at last, and that  
must I. *Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

[*London. The Court of Athelstane*]

*Enter* ATHELSTANE, LINCOLN *with* AGRI-  
PYNE, CYPRUS, GALLOWAY, CORNWALL,  
CHESTER, LONGAVILLE *and* MONTROSE

*Athel.* Lincoln, how set'st thou her at  
liberty?

*Linc.* No other prison held her but your  
court,

There in her chamber hath she hid herself  
These two days; only to shake off that fear,  
Which her late violent rapture<sup>2</sup> cast upon  
her.

*Cypr.* Where hath the beauteous Agri-  
pyna been?

*Agrip.* In heaven or hell, in or without  
the world,

I know not which, for as I oft have seen,  
When angry Thames<sup>3</sup> hath curled her  
locks,

A whirlwind come, and from her frizzled  
brows, 10

<sup>1</sup> Ambrosial. <sup>2</sup> Carrying off. <sup>3</sup> Thames.

Snatch up a handful of those sweaty pearls,  
That stood upon her forehead, which awhile,  
Being by the bois'trous wind hung in the  
air,

At length have flung them down and raised  
a storm,—

Even with such fury was I wherried up,  
And by such force held prisoner in the  
clouds,

And thrown by such a tempest down again.

*Corn.* Some soul is damned in hell for  
this black deed.

*Agrip.* I have the purse safe, and anon  
your grace

Shall hear this wondrous history at full. 20

*Cypr.* Tell me, tormentor, shall fair  
Agripyne,

Without more difference<sup>1</sup> be now christened  
mine!

*Agrip.* My choice must be my father's fair  
consent.

*Athel.* Then shall thy choice end in this  
Cyprus prince.

Before the sun shall six times more arise,  
His royal marriage will we solemnise.

Proclaim this honored match! Come, Agri-  
pyne,

I am glad th' art here, more glad the purse  
is mine.

*As they all are going in, enter*  
ANDELOCIA *and* SHALOW, *like Irish coster-*  
*mongers.* AGRIPYNE, LONGAVILLE, *and* MON-  
TROSE *stay listening to them, the rest exeunt*

*Both.* Buy any apples, feene apples of  
Tamasco,<sup>2</sup> feene Tamasco peepins: peeps 30  
feene,<sup>3</sup> buy Tamasco peepins.

*Agrip.* Damasco apples? good my Lord  
Montrose,

Call yonder fellows.

*Mont.* Sirrah coster-monger.

*Shad.* Who calls: peeps of Tamasco,  
feene peeps: Ay, fat 'tis de sweetest apple  
in de world, 'tis better den de Pomewater,  
or apple John.<sup>4</sup>

*Andel.* By my trat,<sup>5</sup> madam, 'tis reet  
Tamasco peepins, look here els. 40

*Shad.* I dare not say, as de Irishman my  
countryman say, taste de goodness of de  
fruit: no, fayt, 'tis farie teere, mistriss, by  
Saint Patrick's hand 'tis teere Tamasco  
apple.

<sup>1</sup> Discussion.

<sup>2</sup> Damascus.

<sup>3</sup> Pippins fine.

<sup>4</sup> Varieties of apples.

<sup>5</sup> Troth.



*Agrip.* The fairest fruit that ever I beheld.

Damasco apples, wherefore are they good?

*Long.* What is your price of half a score of these?

*Both.* Half a score, half a score? dat is doos many,<sup>1</sup> mester.

*Long.* Ay, ay, ten, half a score, that's five and five.

*Andel.* Feeve and feeve? By my trat and as Creeze save me la, I cannot tell wat be de price of feeve and feeve, but 'tis tree crown for one peepin, dat is de prez if you take 'em.

*Shad.* Ay fat,<sup>2</sup> 'tis no less for Tamasco.

*Agrip.* Three crowns for one? what wondrous virtues have they?

*Shad.* O, 'tis feene Tamasco apple, and shall make you a great teal wise, and make you no fool, and make feene memory.

*Andel.* And make dis fash<sup>3</sup> be more fair and amiable, and make dis eyes look always lovely, and make all de court and country burn in desire to kiss di none sweet countenance.

*Mont.* Apples to make a lady beautiful? Madam, that's excellent.

*Agrip.* These Irishmen, Some say, are great dissemblers, and I fear These two the badge of their own country wear.

*Andel.* By my trat, and by Saint Patrick's hand, and as Creez save me la, 'tis no dissembler: de Irishman now and den cut di countryman's throat, but yet in fayt he love di countryman, 'tis no dissembler: dis feene Tamasco apple can make di sweet countenance, but I can take no less but three crowns for one, I wear out my naked legs and my foots, and my tods,<sup>4</sup> and run hidder and didder to Tamasco for dem.

*Shad.* As Creez save me la, he speaks true: Peeps feene.

*Agrip.* I'll try what power lies in Damasco fruit.

Here are ten crowns for three. So fare you well.

*Mont.* Lord Longaville, buy some.

*Long.* I buy? not I:

<sup>1</sup> Too many.

<sup>2</sup> Faith.

<sup>3</sup> Face.

<sup>4</sup> Explained as stockings, and clothes, why not toes?

Hang them, they are toys; come, madam, let us go.

*Exeunt*

[AGRIPYNE, LONGAVILLE and MONTROSE]

*Both.* Saint Patrick and Saint Peter, and all de holy angels look upon dat fash and make it fair.

[*Re-*]enter MONTROSE softly

*Shad.* Ha, ha, ha! she's sped, I warrant.

*Andel.* Peace, Shadow, buy any peepins, buy.

*Both.* Peeps feene, feene Tamasco apples.

*Mont.* Came not Lord Longaville to buy some fruit?

*Andel.* No fat,<sup>1</sup> master, here came no lords nor ladies, but di none sweet self.

*Mont.* 'Tis well, say nothing, here's six crowns for two:

You say the virtues are to make one strong.

*Both.* Yes fat, and make sweet countenance and strong too.

*Mont.* 'Tis excellent: here! farewell! if these prove,

I'll conquer men by strength, women by love.

*Exit*

*Andel.* Ha, ha, ha! why this is rare.

[*Re-*]enter LONGAVILLE

*Shad.* Peace, master, here comes another fool.

*Both.* Peeps feene, buy any peeps of Tamasco?

*Long.* Did not the Lord Montrose return to you?

*Both.* No fat, sweet master, no lord did turn to us: peeps feene!

*Long.* I am glad of it; here are nine crowns for three.

What are the virtues besides making fair?

*Andel.* O, 'twill make thee wondrous wise.

*Shad.* And dow shall be no more a fool, but sweet face and wise.

*Long.* 'Tis rare, farewell, I never yet durst woo.

None loves me: now I'll try what these can do.

*Exit*

*Andel.* Ha, ha, ha. So, this is admirable, Shadow, here end my torments in Saint Patrick's Purgatory, but thine shall continue longer.

<sup>1</sup> Faith.



*Shad.* Did I not clap on a good false Irish face? 130

*Andel.* It became thee rarely.

*Shad.* Yet that's lamentable, that a false face should become any man.

*Andel.* Thou art a gull,<sup>1</sup> 'tis all the fashion now, which fashion because we'll keep, step thou abroad, let not the world want fools; whilst thou art commencing thy knavery there, I'll precede Dr. Dodipoll<sup>2</sup> here: that done, thou, Shadow, and I will fat<sup>3</sup> our selves to behold the transformation of these fools: go fly. 140

*Shad.* I fear nothing, but that whilst we strive to make others' fools, we shall wear the cock's combs ourselves. Pips fine, etc.

*Exit SHADOW*

*Enter AMPEDO*

*Andel.* 'Sheart, here's my brother whom I have abused:

His presence makes me blush, it strikes me dead,

To think how I am metamorphosèd.

Feene peepins of Tamasco, etc.

*Amp.* For shame cast off this mask. 150

*Andel.* Wilt thou buy any pips?

*Amp.* Mock me no longer

With idle apparitions: many a land

Have I with weary feet and a sick soul

Measured to find thee; and when thou art found,

My greatest grief is that thou art not lost.

Yet lost thou art, thy fame, thy wealth are lost,

Thy wits are lost, and thou hast in their stead,

With shame and cares, and misery crowned thy head.

That Shadow that pursues thee, filled mine ears 160

With sad relation of thy wretchedness,

Where is the purse, and where my wishing-hat?

*Andel.* Where, and where? are you created constable? You stand so much upon interrogatories. The purse is gone, let that fret you, and the hat is gone, let that mad<sup>4</sup> you: I run thus through all trades to overtake them, if you be quiet, follow me,

<sup>1</sup> Fool.

<sup>2</sup> There was a contemporary play of that title, but the personage was proverbial before that.

<sup>3</sup> Feast.

<sup>4</sup> Madden.

and help, if not, fly from me, and hang yourself. Wilt thou buy any pippins? 170

*Exit*

*Amp.* O, how I grieve, to see him thus transformed?

Yet from the circles of my jealous eyes  
He shall not start, till he have repossessed  
Those virtuous<sup>1</sup> jewels, which found once  
again,

More cause they ne'er shall give me to  
complain,

Their worth shall be consumed in murdering  
flames,

And end my grief, his riot, and our shames.

*Exit*

## [ACT V, SCENE I]

[*London. The Court of Athelstane*]

*Enter ATHELSTANE, followed by AGRIPYNE,  
MONTROSE, and LONGAVILLE with horns;  
then LINCOLN and CORNWALL*

*Athel.* In spite of sorcery try once again,  
Try once more in contempt of all damned  
spells.

*Agrip.* Your majesty fights with no mortal power.

Shame, and not conquest, hangs upon [t]his  
strife.

O, touch me not, you add but pain to pain,  
The more you cut, the more they grow  
again.

*Linc.* Is there no art to conjure down this  
scorn?

I ne'er knew physic yet against the horn.

*Enter CYPRUS*

*Athel.* See, Prince of Cyprus, thy fair  
Agripyne

Hath turned her beauty to deformity. 180

*Cypr.* Then I defy thee, love; vain  
hopes, adieu,

You have mocked me long; in scorn I'll  
now mock you.

I came to see how the Lord Longaville  
Was turned into a monster, and I find  
An object, which both strikes me dumb and  
blind.

To-morrow should have been our marriage  
morn,

<sup>1</sup> Valuable.



But now my bride is shame, thy bridegroom  
scorn.

O tell me yet, is there no art, no charms,  
No desperate physic for this desperate  
wound?

*Athel.* All means are tried, but no means  
can be found. 20

*Cypr.* Then, England, farewell: hapless  
maid, thy stars,  
Through spiteful influence<sup>1</sup> set our hearts at  
wars.

I am enforced to leave thee, and resign  
My love to grief.

*Enter ORLEANS and GALLOWAY*

*Agrip.* All grief to Agripyne.

*Cypr.* Adieu, I would say more, had I a  
tongue  
Able to help his master: mighty king,  
I humbly take my leave; to Cyprus I;  
My father's son must all such shame defy.

*Exit*

*Orle.* So doth not Orleans; I defy all  
those 20  
That love not Agripyne, and him defy,  
That dares but love her half so well as I.  
O pardon me! I have in sorrow's jail  
Been long tormented, long this mangled  
bosom  
Hath bled, and never durst expose her  
wounds,  
Till now, till now, when at thy beauteous  
feet

I offer love and life. O, cast an eye  
Of mercy on me, this deformèd face  
Cannot affright my soul from loving thee.

*Agrip.* Talk not of love, good Orleans,  
but of hate. 40

*Orle.* What sentence will my love pro-  
nounce on me?

*Gall.* Will Orleans then be mad? O gentle  
friend.

*Orle.* O gentle, gentle friend, I am not  
mad:

He's mad, whose eyes on painted cheeks do  
doat,

O Galloway, such read beauty's book by  
rote.

He's mad, that pines for want of a gay  
flower,

Which fades when grief doth blast, or sick-  
ness lower,

<sup>1</sup> The usual astrological word.

Which heat doth wither, and white age's  
frost

Nips dead: such fairness, when 'tis found,  
'tis lost.

I am not mad, for loving Agripyne, 60  
My love looks on her eyes with eyes divine;  
I doat on the rich brightness of her mind,  
That sacred beauty strikes all other blind.  
O make me happy then, since my desires  
Are set a-burning by love's purest fires.

*Athel.* So thou wilt bear her far from  
England's sight,

Enjoy thy wishes.

*Agrip.* Lock me in some cave,  
Where staring wonder's eye shall not be  
guilty

To my abhorrèd looks, and I will die 60  
To thee, as full of love as misery.

*Athel.* I am amazed and mad, some  
speckled soul

Lies pawned for this in hell, without re-  
demption,

Some fiend deludes us all.

*Corn.* O unjust Fates,  
Why do you hide from us this mystery?

*Linc.* My Lord Montrose, how long have  
your brows worn

This fashion? these two feather springs of  
horn?

*Mont.* An Irish kerne<sup>1</sup> sold me Damasco  
apples

Some two hours since, and like a credulous  
fool— 70

He swearing to me that they had this power  
To make me strong in body, rich in mind—  
I did believe his words, tasted his fruit,  
And since have been attired in this disguise.

*Long.* I fear that villain hath beguiled  
me too.

*Corn.* Nay before God he hath not  
cozened you,

You have it soundly.

*Long.* Me he made believe,  
One apple of Damasco would inspire  
My thoughts with wisdom, and upon my  
cheeks 80

Would cast such beauty that each lady's  
eye,

Which looked on me, should love me pres-  
ently.

*Agrip.* Desire to look more fair, makes  
me more foul.

<sup>1</sup> Peasant soldier.



Those apples did entice my wandering eye,  
To be enamored of deformity.

*Athel.* This proves that true, which oft I  
have heard in schools,  
Those that would seem most wise, do turn  
most fools.

*Linc.* Here's your best hope, none needs  
to hide his face,  
For hornèd foreheads swarm in every place.

*Enter CHESTER with ANDELOCIA disguised as  
a French Doctor*

*Athel.* Now, Chester, what physicians  
hast thou found? <sup>100</sup>

*Chest.* Many, my liege, but none that  
have true skill  
To tame such wild diseases: yet here's one,  
A doctor and a Frenchman, whom report  
Of Agripyne's<sup>1</sup> grief hath drawn to court.

*Athel.* Cure her, and England's treasury  
shall stand,  
As free for thee to use, as rain from  
heaven.

*Mont.* Cure me, and to thy coffers I will  
send  
More gold from Scotland than thy life can  
spend.

*Long.* Cure Longaville, and all his wealth  
is thine.

*Andel.* He Monsieur Long-villain, gra <sup>100</sup>  
tanck you: Gra tanck your mashesty a great  
teal artely by my trat: where be dis  
Madam Princeza dat be so mush tormenta?  
O Jeshu: one, two: an tree, four an five,  
seez horn: Ha, ha, ha, pardona moy, prea  
wid al mine art, for by my trat, me can  
no point shose but laugh, Ha, ha, ha, to  
mark how like tree bul-beggera, dey stand.  
O, by my trat and fat, di divela be  
whoreson, scurvy, paltry, il favore knave <sup>110</sup>  
to mock de madam, and gentill-home so:  
Ha, ha, ha, ha.<sup>2</sup>

*Linc.* This doctor comes to mock your  
majesty.

*Andel.* No, by my trat la, but me lova  
musha musha merymant: come, madam,  
preartely stand still, and letta me feel you.  
Dis horn, O 'tis pretty horn, dis be facile,  
easy for pull de vey; but, madam, dis O  
be grand, grand horn, difficil, and very <sup>120</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps for the meter's sake *Agrippina's*.

<sup>2</sup> This "foreign" jargon, which was popular on the  
stage of the moment—witness *Henry V* and *The  
Merry Wives of Windsor*—needs no elucidation.

deep; 'tis perilous, a grand laroone.<sup>1</sup> But,  
madam, prea be patient, we shall take it  
off vell.

*Athel.* Thrice have we pared them off,  
but with fresh pain,  
In compass of a thought they rise again.

*Andel.* It's true, 'tis no easy matta, to  
pull horn off, 'tis easy to pull on, but hard  
for pull off; some horn be so good fellow,  
he will still inhabit in de man's pate, but  
'tis all one for tat, I shall snap away all <sup>130</sup>  
dis. Madam, trust dis down into your little  
belly.

*Agrip.* Father, I am in fear to taste his  
physic.  
First let him work experiments on those.

*Andel.* I'll sauce you for your infidelity.  
In no place can I spy my wishing-hat.

*Aside*

*Long.* Thou learned Frenchman, try thy  
skill on me,  
More ugly than I am, I cannot be.

*Mont.* Cure me, and Montrose wealth  
shall all be thine.

*Andel.* 'Tis all one for dat! Shall do <sup>140</sup>  
presently, madam, prea mark me. Mon-  
sieur, shamp dis in your two shaps, so, now  
Monsieur Long-villain; dis so; now dis;  
fear noting, 'tis eshelent medicine! so, now  
cram dis into your guts, and belly; so, now  
snap away dis whoreson four divela; Ha,  
ha, is no point good?

*Pulls LONGAVILLE'S<sup>2</sup> horns off*

*Athel.* This is most strange.  
Was't painful, Longaville?

*Long.* Ease took them off, and there re-  
mains no pain. <sup>150</sup>

*Agrip.* O try thy sacred physie on me.

*Andel.* No, by my trat, 'tis no possibla,  
'tis no possibla, al de matta, all de ting,  
all de substance, all de medicine, be among  
his and his belly: 'tis no possibla, till me  
prepare more.

*Athel.* Prepare it then, and thou shalt  
have more gold  
From England's coffers, than thy life can  
waste.

*Andel.* I must buy many costly tings, dat  
grow in Arabia, in Asia, and America, by <sup>160</sup>  
my trat, 'tis no possibla till anoder time, no  
point.

*Agrip.* There's nothing in the world, but  
may for gold

<sup>1</sup> Rascal.

<sup>2</sup> Q. *Puts Galloway's*.



Be bought in England; hold your lap, I'll  
rain

A shower of angels.

*Andel.* Fie, fie, fie, fie, you no credit le  
docature? Ha, but vel, 'tis all one for tat:  
'tis no matter. for gold! vel, vel, vel, vel,  
vel, me have some more, prea say noting,  
shall be presently prepara for your horns. 170  
(*aside*) She has my purse, and yonder lies  
my hat,

Work, brains, and once more make me for-  
tunate.—

Vel, vel, vel, vel, be patient, madam,  
presently, presently! Be patient, me have  
two, three, four and five medicines for de  
horn: presently, madam, stand you der,  
prea wid all mine art, stand you all der, and  
say noting,—sol nor look noting dis vey.  
So presently, presently, madam, snip dis  
horn off wid the rushes and anoder ting 180  
by and by, by and by, by and by. Prea  
look none dis vey, and say noting.

*Gets his hat up*

*Athel.* Let no man speak, or look, upon  
his life.

Doctor, none here shall rob thee of thy  
skill.

*Andel.* So, taka dis hand: winck now,  
prea artely with you two nyes: why so.  
Would I were with my brother Ampedo!

*Exit with [AGRIPYNE]*

*Agrip.* Help, father, help, I am hurried  
hence perforce.

*Athel.* Draw weapons, where's the prin-  
cess? follow him,

Stay the French doctor, stay the doctor  
there.

*CORNWALL and some other run  
out, and [re-]enter presently*

*Corn.* Stay him! 'sheart, who dare stay  
him? 'tis the devil 190

In likeness of a Frenchman, of a doctor.  
Look how a rascal kite having swept up  
A chicken in his claws, so flies this hell-  
hound

In th' air with Agripyne in his arms.

*Orle.* Mount every man upon his swiftest  
horse.

Fly several ways, he cannot bear her far.

*Gall.* These paths we'll beat.

*Exeunt GALLOWAY and ORLEANS*

*Linc.* And this way shall be mine.

*[Exit]*

*Corn.* This way, my liege, I'll ride.

*[Exit]*

*Athel.* And this way I: 200

No matter which way, to seek misery.

*Exit Athel.*

*Long.* I can ride no way, to out-run my  
shame.

*Mont.* Yes, Longaville, let's gallop after  
too;

Doubtless this doctor was that Irish devil,  
That cozened us, the medicine which he  
gave us

Tasted like his Damasco villany.

To horse, to horse, if we can catch this  
fiend,

Our forked shame shall in his heart blood  
end.

*Long.* O how this mads me, that all  
tongues in scorn,

Which way soe'er I ride, cry, 'ware the  
horn! 210

*Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

*[An open Space near London: a Prison and  
a Pair of Stocks in the background]*

*Enter ANDELOCIA with AGRIPYNE, AMPEDO  
and SHADOW [following]*

*Agrip.* O gentle Andelocia, pity me,  
Take off this infamy, or take my life.

*Andel.* Your life? you think then that I  
am a true doctor indeed, that tie up my  
living in the knots of winding sheets: your  
life? no, keep your life, but deliver your  
purse: you know the thief's salutation,—  
"Stand and deliver." So, this is mine, and  
these yours: I'll teach you to live by the  
sweat of other men's brows. 20

*Shad.* And to strive to be fairer than  
God made her.

*Andel.* Right, Shadow: therefore vanish,  
you have made me turn juggler, and cry  
"hey-pass,"<sup>1</sup> but your horns shall not  
repass.<sup>1</sup>

*Agrip.* O gentle Andelocia.

*Andel.* Andelocia is a nettle: if you touch  
him gently, he'll sting you.

*Shad.* Or a rose: if you pull his sweet 20  
stalk he'll prick you.

<sup>1</sup> Terms used in a children's game, the point being  
to discover in which hand some small object is hid-  
den. Rhys.



*Andel.* Therefore not a word; go, trudge to your father. Sigh not for your purse, money may be got by you, as well as by the little Welshwoman in Cyprus, that had but one horn in her head;<sup>1</sup> you have two, and perhaps you shall cast<sup>2</sup> both. As you use me, mark those words well, "as you use me," nay, y'are best fly, I'll not endure one word more. Yet stay too, because<sup>30</sup> you entreat me so gently, and that I'll make some amends to your father,—although I care not for any king in Christendom, yet hold you, take this apple, eat it as you go to court, and your horns shall play the cowards and fall from you.

*Agrip.* O gentle Andelocia.

*Andel.* Nay, away, not a word.

*Shad.* Ha, ha, ha! 'Ware horns!

*Exit* AGRIPYNE, weeping

*Andel.* Why dost thou laugh, Shadow? <sup>40</sup>

*Shad.* To see what a horn plague follows covetousness and pride.

*Amp.* Brother, what mysteries lie in all this?

*Andel.* Tricks, Ampedo, tricks, devices, and mad hieroglyphics, mirth, mirth, and melody. O, there's more music in this, than all the gamut airs, and so, fa res,<sup>3</sup> in the world; here's the purse, and here's the hat. because you shall be sure I'll not start, <sup>50</sup> wear you this, you know its virtue. If danger beset you, fly and away: a sort of broken-shinned limping-legged jades run hobbling to seek us. Shadow, we'll for all this have one fit of mirth more, to make us laugh and be fat.

*Shad.* And when we are fat, master, we'll do as all gluttons do, laugh and lie down.

*Andel.* Hie thee to my chamber, make ready my richest attire, I'll to court <sup>60</sup> presently.

*Shad.* I'll go to court in this attire, for apparel is but the shadow of a man, but shadow is the substance of his apparel.

*Exit* SHADOW

*Andel.* Away, away, and meet me presently.<sup>4</sup>

*Amp.* I had more need to cry away to thee.

Away, away, with this wild lunacy,  
Away with riots.

<sup>1</sup> A contemporary pamphlet describes a Welsh-woman, thus afflicted.

<sup>2</sup> Lose.

<sup>3</sup> Airs of the scale and songs.

<sup>4</sup> Directly.

*Andel.* Away<sup>1</sup> with your purity,<sup>1</sup> brother, y'are an ass. Why doth this purse spit out <sup>70</sup> gold but to be spent? why lives a man in this world, to dwell in the suburbs of it, as you do? Away, foreign simplicity, away: are not eyes made to see fair ladies? hearts to love them? tongues to court them, and hands to feel them? Out, you stock, you stone, you log's end: Are not legs made to dance, and shall mine limp up and down the world after your cloth-stockings-heels?<sup>2</sup> You have the hat, keep it. Anon I'll visit <sup>80</sup> your virtuous countenance again; adieu! Pleasure is my sweet mistress, I wear her love in my hat, and her soul in my heart: I have sworn to be merry, and in spite of Fortune and the black-browed Destinies, I'll never be sad. *Exit*

*Amp.* Go, fool; in spite of mirth, thou shalt be sad.

I'll bury half thy pleasures in a grave  
Of hungry flames; this fire I did ordain  
To burn both purse and hat: [*Burns the hat*] as this doth perish, <sup>90</sup>  
So shall the other; count what good and bad  
They both have wrought, the good is to the ill

As a small pebble to a mighty hill.  
Thy glory and thy mischiefs here shall burn;  
Good gifts abused to man's confusion turn.

*Enter* LONGAVILLE and MONTROSE with  
Soldiers

*Long.* This is his brother: soldiers, bind his arms.

*Mont.* Bind arms and legs, and hale the fiend away.

*Amp.* Uncivil: wherefore must I taste your spite?

*Long.* Art thou not one of Fortunatus' sons?

*Amp.* I am, but he did never do you wrong. <sup>100</sup>

*Long.* The devil thy brother has; villain, look here.

*Mont.* Where is the beauteous purse and wishing hat?

*Amp.* My brother Andelocia has the purse,

This way he'll come anon to pass to court  
Alas, that sin should make men's hearts so bold,

<sup>1</sup> Puritanism.

<sup>2</sup> Common stockings.



To kill their souls for the base thirst of gold.

The wishing hat is burnt.

*Mont.* Burnt? Soldiers, bind him.

Tortures shall wring both hat and purse from you.

Villain, I'll be revenged for that base scorn  
Thy hell-hound brother clapped upon my head. 111

*Long.* And so will Longaville.  
Away with him!

*Mont.* Drag him to yonder tower, there  
shackle him,

And in a pair of stocks lock up his heels,  
And bid your wishing cap deliver you.

[*They put AMPEDO in the stocks*]  
Give us the purse and hat, we'll set thee  
free,

Else rot to death and starve.

*Amp.* O tyranny,  
You need not scorn the badge which you  
did bear: 120  
Beasts would you be, though horns you did  
not wear.

*Mont.* Drag hence the cur: come, noble  
Longaville,  
One's sure, and were the other fiend as fast,  
Their pride should cost their lives: their  
purse and hat

Shall be both ours, we'll share them equally.

*Long.* That will be some amends for  
[h]arming me.

*Enter ANDELOCIA, and SHADOW after him*

*Mont.* Peace, Longaville, yonder the gal-  
lant comes.

*Long.* Y'are well encountered.

*Andel.* Thanks, Lord Longaville.

*Long.* The king expects your presence at  
the court. 130

*Andel.* And thither am I going.

*Shad.* Pips fine, fine apples of Tamasco,  
ha, ha, ha!

*Mont.* Wert thou that Irishman that  
cozened us?

*Shad.* Pips fine, ha, ha, ha! no not I; not  
Shadow.

*Andel.* Were not your apples delicate and  
rare?

*Long.* The worst that e'er you sold; sirs,  
bind him fast.

*Andel.* What, will you murder me? help,  
help, some help!

*Shad.* Help, help, help! *Exit SHADOW*  
*Mont.* Follow that dog, and stop his  
bawling throat.

*Andel.* Villains, what means this barba-  
rous treachery? 140

*Long.* We mean to be revenged for our  
disgrace.

*Mont.* And stop the golden current of thy  
waste.

*Andel.* Murder! they murder me, O call  
for help.

*Long.* Thy voice is spent in vain; come,  
come, this purse,

This well-spring of your prodigality.

*Andel.* Are you appointed by the king  
to this?

*Mont.* No, no; rise, spurn him up! [*They  
put ANDELOCIA in the stocks*] know you  
who's this?

*Andel.* My brother Ampedo? Alas, what  
fate

Hath made thy virtues so unfortunate?

*Amp.* Thy riot and the wrong of these  
two lords, 150

Who causeless thus do starve me in this  
prison.

*Long.* Strive not y'are best, villains, lift  
in his legs.

*Andel.* Traitors to honor, what do you in-  
tend?

*Long.* That riot shall in wretchedness  
have end.

Question thy brother with what cost he's  
fed,

And so assure thou shalt be banqueted.

*Exeunt* <sup>1</sup> [*LONGAVILLE and MONTROSE*]

*Amp.* In want, in misery, in woe and care,  
Poor Ampedo his fill hath surfeited:

My want is famine, bolts my misery,  
My care and woe should be thy portion. 160

*Andel.* Give me that portion, for I have a  
heart

Shall spend it freely, and make bank[e]rout  
The proudest woe that ever wet man's eyes.  
Care, with a mischief! wherefore should I  
care?

Have I rid side by side by mighty kings,  
Yet be thus bridled now? I'll tear these  
fettters,

Murder! cry murder! Ampedo, aloud.  
To bear this scorn our fortunes are too  
proud.

<sup>1</sup> Q. *They two.*



*Amp.* O folly, thou hast power to make  
flesh glad,

When the rich soul in wretchedness is clad.

*Andel.* Peace, fool, am not I fortune's  
minion? 171

These bands are but one wrinkle of her  
frown,

This is her evening mask, her next morn's  
eye

Shall overshine the sun in majesty.

*Amp.* But this sad night will make an  
end of me.

Brother, farewell; grief, famine, sorrow,  
want,

Have made an end of wretched Ampedo.

*Andel.* Where is the wishing-hat?

*Amp.* Consumed in fire.

*Andel.* Accursèd be those hands that did  
destroy it; 180

That would redeem us, did we now enjoy it.

*Amp.* Wanton, farewell! I faint, Death's  
frozen hand

Congeals life's little river in my breast.

No man before his end is truly blest.

*Dies*

*Andel.* O miserable, miserable soul!

Thus a foul life makes death to look more  
foul.

[*Re-*]enter LONGAVILLE and MONTROSE with  
a halter

*Long.* Thus shall this golden purse  
divided be,

One day for you, another day for me.

*Mont.* Of days anon, say, what determine  
you,

Shall they have liberty, or shall they die? 190

*Long.* Die sure: and see, I think the  
elder's dead.

*Andel.* Ay, murderers, he is dead. O  
sacred Wisdom,

Had Fortunatus been enamourèd  
Of thy celestial beauty, his two sons  
Had shined like two bright suns.

*Long.* Pull hard, Montrose.

*Andel.* Come you to strangle me? are  
you the hangman?

Hell-hounds, y'are damned for this impiety.

Fortune, forgive me! I deserve thy hate;

Myself have made myself a reprobate. 200

Virtue, forgive me! for I have transgressed  
Against thy laws; my vows are quite forgot,

And therefore shame is fallen to my sin's  
lot.

Riches and knowledge are two gifts divine.  
They that abuse them both as I have done,  
To shame, to beggary, to hell must run.

O conscience, hold thy sting, cease to afflict  
me.

Be quick, tormentors, I desire to die;

No death is equal to my misery.

Cyprus, vain world and vanity, farewell. 210

Who builds his heaven on earth, is sure of  
hell. *Dies*

*Long.* He's dead: in some deep vault let's  
throw their bodies.

*Mont.* First let us see the purse, Lord  
Longaville.

*Long.* Here 'tis, by this we'll fill this  
tower with gold.

*Mont.* Frenchman, this purse is counter-  
feit.

*Long.* Thou liest.

Scot, thou hast cozened me, give me the  
right,

Else shall thy bosom be my weapon's grave.

*Mont.* Villain, thou shalt not rob me of  
my due. *They fight*

Enter ATHELSTANE, AGRIPYNE, ORLEANS,  
GALLOWAY, CORNWALL, CHESTER, LIN-  
COLN, and SHADOW with weapons at  
one door: FORTUNE, VICE, and  
their Attendants at another  
door

*All.* Lay hands upon the murderers, strike  
them down. 220

*Fortune.* Surrender up this purse, for this  
is mine.

*All.* Are these two devils, or some powers  
divine?

*Shad.* O see, see, O my two masters, poor  
Shadow's substances; what shall I do?  
Whose body shall Shadow now follow?

*Fortune.* Peace, idiot, thou shalt find rich  
heaps of fools,

That will be proud to entertain a shadow.  
I charm thy babbling lips from troubling  
me.

You need not hold them, see, I smite them  
down

Lower than hell: base souls, sink to your  
heaven. 230

*Vice.* I do arrest you both my prisoners.

*Fortune.* Stand not amazed, you gods of  
earth, at this,



She that arresteth these two fools is Vice,  
They have broke Virtue's laws, Vice is her  
sergeant,

Her jailer and her executioner.

Look on those Cypriots, Fortunatus' sons,  
They and their father were my minions,  
My name is Fortune.

*All.* O dread deity.

*Fortune.* Kneel not to me: if Fortune list  
to frown, 240

You need not fall down, for she'll spurn you  
down;

Arise! but, fools, on you I'll triumph thus:  
What have you gained by being covetous?  
This prodigal purse did Fortune's bounteous  
hand

Bestow on them, their riots made them  
poor,

And set these marks of miserable death  
On all their pride, the famine of base gold  
Hath made your souls to murder's hands be  
sold,

Only to be callèd rich. But, idiots, see  
The virtues to be fled, Fortune hath caused  
it so; 250

Those that will all devour, must all forego.

*Athel.* Most sacred Goddess!

*Fortune.* Peace, you flatterer.

Thy tongue but heaps more vengeance on  
thy head.

Fortune is angry with thee, in thee burns  
A greedy covetous fire, in Agripyne  
Pride like a monarch revels, and those sins  
Have led you blind-fold to your former  
shames,

But Virtue pardoned you, and so doth For-  
tune.

*Athel. and Agrip.* All thanks to both  
your sacred deities. 260

*Fortune.* As for these metal-eaters, these  
base thieves,

Who rather than they would be counted  
poor,

Will dig through hell for gold,—you were  
forgiven

By Virtue's general pardon; her broad seal  
Gave you your lives, when she took off  
your horns.

Yet having scarce one foot out of the jail,  
You tempt damnation by more desperate  
means

You both are mortal, and your pains shall  
ring

Through both your ears, to terrify your  
souls,

As please the judgment of this mortal king.

*Athel.* Fair Empress of the world, since  
you resign 271

Your power to me, this sentence shall be  
mine:

Thou shalt be tortured on a wheel to death,  
Thou with wild horses shalt be quartered.

*To MONTROSE and LONGAVILLE*

*Vice.* Ha, ha, weak judge, weak judg-  
ment; I reverse

That sentence, for they are my prisoners.  
Embalm the bodies of those Cypriots,  
And honor them with princely burial.

For those do as you please; but for these  
two,

I kiss you both, I love you, y'are my  
minions. 280

Untie their bands, Vice doth reprieve you  
both.

I set you free.

*Both.* Thanks, gracious deity.

*Vice.* Begone, but you in liberty shall  
find

More bondage than in chains; fools, get you  
hence,

Both wander with tormented conscience.<sup>1</sup>

*Long.* O horrid judgment, that's the hell  
indeed.

*Mont.* Come, come, our death ne'er ends  
if conscience bleed.

*Both.* O miserable, miserable men!

*Exeunt [LONGAVILLE and MONTROSE]*

*Fortune.* Fortune triumphs at this, yet to  
appear 290

All like myself, that which from those I  
took,

King Athelstane, I will bestow on thee,  
And in it the old virtue I infuse:

But, king, take heed how thou my gifts dost  
use.

England shall ne'er be poor, if England  
strive

Rather by virtue than by wealth to thrive.

*Enter VIRTUE, crowned: Nymphs and  
Kings attending on her, crowned with  
olive branches and laurels:  
music sounding*

*Vice.* Virtue? alas good soul, she hides  
her head.

<sup>1</sup> Trisyllabic.



*Virtue.* What envious tongue said, 'Virtue hides her head'?

*Vice.* She that will drive thee into banishment.

*Fortune.* She that hath conquered thee: how dar'st thou come, <sup>300</sup>

Thus tricked in gaudy feathers, and thus guarded

With crownèd kings and Muses, when thy foe

Hath trod thus on thee, and now triumphs so?

Where's virtuous Ampedo? See, he's her slave;

For following thee, this recompense they have.

*Virtue.* Is Ampedo her slave? Why, that's my glory.

The idiot's cap I once wore on my head, Did figure him; those that like him do muffle

Virtue in clouds, and care not how she shine,

I'll make their glory like to his decline. <sup>310</sup>

He made no use of me, but like a miser,

Locked up his wealth in rusty bars of sloth;

His face was beautiful, but wore a mask,

And in the world's eyes seemed a black-amoor:

So perish they that so keep Virtue poor.

*Vice.* Thou art a fool to strive, I am more strong,

And greater than thyself; then, Virtue, fly,

And hide thy face, yield me the victory.

*Virtue.* Is Vice higher than Virtue? that's my glory,

The higher that thou art, thou art more horrid: <sup>320</sup>

The world will love me for my comeliness.

*Fortune.* Thine own self loves thyself: why on the heads

Of Agripyne, Montrose, and Longaville,—

English, Scot, French—did Vice clap ugly horns,

But to approve that English, French, and Scot,

And all the world else, kneel and honor Vice;

But in no country, Virtue is of price!

*Virtue.* Yes, in all countries Virtue is of price,

In every kingdom some diviner breast Is more enamoured of me than the rest. <sup>330</sup>

Have English, Scot, and French bowed knees to thee?

Why that's my glory too, for by their shame,

Men will abhor thee and adore my name.

Fortune, thou art too weak, Vice, th'art a fool

To fight with me; I suffered you awhile

T'eclipse my brightness, but I now will shine,

And make you swear your beauty's base to mine.

*Fortune.* Thou art too insolent; see, here's a court

Of mortal judges; let's by them be tried, Which of us three shall most be deified. <sup>340</sup>

*Vice.* I am content.

*Fortune.* And I.

*Virtue.* So am not I.

My judge shall be your sacred deity.

[Turnir to QUEEN ELIZABETH]

*Vice.* O miserable me, I am undone.

Exit VICE and her train

*All.* O stop the horrid monster.

*Virtue.* Let her run.

Fortune, who conquers now.

*Fortune.* Virtue, I see,

Thou wilt triumph both over her and me. <sup>350</sup>

*All.* Empress of heaven and earth.

*Fortune.* Why do you mock me?

Kneel not to me, to her transfer your eyes,

There sits the Queen of Chance, I bend my knees

Lower than yours. Dread goddess, 'tis most meet

That Fortune fall down at thy conquering feet.

Thou sacred Empress that command'st the Fates,

Forgive what I have to thy handmaid done,

And at thy chariot wheels Fortune shall run,

And be thy captive, and to thee resign <sup>360</sup>

All powers which heaven's large patent have made mine.

*Virtue.* Fortune, th'art vanquished.

Sacred deity,

O now pronounce who wins the victory,

And yet that sentence needs not, since alone,

Your virtuous presence Vice hath overthrown,

Yet to confirm the conquest on your side.

Look but on Fortunatus and his sons;

Of all the wealth those gallants did possess,



Only poor Shadow is left, comfortless:  
Their glory's faded and their golden pride.

*Shad.* Only poor Shadow tells how poor  
they died. 371

*Virtue.* All that they had, or mortal men  
can have,

Sends only but a Shadow from the grave.  
Virtue alone lives still,<sup>1</sup> and lives in you;

I am a counterfeit, you are the true;

I am a shadow, at your feet I fall,

Begging for these, and these, myself and all.

All these that thus do kneel before your  
eyes.

Are shadows like myself: dread nymph, it  
lies

In you to make us substances. O do it! 380

Virtue I am sure you love, she wooes you  
to it.

I read a verdict in your sun-like eyes,

And this it is: Virtue the victory.

*All.* All loudly cry, Virtue the victory!

*Fortune.* Virtue the victory! for joy of  
this,

Those self-same hymns which you to For-  
tune sung

Let them be now in Virtue's honor rung.

#### THE SONG

Virtue smiles: cry holiday

Dimples on her cheeks do dwell,

Virtue frowns, cry welladay, 390

Her love is heaven, her hate is hell.

Since heaven and hell obey her power,

Tremble when her eyes do lower.

Since heaven and hell her power obey,

Where she smiles, cry holiday.

Holiday with joy we cry,

And bend, and bend, and merrily,

Sing hymns to Virtue's deity:

Sing hymns to Virtue's deity.

*As they all offer to go in, enter the  
Two Old Men*

<sup>1</sup> Ever.

#### THE EPILOGUE AT COURT

1 *Old.* Nay stay, poor pilgrims, when I  
entered first

The circle of this bright celestial sphere,  
I wept for joy, now I could weep for fear.

2 *Old.* I fear we all like mortal men shall  
prove

Weak, not in love, but in expressing love.

1 *Old.* Let every one beg once more on  
his knee<sup>1</sup>

One pardon for himself, and one for me;

For I enticed you hither. O dear Goddess,

Breathe life in our numbèd spirits with one  
smile,

And from this cold earth, we with lively  
souls 10

Shall rise like men new-born, and make  
heaven sound

With hymns sung to thy name, and prayers  
that we

May once a year so oft enjoy this sight,

Till these young boys change their curled  
locks to white,

And when grey-wingèd age sits on their  
heads,

That so their children may supply their  
steads,

And that heaven's great arithmetician,

Who in the scales of number weighs the  
world,

May still to forty-two add one year more,

And still add one to one, that went before, 20

And multiply four tens by many a ten:

To this I cry, Amen.

*All.* Amen, amen!

1 *Old.* Good-night, dear mistress, those  
that wish thee harm,

Thus let them stoop under destruction's  
arm.

*All.* Amen, amen, amen!

*Exeunt*

<sup>1</sup> This is an admirable adaptation of the custom of kneeling at the end of a play in prayer for the queen.



822.3

S32T

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

25'48 310

1'48 207

0818'48 757

8<sup>15</sup>/54 278

27<sup>6</sup>/56 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65 012



A  
WOMAN  
KILDE  
with Kindnesse.

*Written by Tho: Heywood.*



L O N D O N  
Printed by William Iaggard dwelling in Barbican, and  
are to be sold in Paules Church-yard.  
by Iohn Hodgets. 1607.

RECEIVED  
MAR 10 1607



Only two old editions of *A Woman Killed with Kindness* remain extant: that of 1607 and that of 1617. As the latter is described on the title page as "the third edition," it is to be presumed that another earlier edition once existed. According to Miss Bates, who has most recently edited this play (for the *Belles Lettres Series*, 1917), the quarto of 1617 is by far the better in text; and this has been substantially followed here, not without regard for the previous labors as well of Collier, Verity and Ward. Two entries of *Henslowe's Diary* as to payments for Heywood's play in March, 1603, go to show that *A Woman Killed with Kindness* was on the stage at least in that year and that it was acted by the Earl of Worcester's players, afterwards known as Queen Anne's. But as this company acted variously at the Rose, the Fortune and elsewhere, we can not be sure of the playhouse. *A Woman Killed with Kindness* is a typical specimen of the domestic drama. Heywood's real source is life, not literary story, and this despite similarities in outline referred to Italian fiction as represented in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (Part I, 58 for the main plot, 43 for the underplot). I take issue with those who call the pathos of this play sentimental.

Thomas Heywood was born about 1570 and a family connection with the old writer of interludes, John Heywood, has been claimed for him. He was sometime fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge and is traceable in Southwark and elsewhere about London. His earliest work was perhaps *The Four Prentices of London*, about 1592, and he continued a fertile writer for the Admiral's men, Worcester's, and Queen Anne's company and others throughout a long life, dying as late as 1641. Heywood was a pamphleteer as well as a dramatist. Among his many excellent plays may be named *Edward IV*, *The English Traveller*, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, *The Fair Maid of the West* and *The Wise Woman of Hogsden*. In admiration for his modest and efficient art Charles Lamb dubbed Heywood "our prose Shakespeare." There is not one of his numerous plays without its interest.

Heywood's plays have not been reprinted entire since the perfunctory *Pearson's Reprint*, 6 vols., 1874. The Mermaid edition by A. W. Verity, 1888, includes the best known plays.



## [PERSONS IN THE PLAY

MASTER FRANKFORD		JOAN MINIVER	} Country Wenches
MISTRESS ANNE FRANKFORD, <i>his wife</i>		JANE TRUBKIN	
SIR FRANCIS ACTON, <i>her brother</i>		ISBELL MOTLEY	
SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD		Musicians	
MASTER MALBY		Falconer and Huntsmen	
MASTER WENDOLL, <i>befriended by Frankford</i>		SUSAN, <i>Sister to Sir Charles Mountford</i>	
MASTER CRANWELL, <i>an old gentleman</i>		SHERIFF, Officers, Keeper, SHAFTON	
NICHOLAS	} Household servants to Frankford	OLD MOUNTFORD, <i>uncle</i>	} to Sir Charles
JENKIN		SANDY, <i>former friend</i>	
SPIGOT, <i>Butler</i>		RODER, <i>former tenant</i>	
CICELY MILKPAIL		TIDY, <i>cousin</i>	
Other serving men and women		Serving-woman and	ANNE'S two little children
JACK SLIME	} Country Fellows	Coachman, Carters	
ROGER BRICKBAT			

SCENE: The House of Frankford, Chevy Chase, a Jail, Mountford's House, and elsewhere in Yorkshire.]



## PROLOGUE

I come but like a harbinger,<sup>1</sup> being sent  
To tell you what these preparations mean.  
Look for no glorious state; our Muse is bent  
Upon a barren subject, a bare scene.  
We could afford this twig a timber-tree,  
Whose strength might boldly on your favors build;  
Our russet, tissue; drone, a honey-bee;  
Our barren plot, a large and spacious field;  
Our coarse fare, banquets; our thin water, wine;  
Our brook, a sea; our bat's eyes, eagle's sight;  
Our poet's dull and earthy Muse, divine;  
Our ravens, doves; our crow's black feathers, white.  
But gentle thoughts, when they may give the foil,  
Save them that yield, and spare where they may spoil.

<sup>1</sup> The officer who precedes the court to arrange for its entertainment.



# A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS

THOMAS HEYWOOD

[ACT I, SCENE I]

[Room in Frankford's House]

Enter MASTER JOHN FRANKFORD, MISTRESS ANNE [FRANKFORD,] SIR FRANCIS ACTON, SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, MASTER MALBY, MASTER WENDOLL, and MASTER CRANWELL

Sir F. Some music, there! None lead the bride a dance?

Sir C. Yes, would she dance *The Shaking of the Sheets*?<sup>1</sup>

But that's the dance her husband means to lead her.

Wen. That's not the dance that every man must dance, According to the ballad.

Sir F. Music, ho!  
By your leave, sister,—by your husband's leave,  
I should have said,—the hand that but this day  
Was given you in the church I'll borrow.—  
Sound!

This marriage music hoists me from the ground.

Frank. Ay, you may caper; you are light and free!<sup>10</sup>  
Marriage hath yoked my heels; pray, then, pardon me.

Sir F. I'll have you dance too, brother!  
Sir C. Master Frankford,  
Y'are a happy man, sir, and much joy  
Succeed your marriage mirth: you have a wife

So qualified, and with such ornaments  
Both of the mind and body. First, her birth

Is noble, and her education such  
As might become the daughter of a prince;  
Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her own hand

Can teach all strings to speak in their best grace,<sup>20</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A popular tune.

From the shrill'st treble to the hoarsest base.  
To end her many praises in one word,  
She's Beauty and Perfection's eldest daughter,

Only found by yours, though many a heart hath sought her.

Frank. But that I know your virtues and chaste thoughts,  
I should be jealous of your praise, Sir Charles.

Cran. He speaks no more than you approve.

Mal. Nor flatters he that gives to her her due.

Anne. I would your praise could find a fitter theme

Than my imperfect beauty to speak on! <sup>30</sup>  
Such as they be, if they my husband please  
They suffice me now I am married.

This sweet content is like a flattering glass,  
To make my face seem fairer to mine eye;  
But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow  
Will blast the roses in my cheeks that grow.

Sir F. A perfect wife already, meek and patient!

How strangely the word husband fits your mouth,

Not married three hours since! Sister, 'tis good;

You that begin betimes thus must needs prove <sup>40</sup>

Pliant and duteous in your husband's love.—  
Gramercies,<sup>1</sup> brother! Wrought her to't already,—

'Sweet husband,' and a curtesy, the first day?

Mark this, mark this, you that are bachelors,

And never took the grace<sup>2</sup> of honest man;  
Mark this, against<sup>3</sup> you marry, this one phrase:

In a good time that man both wins and woos

That takes his wife down in her wedding shoes.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Many thanks.

<sup>2</sup> Attained the dignity.

<sup>3</sup> When.

<sup>4</sup> A common proverb.



*Frank.* Your sister takes not after you,  
Sir Francis:

All his wild blood your father spent on you;  
He got her in his age, when he grew civil. <sup>61</sup>  
All his mad tricks were to his land entailed,  
And you are heir to all; your sister, she  
Hath to her dower her mother's modesty.

*Sir C.* Lord, sir, in what a happy state  
live you!

This morning, which to many seems a  
burden,

Too heavy to bear, is unto you a pleasure.  
This lady is no clog, as many are;

She doth become you like a well-made suit,  
In which the tailor hath used all his art; <sup>60</sup>  
Not like a thick coat of unseasoned frieze,<sup>1</sup>  
Forced on your back in summer. She's no  
chain

To tie your neck, and curb ye to the yoke;  
But she's a chain of gold to adorn your  
neck.

You both adorn each other, and your  
hands,<sup>2</sup>

Methinks, are matches. There's equality  
In this fair combination; y'are both  
Scholars, both young, both being descended  
nobly.

There's music in this sympathy; it carries  
Consort and expectation of much joy, <sup>70</sup>  
Which God bestow on you from this first  
day

Until your dissolution,—that's for aye!

*Sir F.* We keep you here too long, good  
brother Frankford.

Into the hall; away! Go cheer your guests.  
What! Bride and bridegroom both with-  
drawn at once?

If you be missed, the guests will doubt their  
welcome,

And charge you with unkindness.

*Frank.* To prevent<sup>3</sup> it,

I'll leave you here, to see the dance within.

*Anne.* And so will I.

[*Exeunt FRANKFORD and  
MISTRESS FRANKFORD*]

*Sir F.* To part you it were sin.—

Now, gallants, while the town musicians <sup>80</sup>  
Finger their frets<sup>4</sup> within, and the mad lads  
And country lasses, every mother's child,

<sup>1</sup> Coarse cloth.

<sup>2</sup> Your power is equal, perhaps.

<sup>3</sup> Anticipate.

<sup>4</sup> The points at which the strings are stopped on  
the lute.

With nosegays and bride-laces<sup>1</sup> in their  
hats,

Dance all their country measures, rounds  
and jigs,

What shall we do? Hark! They're all on  
the hoigh;<sup>2</sup>

They toil like mill-horses, and turn as  
round,—

Marry, not on the toe! Ay, and they caper,  
Not without cutting; you shall see, to-  
morrow,

The hall-floor pecked and dinted like a mill-  
stone,

Made with their high shoes. Though their  
skill be small, <sup>90</sup>

Yet they tread heavy where their hobnails  
fall.

*Sir C.* Well, leave them to their sports!—  
*Sir Francis Acton,*

I'll make a match with you! Meet to-  
morrow

At Chevy Chase; I'll fly my hawk with  
yours.

*Sir F.* For what? for what?

*Sir C.* Why, for a hundred pound.

*Sir F.* Pawn me some gold of that!

*Sir C.* Here are ten angels;<sup>3</sup>

I'll make them good a hundred pound to-  
morrow

Upon my hawk's wing.

*Sir F.* 'Tis a match; 'tis done.

Another hundred pound upon your dogs;—  
Dare ye, Sir Charles?

*Sir C.* I dare; were I sure to lose, <sup>100</sup>

I durst do more than that; here's my hand.  
The first course<sup>4</sup> for a hundred pound!

*Sir F.* A match.

*Wen.* Ten angels on Sir Francis Acton's  
hawk;

As much upon his dogs!

*Cran.* I am for Sir Charles Mountford: I  
have seen

His hawk and dog both tried. What! Clap  
ye hands,<sup>5</sup>

Or is't no bargain?

*Wen.* Yes, and stake them down.

Were they five hundred, they were all my  
own.

*Sir F.* Be stirring early with the lark to-  
morrow;

I'll rise into my saddle ere the sun <sup>110</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Streamers.

<sup>2</sup> Out of bounds.

<sup>3</sup> Gold coins.

<sup>4</sup> Running.

<sup>5</sup> Shake hands.



Rise from his bed.

*Sir C.* If there you miss me, say I am no gentleman! I'll hold my day.

*Sir F.* It holds on all sides.—Come, to-night let's dance;  
Early to-morrow let's prepare to ride:  
We had need be three hours up before the bride. [Exeunt]

## [SCENE II]

[Yard of the Same]

Enter NICK and JENKIN, JACK SLIME, ROGER BRICKBAT, with Country Wenches, and two or three Musicians

*Jen.* Come, Nick, take you Joan Miniver, to trace withal; Jack Slime, traverse you with Cicely Milkpail; I will take Jane Trubkin, and Roger Brickbat shall have Isabel Motley. And now that they are busy in the parlor, come, strike up; we'll have a crash<sup>1</sup> here in the yard.

*Nick.* My humor is not compendious: dancing I possess not, though I can foot it; yet, since I am fallen into the hands of<sup>10</sup> Cicely Milkpail, I consent.

*Slime.* Truly, Nick, though we were never brought up like serving courtiers, yet we have been brought up with serving creatures,—ay, and God's creatures, too; for we have been brought up to serve sheep, oxen, horses, hogs, and such like; and, though we be but country fellows, it may be in the way of dancing we can do the horse-trick<sup>2</sup> as well as the serving-men.<sup>20</sup>

*Brick.* Ay, and the cross-point<sup>1</sup> too.

*Jen.* O Slime! O Brickbat! Do not you know that comparisons are odious? Now we are odious ourselves, too; therefore there are no comparisons to be made betwixt us.

*Nick.* I am sudden, and not superfluous; I am quarrelsome, and not seditious; I am peaceable, and not contentious; I am brief, and not compendious.

*Slime.* Foot it quickly! If the music<sup>30</sup> overcome not my melancholy, I shall quarrel; and if they suddenly do not strike up, I shall presently strike thee down.

*Jen.* No quarrelling, for God's sake! Truly, if you do, I shall set a knave between ye.

<sup>1</sup> Frolic.

<sup>2</sup> Steps in dancing.

*Slime.* I come to dance, not to quarrel. Come, what shall it be? *Rogero?*<sup>1</sup>

*Jen.* *Rogero?* No; we will dance *The Beginning of the World*.<sup>40</sup>

*Cicely.* I love no dance so well as *John come kiss me now*.

*Nick.* I that have ere now deserved a cushion, call for the *Cushion-dance*.

*Brick.* For my part, I like nothing so well as *Tom Tyler*.

*Jen.* No; we'll have *The Hunting of the Fox*.

*Slime.* *The Hay, The Hay!* There's nothing like *The Hay*.<sup>2</sup>

*Nick.* I have said, do say, and will say again—

*Jen.* Every man agree to have it as Nick says!

*All.* Content.

*Nick.* It hath been, it now is, and it shall be—

*Cicely.* What, Master Nicholas? What?

*Nick.* Put on your Smock a' Monday.

*Jen.* So the dance will come cleanly<sup>3</sup> off! Come, for God's sake, agree of something: if you like not that, put it to the musicians; or let me speak for all, and we'll have *Sellenger's Round*.

*All.* That, that, that!

*Nick.* No, I am resolved thus it shall be: First take hands, then take ye to your heels!

*Jen.* Why, would you have us run away?

*Nick.* No; but I would have ye shake your heels.—Music, strike up!<sup>70</sup>

*They dance; NICK dancing, speaks stately and scurvily,<sup>4</sup> the rest, after the country fashion*

*Jen.* Hey! Lively, my lasses! Here's a turn for thee! [Exeunt]

## [SCENE III]

[Chevy Chase]

Wind horns. Enter SIR CHARLES [MOUNT-FORD,] SIR FRANCIS [ACTON,] MALBY, CRANWELL, WENDOLL, FALCONER, and Huntsmen

*Sir C.* So; well cast off!<sup>5</sup> Aloft, aloft! Well flown!

<sup>1</sup> This and the several others are the titles of well known dance tunes most of which have descended to us.

<sup>2</sup> A lively dance.

<sup>3</sup> Nicely.

<sup>4</sup> Absurdly.

<sup>5</sup> Started.



O, now she takes her at the souse,<sup>1</sup> and strikes her

Down to th' earth, like a swift thunder-clap.

*Wen.* She hath struck ten angels out of my way.

*Sir F.* A hundred pound from me.

*Sir C.* What, falconer!

*Falc.* At hand, sir!

*Sir C.* Now she hath seized the fowl and 'gins to plume her,<sup>2</sup>

Rebeck<sup>3</sup> her not; rather stand still and check her!

So, seize her gets,<sup>4</sup> her jesses,<sup>5</sup> and her bells! Away!

*Sir F.* My hawk kill'd, too.

*Sir C.* Ay, but 'twas at the querre,<sup>6</sup> Not at the mount, like mine.

*Sir F.* Judgment, my masters!

*Cran.* Yours miss'd her at the ferre.<sup>7</sup>

*Wen.* Ay, but our merlin first had plumed the fowl,

And twice renewed<sup>8</sup> her from the river too. Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,

Nor was one semi-tune above the other. Methinks, these Milan bells do sound too full,

And spoil the mounting of your hawk.

*Sir C.* 'Tis lost.<sup>9</sup>

*Sir F.* I grant it not. Mine likewise seized a fowl

Within her talons, and you saw her paws Full of the feathers; both her petty singles<sup>10</sup> And her long singles griped her more than other;

The terrials<sup>11</sup> of her legs were stained with blood,

Not of the fowl only, she did discomfit Some of her feathers; but she brake away.

Come, come; your hawk is but a rifler.<sup>12</sup>

*Sir C.* How!

*Sir F.* Ay, and your dogs are trindle-tails<sup>13</sup> and curs.

*Sir C.* You stir my blood.

<sup>1</sup> Swoop.

<sup>2</sup> Scatter feathers.

<sup>3</sup> Call back.

<sup>4</sup> Doubtless some part of the hawk's harness.

<sup>5</sup> Leg-straps.

<sup>6</sup> Quarry, "the swoop upon the bird." (N. E. D.)

<sup>7</sup> Perhaps at a higher point.

<sup>8</sup> Attacked again.

<sup>9</sup> Toes.

<sup>10</sup> Various explained as talons, or perhaps the *terrets*, leather straps by which bells were attached to the hawk's legs (Bates).

<sup>11</sup> Bungler.

<sup>12</sup> Explained curly-tailed, more likely over long-tailed.

You keep not one good hound in all your kennel,

Nor one good hawk upon your perch.

*Sir F.* How, knight!

*Sir C.* So, knight. You will not swagger,<sup>1</sup> sir?

*Sir F.* Why, say I did?

*Sir C.* Why, sir,

I say you would gain as much by swaggering

As you have got by wagers on your dogs.

You will come short in all things.

*Sir F.* Not in this!

Now I'll strike home.

[Strikes SIR CHARLES]

*Sir C.* Thou shalt to thy long home, Or I will want my will.

*Sir F.* All they that love Sir Francis, follow me!

*Sir C.* All that affect Sir Charles, draw on my part!

*Cran.* On this side heaves my hand.

*Wen.* Here goes my heart.

*They divide themselves.* SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, CRANWELL, *Falconer*, and *Huntsman*, fight against SIR FRANCIS ACTON, WENDOLL, his *Falconer* and *Huntsman*; and SIR CHARLES hath the better, and beats them away, killing both of SIR FRANCIS his men. [Exeunt all but] SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD.

*Sir C.* My God, what have I done! What have I done!

My rage hath plunged into a sea of blood, In which my soul lies drowned. Poor innocents,

For whom we are to answer! Well, 'tis done,

And I remain the victor. A great conquest, When I would give this right hand, nay, this head,

To breathe in them new life whom I have slain!—

Forgive me, God! 'Twas in the heat of blood,

And anger quite removes me from myself. It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder; Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it.

Sir Francis Acton, he is fled the field;

With him all those that did partake his quarrel;

And I am left alone with sorrow dumb,

And in my height of conquest overcome.

<sup>1</sup> Play the bully.



*Enter SUSAN*

*Susan.* O God! My brother wounded  
'mong the dead!

Unhappy jests, that in such earnest ends!  
The rumor of this fear stretched to my  
ears,

And I am come to know if you be wounded.

*Sir C.* O, sister, sister! Wounded at the  
heart.

*Susan.* My God forbid!

*Sir C.* In doing that thing which he for-  
bad,

I am wounded, sister.

*Susan.* I hope, not at the heart.

*Sir C.* Yes, at the heart.

*Susan.* O God! A surgeon, there.

*Sir C.* Call me a surgeon, sister, for my  
soul!

The sin of murder, it hath pierced my heart  
And made a wide wound there; but for  
these scratches,

They are nothing, nothing.

*Susan.* Charles, what have you done? <sup>70</sup>  
*Sir Francis* hath great friends, and will pur-  
sue you

Unto the utmost danger<sup>1</sup> of the law.

*Sir C.* My conscience hath become mine  
enemy,

And will pursue me more than Acton can.

*Susan.* O! Fly, sweet brother!

*Sir C.* Shall I fly from thee?

Why, Sue, art weary of my company?

*Susan.* Fly from your foe!

*Sir C.* You, sister, are my friend,  
And flying you, I shall pursue my end.

*Susan.* Your company is as my eyeball  
dear;

Being far from you, no comfort can be near.  
Yet fly to save your life! What would I  
care

To spend my future age in black despair,  
So you were safe? And yet to live one week  
Without my brother Charles, through every  
cheek

My streaming tears would downwards run  
so rank,<sup>2</sup>

Till they could set on either side a bank,  
And in the midst a channel; so my face  
For two salt-water brooks shall still find  
place.

*Sir C.* Thou shalt<sup>3</sup> not weep so much;  
for I will stay,

<sup>1</sup> Penalty.

<sup>2</sup> Excessively.

<sup>3</sup> Q2 shall.

In spite of danger's teeth. I'll live with  
thee,

Or I'll not live at all. I will not sell  
My country and my father's patrimony,  
Nor<sup>1</sup> thy sweet sight, for a vain hope of  
life.

*Enter Sheriff, with Officers*

*Sher.* Sir Charles, I am made the un-  
willing instrument

Of your attach<sup>2</sup> and apprehension.

I'm sorry that the blood of innocent men  
Should be of you exacted.<sup>3</sup> It was told me  
That you were guarded with a troop of  
friends,

And therefore I come thus armed.

*Sir C.* O, Master Sheriff!

I came into the field with many friends, <sup>100</sup>

But see, they all have left me; only one

Clings to my sad misfortune, my dear sister.

I know you for an honest gentleman;

I yield my weapons, and submit to you.

Convey me where you please!

*Sher.* To prison, then,  
To answer for the lives of these dead men.

*Susan.* O God! O God!

*Sir C.* Sweet sister, every strain  
Of sorrow from your heart augments my  
pain;

Your grief abounds,<sup>4</sup> and hits against my  
breast. <sup>109</sup>

*Sher.* Sir, will you go?

*Sir C.* Even where it likes you best.  
[Exeunt]

## [ACT II, SCENE I]

[Frankford's House]

*Enter FRANKFORD in a study*

*Frank.* How happy am I amongst other  
men,

That in my mean estate embrace content!

I am a gentleman, and by my birth

Companion with a king; a king's no more.

I am possessed of many fair revénues,

Sufficient to maintain a gentleman;

Touching my mind, I am studied in all  
arts;

The riches of my thoughts and of my time

<sup>1</sup> Q2 Nov.

<sup>2</sup> Arrest.

<sup>3</sup> Thus Q1.

<sup>4</sup> Rebounds.



Have been a good proficient;<sup>1</sup> but, the chief  
 Of all the sweet felicities on earth,<sup>10</sup>  
 I have a fair, a chaste, and loving wife,  
 Perfection all, all truth, all ornament.  
 If man on earth may truly happy be,  
 Of these at once possessed, sure, I am he.

*Enter NICHOLAS*

*Nick.* Sir, there's a gentleman attends  
 without  
 To speak with you.

*Frank.* On horseback?

*Nick.* Yes, on horseback.

*Frank.* Entreat him to alight, and I'll  
 attend him.

Know'st thou him, *Nick*?

*Nick.* Know him? Yes; his name's  
 Wendoll

It seems, he comes in haste: his horse is  
 booted<sup>2</sup>

Up to the flank in mire, himself all spotted  
 And stained with plashing. Sure, he rid in  
 fear,<sup>21</sup>

Or for a wager. Horse and man both sweat;  
 I ne'er saw two in such a smoking heat.

*Frank.* Entreat him in: about it in-  
 stantly! [*Exit NICHOLAS*]

This Wendoll I have noted, and his carriage  
 Hath pleased me much; by observation  
 I have noted many good deserts in him.  
 He's affable, and seen<sup>3</sup> in many things;  
 Discourses well; a good companion;  
 And though of small means, yet a gentle-  
 man<sup>30</sup>

Of a good house, somewhat pressed by want.  
 I have preferred him to a second place  
 In my opinion and my best regard.

*Enter WENDOLL, MISTRESS FRANKFORD, and  
 NICHOLAS*

*Anne.* O, Master Frankford! Master  
 Wendoll here

Brings you the strangest news that e'er you  
 heard.

*Frank.* What news, sweet wife? What  
 news, good Master Wendoll?

*Wen.* You knew the match made 'twixt  
 Sir Francis Acton  
 And Sir Charles Mountford?

<sup>1</sup> I have done well in.

<sup>2</sup> Splashed.

<sup>3</sup> Skilled.

*Frank.* True; with their  
 hounds and hawks?

*Wen.* The matches were both played.

*Frank.* Ha? And which won?

*Wen.* Sir Francis, your wife's brother, had  
 the worst,<sup>40</sup>

And lost the wager.

*Frank.* Why, the worse his chance;  
 Perhaps the fortune of some other day  
 Will change his luck.

*Anne.* O, but you hear not all.  
 Sir Francis lost, and yet was loath to yield.  
 At length the two knights grew to difference,  
 From words to blows, and so to banding<sup>1</sup>  
 sides;

Where valorous Sir Charles slew, in his  
 spleen,

Two of your brother's men,—his falconer,  
 And his good huntsman, whom he loved so  
 well.

More men were wounded, no more slain  
 outright.<sup>50</sup>

*Frank.* Now, trust me, I am sorry for the  
 knight.

But is my brother safe?

*Wen.* All whole and sound,  
 His body not being blemished with one  
 wound.

But poor Sir Charles is to the prison led,  
 To answer at th' assize<sup>2</sup> for them that's  
 dead.

*Frank.* I thank your pains, sir. Had the  
 news been better,  
 Your will was to have brought it, Master  
 Wendoll.

Sir Charles will find hard friends; his case  
 is heinous.

And will be most severely censured on.<sup>3</sup>  
 I'm sorry for him, sir, a word with you!<sup>60</sup>

I know you, sir, to be a gentleman  
 In all things; your possibility but mean:  
 Please you to use my table and my purse;  
 They're yours.

*Wen.* O Lord, sir! I shall ne'er deserve it.

*Frank.* O sir, disparage not your worth  
 too much:

You are full of quality<sup>4</sup> and fair desert.  
 Choose of my men which shall attend you,  
 sir,

And he is yours. I will allow you, sir,  
 Your man, your gelding, and your table, all  
 At my own charge; be my companion!<sup>70</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Taking.

<sup>2</sup> In court.

<sup>3</sup> Judged.

<sup>4</sup> Accomplishment.



*Wen.* Master Frankford, I have oft been bound to you

By many favors; this exceeds them all,  
That I shall never merit your least favor;  
But when your last remembrance I forget,  
Heaven at my soul exact that weighty debt!

*Frank.* There needs no protestation; for I know you

Virtuous, and therefore grateful.—Prithee, Nan,

Use him with all thy loving'st courtesy!

*Anne.* As far as modesty may well extend,  
It is my duty to receive your friend. <sup>80</sup>

*Frank.* To dinner! Come, sir, from this present day,

Welcome to me for ever! Come, away!

[*Exeunt* FRANKFORD, MISTRESS  
FRANKFORD, and WENDOLL]

*Nick.* I do not like this fellow by no means:

I never see him but my heart still yearns.<sup>1</sup>  
Zounds! I could fight with him, yet know not why;

The devil and he are all one in mine eye.

*Enter* JENKIN

*Jen.* O Nick! What gentleman is that, that comes to lie<sup>2</sup> at our house? My master allows him one to wait on him, and I believe it will fall to thy lot. <sup>90</sup>

*Nick.* I love my master; by these hilts,<sup>3</sup> I do;  
But rather than I'll ever come to serve him,  
I'll turn away my master.

*Enter* CICELY

*Cie.* Nich'las! where are you, Nich'las? You must come in, Nich'las, and help the gentleman off with his boots.

*Nich.* If I pluck off his boots, I'll eat the spurs,  
And they shall stick fast in my throat like burrs.

*Cic.* Then, Jenkin, come you!

*Jen.* Nay, 'tis no boot<sup>4</sup> for me to deny <sup>100</sup> it. My master hath given me a coat here, but he takes pains himself to brush it once or twice a day with a hollywand.

<sup>1</sup> Grieves.

<sup>2</sup> Lodge.

<sup>3</sup> A soldier's oath, and absurd here, intentionally.

<sup>4</sup> Use.

*Cic.* Come, come, make haste, that you may wash your hands again, and help to serve in dinner!

*Jen.* You may see, my masters, though it be afternoon with you, 'tis but early days with us, for we have not dined yet. Stay but a little; I'll but go in and help to bear up the first course, and come to you again presently. *Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

[*The Gaol*]

*Enter* MALBY and CRANWELL

*Mal.* This is the sessions-day; pray can you tell me  
How young Sir Charles hath sped?<sup>1</sup> Is he acquit,<sup>2</sup>

Or must he try the laws' strict penalty?

*Cran.* He's cleared of all, spite of his enemies,

Whose earnest labor was to take his life.  
But in this suit of pardon<sup>3</sup> he hath spent  
All the revenues that his father left him;  
And he is now turned a plain countryman,  
Reformed<sup>4</sup> in all things. See, sir, here he comes.

*Enter* SIR CHARLES and his Keeper

*Keep.* Discharge your fees, and you are then at freedom. <sup>10</sup>

*Sir C.* Here, Master Keeper, take the poor remainder  
Of all the wealth I have! My heavy foes  
Have made my purse light; but, alas! to me  
'Tis wealth enough that you have set me free.

*Mal.* God give you joy of your delivery! I am glad to see you abroad, Sir Charles.

*Sir C.* The poorest knight in England, Master Malby;

My life has cost me all my patrimony<sup>5</sup>  
My father left his son. Well, God forgive them

That are the authors of my penury! <sup>20</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fared.

<sup>2</sup> Acquitted.

<sup>3</sup> I.e., at court by influence.

<sup>4</sup> Transformed.

<sup>5</sup> Supply *that*.



*Enter* SHAFTON

*Shaft.* Sir Charles! A hand, a hand! At liberty?

Now, by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it. What want you? Wherein may I pleasure you;

*Sir C.* O me! O, most unhappy gentleman!

I am not worthy to have friends stirred up, Whose hands may help me in this plunge of want.

I would I were in heaven, to inherit there Th' immortal birthright which my Saviour keeps,

And by no unthrifit can be bought and sold; For here on earth what pleasures should we trust? <sup>30</sup>

*Shaft.* To rid you from these contemplations.<sup>1</sup>

Three hundred pounds you shall receive of me;

Nay, five for fail.<sup>2</sup> Come, sir, the sight of gold

Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy, And will revive your spirits. You shall hold law

With your proud adversaries. Tush! let Frank Acton

Wage, with his knighthood, like expense with me,

And he will sink, he will.—Nay, good Sir Charles,

Applaud your fortune and your fair escape From all these perils.

*Sir C.* O, sir! they have undone me. Two thousand and five hundred pound a year <sup>41</sup>

My father at his death possessed me of; All which the envious Acton made me spend;

And, notwithstanding all this large expense, I had much ado to gain my liberty;

And I have only now a house of pleasure With some five hundred pounds reserved, Both to maintain me and my loving sister.

*Shaft.* [aside] That must I have, it lies convenient for me.

If I can fasten but one finger on him, <sup>50</sup> With my full hand I'll gripe him to the heart.

'Tis not for love I proffered him this coin,

<sup>1</sup> The *ion* is dissyllabic, as often.

<sup>2</sup> Failure.

But for my gain and pleasure.—Come, Sir Charles, I know you have need of money; take my offer.

*Sir C.* Sir, I accept it, and remain indebted

Even to the best of my unable<sup>1</sup> power.

Come, gentlemen, and see it tendered down!<sup>2</sup> [Exeunt]

[SCENE II.]

[Frankford's House]

*Enter* WENDOLL, melancholy

*Wen.* I am a villain, if I apprehend<sup>3</sup> But such a thought! Then, to attempt the deed,

Slave, thou art damned without redemption.—

I'll drive away this passion with a song.

A song! Ha, ha! A song! As if, fond<sup>4</sup> man,

Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy soul

Lies drenched and drownèd in red tears of blood!

I'll pray, and see if God within my heart Plant better thoughts. Why, prayers are meditations,

And when I meditate (O, God forgive me!) It is on her divine perfections. <sup>11</sup>

I will forget her; I will arm myself

Not t'entertain a thought of love to her;

And, when I come by chance into her presence,

I'll hale<sup>5</sup> these balls until my eye-strings crack,

From being pulled and drawn to look that way.

*Enter, over the Stage, FRANKFORD, his Wife, and NICHOLAS, [and exit]*

O God, O God! With what a violence I'm hurried to mine own destruction!

There goest thou, the most perfect'st man

That ever England bred a gentleman, <sup>20</sup>

And shall I wrong his bed?—Thou God of thunder!

<sup>1</sup> Feeble.

<sup>2</sup> Paid in cash.

<sup>3</sup> Entertain.

<sup>4</sup> Foolish.

<sup>5</sup> Hold.



Stay, in thy thoughts of vengeance and of  
wrath,

Thy great, almighty, and all-judging hand  
From speedy execution on a villain,  
A villain, and a traitor to his friend.

*Enter JENKIN [behind]*

*Jen.* Did your worship call?

*Wen.* He doth maintain me; he allows  
me largely  
Money to spend.

*Jen.* By my faith, so do not you me: I  
cannot get a cross<sup>1</sup> of you.

*Wen.* My gelding, and my man.

*Jen.* That's Sorrel and I.

*Wen.* This kindness grows of no alliance<sup>2</sup>  
'twixt us.

*Jen.* Nor is my service of any great ac-  
quaintance.

*Wen.* I never bound him to me by desert.  
Of a mere stranger, a poor gentleman,  
A man by whom in no kind he could gain,  
And he hath placed me in his highest  
thoughts,

Made me companion with the best and  
chiefest

In Yorkshire. He cannot eat without me, <sup>40</sup>  
Nor laugh without me; I am to his body  
As necessary as his digestion,  
And equally do make him whole or sick.  
And shall I wrong this man? Base man!  
Ingrate!

Hast thou the power, straight with thy gory  
hands

To rip thy image from his bleeding heart,  
To scratch thy name from out the holy book  
Of his remembrance, and to wound his  
name

That holds thy name so dear? or rend his  
heart

To whom thy heart was knit and joined to-  
gether?— <sup>50</sup>

And yet I must. Then Wendoll, be con-  
tent!

Thus villains, when they would, cannot re-  
pent.

*Jen.* What a strange humor is my new  
master in! Pray God he be not mad; if he  
should be so, I should never have any mind  
to serve him in Bedlam. It may be he's  
mad for missing of me.

*Wen.* [seeing JENKIN] What, Jenkin!  
Where's your mistress?

*Jen.* Is your worship married? <sup>60</sup>

*Wen.* Why dost thou ask?

*Jen.* Because you are my master; and if  
I have a mistress, I would be glad, like a  
good servant, to do my duty to her.

*Wen.* I mean Mistress Frankford.

*Jen.* Marry, sir, her husband is riding  
out of town, and she went very lovingly to  
bring him on his way to horse. Do you see,  
sir? Here she comes, and here I go.

*Wen.* Vanish! [Exit JENKIN] <sup>70</sup>

*Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD*

*Anne.* Y'are well met, sir; now, in troth,  
my husband,  
Before he took horse, had a great desire  
To speak with you; we sought about the  
house,

Hallooed into the fields, sent every way,  
But could not meet you. Therefore, he  
enjoined me

To do unto you his most kind commends;<sup>1</sup>  
Nay, more: he wills you, as you prize his  
love,

Or hold in estimation his kind friendship,  
To make bold in his absence, and command  
Even as himself were present in the house;  
For you must keep his table, use his ser-  
vants, <sup>81</sup>

And be a present Frankford in his absence.  
*Wen.* I thank him for his love.—

[aside] Give me a name, you, whose infec-  
tious tongues

Are tipped with gall and poison: as you  
would

Think on a man that had your father slain,  
Murdered your children, made your wives  
base strumpets,

So call me, call me so; print in my face  
The most stigmatic<sup>2</sup> title of a villain,  
For hatching treason to so true a friend! <sup>90</sup>

*Anne.* Sir, you are most beholding<sup>3</sup> to  
my husband;

You are a man most dear in his regard.

*Wen.* I am bound unto your husband,  
and you too.

[aside] I will not speak to wrong a gentle-  
man

Of that good estimation, my kind friend.

<sup>1</sup> Commendations.

<sup>2</sup> Branded.

<sup>3</sup> Beholden.

<sup>1</sup> A piece of money, so called from the cross on it.  
<sup>2</sup> Relationship.



I will not; zounds! I will not. I may choose,  
And I will choose. Shall I be so misled,  
Or shall I purchase<sup>1</sup> to my father's crest  
The motto of a villain? If I say  
I will not do it, what thing can enforce me?  
What can compel me? What sad destiny  
Hath such command upon my yielding thoughts?

I will not;—ha! Some fury pricks me on;  
The swift fates drag me at their chariot wheel,

And hurry me to mischief. Speak I must:  
Injure myself, wrong her, deceive his trust!

*Anne.* Are you not well, sir, that ye seem thus troubled?

There is sedition in your countenance.

*Wen.* And in my heart, fair angel, chaste and wise.

I love you! Start not, speak not, answer not;

I love you,—nay, let me speak the rest;  
Bid me to swear, and I will call to record  
The host of heaven.

*Anne.* The host of heaven forbid  
Wendoll should hatch such a disloyal thought!

*Wen.* Such is my fate; to this suit was I born,  
To wear rich pleasure's crown, or fortune's scorn.

*Anne.* My husband loves you.

*Wen.* I know it.

*Anne.* He esteems you,  
Even as his brain, his eye-ball, or his heart.

*Wen.* I have tried it.

*Anne.* His purse is your exchequer, and his table  
Doth freely serve you.

*Wen.* So I have found it.

*Anne.* O! With what face of brass, what brow of steel,  
Can you, unblushing, speak this to the face  
Of the espous'd wife of so dear a friend?  
It is my husband that maintains your state;  
Will you dishonor him? I am his wife,  
That in your power hath left his whole affairs.

It is to me you speak.

*Wen.* O speak no more;  
For more than this I know, and have recorded

Within the red-leaved table<sup>2</sup> of my heart.

<sup>1</sup> Acquire to add.

<sup>2</sup> Note book.

Fair, and of all beloved, I was not fearful  
Bluntly to give my life into your hand,  
And at one hazard all my earthly means.  
Go, tell your husband; he will turn me off,  
And I am then undone. I care not, I;  
'Twas for your sake. Perchance, in rage  
he'll kill me;

I care not, 'twas for you. Say I incur  
The general name<sup>1</sup> of villain through the world,

Of traitor to my friend; I care not, I.  
Beggary, shame, death, scandal, and reproach,

For you I'll hazard all. Why, what care I?  
For you I'll love, and in your love I'll die.

*Anne.* You move me, sir, to passion<sup>2</sup> and to pity.

The love I bear my husband is as precious  
As my soul's health.

*Wen.* I love your husband too,  
And for his love I will engage my life.  
Mistake me not; the augmentation  
Of my sincere affection borne to you  
Doth no whit lessen my regard of him.

I will be secret, lady, close as night;  
And not the light of one small glorious star  
Shall shine here in my forehead, to bewray  
That act of night.

*Anne.* What shall I say?  
My soul is wandering, and hath lost her way.

O, Master Wendoll! O!

*Wen.* Sigh not, sweet saint;  
For every sigh you breathe draws from my heart

A drop of blood.

*Anne.* I ne'er offended yet:  
My fault, I fear, will in my brow be writ.  
Women that fall, not quite bereft of grace,  
Have their offences noted in their face.  
I blush, and am ashamed. O, Master Wendoll,

Pray God I be not born to curse your tongue,

That hath enchanted me! This maze I am in

I fear will prove the labyrinth of sin.

*Enter* NICHOLAS, [*behind*]

*Wen.* The path of pleasure, and the gate to bliss,

Which on your lips I knock at with a kiss!

<sup>1</sup> Generally the name.

<sup>2</sup> Compassion.



*Nick.* I'll kill the rogue.

*Wen.* Your husband is from home, your bed's no blab.

Nay, look not down and blush!

[*Exeunt WENDOLL and MISTRESS FRANKFORD*]

*Nick.* Zounds! I'll stab.

Ay, Nick, was it thy chance to come just in the nick? <sup>170</sup>

I love my master, and I hate that slave;  
I love my mistress; but these tricks I like not.

My master shall not pocket up this wrong;  
I'll eat my fingers first. What say'st thou, metal? <sup>1</sup>

Does not that rascal Wendoll go on legs  
That thou must cut off? Hath he not ham-strings

That thou must hough? <sup>2</sup> Nay, mettle, thou shalt stand

To all I say. I'll henceforth turn a spy,  
And watch them in their close conveyances. <sup>3</sup>

I never looked for better of that rascal, <sup>180</sup>  
Since he came miching <sup>4</sup> first into our house.

It is that Satan hath corrupted her;  
For she was fair and chaste. I'll have an eye

In all their gestures. Thus I think of them:  
If they proceed as they have done before,  
Wendoll's a knave, my mistress is a ———

*Exit*

### [ACT III, SCENE I]

[*Sir Charles Mountford's House*]

*Enter [SIR] CHARLES and SUSAN*

*Sir C.* Sister, you see we are driven to hard shift,

To keep this poor house we have left unsold.

I am now enforced to follow husbandry,  
And you to milk; and do we not live well?  
Well, I thank God.

*Susan.* O, brother! here's a change,  
Since old Sir Charles died, in our father's house.

*Sir C.* All things on earth thus change,  
some up, some down;  
Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.

<sup>1</sup> Man of mettle, spirit.

<sup>2</sup> Cut.

<sup>3</sup> Secret doings.

<sup>4</sup> Sneaking.

*Enter SHAFTON, with a Sergeant*

*Shaft.* Good morrow, morrow, Sir Charles!

What! With your sister,  
Plying your husbandry?—Sergeant, stand off!— <sup>10</sup>

You have a pretty house here, and a garden,

And goodly ground about it. Since it lies  
So near a lordship that I lately bought,  
I would fain buy it of you. I will give you——

*Sir C.* O, pardon me; this house successively

Hath longed <sup>1</sup> to me and my progenitors  
Three hundred years. My great-great-grandfather,

He in whom first our gentle style <sup>2</sup> began,  
Dwelt here, and in this ground increased this mole-hill

Unto that mountain which my father left me. <sup>20</sup>

Where he the first of all our house began,  
I now the last will end, and keep this house,  
This virgin title, never yet deflowered

By any unthrift of the Mountfords' line.  
In brief, I will not sell it for more gold  
Than you could hide or pave the ground withal.

*Shaft.* Ha, ha! a proud mind and a beggar's purse!

Where's my three hundred pounds, besides the use? <sup>3</sup>

I have brought it to execution  
By course of law. What! Is my monies ready? <sup>30</sup>

*Sir C.* An execution, sir, and never tell me  
You put my bond in suit? You deal extremely. <sup>4</sup>

*Shaft.* Sell me the land, and I'll acquit you straight.

*Sir C.* Alas, alas! 'Tis all trouble hath left me,

To cherish me and my poor sister's life.  
If this were sold, our names <sup>5</sup> should then be quite

Razed from the bead-roll <sup>6</sup> of gentility.  
You see what hard shift we have made to keep it

<sup>1</sup> Belonged.

<sup>2</sup> Title.

<sup>3</sup> Interest.

<sup>4</sup> Rigorously.

<sup>5</sup> Old edd. *means*.

<sup>6</sup> List, originally of those to be prayed for.



Allied still to our own name. This palm  
you see,

Labor hath glowed within; her silver brow,  
That never tasted a rough winter's blast "   
Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace  
Defy cold winter, and his storms outface.

*Susan.* Sir, we feed sparing, and we labor  
hard;

We lie uneasy, to reserve to us  
And our succession this small spot of  
ground.

*Sir C.* I have so bent my thoughts to  
husbandry,

That I protest I scarcely can remember  
What a new fashion is; how silk or satin  
Feels in my hand. Why, pride is grown to  
us

A mere, mere stranger. I have quite forgot  
The names of all that ever waited on me.

I cannot name ye any of my hounds,  
Once from whose echoing mouths I heard  
all music

That e'er my heart desired. What should  
I say?

To keep this place, I have changed myself  
away.

*Shaft.* [*to the Sergeant*] Arrest him at my  
suit!—Actions and actions

Shall keep thee in continual bondage fast;  
Nay, more, I'll sue thee by a late appeal,  
And call thy former life in question.

The keeper is my friend; thou shalt have  
irons,

And usage such as I'll deny to dogs.—  
Away with him!

*Sir C.* Ye are too timorous.<sup>1</sup>

But trouble is my master,  
And I will serve him truly.—My kind sister,  
Thy tears are of no use to mollify  
This flinty man. Go to my father's brother,  
My kinsmen, and allies; entreat them for  
me,

To ransom me from this injurious man  
That seeks my ruin.

*Shaft.* Come, irons, irons! Come, away;  
I'll see thee lodged far from the sight of  
day.

*Exeunt, [except SUSAN]*

*Susan.* My heart's so hardened with the  
frost of grief,  
Death cannot pierce it through.—Tyrant  
too fell!

So lead the fiends condemnèd souls to hell.

<sup>1</sup> Bold, cf. temerity.

*Enter [SIR FRANCIS] ACTON and MALBY*

*Sir F.* Again to prison! Malby, hast thou  
seen

A poor slave better tortured? Shall we hear  
The music of his voice cry from the grate,<sup>1</sup>  
*Meat, for the Lord's sake?* No, no; yet I  
am not

Thoroughly revenged. They say, he hath a  
pretty wench

To his sister; shall I, in<sup>2</sup> mercy-sake <sup>80</sup>  
To him and to his kindred, bribe the fool  
To shame herself by lewd, dishonest lust?  
I'll proffer largely; but, the deed being done,  
I'll smile to see her base confusion.

*Mal.* Methinks, Sir Francis, you are full  
revenged

For greater wrongs than he can proffer you.  
See where the poor sad gentlewoman stands!

*Sir F.* Ha, ha! Now will I flout her pov-  
erty,

Deride her fortunes, scoff her base estate; <sup>80</sup>  
My very soul the name of Mountford hate.  
But stay, my heart! O, what a look did fly  
To strike my soul through with thy piercing  
eye!

I am enchanted; all my spirits<sup>3</sup> are fled,  
And with one glance my envious spleen  
struck dead.

*Susan.* Acton! That seeks our blood!

*Runs away*

*Sir F.* O chaste and fair!

*Mal.* Sir Francis! Why, Sir Francis! in  
a trance?

Sir Francis! What cheer, man? Come,  
come, how is't?

*Sir F.* Was she not fair? Or else this  
judging eye

Cannot distinguish beauty.

*Mal.* She was fair.

*Sir F.* She was an angel in a mortal's  
shape, <sup>100</sup>

And ne'er descended from old Mountford's  
line.

But soft, soft,<sup>4</sup> let me call my wits together!  
A poor, poor wench, to my great adversary  
Sister, whose very souls denounce stern war  
Each against other! How now, Frank,  
turned fool

Or madman, whether? But no! Master of  
My perfect senses and directest wits.

<sup>1</sup> Of the debtors' prison.

<sup>2</sup> Q1. *my mercy*.

<sup>3</sup> Monosyllabic, as often.

<sup>4</sup> Be careful, wait a moment.



Then why should I be in this violent humor  
Of passion and of love? And with a person  
So different every way, and so opposed <sup>110</sup>  
In all contractions<sup>1</sup> and still-warring  
actions?

Fie, fie! How I dispute against my soul!  
Come, come; I'll gain her, or in her fair  
quest

Purchase my soul free and immortal rest.

[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE II]

[*Frankford's House*]

*Enter three or four Serving-men, one with  
a voider<sup>2</sup> and a wooden knife,<sup>3</sup> to take  
away; another [with] the salt and  
bread; another [with] the table-cloth  
and napkins; another [with] the car-  
pet;<sup>4</sup> JENKIN with two lights after  
them*

*Jen.* So; march in order, and retire in  
battle array! My master and the guests  
have supped already; all's taken away.  
Here, now spread for the serving-men in the  
hall!—Butler, it belongs to your office.

*But.* I know it, Jenkin. What d'ye call  
the gentleman that supped there to-night?

*Jen.* Who? My master?

*But.* No, no; Master Wendoll, he's a  
daily guest. I mean the gentleman that <sup>10</sup>  
came but this afternoon.

*Jen.* His name's Master Cranwell. God's  
light! Hark, within there; my master calls  
to lay more billets<sup>5</sup> upon the fire. Come,  
come! Lord, how we that are in office<sup>6</sup> here  
in the house are troubled! One spread the  
carpet in the parlor, and stand ready to  
snuff the lights; the rest be ready to pre-  
pare their stomachs!<sup>7</sup> More lights in the  
hall, there! Come, Nicholas. <sup>20</sup>

*Exeunt [all but NICHOLAS]*

*Nick.* I cannot eat; but had I Wendoll's  
heart, I would eat that. The rogue grows  
impudent. O! I have seen such vild,<sup>8</sup> no-  
torious tricks, ready to make my eyes dart  
from my head. I'll tell my master; by this  
air, I will; fall what may fall, I'll tell him.  
Here he comes.

<sup>1</sup> Legal transactions (Bates).

<sup>2</sup> Basket.

<sup>3</sup> Scraper.

<sup>4</sup> Tablecloth.

<sup>5</sup> Logs.

<sup>6</sup> Service.

<sup>7</sup> Appetites.

<sup>8</sup> Vile.

*Enter MASTER FRANKFORD, as it were brush-  
ing the crumbs from his clothes with a  
napkin, as newly risen from supper*

*Frank.* Nicholas, what make you<sup>1</sup> here?

Why are not you

At supper in the hall, among your fellows?

*Nick.* Master, I stayed your rising from  
the board, <sup>30</sup>

To speak with you.

*Frank.* Be brief then, gentle Nicholas;  
My wife and guests attend me in the parlor.  
Why dost thou pause? Now, Nicholas, you  
want money,

And, unthrift-like, would eat into your  
wages

Ere you had earned it. Here, sir, 's half-a-  
crown;

Play the good husband,<sup>2</sup>—and away to sup-  
per!

*Nick.* By this hand, an honorable gentle-  
man! I will not see him wronged.

Sir, I have served you long; you entertained  
me

Seven years before your beard; you knew  
me, sir, <sup>40</sup>

Before you knew my mistress.

*Frank.* What of this, good Nicholas?

*Nick.* I never was a make-bate<sup>3</sup> or a  
knave;

I have no fault but one—I'm given to  
quarrel,

But not with women. I will tell you,  
master,

That which will make your heart leap from  
your breast,

Your hair to startle from your head, your  
ears to tingle.

*Frank.* What preparation's this to dismal  
news?

*Nick.* 'Sblood! sir, I love you better than  
your wife.

I'll make it good. <sup>50</sup>

*Frank.* Y' are a knave, and I have much  
ado

With wonted patience to contain my rage,  
And not to break thy pate. Th' art a  
knave.

I'll turn you, with your base comparisons,  
Out of my doors.

*Nick.* Do, do.

<sup>1</sup> Are you doing.

<sup>2</sup> Husbandman.

<sup>3</sup> Maker of quarrels.



There is not room for Wendoll and me too,  
Both in one house. O master, master,  
That Wendoll is a villain!<sup>1</sup>

*Frank.* Ay, saucy?

*Nick.* Strike, strike, do strike; yet hear  
me! I am no fool;  
I know a villain, when I see him act  
Deeds of a villain. Master, master, that  
base slave

Enjoys my mistress, and dishonors you.

*Frank.* Thou hast killed me with a  
weapon, whose sharp point  
Hath pricked quite through and through my  
shivering heart.

Drops of cold sweat sit dangling on my  
hairs,

Like morning's dew upon the golden flowers,  
And I am plunged into strange agonies.

What did'st thou say? If any word that  
touched

His credit, or her reputation,  
It is as hard to enter my belief,  
As Dives into heaven.

*Nick.* I can gain nothing:  
They are two that never wronged me. I  
knew before

'Twas but a thankless office, and perhaps  
As much as is my service, or my life  
Is worth. All this I know; but this, and  
more,

More by a thousand dangers, could not hire  
me

To smother such a heinous wrong from you.  
I saw, and I have said.

*Frank.* [aside] 'Tis probable. Though  
blunt, yet he is honest.

Though I durst pawn my life, and on their  
faith

Hazard the dear salvation of my soul,  
Yet in my trust I may be too secure.  
May this be true? O, may it? Can it be?  
Is it by any wonder possible?

Man, woman, what thing mortal can we  
trust,

When friends and bosom wives prove so  
unjust?—

What instance<sup>2</sup> hast thou of this strange  
report?

*Nick.* Eyes, master, eyes.

*Frank.* Thy eyes may be deceived, I tell  
thee;

<sup>1</sup> Verity's arrangement of this passage.

<sup>2</sup> Evidence.

For should an angel from the heavens drop  
down,  
And preach this to me that thyself hast  
told,

He should have much ado to win belief;  
In both their loves I am so confident.

*Nick.* Shall I discourse the same by  
circumstance?

*Frank.* No more! To supper, and com-  
mand your fellows  
To attend us and the strangers! Not a  
word,

I charge thee, on thy life! Be secret, then;  
For I know nothing.

*Nick.* I am dumb; and, now that I have  
eased my stomach,<sup>1</sup>

I will go fill my stomach. *Exit*

*Frank.* Away! Begone! <sup>100</sup>

She is well born, descended nobly;  
Virtuous her education; her repute  
Is in the general voice of all the country  
Honest and fair; her carriage, her de-  
meanor,

In all her actions that concern the love  
To me her husband, modest, chaste, and  
godly.

Is all this seeming gold plain copper?  
But he, that Judas that hath borne my  
purse,

And sold me for a sin! O God! O God!  
Shall I put up<sup>2</sup> these wrongs? No! Shall I  
trust <sup>110</sup>

The bare report of this suspicious groom,  
Before the double-gilt, the well-hatch[ed]<sup>3</sup>  
ore

Of their two hearts? No, I will lose these  
thoughts;

Distraction I will banish from my brow,  
And from my looks exile sad discontent.  
Their wonted favors in my tongue shall  
flow;

Till I know all, I'll nothing seem to know.—  
Lights and a table there! Wife, M[aster]

Wendoll,  
And gentle Master Cranwell!

*Enter* MISTRESS FRANKFORD, MASTER WEN-  
DOLL, MASTER CRANWELL, NICHOLAS, and  
JENKIN with cards, carpets,<sup>4</sup> and  
other necessities

*Frank.* O! Master Cranwell, you are a  
stranger here, <sup>120</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Resentment.

<sup>2</sup> Put up with.

<sup>3</sup> Nobly wrought.

<sup>4</sup> Table covers.



And often baulk<sup>1</sup> my house; faith y' are a churl!—

Now we have supped, a table and to cards!

*Jen.* A pair<sup>2</sup> of cards, Nicholas, and a carpet to cover the table! Where's Cicely, with her counters and her box? Candles and candlesticks, there! Fie! We have such a household of serving-creatures! Unless it be Nick and I, there's not one amongst them all that can say bo to a goose.—Well said, Nick!

*They spread a carpet; set  
down lights and cards*

*Anne.* Come, Mr. Frankford, who shall take my part?<sup>3</sup>

*Frank.* Marry, that will I, sweet wife.

*Wen.* No, by my faith, when you are together, I sit out. It must be Mistress Frankford and I, or else it is no match.

*Frank.* I do not like that match.

*Nick.* [*aside*] You have no reason, marry, knowing all.

*Frank.* 'Tis no great matter, neither.—<sup>110</sup> Come, Master Cranwell, shall you and I take them up?<sup>4</sup>

*Cran.* At your pleasure, sir.

*Frank.* I must look to you, Master Wendoll; for you'll be playing false. Nay, so will my wife, too.

*Nick.* [*aside*] I will be sworn she will.

*Anne.* Let them that are taken false, forfeit the set!

*Frank.* Content; it shall go hard but <sup>120</sup> I'll take you.

*Cran.* Gentlemen, what shall our game be?

*Wen.* Master Frankford, you play best at noddy.<sup>5</sup>

*Frank.* You shall not find it so; indeed, you shall not.

*Anne.* I can play at nothing so well as double-ruff.

*Frank.* If Master Wendoll and my <sup>130</sup> wife be together, there's no playing against them at double-hand.

*Nick.* I can tell you, sir, the game that Master Wendoll is best at.

<sup>1</sup> Avoid.

<sup>2</sup> Pack.

<sup>3</sup> Also: be my partner.

<sup>4</sup> Play against them.

<sup>5</sup> Noddy: double-ruff, knave out of doors, lodam, saint (cent), new cut, are all games at cards familiarly known to the age if not to the commentators. The double meaning attached to most of these terms is clear without comment.

*Frank.* What game is that, Nick?

*Nick.* Marry, sir, knave out of doors.

*Wen.* She and I will take you at lodam.

*Anne.* Husband, shall we play at saint?

*Frank.* [*aside*] My saint's turned devil.—

No, we'll none of saint:

You are best at new-cut, wife, you'll play at that. 170

*Wen.* If you play at new-cut, I'm soonest hitter of any here, for a wager.

*Frank.* [*aside*] 'Tis me they play on.—

Well, you may draw out;

For all your cunning, 'twill be to your shame;

I'll teach you, at your new-cut, a new game. Come, come!

*Cran.* If you cannot agree upon the game, to post and pair!<sup>1</sup>

*Wen.* We shall be soonest pairs; and my good host,

When he comes late home, he must kiss the post.<sup>2</sup> 180

*Frank.* Whoever wins, it shall be to thy cost.

*Cran.* Faith, let it be vide-ruff,<sup>3</sup> and let's make honors!

*Frank.* If you make honors, one thing let me crave:

Honor the king and queen, except the knave.

*Wen.* Well, as you please for that.—

Lift,<sup>4</sup> who shall deal?

*Anne.* The least in sight. What are you, Master Wendoll?

*Wen.* I am a knave.

*Nick.* [*aside*] I'll swear it.

*Anne.* I am queen.

*Frank.* [*aside*] A quean, thou should'st say.—Well, the cards are mine:

They are the grossest pair that e'er I felt.

*Anne.* Shuffle, I'll cut: would I had never dealt! 190

*Frank.* I have lost my dealing.

*Wen.* Sir, the fault's in me;

This queen I have more than mine own, you see.

Give me the stock!<sup>5</sup>

*Frank.* My mind's not on my game. Many a deal I've lost; the more's your shame.

<sup>1</sup> A popular gambling game.

<sup>2</sup> Be shut out.

<sup>3</sup> Vide is vie, evidently a betting game.

<sup>4</sup> Cut.

<sup>5</sup> Pack.



You have served me a bad trick, Master Wendoll.

*Wen.* Sir, you must take your lot. To end this strife,

I know I have dealt better with your wife.

*Frank.* Thou hast dealt falsely, then.

*Anne.* What's trumps?

*Wen.* Hearts. Partner, I rub.<sup>1</sup> 200

*Frank.* [aside] Thou robb'st me of my soul, of her chaste love;

In thy false dealing thou hast robbed my heart.

Booty you play; <sup>2</sup> I like a loser stand,

Having no heart or here, or in my hand.

I will give o'er the set, I am not well.

Come, who will hold my cards?

*Anne.* Not well, sweet Master Frankford?

Alas, what ails you? 'Tis some sudden qualm.

*Wen.* How long have you been so, Master Frankford?

*Frank.* Sir, I was lusty, and I had my health, 210

But I grew ill when you began to deal.—

Take hence this table!—Gentle Master Cranwell,

Y'are welcome; see your chamber at your pleasure!

I am sorry that this megrim<sup>3</sup> takes me so, I cannot sit and bear you company.

Jenkin, some lights, and show him to his chamber!

*Anne.* A nightgown<sup>4</sup> for my husband; quickly, there!

It is some rheum or cold.

*Wen.* Now, in good faith, This illness you have got by sitting late Without your gown.

*Frank.* I know it, Master Wendoll. 220  
Go, go to bed, lest you complain like me!—  
Wife, pr'ythee, wife, into my bed-chamber!  
The night is raw and cold, and rheumatic.  
Leave me my gown and light; I'll walk away my fit.

*Wen.* Sweet sir, good night!

*Frank.* Myself, good night!

[Exit WENDOLL]

*Anne.* Shall I attend you, husband?

*Frank.* No, gentle wife, thou'lt catch cold in thy head.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the modern term rubber.

<sup>2</sup> You join in confederacy to play false.

<sup>3</sup> Vertigo.

<sup>4</sup> Dressing-robe.

Pr'ythee, begone, sweet; I'll make haste to bed.

*Anne.* No sleep will fasten on mine eyes, you know,

Until you come.

*Frank.* Sweet Nan, I pr'ythee, go!—  
Exit [ANNE]

I have bethought me; get me by degrees 231  
The keys of all my doors, which I will mould

In wax, and take their fair impression,  
To have by them new keys. This being compassed,

At a set hour a letter shall be brought me,  
And when they think they may securely<sup>1</sup> play,

They nearest are to danger.—Nick, I must rely

Upon thy trust and faithful secrecy.

*Nick.* Build on my faith!

*Frank.* To bed, then, not to rest!  
Care lodges in my brain, grief in my breast.  
[Exeunt]

### [SCENE III]

#### [Old Mountford's House]

Enter SIR CHARLES' SISTER, OLD MOUNTFORD, SANDY, RODER, and TIDY

*Old Mount.* You say my nephew is in great distress;

Who brought it to him, but his own lewd life?

I cannot spare a cross.<sup>2</sup> I must confess,  
He was my brother's son; why, niece, what then?

This is no world in which to pity men.

*Susan.* I was not born a beggar, though his extremes<sup>3</sup>

Enforce this language from me. I protest  
No fortune of mine own could lead my tongue

To this base key. I do beseech you, uncle,  
For the name's sake, for Christianity,— 10

Nay, for God's sake, to pity his distress.

He is denied the freedom of the prison,  
And in the hole<sup>4</sup> is laid with men condemned;

Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,  
And it remains in you to free him thence.

<sup>1</sup> Safely.

<sup>2</sup> Piece of money.

<sup>3</sup> Extremities.

<sup>4</sup> The meanest cell.



*Old Mount.* Money I cannot spare; men should take heed.

He lost my kindred when he fell to need.  
[Exit]

*Susan.* Gold is but earth; thou earth enough shalt have,  
When thou hast once took measure of thy grave.

You know me, Master Sandy, and my suit.

*Sandy.* I knew you, lady, when the old man lived;  
I knew you ere your brother sold his land.  
Then you were Mistress Sue, tricked up in jewels;

Then you sang well, played sweetly on the lute;

But now I neither know you nor your suit.  
[Exit]

*Susan.* You, Master Roder, was my brother's tenant;  
Rent-free he placed you in that wealthy farm,  
Of which you are possessed.

*Roder.* True, he did;  
And have I not there dwelt still for his sake?

I have some business now; but, without doubt,  
They that have hurled him in, will help him out.  
[Exit]

*Susan.* Cold comfort still. What say you, cousin Tidy?

*Tidy.* I say this comes of roysting,<sup>1</sup> swaggering.  
Call me not cousin; each man for himself!  
Some men are born to mirth, and some to sorrow:

I am no cousin unto them that borrow.  
[Exit]

*Susan.* O Charity, why art thou fled to heaven,  
And left all things [up]on this earth uneven?

Their scoffing answers I will ne'er return,  
But to myself his grief in silence mourn.

*Enter SIR FRANCIS and MALBY*

*Sir F.* She is poor, I'll therefore tempt her with this gold.

Go, Malby, in my name deliver it,  
And I will stay thy answer.

*Mal.* Fair mistress, as I understand your grief

<sup>1</sup> Rioting.

Doth grow from want, so I have here in store  
A means to furnish you, a bag of gold,  
Which to your hands I freely tender you.

*Susan.* I thank you, heavens! I thank you, gentle sir:

God make me able to requite this favor!

*Mal.* This gold Sir Francis Acton sends by me,

And prays you—

*Susan.* Acton? O God! That name I'm born to curse.

Hence, bawd; hence, broker! See, I spurn his gold.

My honor never shall for gain be sold.

*Sir F.* Stay, lady, stay!

*Susan.* From you I'll posting hie,  
Even as the doves from feathered eagles fly.  
[Exit]

*Sir F.* She hates my name, my face; how should I woo?

I am disgraced in every thing I do.

The more she hates me, and disdains my love,

The more I am rapt in admiration  
Of her divine and chaste perfections.

Woo her with gifts I cannot, for all gifts  
Sent in my name she spurns; with looks I cannot,

For she abhors my sight; nor yet with letters,

For none she will receive. How then? how then?

Well, I will fasten such a kindness on her,  
As shall o'ercome her hate and conquer it.  
Sir Charles, her brother, lies in execution  
For a great sum of money; and, besides,  
The appeal is sued still for my huntsmen's death,

Which only I have power to reverse.

In her I'll bury all my hate of him.—

Go seek the Keeper, Malby, bring him to me!

To save his body, I his debts will pay;

To save his life, I his appeal will stay.

[Exeunt]

[ACT IV, SCENE I]

[York Castle]

*Enter SIR CHARLES [MOUNTFORD,] in prison,  
with irons, his feet bare, his garments  
all ragged and torn*

*Sir C.* Of all on the earth's face most miserable,



Breathe in this hellish dungeon thy laments!  
 Thus like a slave ragg'd, like a felon  
 gyved,—<sup>1</sup>  
 That hurls thee headlong to this base estate.  
 O, unkind uncle! O, my friends ingrate!  
 Unthankful kinsmen! Mountford's all too  
 base,  
 To let thy name be fettered in disgrace.  
 A thousand deaths here in this grave I die;  
 Fear, hunger, sorrow, cold, all threat my  
 death,  
 And join together to deprive my breath. <sup>10</sup>  
 But that which most torments me, my dear  
 sister  
 Hath left <sup>2</sup> to visit me, and from my friends  
 Hath brought no hopeful answer; therefore,  
 I  
 Divine they will not help my misery.  
 If it be so, shame, scandal, and contempt  
 Attend their covetous thoughts; need make  
 their graves!  
 Usurers they live, and may they die like  
 slaves!

*Enter Keeper*

*Keep.* Knight, be of comfort, for I bring  
 thee freedom  
 From all thy troubles.

*Sir C.* Then, I am doomed to die:  
 Death is the end of all calamity. <sup>20</sup>

*Keep.* Live! Your appeal is stayed; the  
 execution  
 Of all your debts discharged; your creditors  
 Even to the utmost penny satisfied.  
 In sign whereof your shackles I knock off.  
 You are not left so much indebted to us  
 As for your fees; all is discharged; all paid.  
 Go freely to your house, or where you  
 please;  
 After long miseries, embrace your ease.

*Sir C.* Thou grumblest out the sweetest  
 music to me  
 That ever organ played.—Is this a dream? <sup>30</sup>  
 Or do my waking senses apprehend  
 The pleasing taste of these applausive <sup>3</sup>  
 news?  
 Slave that I was, to wrong such honest  
 friends,  
 My loving kinsman, and my near allies!  
 Tongue, I will bite thee for the scandal  
 breath  
 Against such faithful kinsmen; they are all  
 Composed of pity and compassion,

<sup>1</sup> Fettered.

<sup>2</sup> Ceased.

<sup>3</sup> Joyful.

Of melting charity and of moving ruth.  
 That which I spake before was in my rage;  
 They are my friends, the mirrors of this  
 age;  
 Bounteous and free. The noble Mountford's  
 race  
 Ne'er bred a covetous thought, or humor  
 base.

*Enter SUSAN*

*Susan.* I can no longer stay from visiting  
 My woful brother. While I could, I kept  
 My hapless tidings from his hopeful ear.

*Sir C.* Sister, how much am I indebted to  
 thee  
 And to thy travail!

*Susan.* What, at liberty?

*Sir C.* Thou seest I am, thanks to thy  
 industry.  
 O! Unto which of all my courteous friends  
 Am I thus bound? My uncle Mountford,  
 he <sup>50</sup>

Even of an infant loved me; was it he?  
 So did my cousin Tidy; was it he?  
 So Master Roder, Master Sandy, too.

Which of all these did this high kindness do?

*Susan.* Charles, can you mock me in your  
 poverty,

Knowing your friends deride your misery?  
 Now, I protest I stand so much amazed,  
 To see your bonds free, and your irons  
 knockèd off,

That I am rapt <sup>1</sup> into a maze of wonder;  
 The rather for I know not by what means <sup>60</sup>  
 This happiness hath chanced.

*Sir C.* Why, by my uncle,  
 My cousins and my friends; who else, I  
 pray,

Would take upon them all my debts to pay?

*Susan.* O, brother! they are men [made]  
 all of flint,

Pictures of marble, and as void of pity  
 As chasèd bears. I begged, I sued, I  
 kneeled,

Laid open all your griefs and miseries,  
 Which they derided; more than that, denied  
 us

A part in their alliance; but, in pride <sup>65</sup>  
 Said that our kindred with our plenty died.

*Sir C.* Drudges too much! <sup>2</sup> What! did  
 they? O, known evil!

Rich fly the poor, as good men shun the  
 devil.

<sup>1</sup> Q. wrap'd.

<sup>2</sup> Too base in their conduct.



Whence should my freedom come? Of  
whom alive,  
Saving of those, have I deserved so well?  
Guess, sister, call to mind, remember me!<sup>1</sup>  
These I have raised, they follow the world's  
guise,

Whom rich in honor, they in woe despise.

*Susan.* My wits have lost themselves;  
let's ask the keeper!

*Sir C.* Gaoler!

*Keep.* At hand, sir. 80

*Sir C.* Of courtesy resolve me one demand!

What was he took the burden of my debts  
From off my back, staid my appeal to  
death,

Discharged my fees, and brought me liberty?

*Keep.* A courteous knight, and called Sir  
Francis Acton.

*Sir C.* Ha! Acton! O, me! More distressed in this

Than all my troubles! Hale me back,  
Double my irons, and my sparing meals  
Put into halves, and lodge me in a dungeon  
More deep, more dark, more cold, more  
comfortless! 90

By Acton freed! Not all thy manacles  
Could fetter so my heels, as this one word  
Hath thrall'd my heart; and it must now  
lie bound

In more strict prison than thy stony gaol.  
I am not free, I go but under bail.

*Keep.* My charge is done, sir, now I have  
my fees;

As we get little, we will nothing leese.<sup>2</sup>

*Sir C.* By Acton freed, my dangerous opposite!<sup>3</sup>

Why, to what end, on what occasion? Ha!  
Let me forget the name of enemy, 100  
And with indifference balance<sup>4</sup> this high  
favor!

Ha!

*Susan.* [*aside*] His love to me, upon my  
soul, 'tis so!

That is the root from whence these strange  
things grow.

*Sir C.* Had this proceeded from my  
father, he

That by the law of nature is most bound  
In offices of love, it had deserved  
My best employment<sup>5</sup> to requite that grace.

<sup>1</sup> Remind me.

<sup>2</sup> Lose.

<sup>3</sup> Enemy.

<sup>4</sup> Weigh impartially.

<sup>5</sup> Effort.

Had it proceeded from my friends or his,<sup>1</sup>  
From them this action had deserved my  
life, 110

And from a stranger more, because from  
such

There is less execution<sup>2</sup> of good deeds.

But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend,  
More than a stranger, both remote in blood,  
And in his heart opposed my enemy

That this high bounty should proceed from  
him!

O! there I lose myself. What should I say,  
What think, what do, his bounty to repay?

*Susan.* You wonder, I am sure, whence  
this strange kindness

Proceeds in Acton; I will tell you, brother.  
He dotes on me, and oft hath sent me  
gifts 121

Letters, and tokens; I refused them all.

*Sir C.* I have enough, though poor: my  
heart is set,

In one rich gift to pay back all my debt.

*Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

[*Frankford's House*]

*Enter FRANKFORD and NICK with keys, and  
a letter in his hand*

*Frank.* This is the night that I must play  
my part,  
To try two seeming angels.—Where's my  
keys?

*Nick.* They are made, according to your  
mould, in wax.

I bade the smith be secret, gave him money  
And here they are. The letter, sir!

*Frank.* True, take it, there it is;  
And when thou seest me in my pleasant'st  
vein,

Ready to sit to supper, bring it me!

*Nick.* I'll do't; make no more question,  
but I'll do 't. Exit

*Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD, CRANDELL,  
WENDOLL, and JENKIN*

*Anne.* Sirrah, 'tis six o'clock already  
struck; 10  
Go bid them spread the cloth, and serve in  
supper!

<sup>1</sup> Q. *him*.

<sup>2</sup> Verity suggests *expectation*.



*Jen.* It shall be done, forsooth, mistress.

Where's

Spigot, the butler, to give us our salt and trenchers? *[Exit]*

*Wen.* We that have been a hunting all the day

Come with preparèd stomachs.—Master Frankford,

We wish'd you at our sport.

*Frank.* My heart was with you, and my mind was on you.—

Fie, Master Cranwell! You are still thus sad.—

A stool, a stool! Where's Jenkin, and where's Nick?

'Tis supper time at least an hour ago. <sup>20</sup>

What's the best news abroad?

*Wen.* I know none good.

*Frank.* *[aside]* But I know too much bad.

*Enter Butler and JENKIN, with a table-cloth, bread, trenchers, and salt;  
[then exeunt]*

*Cran.* Methinks, sir, you might have that interest <sup>1</sup>

In your wife's brother, to be more remiss <sup>2</sup>  
In his hard dealing against poor Sir Charles,  
Who, as I hear, lies in York Castle, needy  
And in great want.

*Frank.* Did not more weighty business of mine own

Hold me away, I would have labored peace  
Betwixt them with all care; indeed I would, sir. <sup>31</sup>

*Anne.* I'll write unto my brother earnestly  
In that behalf.

*Wen.* A charitable deed,  
And will beget the good opinion  
Of all your friends that love you, Mistress Frankford.

*Frank.* That's you, for one; I know you love Sir Charles— *[aside]*  
And my wife too, well.

*Wen.* He deserves the love  
Of all true gentlemen; be yourselves judge!

*Frank.* But supper, ho!—Now, as thou lov'st me, Wendoll,  
Which I am sure thou dost, be merry, pleasant, <sup>40</sup>

And frolic it to-night!—Sweet Mr. Cranwell,  
Do you the like!—Wife, I protest, my heart

<sup>1</sup> Influence.

<sup>2</sup> Less severe.

Was ne'er more bent on sweet alacrity.<sup>1</sup>  
Where be those lazy knaves to serve in supper?

*Enter Nick*

*Nick.* Here's a letter, sir.

*Frank.* Whence comes it, and who brought it?

*Nick.* A stripling that below attends your answer,

And, as he tells me, it is sent from York.

*Frank.* Have him into the cellar, let him taste

A cup of our March beer; go, make him drink!

*Nick.* I'll make him drunk, if he be a Trojan.<sup>2</sup> <sup>50</sup>

*Frank.* *[after reading the letter]* My boots and spurs!

Where's Jenkin? God forgive me,  
How I neglect my business!—Wife, look here!

I have a matter to be tried to-morrow  
By eight o'clock; and my attorney writes me,

I must be there betimes with evidence,  
Or it will go against me. Where's my boots?

*Enter JENKIN, with boots and spurs*

*Anne.* I hope your business craves no such despatch,

That you must ride to-night?

*Wen.* *[aside]* I hope it doth.

*Frank.* God's me! No such despatch? <sup>60</sup>  
Jenkin, my boots! Where's Nick? Saddle my roan,

And the grey dapple for himself!—Content me,

It much concerns me.—Gentle Master Cranwell,

And Master Wendoll, in my absence use  
The very ripest pleasures of my house!

*Wen.* Lord! Master Frankford, will you ride to-night?

The ways are dangerous.

*Frank.* Therefore will I ride  
Appointed<sup>3</sup> well; and so shall Nick, my man.

*Anne.* I'll call you up by five o'clock to-morrow.

<sup>1</sup> Good service. <sup>2</sup> Good fellow. <sup>3</sup> Armed.



*Frank.* No, by my faith, wife, I'll not trust to that: 70

'Tis not such easy rising in a morning  
From one I love so dearly. No, by my  
faith,

I shall not leave so sweet a bedfellow,  
But with much pain. You have made me a  
 sluggard

Since I first knew you.

*Anne.* Then, if you needs will go  
This dangerous evening, Master Wendoll,  
Let me entreat you bear him company.

*Wen.* With all my heart, sweet mistress.—  
My boots, there!

*Frank.* Fie, fie, that for my private busi-  
ness

I should disease<sup>1</sup> my friend, and be a  
trouble 80

To the whole house!—Nick!

*Nick.* Anon,<sup>2</sup> sir! [*Exit*]

*Frank.* Bring forth my gelding!—As you  
love me, sir,

Use no more words: a hand, good Master  
Cranwell!

*Cran.* Sir, God be your speed!

*Frank.* Good night, sweet Nan; nay, nay,  
a kiss, and part! [*aside*]

Dissembling lips, you suit not with my  
heart.

*Exeunt* [FRANKFORD and NICHOLAS]

*Wen.* [*aside*] How business, time, and  
hours, all gracious prove,

And are the furtherers to my new born  
love!

I am husband now in Master Frankford's  
place,

And must command the house.—My pleas-  
ure is 90

We will not sup abroad so publicly,  
But in your private chamber, Mistress  
Frankford.

*Anne.* [*aside*] O, sir! you are too public  
in your love,

And Master Frankford's wife—

*Cran.* Might I crave favor,  
I would entreat you I might see my  
chamber.

I am on the sudden grown exceeding ill,  
And would be spared from supper.

*Wen.* Light there, ho!—  
See you want nothing, sir, for if you do,  
You injure that good man, and wrong me  
too.

<sup>1</sup> Discomfort.

<sup>2</sup> At once.

*Cran.* I will make bold; good night!

*Exit*

*Wen.* How all conspire 100

To make our bosom<sup>1</sup> sweet, and full entire!  
Come, Nan, I pr'ythee, let us sup within!

*Anne.* O! what a clog unto the soul is  
sin!

We pale offenders are still<sup>2</sup> full of fear;  
Every suspicious eye brings danger near;  
When they, whose clear<sup>3</sup> heart from offence  
are free,

Despite report, base scandals do outface,  
And stand at mere defiance with disgrace.

*Wen.* Fie, fie! You talk too like a puri-  
tan.

*Anne.* You have tempted me to mischief,  
M[aster] Wendoll: 110

I have done I know not what. Well, you  
plead custom;

That which for want of wit I granted erst,  
I now must yield through fear. Come,  
come, let's in;

Once o'er shoes, we are straight o'er head  
in sin.

*Wen.* My jocund soul is joyful above  
measure;

I'll be profuse in Frankford's richest treas-  
ure. *Exeunt*

### [SCENE III]

[*Another part of the House*]

*Enter* CICELY, JENKIN, and *Butler*

*Jen.* My mistress and Master Wendoll,  
my master, sup in her chamber to-night.  
Cicely, you are preferred, from being the  
cook, to be chambermaid. Of all the loves  
betwixt thee and me, tell me what thou  
think'st of this?

*Cic.* Mum; there's an old proverb,—  
when the cat's away, the mouse may play.

*Jen.* Now you talk of a cat, Cicely, I  
smell a rat. 120

*Cic.* Good words, Jenkin, lest you be  
called to answer them!

*Jen.* Why, God make my mistress an  
honest woman! Are not these good words?  
Pray God my new master play not the  
knave with my old master! Is there any  
hurt in this? God send no villainy in-  
tended; and if they do sup together, pray  
God they do not lie together! God make

<sup>1</sup> Intimacy.

<sup>2</sup> Ever.

<sup>3</sup> Pure.



my mistress chaste, and make us all his <sup>20</sup>  
servants! What harm is there in all this?  
Nay, more; here is my hand, thou shalt  
never have my heart, unless thou say,  
amen.

*Cic.* Amen; I pray God, I say.

*Enter Serving-man*

*Serving-man.* My mistress sends that you  
should make less noise, lock up the  
doors, and see the household all got to bed.  
You, Jenkin, for this night are made the  
porter, to see the gates shut in. <sup>30</sup>

*Jen.* Thus by little and little I creep into  
office. Come, to keniel, my masters, to  
kennel; 'tis eleven o'clock already.

*Serving-man.* When you have locked the  
gates in, you must send up the keys to my  
mistress.

*Cic.* Quickly, for God's sake, Jenkin; for  
I must carry them. I am neither pillow  
nor bolster, but I know more than both.

*Jen.* To bed, good Spigot; to bed, good <sup>40</sup>  
honest serving-creatures; and let us sleep  
as snug as pigs in pease-straw! *Exeunt*

#### [SCENE IV]

[*Outside the House*]

*Enter FRANKFORD and NICHOLAS*

*Frank.* Soft, soft! We've tied our geld-  
ings to a tree,  
Two flight-shot<sup>1</sup> off, lest by their thunder-  
ing hoofs  
They blab our coming. Hear'st thou no  
noise?

*Nick.* I hear nothing but the owl and  
you.

*Frank.* So; now my watch's hand points  
upon twelve,  
And it is just midnight. Where are my  
keys?

*Nick.* Here, sir.

*Frank.* This is the key that opes my out-  
ward gate;  
This, the hall-door; this, the withdrawing-  
chamber;  
But this, that door that's bawd unto my  
shame, <sup>10</sup>  
Fountain and spring of all my bleeding  
thoughts,

<sup>1</sup> Bow-shot.

Where the most hallowed order and true  
knot

Of nuptial sanctity hath been profaned.  
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,  
Once my terrestrial heaven, now my earth's  
hell,

The place where sins in all their ripeness  
dwell.—

But I forget myself; now to my gate!

*Nick.* It must ope with far less noise than  
Cripplegate, or your plot's dashed.

*Frank.* So; reach me my dark lantern to  
the rest! <sup>20</sup>

Tread softly, softly!

*Nick.* I will walk on eggs this pace.

*Frank.* A general silence hath surprised  
the house,

And this is the last door. Astonishment,  
Fear, and amazement, beat upon my heart,  
Even as a madman beats upon a drum.  
O, keep my eyes, you heavens, before I  
enter,

From any sight that may transfix my soul;  
Or, if there be so black a spectacle,  
O, strike mine eyes stark blind; or if not so,  
Lend me such patience to digest my grief, <sup>30</sup>  
That I may keep this white and virgin hand  
From any violent outrage, or red murder!—  
And with that prayer I enter.

*Exeunt [into the house]*

#### [SCENE V]

[*The Hall of the House*]

*Enter NICHOLAS*

*Nick.* Here's a circumstance! <sup>1</sup>  
A man may be made a cuckold in the time  
That he's about it. An the case were mine,  
As 'tis my master's ('sblood! that he makes  
me swear!),  
I would have placed his action,<sup>2</sup> entered  
there;  
I would, I would!

*Enter FRANKFORD*

*Frank.* O! O!

*Nick.* Master! 'Sblood! Master, master!

*Frank.* O me unhappy! I have found  
them lying

<sup>1</sup> To position.

<sup>2</sup> A thing to think on.

<sup>3</sup> "Established his case." (Ward.)



Close in each other's<sup>1</sup> arms, and fast asleep.  
But that I would not damn two precious  
souls,

Bought with my Saviour's blood, and send  
them, laden

With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,  
Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives  
Had met upon my rapier.

*Nick.* Master, what, have ye left them  
sleeping still?

Let me go wake 'em!

*Frank.* Stay, let me pause awhile!—  
O, God! O, God! That it were possible  
To undo things done; to call back yester-  
day;

That Time could turn up his swift sandy  
glass,

To untell<sup>2</sup> the days, and to redeem these  
hours!

Or that the sun

Could, rising from the west, draw his coach  
backward;

Take from th' account of time so many  
minutes,

Till he had all these seasons called again,  
Those minutes, and those actions done in  
them,

Even from her first offence; that I might  
take her

As spotless as an angel in my arms!

But, O! I talk of things impossible,  
And cast beyond the moon.<sup>3</sup> God give me  
patience;

For I will in, and wake them. *Exit*

*Nick.* Here's patience perforce!<sup>4</sup> 30  
He needs must trot afoot that tires his  
horse.

*Enter WENDOLL, running over the stage in a  
nightgown,<sup>5</sup> [FRANKFORD] after him with  
a sword drawn; the maid in her smock  
stays his hand, and clasps hold on  
him. He pauses for awhile*

*Frank.* I thank thee, maid; thou, like an  
angel's hand,

Hast stayed me from a bloody sacrifice.<sup>6</sup>  
[*Exit Maid*]

Go, villain; and my wrongs sit on thy soul  
As heavy as this grief doth upon mine!

<sup>1</sup> Q2 *other*.

<sup>2</sup> *Uncount*.

<sup>3</sup> Proverbial for beyond reach.

<sup>4</sup> Unavoidable.

<sup>5</sup> Dressing-gown.

<sup>6</sup> *Gen.* xxii. 10. 11.

When thou record'st my many courtesies,  
And shalt compare them with thy treach-  
erous heart,

Lay them together, weigh them equally,—  
'Twill be revenge enough. Go, to thy  
friend

A Judas; pray, pray, lest I live to see 40  
Thee, Judas-like, hang'd on an elder-tree!<sup>1</sup>

*Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD in her smock,  
night-gown and night-attire*

*Anne.* O, by what word, what title, or  
what name,

Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! O!  
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,  
As Lucifer from heaven. To call you hus-  
band,—

(O me, most wretched!) I have lost that  
name;

I am no more your wife.

*Nick.* 'Sblood, sir, she swoons.

*Frank.* Spare thou thy tears, for I will  
weep for thee;

And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for  
thee.

Now, I protest, I think 'tis I am tainted, 50  
For I am most ashamed; and 'tis more hard  
For me to look upon thy guilty face

Than on the sun's clear brow. What!  
Would'st thou speak?

*Anne.* I would I had no tongue, no ears,  
no eyes,

No apprehension, no capacity.

When do you spurn me like a dog? When  
tread me

Under feet? When drag me by the hair?  
Though I deserve a thousand, thousand-  
fold,

More than you can inflict—yet, once my  
husband,

For womanhood, to which I am a shame,<sup>2</sup>  
Though once an ornament—even for his  
sake,

That hath redeemed our souls, mark not my  
face,

Nor hack me with your sword; but let me  
go

Perfect and undeformed to my tomb!

I am not worthy that I should prevail  
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,  
Nor look on you, nor to be in your pres-  
ence;

<sup>1</sup> An often-repeated tradition.

<sup>2</sup> Qq. *asham'd*.



Yet, as an abject, this one suit I crave;—  
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

*Frank.* My God, with patience arm me!—

Rise, nay, rise,

And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want  
Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou  
not supplied

With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy,—  
Nay, even beyond my calling?<sup>1</sup>

*Anne.* I was.

*Frank.* Was it, then, disability in me;  
Or in thine eye seemed he a properer<sup>2</sup> man?

*Anne.* O, no!

*Frank.* Did not I lodge thee in my  
bosom?

Wear thee here in my heart?

*Anne.* You did.

*Frank.* I did, indeed; witness my tears, I  
did.—

Go, bring my infants hither!

*Enter Serving-woman with two little  
children*

O Nan! O Nan!

If neither fear of shame, regard of honor,<sup>3</sup>  
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,  
Could have withheld thee from so lewd a  
fact:<sup>3</sup>

Yet for these infants, these young, harmless  
souls,

On whose white brows thy shame is char-  
actered,

And grows in greatness as they wax in  
years,—

Look but on them, and melt away in  
tears!—

Away with them; lest, as her spotted body  
Hath stained their names with stripe of  
bastardy,

So her adulterous breath may blast their  
spirits

With her infectious thoughts! Away with  
them!

*Exit Serving-woman with children*

*Anne.* In this one life, I die ten thousand  
deaths.

*Frank.* Stand up, stand up! I will do  
nothing rashly.

I will retire awhile into my study,  
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently.

*Exit*

<sup>1</sup> Position.

<sup>2</sup> Handsomer.

<sup>3</sup> Deed.

*Anne.* 'Tis welcome, be it death. O me,  
base strumpet,

That, having such a husband, such sweet  
children,

Must enjoy neither! O, to redeem mine  
honor,

I would have this hand cut off, these my  
breasts seared;

Be racked, strappadoed, put to any tor-  
ment:

Nay, to whip but this scandal out, I would  
hazard

The rich and dear redemption of my soul!

He cannot be so base as to forgive me,

Nor I so shameless to accept his pardon.

O women, women, you that yet have kept

Your holy matrimonial vow unstained,

Make me your instance; when you tread  
awry,

Your sins, like mine, will on your con-  
science lie.

*Enter CICELY, SPIGOT, all the Servingmen,  
and JENKIN, as newly come out of bed*

*All.* O, mistress, mistress! What have  
you done, mistress?

*Nick.* What a caterwauling keep you  
here!

*Jen.* O Lord, mistress, how comes this to  
pass? My master is run away in his shirt,  
and never so much as called me to bring his  
clothes after him.

*Anne.* See what guilt is! Here stand I in  
this place,

Ashamed to look my servants in the face.

*Enter FRANKFORD and CRANWELL; whom  
seeing, she falls on her knees*

*Frank.* My words are registered in heaven  
already.

With patience hear me! I'll not martyr  
thee,

Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with  
usage

Of more humility torment thy soul,  
And kill thee even with kindness.

*Cran.* Master Frankford—

*Frank.* Good Master Cranwell!—Woman,  
hear thy judgment!

Go make thee ready in thy best attire;  
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy  
apparel;



Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,  
 Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,  
 I may remember such a woman by.  
 Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;  
 Take with thee every thing which hath thy mark,  
 And get thee to my manor seven mile off,  
 Where live: 'tis thine, I freely give it thee.  
 My tenants by<sup>1</sup> shall furnish thee with wains  
 To carry all thy stuff<sup>2</sup> within two hours;  
 No longer will I limit<sup>3</sup> thee my sight.  
 Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st best,  
 And they are thine to attend thee.

*Anne.* A mild sentence.

*Frank.* But, as thou hop'st for heaven, as thou believ'st

Thy name's recorded in the book of life,  
 I charge thee never after this sad day  
 To see me, or to meet me, or to send,  
 By word or writing, gift or otherwise,  
 To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends;  
 Nor challenge any part in my two children.  
 So farewell, Nan; for we will henceforth be  
 As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.

*Anne.* How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears;

What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

*Frank.* Come, take your coach, your stuff;  
 all must along.

Servants and all make ready; all begone!  
 It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.

*Exeunt*

# [ACT V, SCENE I]

[*Before SIR FRANCIS ACTON'S House*]

*Enter SIR CHARLES [MOUNTFORD,] gentleman-like and his Sister, gentlewoman-like*

*Susan.* Brother, why have you tricked me like a bride,  
 Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments?  
 Forget you our estate, our poverty?

*Sir C.* Call me not brother, but imagine me

Some barbarous outlaw, or uncivil kern;  
 For if thou shutt'st thy eye, and only hear'st.

The words that I shall utter, thou shalt judge me

Some staring ruffian, not thy brother Charles,

O, sister!—

*Susan.* O, brother! what doth this strange language mean?

*Sir C.* Dost love me, sister? Wouldst thou see me live

A bankrupt beggar in the world's disgrace,  
 And die indebted to mine enemies?

Wouldst thou behold me stand like a huge beam

In the world's eye, a bye-word and a scorn?  
 It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,  
 And all my debt I may outstrip by thee.

*Susan.* By me? Why, I have nothing, nothing left;

I owe even for the clothes upon my back;  
 I am not worth—

*Sir C.* O sister, say not so!

It lies in you my downcast state to raise;  
 To make me stand on even points with the world.

Come, sister, you are rich; indeed you are,  
 And in your power you have, without delay  
 Acton's five hundred pound back to repay.

*Susan.* Till now I had thought y'had loved me. By my honor

(Which I have kept as spotless as the moon),

I ne'er was mistress of that single doit<sup>1</sup>  
 Which I reserved not to supply your wants;  
 And d'ye think that I would hoard from you?

Now, by my hopes in heaven, knew I the means

To buy you from the slavery of your debts  
 (Especially from Acton, whom I hate),  
 I would redeem it with my life or blood!

*Sir C.* I challenge it, and, kindred set apart,

Thus, ruffian-like, I lay siege to thy heart.  
 What do I owe to Acton?

*Susan.* Why, some five hundred pounds;  
 towards which, I swear,

In all the world I have not one denier.<sup>2</sup>

*Sir C.* It will not prove so. Sister, now resolve<sup>3</sup> me:

What do you think (and speak your conscience)

Would Acton give, might he enjoy your bed?

<sup>1</sup> Near.  
 Household goods.

<sup>2</sup> Allow.  
<sup>3</sup> Serf.

<sup>1</sup> Farthing.

<sup>2</sup> Penny.

<sup>3</sup> Satisfy



*Susan.* He would not shrink to spend a thousand pound,  
To give the Mountfords' name so deep a wound.

*Sir C.* A thousand pound! I but five hundred owe:  
Grant him your bed, he's paid with interest so.

*Susan.* O, brother!

*Sir C.* O, sister! only this one way,  
With that rich jewel you my debts may pay.

In speaking this my cold heart shakes with shame;

Nor do I woo you in a brother's name, <sup>60</sup>  
But in a stranger's. Shall I die in debt  
To Acton, my grand foe, and you still wear  
The precious jewel that he holds so dear?

*Susan.* My honor I esteem as dear and precious  
As my redemption.

*Sir C.* I esteem you, sister,  
As dear, for so dear prizing it.

*Susan.* Will Charles  
Have me cut off my hands, and send them  
Acton?

Rip up my breast, and with my bleeding heart

Present him as a token?

*Sir C.* Neither, sister;  
But hear me in my strange assertion! <sup>65</sup>  
Thy honor and my soul are equal in my regard;

Nor will thy brother Charles survive thy shame.

His kindness, like a burden, hath surcharged me,

And under his good deeds I stooping go,  
Not with an upright soul. Had I remained  
In prison still, there doubtless I had died.  
Then, unto him that freed me from that prison,

Still do I owe this life. What moved my foe

To enfranchise me? 'Twas, sister, for your love;

With full five hundred pounds he bought your love; <sup>70</sup>

And shall he not enjoy it? Shall the weight  
Of all this heavy burden lean on me,  
And will not you bear part? You did partake

The joy of my release; will you not stand  
In joint-bond bound to satisfy the debt?

Shall I be only charged?

*Susan.* But that I know  
These arguments come from an honored mind,

As in your most extremity of need  
Scorning to stand in debt to one you hate,—  
Nay, rather would engage your unstained honor, <sup>80</sup>

Than to be held ingrate,—I should condemn you.

I see your resolution, and assent;  
So Charles will have me, and I am content.

*Sir C.* For this I tricked you up.

*Susan.* But here's a knife,  
To save mine honor, shall slice out my life.

*Sir C.* I know thou pleasest me a thousand times

More in thy resolution than thy grant.

Observe her love; to soothe it to my suit,  
Her honor she will hazard, though not lose;  
To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand  
Will pierce her heart,—O wonder!—that will choose, <sup>85</sup>

Rather than stain her blood, her life to lose.  
Come, you sad sister to a woful brother,  
This is the gate. I'll bear him such a present,

Such an acquittance for the knight to seal,  
As will amaze his senses, and surprise  
With admiration all his fantasies.

*Enter [SIR FRANCIS] ACTON and MALBY*

*Susan.* Before his unchaste thoughts  
shall seize on me,

'Tis here shall my imprisoned soul set free.<sup>1</sup>

*Sir F.* How! Mountford with his sister,  
hand in hand! <sup>100</sup>

What miracle's afoot?

*Mal.* It is a sight  
Begets in me much admiration.

*Sir C.* Stand not amazed to see me thus  
attended!

Acton, I owe thee money, and, being unable

To bring thee the full sum in ready coin,  
Lo! for thy more assurance, here's a pawn,—  
My sister, my dear sister, whose chaste honor

I prize above a million. Here! Nay, take her;

She's worth your money, man; do not forsake her.

<sup>1</sup> Set forth free. (Ward.)



*Sir F.* I would he were in earnest! <sup>110</sup>

*Susan.* Impute it not to my immodesty.  
My brother, being rich in nothing else  
But in his interest that he hath in me,  
According to his poverty hath brought you  
Me, all his store; whom, howsoe'er you  
prize,

As forfeit to your hand, he values highly,  
And would not sell, but to acquit your debt,  
For any emperor's ransom.

*Sir F.* [*aside*] Stern heart, relent,  
Thy former cruelty at length repent!  
Was ever known, in any former age, <sup>120</sup>  
Such honorable, wrested courtesy?  
Lands, honors, life, and all the world forego,  
Rather than stand engaged to such a foe!

*Sir C.* Acton, she is too poor to be thy  
bride,  
And I too much opposed to be thy brother.  
There, take her to thee; if thou hast the  
heart

To seize her as a rape, or lustful prey;  
To blur our house, that never yet was  
'stained;

To murder her that never meant thee harm;  
To kill me now, whom once thou sav'dst  
from death:— <sup>130</sup>

Do them at once; on her all these rely,  
And perish with her spotless chastity.

*Sir F.* You overcome me in your love,  
*Sir Charles.*

I cannot be so cruel to a lady  
I love so dearly. Since you have not spared  
To engage your reputation to the world,  
Your sister's honor, which you prize so dear,  
Nay, all the comfort which you hold on  
earth,

To grow out of my debt, being your foe,—  
Your honored thoughts, lo! thus I recom-  
pense. <sup>140</sup>

Your metamorphosed foe receives your gift  
In satisfaction of all former wrongs.  
This jewel I will wear here in my heart;  
And where before I thought her, for her  
wants,

Too base to be my bride, to end all strife,  
I seal you my dear brother, her my wife.

*Susan.* You still exceed us. I will yield  
to fate,

And learn to love, where I till now did hate.

*Sir C.* With that enchantment you have  
charmed my soul,

And made me rich even in those very  
words! <sup>150</sup>

I pay no debt, but am indebted more;  
Rich in your love, I never can be poor.

*Sir F.* All's mine is yours; we are alike in  
state;

Let's knit in love what was opposed in hate!  
Come, for our nuptials we will straight pro-  
vide,

Blest only in our brother and fair bride.

*Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

[*Frankford's House*]

*Enter CRANWELL, FRANKFORD, and NICK*

*Cran.* Why do you search each room  
about your house,  
Now that you have despatched your wife  
away?

*Frank.* O, sir! To see that nothing may  
be left

That ever was my wife's. I loved her  
dearly;

And when I do but think of her unkindness,  
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which  
torment,

I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,  
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wire,<sup>1</sup>  
Nor any thing that ever was called hers,  
Left me, by which I might remember her.—  
See round about. <sup>11</sup>

*Nick.* 'Sblood! master, here's her lute  
flung in a corner.

*Frank.* Her lute! O, God! Upon this in-  
strument

Her fingers have ran quick division,<sup>2</sup>  
Sweeter than that which now divides our  
hearts.

These frets<sup>3</sup> have made me pleasant, that  
have now

Frets of my heart-strings made. O, Master  
Cranwell,

Oft hath she made this melancholy wood  
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous  
chance)

Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a  
strain <sup>20</sup>

To her own ravishing voice; which being  
well strung,

What pleasant strange airs have they  
jointly rung!—

<sup>1</sup> To sustain the ruff.

<sup>2</sup> Variation.

<sup>3</sup> See above, I. i. 81.



Post with it after her!—Now nothing's left;  
Of her and hers I am at once bereft.

*Nick.* I'll ride and overtake her; do my  
message,  
And come back again. [Exit]

*Cran.* Meantime, sir, if you please,  
I'll to Sir Francis Acton, and inform him  
Of what hath passed betwixt you and his  
sister.

*Frank.* Do as you please.—How ill am I  
bested,<sup>1</sup>  
To be a widower ere my wife be dead! an  
[Exeunt]

### [SCENE III]

[Road near Mistress Frankford's Manor]

*Enter* MISTRESS FRANKFORD, with JENKIN,  
her maid CICELY, her Coachman, and  
three Carters

*Anne.* Bid my coach stay! Why should I  
ride in state,  
Being hurled so low down by the hand of  
fate?

A seat like to my fortunes let me have,  
Earth for my chair, and for my bed a grave!

*Jen.* Comfort, good mistress; you have  
watered your coach with tears already. You  
have but two miles now to go to your  
manor. A man cannot say by my old  
master Frankford as he may say by me,  
that he wants manors; for he hath three 10  
or four, of which this is one that we are  
going to now.

*Cic.* Good mistress, be of good cheer!  
Sorrow, you see, hurts you, but helps you  
not; we all mourn to see you so sad.

*Carter.* Mistress, I see some of my land-  
lord's men  
Come riding post: 'tis like he brings some  
news.

*Anne.* Comes he from Master Frankford,  
he is welcome;  
So is his news,<sup>2</sup> because they come from him

*Enter* NICHOLAS

*Nick.* There! 20

*Anne.* I know the lute. Oft have I sung  
to thee;

We both are out of tune, both out of time.

*Nick.* Would that had been the worst  
instrument that e'er you played on! My

<sup>1</sup> Sped.

<sup>2</sup> As generally plural.

master commends him unto ye; ther.'s all  
he can find was ever yours; he hath nothing  
left that ever you could lay claim to but his  
own heart,—and he could afford you that!  
All that I have to deliver you is this: he  
prays you to forget him; and so he bids 30  
you farewell.

*Anne.* I thank him; he is kind, and ever  
was.

All you that have true feeling of my grief,  
That know my loss, and have relenting  
hearts,  
Gird me about, and help me with your tears  
To wash my spotted sins! My lute shall  
groan;  
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.

*Enter* WENDOLL [behind]<sup>1</sup>

*Wen.* Pursued with horror of a guilty  
soul,  
And with the sharp scourge of repentance  
lashed,  
I fly from mine own shadow. O my stars! 40  
What have my parents in their lives de-  
served,  
That you should lay this penance on their  
son?  
When I but think of Master Frankford's  
love,  
And lay it to my treason, or compare  
My murdering him for his relieving me,  
It strikes a terror like a lightning's flash,  
To scorch my blood up. Thus I, like the  
owl,  
Ashamed of day, live in these shadowy  
woods,  
Afraid of every leaf or murm'ring blast,  
Yet longing to receive some perfect knowl-  
edge 50  
How he hath dealt with her. [Seeing MIS-  
TRESS FRANKFORD] O my sad fate!  
Here, and so far from home, and thus at-  
tended!  
O, God! I have divorced the truest turtles  
That ever lived together, and, being divided,  
In several places make their several moan;  
She in the fields laments, and he at home.  
So poets write that Orpheus made the trees  
And stones to dance to his melodious harp,  
Meaning the rustic and the barbarous hinds,  
That had no understanding part in them. 60

<sup>1</sup> Wendoll remains unseen during most of this scene.



So she from these rude carters tears extracts,

Making their flinty hearts with grief to rise,  
And draw down rivers from their rocky eyes.

*Anne.* [to NICHOLAS] If you return unto  
your master, say

(Though not from me, for I am all unworthy

To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue)

That you have seen me weep, wish myself dead!

Nay, you may say, too (for my vow is past),<sup>1</sup>

Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.

This to your master you may say and swear;

For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.

*Nick.* I'll say you wept; I'll swear you made me sad.

Why, how now, eyes? What now? What's here to do?

I'm gone, or I shall straight turn baby too.

*Wen.* I cannot weep, my heart is all on fire.

Curs'd be the fruits of my unchaste desire!

*Anne.* Go, break this lute upon my coach's wheel,

As the last music that I e'er shall make,—  
Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell  
To all earth's joy; and so your master tell!

*Nick.* If I can for crying.

*Wen.* Grief, have done,

Or, like a madman, I shall frantic run.

*Anne.* You have beheld the wofull'st wretch on earth,—

A woman made of tears; would you had words

To express but what you see! My inward grief

No tongue can utter; yet unto your power<sup>2</sup>

You may describe my sorrow, and disclose  
To thy sad master my abundant woes.

*Nick.* I'll do your commendations.<sup>3</sup>

*Anne.* O, no!

I dare not so presume; nor to my children!

I am disclaimed in both; alas! I am.

O, never teach them, when they come to speak,

To name the name of mother: chide their tongue,

If they by chance light on that hated word;  
Tell them 'tis naught; for when that word  
they name,

Poor, pretty souls! they harp on their own shame.

*Wen.* To recompense her wrongs, what canst thou do?

Thou hast made her husbandless, and childless too.

*Anne.* I have no more to say.—Speak not for me;

Yet you may tell your master what you see.

*Nick.* I'll do't.

*Wen.* I'll speak to her, and comfort her in grief.

O, but her wound cannot be cured with words!

No matter, though; I'll do my best good will

To work a cure on her whom I did kill.

*Anne.* So, now unto my coach, then to my home,

So to my death-bed; for from this sad hour,  
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste

Of any cates<sup>1</sup> that may preserve my life.

I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest; <sup>110</sup>  
But when my tears have washed my black

soul white,  
Sweet Saviour, to thy hands I yield my sprite.

*Wen.* [coming forward] O, Mistress Frankford!

*Anne.* O, for God's sake, fly!  
The devil doth come to tempt me, ere I die.

My coach!—This sin, that with an angel's face

Conjured<sup>2</sup> mine honor, till he sought my wrack,<sup>3</sup>

In my repentant eye seems ugly black.

*Exeunt all [except WENDOLL and JENKIN;] the Carters whistling*

*Jen.* What, my young master, that fled in his shirt! How come you by your clothes again? You have made our house in a <sup>120</sup> sweet pickle, ha' ye not, think you? What, shall I serve you still, or cleave to the house?

*Wen.* Hence, slave! Away, with thy unseasoned<sup>4</sup> mirth!

<sup>1</sup> Made.

<sup>2</sup> So far as you are able.

<sup>3</sup> Commands.

<sup>1</sup> Food.

<sup>2</sup> Charmed.

<sup>3</sup> Ruin.

<sup>4</sup> Unseasonable.



Unless thou canst shed tears, and sigh, and howl,

Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaim on fate,  
Thou art not for my turn.

*Jen.* Marry, an you will not, another will! farewell, and be hanged! Would you had never come to have kept this coil<sup>1</sup> <sup>130</sup> within our doors! We shall ha' you run away like a sprite again. *[Exit]*

*Wen.* She's gone to death; I live to want and woe,  
Her life, her sins, and all upon my head.  
And I must now go wander, like a Cain,  
In foreign countries and remoted<sup>2</sup> climes,  
Where the report of my ingratitude  
Cannot be heard. I'll over first to France,  
And so to Germany and Italy;  
Where, when I have recovered, and by travel <sup>140</sup>

Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these rumors  
May in their height abate, I will return:  
And I divine (however now dejected),  
My worth and parts being by some great man praised,  
At my return I may in court be raised.

*Exit*

#### [SCENE IV]

*[Before the Manor-house]*

*Enter* SIR FRANCIS ACTON, SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, CRANWELL, [MALBY,] and SUSAN

*Sir F.* Brother, and now my wife, I think these troubles  
Fall on my head by justice of the heavens,  
For being so strict to you in your extremities;  
But we are now atoned.<sup>3</sup> I would my sister  
Could with like happiness o'ercome her griefs  
As we have ours.

*Susan.* You tell us, Master Cranwell, wondrous things  
Touching the patience of that gentleman,  
With what strange virtue he demeans<sup>4</sup> his grief.

*Cran.* I told you what I was witness of; <sup>10</sup>  
It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

*Sir F.* O, that same villain, Wendoll!  
'Twas his tongue

<sup>1</sup> Trouble.  
<sup>2</sup> Distant.

<sup>3</sup> Reconciled.  
<sup>4</sup> Bears.

That did corrupt her; she was of herself Chaste, and devoted well.<sup>1</sup>—Is this the house?

*Cran.* Yes, sir; I take it, here your sister lies.<sup>2</sup>

*Sir F.* My brother Frankford showed too mild a spirit  
In the revenge of such a loathed crime.  
Less than he did, no man of spirit could do.  
I am so far from blaming his revenge,  
That I commend it. Had it been my case,  
Their souls at once had from their breasts been freed;  
Death to such deeds of shame is the due meed.

*Enter* JENKIN and CICELY

*Jen.* O, my mistress, mistress! my poor mistress!

*Cicely.* Alas! that ever I was born; what shall I do for my poor mistress?

*Sir C.* Why, what of her?

*Jen.* O, Lord, sir! she no sooner heard that her brother and her friends were come to see how she did, but she, for very shame of her guilty conscience, fell into such a swoon, that we had much ado to get life in her.

*Susan.* Alas, that she should bear so hard a fate!

Pity it is repentance comes too late.

*Sir F.* Is she so weak in body?

*Jen.* O, sir! I can assure you there's no hope of life in her; for she will take no sustenance: she hath plainly starved herself, and now she's as lean as a lath. She ever looks for the good hour. Many gentlemen and gentlewomen of the country are come to comfort her.

#### [SCENE V]

*[In the Manor-house] Mistress Frankford in her bed*

*[Enter* SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, SIR FRANCIS ACTON, MALBY, CRANWELL, and SUSAN

*Mal.* How fare you, Mistress Frankford?

*Anne.* Sick, sick, O, sick! Give me some air. I pray you!

<sup>1</sup> Dutiful.

<sup>2</sup> Lodges.



Tell me, O, tell me, where's Master Frankford?

Will not [he] deign to see me ere I die?

*Mal.* Yes, Mistress Frankford; divers gentlemen,  
Your loving neighbors, with that just request

Have moved, and told him of your weak estate:<sup>1</sup>

Who, though with much ado to get belief,  
Examining of the general circumstance,  
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,<sup>10</sup>  
And hearing therewithal the great desire  
You have to see him, ere you left the world,  
He gave to us his faith to follow us,  
And sure he will be here immediately.

*Anne.* You have half revived me with the pleasing news.

Raise me a little higher in my bed.—

Blush I not, brother Acton? Blush I not, Sir Charles?

Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?

Is not my crime there? Tell me, gentlemen.

*Sir C.* Alas, good mistress, sickness hath not left you<sup>20</sup>

Blood in your face enough to make you blush.

*Anne.* Then, sickness, like a friend, my fault would hide.—

Is my husband come? My soul but tarries his arrive;<sup>2</sup>

Then I am fit for heaven.

*Sir F.* I came to chide you, but my words of hate

Are turned to pity and compassionate grief.  
I came to rate you, but my brawls,<sup>3</sup> you see,

Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.—  
Here's M[aster] Frankford now.

*Enter FRANKFORD*

*Frank.* Good morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen!<sup>30</sup>

God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,

Might (had he pleased) have made our cause of meeting

On a more fair and more contented ground;  
But he that made us, made us to this woe.

*Anne.* And is he come? Methinks, that voice I know.

*Frank.* How do you, woman?

<sup>1</sup> Condition.

<sup>2</sup> Arrival.

<sup>3</sup> Reproaches.

*Anne.* Well, Master Frankford, well; but shall be better,

I hope, within this hour. Will you vouchsafe,

Out of your grace and your humanity,  
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand? <sup>40</sup>

*Frank.* This hand once held my heart in faster bonds

Than now 'tis gripped by me. God pardon them

That made us first break hold!

*Anne.* Amen, amen!  
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,

I was so impudent to wish you here;  
And once more beg your pardon. O, good man,

And father to my children, pardon me.  
Pardon, O, pardon me: my fault so heinous is,

That if you in this world forgive it not,  
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come. <sup>50</sup>

Faintness hath so usurped upon my knees,  
That kneel I cannot; but on my heart's knees

My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet,

To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, O, pardon me!

*Frank.* As freely, from the low depth of my soul,

As my Redeemer hath forgiven his death,  
I pardon thee. I will shed tears with thee;  
Pray with thee; and, in mere pity of thy weak estate,

I'll wish to die with thee.

*All.* So do we all.

*Nick.* So will not I;  
I'll sigh and sob, but, by my faith, not die. <sup>60</sup>

*Sir F.* O, Master Frankford, all the near alliance

I lose by her, shall be supplied in thee.  
You are my brother by the nearest way;  
Her kindred hath fall'n off, but yours doth stay

*Frank.* Even as I hope for pardon, at that day

When the Great Judge of heaven in scarlet sits,

So be thou pardoned! Though thy rash offence

Divorced our bodies, thy repentant tears  
Unite our souls.



*Sir C.* Then comfort, Mistress Frankford!  
You see your husband hath forgiven your  
fall;

Then, rouse your spirits, and cheer your  
fainting soul!

*Susan.* How is it with you?

*Sir F.* How d'ye feel yourself?

*Anne.* Not of this world.

*Frank.* I see you are not, and I weep to  
see it.

My wife, the mother to my pretty babes!  
Both those lost names I do restore thee  
back,

And with this kiss I wed thee once again.  
Though thou art wounded in thy honored  
name,

And with that grief upon thy death-bed  
liest,

Honest<sup>1</sup> in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.

*Anne.* Pardoned on earth, soul, thou in  
heaven art free;

Once more: [*Kisses her*] thy wife dies thus  
embracing thee. [*Dies*]

*Frank.* New-married, and new-widowed.—

O! she's dead,

And a cold grave must be her nuptial bed.

*Sir C.* Sir, be of good comfort, and your  
heavy sorrow

Part equally amongst us; storms divided  
Abate their force, and with less rage are  
guided.

*Cran.* Do, Master Frankford; he that hath  
least part,  
Will find enough to drown one troubled  
heart.

*Sir F.* Peace with thee, Nan!—Brothers  
and gentlemen,

All we that can plead interest in her grief,  
Bestow upon her body funeral tears!

Brother, had you with threats and usage bad  
Punished her sin, the grief of her offence  
Had not with such true sorrow touched her  
heart.

<sup>1</sup> Chaste.

*Frank.* I see it had not; therefore, on her  
grave

Will I bestow this funeral epitaph,  
Which on her marble tomb shall be en-  
graved.

In golden letters shall these words be filled:<sup>1</sup>  
*Here lies she whom her husband's kindness  
killed.*

100

## EPILOGUE

An honest crew, disposèd to be merry,  
Came to a tavern by,<sup>2</sup> and called for wine.  
The drawer brought it, smiling like a cherry,  
And told them it was pleasant, neat<sup>3</sup> and  
fine.

'Taste it,' quoth one. He did so. 'Fie!'  
(quoth he).

'This wine was good; now't runs too near  
the lee.'

Another sipped, to give the wine his due,  
And said unto the rest, it drank too flat;  
The third said, it was old; the fourth, too  
new;

Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes  
me not.

Thus, gentlemen, you see how, in one hour,  
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet,  
and sour.

Unto this wine we do allude<sup>4</sup> our play,  
Which some will judge too trivial, some  
too grave:

You as our guests we entertain this day,  
And bid you welcome to the best we  
have.

Excuse us, then; good wine may be dis-  
graced,

When every several mouth hath sundry  
taste.

<sup>1</sup> Engraved and filled in with gold.

<sup>2</sup> Near.

<sup>3</sup> Pure.

<sup>4</sup> Compare.



# EASTWARD HOE.

As

It was playd in the  
*Black-friers.*

By

The Children of her Maiesties Reuels.

*Made by.*

GEO: CHAPMAN. BEN: IONSON. IOH: MARSTON.



AT LONDON  
Printed for *William Aspley.*  
1605.



*Eastward Ho* was printed three times in quarto form in the year 1605. The first issue was altered as to the passage objectionable to the Scotch (III, iii, 40-47); some new matter was substituted on that page, and the rest of the leaves of the first issue were used for this amended second one. The third issue is a distinct resetting of the whole play. It was doubtless written and acted by the Queen's Revels in this same year or the year previous. The passage just mentioned, and, it should seem, even more so that (IV, i, 179-180) in which the royal brogue was ridiculed, aroused displeasure at court. The authors were imprisoned but escaped further punishment through the influence of friends. Several interesting letters on the subject are extant (see the present editor's edition of this play in *Belles Lettres Series*, 1905). *Eastward Ho* was subsequently reacted, even before King James; and, in several inferior rewritings, held the stage almost to the end of the eighteenth century. The source is to be sought variously in the universal story of the prodigal son and in the repetition of stock situations on the stage. Neither this nor the discovery of similarities in the Petronel-Winnifred story in two tales (*Novellino* 34 and 40) of Masuccio, take much from the originality of these sketches from actual life. A consideration of the collaboration in the writing of this comedy will be found in Parrott's excellent edition of Chapman; and in *Representative English Comedies*, Vol. II, where Cunliffe likewise carefully considers it. Without entering into a question impossible here, the clarity, directness, consummate drawing of personage and excellent construction of this comedy surpass any single work of Chapman or Marston and much of Jonson's unaided work as well. I have followed the first quarto, modernizing according to the plan of this book, with special indebtedness to Parrott's intelligent work in this respect.

George Chapman, best known for his famous translation of Homer, was born about 1560. He was a man of much learning, although his sojourn at neither university has been verified. Before his collaboration in this comedy, he had already a considerable repute as a writer of both forms of drama, as such plays as *A Humorous Day's Mirth*, *All Fools* and *Monsieur D'Olive* attest for comedy, and *Bussy D'Ambois* a fine tragedy; and his activity continued throughout a long life. Chapman died in 1634. John Marston was some five years Chapman's junior, and he died in the same year. An Oxford man and a student of law of the Inner Temple, Marston began his literary career as a satirist about 1598. His plays, from *Antonio and Mellida*, a tragedy, the second part, of the revenge type, range from 1599 to 1605, when he sold an interest he had in the Blackfriars theater and became a clergyman. Marston also wrote comedies alone, of which *The Malcontent* is the best known. The collaboration of these two men with Jonson in *Eastward Ho* was as exceptional apparently as it was happy. Marston and Jonson had been at enmity in the "war of the theaters" only shortly before. Chapman and Jonson appear to have been, for the most part, on excellent terms.

The last complete edition of *Marston's Plays* is that of A. H. Bullen, 3 vols., 1887; Chapman has been excellently edited by T. M. Parrott, the Plays in 2 vols., 1910 and 1914. For Jonson see below.



## [PERSONS IN THE PLAY

TOUCHSTONE, *a Goldsmith*  
 QUICKSILVER } *his Apprentices*  
 GOLDING }  
 PAGE  
 BETTRICE, *a Waiting-woman*  
 POLDAVY, *a Tailor*  
 MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE  
 SECURITY, *an old Usurer*  
 SINDEFY, *Mistress to Quicksilver*  
 WINNIFRED, *Wife of Security*  
 SIR PETRONEL FLASH  
 BRAMBLE, *a Lawyer*  
 MESSENGER  
 GERTRUDE } *Daughters to Touchstone*  
 MILDRED }  
 SEA-GULL, *a Sea-captain*

SCAPETHRIFT } *Adventurers for Virginia*  
 SPENDALL }  
 A COACHMAN  
 HAMLET, *a Footman*  
 POTKIN, *a Tankard-bearer*  
 MISTRESS FOND  
 MISTRESS GAZER  
 SCRIVENER  
 DRAWER  
 SLITGUT, *a Butcher's Apprentice*  
 Two Gentlemen  
 Constable, Officers  
 WOLF } *Officers of the Counter*  
 HOLDFAST } *Prison*  
 Two Prisoners and Friend

SCENE: Goldsmith's Row, The Blue Anchor Tavern, Cuckold's Haven, the Counter and elsewhere in London.]



## PROLOGUS<sup>1</sup>

Nor out of envy, for there's no effect  
Where there's no cause; nor out of imitation,  
For we have evermore been imitated;  
Nor out of our contention to do better  
Than that which is opposed to ours in title,<sup>2</sup>  
For that was good; and better cannot be:  
And for the title, if it seem affected,  
We might as well have called it, 'God you good even,'  
Only that Eastward Westwards still exceeds—  
Honor the sun's fair rising, not his setting.  
Nor is our title utterly enforced,  
As by the points we touch at you shall see.  
Bear with our willing pains, if dull or witty;  
We only dedicate it to the City.

10

<sup>1</sup> Probably by Jonson.

<sup>2</sup> Webster and Dekker's *Westward Ho*; these were cries of the wherry-men on the Thames.



## EASTWARD HO

BEN JONSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN AND JOHN MARSTON

### ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA

[*Goldsmith's Row*]

*Enter MASTER TOUCHSTONE and QUICKSILVER at several doors; QUICKSILVER with his hat, pumps, short sword and dagger, and a racket trussed up under his cloak. At the middle door, enter GOLDING, discovering a goldsmith's shop, and walking short turns before it*

*Touch.* And whither with you now? What loose action are you bound for? Come, what comrades are you to meet withal? Where's the supper? Where's the rendezvous?

*Quick.* Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir—

*Touch.* 'Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir'! Behind my back thou wilt swear faster than a French footboy, and talk 10 more bawdily than a common midwife; and now 'indeed and in very good sober truth, sir'! But if a privy search should be made, with what furniture are you rigged now? Sirrah, I tell thee, I am thy master, William Touchstone, goldsmith, and thou my prentice, Francis Quicksilver; and I will see whither you are running. Work upon that now!

*Quick.* Why, sir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his master's profit. 20

*Touch.* Prentices' recreations are seldom with their masters' profit. Work upon that now! You shall give up your cloak, though you be no alderman. Heyday, Ruffians'-hall! 1 Sword, pumps, here's a racket indeed!

*TOUCHSTONE uncloaks QUICKSILVER*

*Quick.* Work upon that now!

*Touch.* Thou shameless varlet, dost thou jest at thy lawful master contrary to thy indentures?

*Quick.* Why, 'sblood, sir, my mother's 30 a gentlewoman, and my father's a Justice of Peace and of Quorum! 2 And though I

am a younger brother and a prentice, yet I hope I am my father's son; and, by God's lid, 'tis for your worship and for your commodity that I keep company. I am entertained among gallants, true! They call me cousin Frank, right! I lend them moneys, good! They spend it, well! But when they are spent, must not they strive to get 40 more, must not their land fly? And to whom? Shall not your worship ha' the refusal? Well, I am a good member of the City, if I were well considered. How would merchants thrive, if gentlemen would not be unthrifths? How could gentlemen be unthrifths, if their humors were not fed? How should their humors be fed but by white meat and cunning secondings? Well, the city might consider us. I am going to an 50 ordinary now: the gallants fall to play; I carry light gold with me; the gallants call, 'Cousin Frank, some gold for silver!'; I change, gain by it; the gallants lose the gold, and then call, 'Cousin Frank, lend me some silver!' Why—

*Touch.* Why? I cannot tell. Seven-score pound art thou out in the cash; but look to it, I will not be gallanted out of my moneys. And as for my rising by other 60 men's fall, God shield me! Did I gain my wealth by ordinaries? No! By exchanging of gold? No! By keeping of gallants' company? No! I hired me a little shop, fought low, took small gain, kept no debt-book, garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good wholesome thrifty sentences, as 'Touchstone, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.' 'Tis good to be merry and 70 wise.' And when I was wived, having something to stick to, I had the horn of suretyship ever before my eyes. You all know the device of the horn, 1 where the young fellow slips in at the butt-end, and comes squeezed out at the buccal: 2 and I grew up, and, I praise Providence, I bear my brows now as high as the best of my

1 West Smithfield where rude quarrels were fought out.

2 One whose presence was necessary to constitute a full bench.

1 A contemporary cartoon.

2 Mouthpiece.



neighbors: but thou—well, look to the accounts; your father's bond lies for you; <sup>80</sup> seven-score pound is yet in the rear.

*Quick.* Why, 'slid, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants' words for it as any are in London, gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behaved, gallants that wear socks and clean linen, and call me 'kind cousin Frank,' 'good cousin Frank,' for they know my father: and, by God's lid, shall I not trust 'em?—not trust?

*Enter a Page, as inquiring for TOUCHSTONE'S shop*

*Gold.* What do ye lack, sir? <sup>1</sup> What is't <sup>80</sup> you'll buy, sir?

*Touch.* Ay, marry, sir; there's a youth of another piece. There's thy fellow-prentice, as good a gentleman born as thou art; nay, and better meant. But does he pump it, or racket it? Well, if he thrive not, if he outlast not a hundred such crackling bavins <sup>2</sup> as thou art, God and men neglect industry.

*Gold.* (to the Page) It is his shop, and <sup>100</sup> here my master walks.

*Touch.* With me, boy?

*Page.* My master, Sir Petronel Flash, recommends his love to you, and will instantly visit you.

*Touch.* To make up the match with my eldest daughter, my wife's dilling, <sup>3</sup> whom she longs to call madam. He shall find me unwillingly ready, boy. (Exit Page) There's another affliction too. As I have two <sup>110</sup> prentices, the one of a boundless prodigality, the other of a most hopeful industry, so have I only two daughters: the eldest of a proud ambition and nice <sup>4</sup> wantonness, the other of a modest humility and comely soberness. The one must be ladyfied, forsooth, and be attired just to the court-cut and long tail. So far is she ill natured to the place and means of my preferment and fortune, that she throws all the contempt <sup>120</sup> and despite hatred itself can cast upon it. Well, a piece of land she has, 'twas her grandmother's gift, let her, and her Sir Petronel, flash out that! But as for my substance, she that scorns me as I am a citizen

and tradesman, shall never pamper her pride with my industry, shall never use me as men do foxes, keep themselves warm in the skin, and throw the body that bare it to the dunghill. I must go entertain this <sup>130</sup> Sir Petronel. Golding, my utmost care's for thee, and only trust in thee; look to the shop. As for you, Master Quicksilver, think of husks, for thy course is running directly to the Prodigal's hog's-trough; husks, sirrah! Work upon that now!

*Exit TOUCHSTONE*

*Quick.* Marry faugh, Goodman flat-cap! <sup>1</sup> 'Sfoot! though I am a prentice, I can give arms; <sup>2</sup> and my father's a Justice-o'-Peace by descent, and 'sblood— <sup>140</sup>

*Gold.* Fie, how you swear!

*Quick.* 'Sfoot, man, I am a gentleman, and may swear by my pedigree, God's my life! Sirrah Golding, wilt be ruled by a fool? Turn good fellow, turn swaggering gallant, and let the welkin roar, and Erebus also. <sup>3</sup> Look not westward to the fall of D[a]n Phœbus, but to the East—Eastward Ho!

*Where radiant beams of lusty Sol appear, <sup>150</sup>  
And bright Eoüs makes the welkin clear.*

We are both gentlemen, and therefore should be no coxcombs; let's be no longer fools to this flat-cap, Touchstone. Eastward, bully! This satin belly and canvas-backed Touchstone—'slife, man, his father was a malt-man, and his mother sold ginger-bread in Christ-church!

*Gold.* What would ye ha' me do?

*Quick.* Why, do nothing, be like a <sup>160</sup> gentleman, be idle; the curse of man is labor. Wipe thy bum with testons, <sup>4</sup> and make ducks and drakes with shillings. What, Eastward Ho! Wilt thou cry, 'what is't ye lack?', stand with a bare pate and a dropping nose under a wooden pent-house, and art a gentleman? Wilt thou bear tankards, and may'st bear arms? Be ruled, turn gallant, Eastward Ho! Ta, lirra, lirra, ro! *Who calls Jeronimo? Speak, here I <sup>170</sup> am.* <sup>5</sup> God's so, how like a sheep thou lookst!

<sup>1</sup> Citizen from his attire.

<sup>2</sup> Show amorial bearings.

<sup>3</sup> Scraps of Ancient Pistol's rant, 2 *Henry IV*, II. 4.

<sup>4</sup> A coin worth 1s. 4d.

<sup>5</sup> Another playhouse scrap, from *The Spanish Tragedy*, II. 5.

<sup>1</sup> The customary cry to passers by a shop.

<sup>2</sup> Bundles of brushwood.

<sup>3</sup> Darling.

<sup>4</sup> Affected.



O' my conscience some cowherd begot thee,  
thou Golding of Golding Hall! Ha, boy?

*Gold.* Go, ye are a prodigal coxcomb! I  
a cowherd's son, because I turn not a  
drunken whore-hunting rake-hell like thy-  
self!

*Quick.* Rake-hell! Rake-hell!

*Offers to draw, and GOLDING  
trips up his heels and holds him*

*Gold.* Pish, in soft terms ye are a cow-  
ardly bragging boy! I'll ha' you whipped. <sup>150</sup>

*Quick.* Whipped? That's good, i'faith!  
Untruss me? <sup>1</sup>

*Gold.* No, thou wilt undo thyself. Alas,  
I behold thee with pity, not with anger,  
thou common shot-clog,<sup>2</sup> gull of all com-  
panies; methinks I see thee already walking  
in Moorfields<sup>3</sup> without a cloak, with half a  
hat, without a band, a doublet with three  
buttons, without a girdle, a hose with one  
point and no garter, with a cudgel under <sup>100</sup>  
thine arm, borrowing and begging three-  
pence.

*Quick.* Nay, 'slife, take this and take all!  
As I am a gentleman born, I'll be drunk,  
grow valiant, and beat thee. *Exit*

*Gold.* Go, thou most madly vain, whom  
nothing can recover but that which reclaims  
atheists, and makes great persons some-  
times religious—calamity. As for my place  
and life, thus I have read:— <sup>200</sup>

*Whate'er some vainer youth may term dis-  
grace,*

*The gain of honest pains is never base;*

*From trades, from arts, from valor, honor  
springs;*

*These three are founts of gentry, yea, of  
kings. [Exit]*

## [SCENA SECUNDA]

[A Room in Touchstone's House]

*Enter GERTRUDE, MILDRED, BETTRICE, and  
POLDAVY a tailor; POLDAVY with a fair  
gown, Scotch farthingale, and French  
fall in his arms; GERTRUDE in a French  
head-attire and citizen's gown; MILDRED  
sewing, and BETTRICE leading a monkey  
after her*

*Ger.* For the passion of patience, look if  
Sir Petronel approach, that sweet, that fine,

<sup>1</sup> Untie points, prepare to spank.

<sup>2</sup> One who pays for the party.

<sup>3</sup> A beggar's haunt.

that delicate, that—for love's sake, tell me  
if he come. O sister Mil., though my father  
be a low-capped tradesman, yet I must be a  
lady; and, I praise God, my mother must  
call me madam. Does he come? Off with  
this gown, for shame's sake, off with this  
gown; let not my knight take me in the  
city-cut in any hand; <sup>1</sup> tear't, pax <sup>2</sup> on't— <sup>10</sup>  
does he come?—tear't off. *Thus whilst she  
sleeps, I sorrow for her sake, etc.*<sup>3</sup> [*sings*]

*Mil.* Lord, sister, with what an immodest  
impatience and disgraceful scorn do you put  
off your City tire; I am sorry to think you  
imagine to right yourself in wronging that  
which hath made both you and us.

*Ger.* I tell you I cannot endure it, I must  
be a lady: do you wear your coif with a  
London licket,<sup>4</sup> your stammel<sup>5</sup> petticoat <sup>20</sup>  
with two guards, the buffin<sup>6</sup> gown with the  
tuff[t]-taffety cape, and the velvet lace. I  
must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I  
like some humors of the City dames well:  
to eat cherries only at an angel a pound,  
good! To dye rich scarlet black, pretty!  
To line a grogram gown clean thorough  
with velvet, tolerable! Their pure linen,  
their smocks of three pounds a smock, are  
to be borne withal! But your mincing <sup>30</sup>  
niceries, taffata pipkins, durance<sup>7</sup> petticoats,  
and silver bodkins<sup>8</sup>—God's my life, as I  
shall be a lady, I cannot endure it! Is he  
come yet? Lord, what a long knight 'tis!—  
*And ever she cried, Sho[o]t home!*—and  
yet I know one longer. *And ever she cried,  
Sho[o]t home.*<sup>9</sup> *Fa, la, ly, re, lo, la!* [*sings*]

*Mil.* Well, sister, those that scorn their  
nest, oft fly with a sick wing.

*Ger.* Bow-bell! <sup>10</sup>

*Mil.* Where titles presume to thrust be-  
fore fit means to second them, wealth and  
respect often grow sullen, and will not fol-  
low. For sure in this I would for your sake  
I spake not truth: *Where ambition of place  
goes before fitness of birth, contempt and  
disgrace follow.* I heard a scholar once say  
that Ulysses, when he counterfeited himself

<sup>1</sup> Under any circumstances.

<sup>2</sup> Affected for *pox*.

<sup>3</sup> A line of one of Dowland's songs.

<sup>4</sup> Rag.

<sup>5</sup> Woolen.

<sup>6</sup> Coarse cloth.

<sup>7</sup> Buff material.

<sup>8</sup> Ornamental pins.

<sup>9</sup> A popular song or ballad.

<sup>10</sup> Said in mockery of a Londoner.



mad, yoked cats and foxes and dogs together to draw his plough, whilst he followed and sowed salt; but sure I judge them truly mad that yoke citizens and courtiers, tradesmen and soldiers, a goldsmith's daughter and a knight. Well, sister, pray God my father sow not salt too.

*Ger.* Alas! poor Mil., when I am a lady, I'll pray for thee yet, i'faith; nay, and I'll vouchsafe to call thee Sister Mil. still; for though thou art not like to be a lady as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of God's making, and mayest peradventure to be saved as soon as I—does he come?—*And ever and anon she doubled in her song.* Now, lady's my comfort, what a profane ape's here! Tailor, Poldavy, prithee, fit it, fit it: is this a right Scot?<sup>1</sup> Does it clip close, and bear up round?

*Pol.* Fine and stiffly, i'faith! 'Twill keep your thighs so cool, and make your waist so small; here was a fault in your body, but I have supplied the defect with the effect of my steel instrument, which, though it have but one eye, can see to rectify the imperfection of the proportion.

*Ger.* Most edifying tailor! I protest you tailors are most sanctified members,<sup>2</sup> and make many crooked thing go upright. How must I bear my hands? Light, light?

*Pol.* O, ay, now you are in the lady-fashion, you must do all things light. Tread light, light. Ay, and fall so: that's the Court amble. *She trips about the stage*

*Ger.* Has the Court ne'er a trot?

*Pol.* No, but a false gallop, lady.

*Ger.* And if she will not go to bed—

*Cantat*

*Bet.* The knight's come, forsooth.

*Enter SIR PETRONEL, MASTER TOUCHSTONE, and MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE*

*Ger.* Is my knight come? O the Lord, my band! Sister, do my cheeks look well? Give me a little box o' the ear that I may seem to blush; now, now! So, there, there, there! Here he is. O my dearest delight! Lord, Lord, and how does my knight?

*Touch.* Fie, with more modesty!

*Ger.* Modesty! Why, I am no citizen now—modesty! Am I not to be married?

<sup>1</sup> Scottish fashion.

<sup>2</sup> Puritan jargon.

Y'are best to keep me modest, now I am to be a lady.

*Sir Pet.* Boldness is good fashion and courtlike. 100

*Ger.* Ay, in a country lady I hope it is, as I shall be. And how chance ye came no sooner, knight?

*Sir Pet.* 'Faith, I was so entertained in the progress with one Count Epernoum, a Welsh knight; we had a match at balloon<sup>1</sup> too with my Lord Watchum for four crowns.

*Ger.* At baboon? Jesu! You and I will play at baboon in the country, knight. 110

*Sir Pet.* O, sweet lady, 'tis a strong play with the arm.

*Ger.* With arm or leg or any other member, if it be a Court sport. And when shall's be married, my knight?

*Sir Pet.* I come now to consummate it, and your father may call a poor knight son-in-law.

*Touch.* Sir, ye are come. What is not mine to keep, I must not be sorry to forego. A hundred pounds land her grandmother left her, 'tis yours; herself (as her mother's gift) is yours. But if you expect aught from me, know my hand and mine eyes open together; I do not give blindly. Work upon that now!

*Sir Pet.* Sir, you mistrust not my means? I am a knight.

*Touch.* Sir, sir, what I know not, you will give me leave to say I am ignorant of. 120

*Mist. Touch.* Yes, that he is, a knight; I know where he had money to pay the gentlemen-ushers and heralds their fees. Ay, that he is, a knight; and so might you have been too, if you had been ought else than an ass, as well as some of your neighbors. And<sup>2</sup> I thought you would not ha' been knighted (as I am an honest woman) I would ha' dubbed you myself. I praise God I have wherewithal. But as for your daughter—

*Ger.* Ay, mother, I must be a lady tomorrow; and by your leave, mother (I speak it not without my duty, but only in the right of my husband) I must take place of you, mother.

<sup>1</sup> A game in which a ball was driven about by a piece of wood attached to the arm.

<sup>2</sup> If.



*Mist. Touch.* That you shall, lady-daughter, and have a coach as well as I too.

*Ger.* Yes, mother. But by your leave, <sup>150</sup> mother (I speak it not without my duty, but only in my husband's right) my coach-horses must take the wall of your coach-horses.

*Touch.* Come, come, the day grows low; 'tis supper-time; use my house; the wedding solemnity is at my wife's cost; thank me for nothing but my willing blessing, for, I cannot feign, my hopes are faint. And, sir, respect my daughter; she has refused <sup>160</sup> for you wealthy and honest matches, known good men, well-moneyed, better traded, best reputed.

*Ger.* Body o'truth! Chittizens, chittizens! <sup>1</sup> Sweet knight, as soon as ever we are married, take me to thy mercy out of this miserable Chitty; presently carry me out of the scent of Newcastle coal, and the hearing of Bow-bell; I beseech thee down with me, for God's sake! <sup>170</sup>

*Touch.* Well, daughter, I have read that old wit sings:

*The greatest rivers flow from little springs.  
Though thou art full, scorn not thy means  
at first;*

*He that's most drunk may soonest be  
athirst.*

Work upon that now!

*All but TOUCHSTONE, MILDRED, and GOLDING depart*

No, no! Yond' stand my hopes—Mildred, come hither, daughter! And how approve you your sister's fashion? How do you fancy her choice? What dost thou think? <sup>180</sup>

*Mil.* I hope, as a sister, well.

*Touch.* Nay but, nay but, how dost thou like her behavior and humor? Speak freely.

*Mil.* I am loath to speak ill; and yet I am sorry of this, I cannot speak well.

*Touch.* Well; very good, as I would wish, a modest answer! Golding, come hither, hither, Golding! How dost thou like the knight, Sir Flash? Does he not look big? How lik'st thou the elephant? He says <sup>190</sup> he has a castle in the country.

*Gold.* Pray heaven, the elephant carry not his castle on his back.

<sup>1</sup> An affected pronunciation.

*Touch.* 'Fore heaven, very well! But, seriously, how dost repute him?

*Gold.* The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

*Touch.* Ha, Golding! I commend thee, I approve thee, and will make it appear my affection is strong to thee. My wife has <sup>200</sup> her humor, and I will ha' mine. Dost thou see my daughter here? She is not fair, well-favored or so, indifferent, which modest measure of beauty shall not make it thy only work to watch her, nor sufficient mischance to suspect her. Thou art towardly, she is modest; thou art provident, she is careful. She's now mine; give me thy hand, she's now thine. Work upon that now! <sup>210</sup>

*Gold.* Sir, as your son, I honor you; and as your servant, obey you.

*Touch.* Sayest thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Do you see yond' fellow? He is a gentleman, though my prentice, and has somewhat to take too; a youth of good hope, well friended, well parted.<sup>1</sup> Are you mine? You are his. Work you upon that now!

*Mil.* Sir, I am all yours; your body <sup>220</sup> gave me life; your care and love, happiness of life; let your virtue still direct it, for to your wisdom I wholly dispose myself.

*Touch.* Sayest thou so? Be you two better acquainted. Lip her, lip her, knave! So, shut up shop, in! We must make holiday. *Excunt GOLDING and MILDRED* This match shall on, for I intend to prove Which thrives the best, the mean or lofty love.

Whether fit wedlock vowed 'twixt like and like, <sup>230</sup> Or prouder hopes, which daringly o'erstrike Their place and means. 'Tis honest time's expense,

When seeming lightness bears a moral sense. Work upon that now. *Exit*

## ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA

*[Goldsmith's Row]*

*TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, and MILDRED, sitting  
on either side of the stall*

*Touch.* Quicksilver! Master Francis Quicksilver! Master Quicksilver!

<sup>1</sup> Possessed of good parts.



*Enter QUICKSILVER*

*Quick.* Here, sir—ump!

*Touch.* So, sir; nothing but flat Master Quicksilver (without any familiar addition) will fetch you! Will you truss<sup>1</sup> my points, sir?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth—ump!

*Touch.* How now, sir? The drunken hiccup so soon this morning? 10

*Quick.* 'Tis but the coldness of my stomach, forsooth!

*Touch.* What, have you the cause natural for it? Y'are a very learned drunkard; I believe I shall miss some of my silver spoons with your learning. The nuptial night will not moisten your throat sufficiently, but the morning likewise must rain her dews into your gluttonous weasand.

*Quick.* An't please you, sir, we did but 20 drink—ump!—to the coming off of the knightly bridegroom.

*Touch.* To the coming off on him?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth! We drunk to his coming on—ump!—when we went to bed; and now we are up, we must drink to his coming off; for that's the chief honor of a soldier, sir; and therefore we must drink so much the more to it, forsooth—ump!

*Touch.* A very capital reason! So that 30 you go to bed late, and rise early to commit drunkenness; you fulfil the scripture very sufficient wickedly, forsooth!

*Quick.* The knight's men, forsooth, be still o' their knees<sup>2</sup> at it—ump—and because 'tis for your credit, sir, I would be loath to flinch.

*Touch.* I pray, sir, e'en to 'em again then; y'are one of the separated crew, one of my wife's faction, and my young 40 lady's, with whom, and with their great match, I will have nothing to do.

*Quick.* So, sir, now I will go keep my—ump!—credit with 'em, an't please you, sir!

*Touch.* In any case, sir, lay one cup of sack more o' your cold stomach, I beseech you!

*Quick.* Yes, forsooth! *Exit QUICKSILVER*

*Touch.* This is for my credit; servants ever maintain drunkenness in their mas- 50 ter's house for their master's credit; a good idle serving-man's reason. I thank Time

the night is past; I ne'er waked to such cost; I think we have stowed more sorts of flesh in our bellies than ever Noah's ark received; and for wine, why, my house turns giddy with it, and more noise in it than at a conduit.<sup>1</sup> Ay me, even beasts condemn our gluttony! Well, 'tis our city's fault, which, because we commit seldom, 60 we commit the more sinfully; we lose no time in our sensuality, but we make amends for it. O that we would do so in virtue and religious negligences! But see, here are all the sober parcels my house can show; I'll eavesdrop, hear what thoughts they utter this morning.

[*He retires*]

*GOLDING [and MILDRED come forward]*

*Gold.* But is it possible that you, seeing your sister preferred to the bed of a knight, should contain your affections in the arms of a prentice?

*Mil.* I had rather make up the garment 70 of my affections in some of the same piece, than, like a fool, wear gowns of two colors, or mix sackcloth with satin.

*Gold.* And do the costly garments—the title and fame of a lady, the fashion, observation, and reverence proper to such preferment—no more inflame you than such convenience as my poor means and industry can offer to your virtues?

*Mil.* I have observed that the bridle 80 given to those violent flatteries of fortune is seldom recovered; they bear one headlong in desire from one novelty to another, and where those ranging appetites reign, there is ever more passion than reason; no stay, and so no happiness. These hasty advancements are not natural. Nature hath given us legs to go to our objects, not wings to fly to them.

*Gold.* How dear an object you are to 90 my desires I cannot express; whose fruition would my master's absolute consent and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy. And though it were a grace so far beyond my merit that I should blush with unworthiness to receive it, yet thus far both my love and my means shall assure your requital: you shall want nothing fit for

<sup>1</sup> Public fountain where the neighborhood comes for water.

<sup>1</sup> Tie up.

<sup>2</sup> A common drinking extravagance.



your birth and education; what increase of wealth and advancement the honest and <sup>100</sup> orderly industry and skill of our trade will afford in any, I doubt not will be aspired by me; I will ever make your contentment the end of my endeavors; I will love you above all; and only your grief shall be my misery, and your delight my felicity.

*Touch.* Work upon that now! By my hopes, he woos honestly and orderly; he shall be anchor of my hopes! Look, see the ill-yoked monster, his fellow! <sup>110</sup>

*Enter QUICKSILVER unlaced, a towel about his neck, in his flat-cap, drunk*

*Quick.* Eastward Ho! *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!*<sup>1</sup>

*Touch.* Drunk now downright, o' my fidelity!

*Quick.* Ump! Pull eo, pull eo! Showse, quoth the caliver.<sup>2</sup>

*Gold.* Fie, fellow Quicksilver, what a pickle are you in!

*Quick.* Pickle? Pickle in thy throat; zounds, pickle! Wa, ha, ho! Good- <sup>120</sup> morrow, knight Petronel; morrow, lady Goldsmith; come off, knight, with a counter-buff, for the honor of knight-hood.

*Gold.* Why, how now, sir? Do ye know where you are?

*Quick.* Where I am? Why, 'sblood, you jolthead, where I am.

*Gold.* Go to, go to, for shame! Go to bed and sleep out this immodesty: thou <sup>130</sup> sham'st both my master and his house.

*Quick.* Shame? What shame? I thought thou wouldst show thy bringing-up; and thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou wouldst think it no shame to be drunk. Lend me some money, save my credit; I must dine with the serving-men and their wives—and their wives, sirrah!

*Gold.* E'en who you will; I'll not lend thee threepence. <sup>140</sup>

*Quick.* 'Sfoot, lend me some money! *Hast thou not Hiren here?*<sup>3</sup>

*Touch.* Why, how now, sirrah? What vein's this, ha?

<sup>1</sup> Tamburlaine's famous cry to his harnessed kings, drawing his car. Part II, IV, iii.

<sup>2</sup> Bang went the gun.

<sup>3</sup> Another of Pistol's quotations.

*Quick.* *Who cries on murther? Lady, was it you?*<sup>1</sup> How does our master? Pray thee cry Eastward Ho!

*Touch.* Sirrah, sirrah, y'are past your hiccup now; I see y'are drunk—

*Quick.* 'Tis for your credit, master. <sup>150</sup>

*Touch.* And hear you keep a whore in town—

*Quick.* 'Tis for your credit, master.

*Touch.* And what you are out in cash, I know.

*Quick.* So do I; my father's a gentleman. Work upon that now! Eastward Ho!

*Touch.* Sir, Eastward Ho will make you go Westward Ho.<sup>2</sup> I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stock <sup>160</sup> with your licence. There, sir, there's your indenture; all your apparel (that I must know) is on your back, and from this time my door is shut to you: from me be free; but for other freedom, and the moneys you have wasted, Eastward Ho shall not serve you.

*Quick.* Am I free o' my fetters? Rent, fly with a duck in thy mouth,<sup>3</sup> and now I tell thee, Touchstone— <sup>170</sup>

*Touch.* Good sir—

*Quick.* *When this eternal substance of my soul—*<sup>4</sup>

*Touch.* Well said; change your gold-ends for your play-ends.

*Quick.* *Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh—*

*Touch.* What then, sir?

*Quick.* *I was a courtier in the Spanish Court,*

*And Don Andrea was my name.*

*Touch.* Good Master Don Andrea, will you march? <sup>180</sup>

*Quick.* Sweet Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

*Touch.* Not a penny!

*Quick.* Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance; I will piss at thy shop-posts, and throw rotten eggs at thy sign. Work upon that now!

*Exit staggering*

*Touch.* Now, sirrah, you, hear you? You shall serve me no more neither—not an hour longer! <sup>190</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From Chapman's *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, another popular piece.

<sup>2</sup> The direction of Tyburn, the gallows.

<sup>3</sup> Go, rent and interest (Parrott).

<sup>4</sup> *The Spanish Tragedy, Prologue.*



*Gold.* What mean you, sir?

*Touch.* I mean to give thee thy freedom, and with thy freedom my daughter, and with my daughter a father's love. And with all these such a portion as shall make Knight Petronel himself envy thee! Y'are both agreed, are ye not?

*Ambo.* With all submission, both of thanks and duty.

*Touch.* Well, then, the great Power of <sup>200</sup> heaven bless and confirm you. And, Golding, that my love to thee may not show less than my wife's love to my eldest daughter, thy marriage-feast shall equal the knight's and hers.

*Gold.* Let me beseech you, no, sir; the superfluity and cold meat left at their nuptials will with bounty furnish ours. The grossest prodigality is superfluous cost of the belly; nor would I wish any invitation<sup>1</sup> of states or friends, only your reverent presence and witness shall sufficiently grace and confirm us.

*Touch.* Son to my own bosom, take her and my blessing. The nice fondling, my lady, sir-reverence, that I must not now presume to call daughter, is so ravished with desire to hansom<sup>2</sup> her new coach, and see her knight's Eastward Castle, that the next morning will sweat with her busy <sup>220</sup> setting forth. Away will she and her mother, and while their preparation is making, ourselves, with some two or three other friends, will consummate the humble match we have in God's name concluded. 'Tis to my wish; for I have often read Fit birth, fit age, keeps long a quiet bed. 'Tis to my wish; for tradesmen (well 'tis known)

Get with more ease than gentry keeps his own.

*Exit [with GOLDING and MILDRED]*

# [SCENA SECUNDA]

[A Room in the House of Security]

SECURITY solus

[*Sec.*] My privy guest, lusty Quicksilver, has drunk too deep of the bride-bowl; but with a little sleep, he is much recovered; and, I think, is making himself ready to be

<sup>1</sup> Invitation.

<sup>2</sup> Use for the first time.

drunk in a gallanter likeness. My house is, as 'twere, the cave where the young outlaw hoards the stolen vails<sup>1</sup> of his occupation; and here, when he will revel it in his prodigal similitude, he retires to his trunks, and (I may say softly) his punks: he dares <sup>10</sup> trust me with the keeping of both; for I am Security itself; my name is Security, the famous usurer.

*Enter QUICKSILVER in his prentice's coat and cap, his gallant breeches and stockings, gartering himself, SECURITY following*

*Quick.* Come, old Security, thou father of destruction! Th' indented sheepskin is burned wherein I was wrapped; and I am now loose to get more children of perdition into thy<sup>2</sup> usurious bonds. Thou feed'st my lechery, and I thy covetousness; thou art pander to me for my wench, and I to <sup>20</sup> thee for thy cozenages. Ka me, ka thee,<sup>3</sup> runs through court and country.

*Sec.* Well said, my subtle Quicksilver! These ka's ope the doors to all this world's felicity; the dullest forehead sees it. Let not master courtier think he carries all the knavery on his shoulders: I have known poor Hob in the country, that has worn hob-nails on's shoes, have as much villany in's head as he that wears gold buttons <sup>20</sup> in's cap.

*Quick.* Why, man, 'tis the London highway to thrift; if virtue be used, 'tis but as a scrap to the net of villany.<sup>4</sup> They that use it simply,<sup>5</sup> thrive simply, I warrant. Weight and fashion makes goldsmiths cuckolds.

*Enter SINDEFY, with QUICKSILVER's doublet, cloak, rapier, and dagger*

*Sin.* Here, sir, put off the other half of your prenticeship.

*Quick.* Well said, sweet Sin.! Bring forth my bravery. <sup>40</sup>

Now let my trunks<sup>6</sup> shoot forth their silks concealed.

I now am free, and now will justify

<sup>1</sup> Products.

<sup>2</sup> Q. my.

<sup>3</sup> One good turn deserves another.

<sup>4</sup> A trifle to the power of villainy.

<sup>5</sup> Employ it only.

<sup>6</sup> A trunk was also a pea-shooter.



My trunks and punks. Avaunt, dull flatcap,  
then!

Via the curtain that shadowed Borgia!<sup>1</sup>  
There lie, thou husk of my envassalled  
state,

I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistines'  
bands,

And in thy lap, my lovely Dalida,  
I'll lie, and snore out my enfranchised state.

*When Sampson was a tall young man,  
His power and strength increase than; 50  
He sold no more nor cup nor can;  
But did them all despise.*

*Old Touchstone, now write to thy friends  
For one to sell thy base gold-ends;  
Quicksilver now no more attends  
Thee, Touchstone.<sup>2</sup>*

But, Dad, hast thou seen my running geld-  
ing dressed to-day?

*Sec.* That I have, Frank. The ostler o'th'  
Cock dressed him for a breakfast. 60

*Quick.* What, did he eat him?

*Sec.* No, but he eat his breakfast for  
dressing him; and so dressed him for break-  
fast.

*Quick.* O witty age, where age is young  
in wit,  
And all youth's words have gray beards full  
of it!

*Sin.* But alas, Frank, how will all this be  
maintained now? Your place maintained it  
before.

*Quick.* Why, and I maintained my 70  
place. I'll to the Court, another manner of  
place for maintenance, I hope, than the silly  
City! I heard my father say, I heard my  
mother sing an old song and a true: *Thou  
art a she-fool, and know'st not what be-  
longs to our male wisdom.* I shall be a  
merchant, forsooth, trust my estate in a  
wooden trough as he does! What are these  
ships but tennis-balls for the winds to play  
withal? Tossed from one wave to an- 80  
other; now under line, now over the house;  
sometimes brick-walled against a rock, so  
that the guts fly out again; sometimes  
strook under the wide hazard,<sup>3</sup> and farewell,  
master merchant!

*Sin.* Well, Frank, well: the seas you say,  
are uncertain; but he that sails in your

Court seas shall find 'hem ten times fuller  
of hazard; wherein to see what is to be seen  
is torment more than a free spirit can 90  
endure; but when you come to suffer, how  
many injuries swallow you! What care and  
devotion must you use to humor an im-  
perious lord, proportion your looks to his  
looks, smiles to his smiles, fit your sails to  
the wind of his breath!

*Quick.* Tush, he's no journeyman in his  
craft that cannot do that!

*Sin.* But he's worse than a prentice that  
does it; not only humoring the lord, but 100  
every trencher-bearer, every groom, that by  
indulgence and intelligence crept into his  
favor, and by panderism into his chamber;  
he rules the roast; and when my honorable  
lord says it shall be thus, my worshipful  
rascal, the groom of his close-stool, says it  
shall not be thus, claps the door after him,  
and who dares enter? A prentice, quoth  
you? 'Tis but to learn to live; and does  
that disgrace a man? He that rises hardly 110  
stands firmly; but he that rises with ease,  
alas, falls as easily!

*Quick.* A pox on you! Who taught you  
this morality?

*Sec.* 'Tis 'long of this witty age, Master  
Francis. But, indeed, Mistress Sindefy, all  
trades complain of inconvenience, and  
therefore 'tis best to have none. The mer-  
chant, he complains and says, 'Traffic is sub-  
ject to much uncertainty and loss.' Let 120  
'hem keep their goods on dry land, with a  
vengeance, and not expose other men's sub-  
stances to the mercy of the winds, under  
protection of a wooden wall (as Master  
Francis says); and all for greedy desire to  
enrich themselves with unconscionable gain,  
two for one, or so; where I, and such other  
honest men as live by lending money, are  
content with moderate profit; thirty or  
forty i'th'hundred, so we may have it 130  
with quietness, and out of peril of wind  
and weather, rather than run those dan-  
gerous courses of trading, as they do.

*Quick.* Ay, Dad, thou mayst well be  
called Security, for thou takest the safest  
course.

[Exit SINDEFY]

*Sec.* Faith, the quieter, and the more con-  
tented, and, out of doubt, the more godly;  
for merchants, in their courses, are never  
pleased, but ever repining against 140  
heaven: one prays for a westerly wind to

<sup>1</sup> Behold the curtain is drawn that concealed Bor-  
gia. *Muleasses*, V. iii.

<sup>2</sup> The parody of an old ballad.

<sup>3</sup> The ship is likened to a tennis ball, struck into  
the court.



carry his ship forth; another for an easterly to bring his ship home; and at every shaking of a leaf he falls into an agony to think what danger his ship is in on such a coast, and so forth. The farmer, he is ever at odds with the weather: sometimes the clouds have been too barren; sometimes the heavens forget themselves; their harvests answer not their hopes; sometimes the season falls out too fruitful, corn will bear no price, and so forth. The artificer, he's all for a stirring world; if his trade be too full, and fall short of his expectation, then falls he out of joint. Where we that trade nothing but money are free from all this; we are pleased with all weathers, let it rain or hold up, be calm or windy; let the season be whatsoever, let trade go how it will, we take all in good part, e'en what please the heavens to send us, so the sun stand not still, and the moon keep her usual returns, and make up days, months, and years—

*Quick.* And you have good security!

*Sec.* Ay, marry, Frank, that's the special point.

*Quick.* And yet, forsooth, we must have trades to live withal; for we cannot stand without legs, nor fly without wings, and a number of such scurvy phrases. No, I say still,<sup>1</sup> he that has wit, let him live by his wit; he that has none, let him be a tradesman.

*Sec.* Witty Master Francis, 'tis pity any trade should dull that quick brain of yours! Do but bring Knight Petronel into my parchment toils once, and you shall never need to toil in any trade, o'my credit. you know his wife's land?

*Quick.* Even to a foot, sir; I have been often there; a pretty fine seat, good land, all entire within itself.

*Sec.* Well wooded?

*Quick.* Two hundred pounds' worth of wood ready to fell, and a fine sweet house, that stands just in the midst on't, like a prick in the midst of a circle; would I were your farmer, for a hundred pound a year!

*Sec.* Excellent Master Francis, how I do long to do thee good! How I do hunger and thirst to have the honor to enrich thee! Ay, even to die that thou mightest inherit my living; even hunger and thirst! For o'

<sup>1</sup> Always.

my religion, Master Francis—and so tell Knight Petronel—I do it to do him a pleasure.

*Quick.* Marry, Dad, his horses are now coming up to bear down his lady; wilt thou lend him thy stable to set 'hem in?

*Sec.* Faith, Master Francis, I would be loath to lend my stable out of doors; in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not in this.

*Quick.* A pox of your hunger and thirst! Well, Dad, let him have money; all he could any way get is bestowed on a ship now bound for Virginia; the frame of which voyage is so closely conveyed that his new lady nor any of her friends know it. Notwithstanding, as soon as his lady's hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and you have furnished him with money, he will instantly hoist sail and away.

*Sec.* Now, a frank gale of wind go with him, Master Frank! We have too few such knight adventurers. Who would not sell away competent certainties to purchase, with any danger, excellent uncertainties? Your true knight venturer ever does it. Let his wife seal to-day; he shall have his money to-day.

*Quick.* To-morrow she shall, Dad, before she goes into the country; to work her to which action with the more engines, I purpose presently to prefer my sweet Sin. here to the place of her gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) shall present as your friend's daughter, a gentlewoman of the country, new come up with a will for awhile to learn fashions, forsooth, and be toward some lady; and she shall buzz pretty devices into her lady's ear, feeding her humors so serviceably, as the manner of such as she is, you know—

*Sec.* True, good Master Francis!

*Enter SINDEFY*

*Quick.* That she shall keep her port open to anything she commends to her.

*Sec.* O' my religion, a most fashionable project; as good she spoil the lady, as the lady spoil her, for 'tis three to one of one side. Sweet Mistress Sin., how are you bound to Master Francis! I do not doubt to see you shortly wed one of the head men of our city.



*Sin.* But, sweet Frank, when shall my father Security present me?

*Quick.* With all festination; I have broken the ice to it already; and will presently to the knight's house, whither, my good old Dad, let me pray thee with all formality to man her.

*Sec.* Command me, Master Francis, I do hunger and thirst to do thee service. Come, sweet Mistress Sin., take leave of my Winifred, and we will instantly meet Frank, Master Francis at your lady's.

*Enter WINIFRED above*

*Win.* Where is my Cu. there? Cu.<sup>1</sup>

*Sec.* Ay, Winnie!

*Win.* Wilt thou come in, sweet Cu.? <sup>200</sup>

*Sec.* Ay, Winnie, presently!

*Exeunt [WINIFRED, SECURITY, and SINDEFY]*

*Quick.* Ay, Winnie, quod he! That's all he can do, poor man, he may well cut off her name at Winnie. O 'tis an egregious pander! What will not an usurous knave be, so he may be rich? O 'tis a notable Jew's trump! I hope to live to see dogs' meat made of the old usurer's flesh, dice of his bones, and indentures of his skin; and yet his skin is too thick to make parchment, 'twould make good boots for a peter-man<sup>2</sup> to catch salmon in. Your only smooth skin to make fine vellum is your Puritan's skin; they be the smoothest and slickest knaves in a country. *[Exit]*

### [SCENA TERTIA]

*[Before SIR PETRONEL'S Lodging]*

*Enter SIR PETRONEL in boots, with a riding wan<sup>3</sup> followed by QUICKSILVER]*

*Sir Pet.* I'll out of this wicked town as fast as my horse can trot. Here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. Taverns grow dead; ordinaries are blown up; plays are at a stand; houses of hospitality at a fall; not a feather waving, nor a spur jingling anywhere. I'll away instantly.

*Quick.* Y'ad best take some crowns in your purse, knight, or else your Eastward <sup>10</sup> Castle will smoke but miserably.

<sup>1</sup> An absurd pet-name from Security.

<sup>2</sup> Fisherman.

<sup>3</sup> Wand, stock.

*Sir Pet.* O, Frank, my castle! Alas, all the castles I have are built with air, thou know'st!

*Quick.* I know it, knight, and therefore wonder whither your lady is going.

*Sir Pet.* Faith, to seek her fortune, I think. I said I had a castle and land eastward, and eastward she will, without contraction; her coach and the coach of the sun must meet full butt.<sup>1</sup> And the sun being out-shined with her ladyship's glory, she fears he goes westward to hang himself.

*Quick.* And I fear, when her enchanted castle becomes invisible, her ladyship will return and follow his example.

*Sir Pet.* O that she would have the grace, for I shall never be able to pacify her, when she sees herself deceived so.

*Quick.* As easily as can be. Tell she <sup>30</sup> she mistook your directions, and that shortly yourself will down with her to approve it; and then clothe but her crupper in a new gown, and you may drive her any way you list. For these women, sir, are like Essex calves, you must wriggle 'em on by the tail still,<sup>2</sup> or they will never drive orderly.

*Sir Pet.* But, alas, sweet Frank, thou know'st my hability will not furnish her <sup>40</sup> blood with those costly humors.

*Quick.* Cast that coat on me, sir. I have spoken to my old pander, Security, for money or commodity;<sup>3</sup> and commodity (if you will) I know he will procure you.

*Sir Pet.* Commodity! Alas, what commodity?

*Quick.* Why, sir, what say you to figs and raisins?

*Sir Pet.* A plague of figs and raisins, <sup>50</sup> and all such frail<sup>4</sup> commodities! We shall make nothing of 'hem.

*Quick.* Why then, sir, what say you to forty pound in roasted beef?

*Sir Pet.* Out upon 't! I have less stomach to that than to the figs and raisins; I'll out of town, though I sojourn with a friend of mine; for stay here I must not; my creditors have laid<sup>5</sup> to arrest me, and

<sup>1</sup> Head on.

<sup>2</sup> Continually.

<sup>3</sup> Advances were often made in kind which the recipient had to sell to procure money.

<sup>4</sup> Basket.

<sup>5</sup> Plotted.



I have no friend under heaven but my sword to bail me.

*Quick.* God's me, knight, put 'hem in sufficient sureties, rather than let your sword bail you! Let 'hem take their choice, either the King's Bench or the Fleet, or which of the two Counters they like best, for, by the Lord, I like none of 'hem.

*Sir Pet.* Well, Frank, there is no jesting with my earnest necessity; thou know'st if I make not present money to further my voyage begun, all's lost, and all I have laid out about it.

*Quick.* Why, then, sir, in earnest, if you can get your wise lady to set her hand to the sale of her inheritance, the bloodhound, Security, will smell out ready money for you instantly.

*Sir Pet.* There spake an angel! To bring her to which conformity, I must feign myself extremely amorous; and alleging urgent excuses for my stay behind, part with her as passionately as she would from her foisting<sup>1</sup> hound.

*Quick.* You have the sow by the right ear, sir. I warrant there was never child longed more to ride a cock-horse or wear his new coat, then she longs to ride in her new coach. She would long for everything when she was a maid, and now she will run mad for 'hem. I lay my life, she will have every year four children; and what charge and change of humor you must endure while she is with child, and how she will tie you to your tackling till she be with child, a dog would not endure. Nay, there is no turnspit dog<sup>2</sup> bound to his wheel more servilely than you shall be to her wheel; for as that dog can never climb the top of his wheel but when the top comes under him, so shall you never climb the top of her contentment but when she is under you.

*Sir Pet.* 'Slight, how thou terrifiest me!

*Quick.* Nay, hark you, sir; what nurses, what midwives, what fools, what physicians, what cunning women must be sought for (fearing sometimes he is bewitched, sometimes in a consumption) to tell her tales, to talk bawdy to her, to make her laugh, to give her glisters, to let her blood under the tongue and betwixt the toes; how she

will revile and kiss you, spit in your face, and lick it off again; how she will vaunt you are her creature, she made you of nothing; how she could have had a thousand mark jointures; he could have been made a lady by a Scotch knight, and never ha' married him; she could have had poynados<sup>1</sup> in her bed every morning; how she set you up, and how she will pull you down: you'll never be able to stand of your legs to endure it.

*Sir Pet.* Out of my fortune, what a death is my life bound face to face to! The best is, a large time-fitted<sup>2</sup> conscience is bound to nothing; marriage is but a form in the school of policy, to which scholars sit fastened only with painted chains. Old Security's young wife is ne'er the further off with me.

*Quick.* Thereby lies a tale, sir. The old usurer will be here instantly with my punk Sindefy, whom you know your lady has promised me to entertain for her gentlewoman; and he (with a purpose to feed on you) invites you most solemnly by me to supper.

*Sir Pet.* It falls out excellently fitly; I see desire of gain makes jealousy venturous.

#### *Enter GERTRUDE*

See, Frank, here comes my lady. Lord, how she views thee! She knows thee not, I think, in this bravery.

*Ger.* How now? Who be you, I pray?

*Quick.* One Master Francis Quicksilver, an't please your ladyship.

*Ger.* God's my dignity! As I am a lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood a-water; would I were unmarried again! Where's my woman, I pray?

#### *Enter SECURITY and SINDEFY*

*Quick.* See, madam, she now comes to attend you.

*Sec.* God save my honorable knight and his worshipful lady!

*Ger.* Y'are very welcome; you must not put on your hat yet.

*Sec.* No, madam; till I know your ladyship's further pleasure, I will not presume.

<sup>1</sup> Ill smelling.

<sup>2</sup> A popular usage of small dogs.

<sup>1</sup> Panadas, a candle.

<sup>2</sup> Adaptable.



*Ger.* And is this a gentleman's daughter new come out of the country?

*Sec.* She is, madam; and one that her <sup>100</sup> father hath a special care to bestow in some honorable lady's service, to put her out of her honest<sup>1</sup> humors, forsooth; for she had a great desire to be a nun, an't please you.

*Ger.* A nun? What nun? A nun substantive, or a nun adjective?

*Sec.* A nun substantive, madam, I hope, if a nun be a noun. But I mean, lady, a vowed maid of that order.

*Ger.* I'll teach her to be a maid of the <sup>120</sup> order, I warrant you! And can you do any work belongs to a lady's chamber?

*Sin.* What I cannot do, madam, I would be glad to learn.

*Ger.* Well said, hold up, then; hold up your head, I say! Come hither a little.

*Sin.* I thank your ladyship.

*Ger.* And hark you—good man, you may put on your hat now; I do not look on you—I must have you of my faction <sup>180</sup> now; not of my knight's, maid!

*Sin.* No, forsooth, madam, of yours.

*Ger.* And draw all my servants in my bow,<sup>2</sup> and keep my counsel, and tell me tales, and put me riddles, and read on a book sometimes when I am busy, and laugh at country gentlewomen, and command anything in the house for my retainers; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and in any case be still a maid, what- <sup>100</sup> soever you do, or whatsoever any man can do unto you.

*Sec.* I warrant your ladyship for that.

*Ger.* Very well; you shall ride in my coach with me into the country to-morrow morning. Come, knight, I pray thee let's make a short supper, and to bed presently.<sup>3</sup>

*Sec.* Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waits on his wor- <sup>200</sup> ship's acceptation.

*Ger.* By my faith, but he shall not go, sir; I shall swoun and<sup>4</sup> he sup from me.

*Sir Pet.* Pray thee, forbear; shall he lose his provision?

*Ger.* Ay, by[r] lady, sir, rather than I lose my longing. Come in, I say; as I am a lady, you shall not go.

<sup>1</sup> Homely.

<sup>2</sup> Bend all to my will.

<sup>3</sup> At once.

<sup>4</sup> If.

*Quick.* [*aside to SECURITY*] I told him what a burr he had gotten. <sup>210</sup>

*Sec.* If you will not sup from your knight, madam, let me entreat your ladyship to sup at my house with him.

*Ger.* No, by my faith, sir; then we cannot be abed soon enough after supper.

*Sir Pet.* What a med'cine is this! Well, Master Security, you are new married as well as I; I hope you are bound as well. We must honor our young wives, you know.

*Quick.* [*aside to SECURITY*] In policy, <sup>220</sup> Dad, till to-morrow she has sealed.

*Sec.* I hope in the morning, yet, your knighthood will breakfast with me?

*Sir Pet.* As early as you will, sir.

*Sec.* Thank your good worship; I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir.

*Ger.* Come, sweet knight, come; I do hunger and thirst to be abed with thee.

*Ereunt*

## ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in SECURITY's House*]

*Enter SIR PETRONEL, QUICKSILVER, SECURITY, BRAMBLE, and WINIFRED*

*Sir Pet.* Thanks for your feast-like breakfast, good Master Security; I am sorry (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voyage as Virginia) I am without means by any kind amends to show how affectionately I take your kindness, and to confirm by some worthy ceremony a perpetual league of friendship betwixt us.

*Sec.* Excellent knight, let this be a token betwixt us of inviolable friendship: I am <sup>10</sup> new married to this fair gentlewoman, you know, and by my hope to make her fruitful, though I be something in years, I vow faithfully unto you to make you godfather (though in your absence) to the first child I am blest withal; and henceforth call me gossip, I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

*Sir Pet.* In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy gossip; for con- <sup>20</sup> firmation of which friendly title, let me entreat my fair gossip, your wife here, to accept this diamond, and keep it as my gift to her first child, wheresoever my fortune, in event of my voyage, shall bestow me.



*Sec.* How now, my coy wedlock, make you strange of so noble a favor? Take it, I charge you, with all affection, and, by way of taking your leave, present boldly your lips to our honorable gossip.

*Quick.* [aside] How venturous he is to him, and how jealous to others!

*Sir Pet.* Long may this kind touch of our lips print in our hearts all the forms of affection. And now, my good gossip, if the writings be ready to which my wife should seal, let them be brought this morning before she takes coach into the country, and my kindness shall work her to dispatch it.

*Sec.* The writings are ready, sir. My learned counsel here, Master Bramble the lawyer, hath perused them; and within this hour I will bring the scrivener with them to your worshipful lady.

*Sir Pet.* Good Master Bramble, I will here take my leave of you then. God send you fortunate pleas, sir, and contentious clients!

*Bram.* And you foreright<sup>1</sup> winds, sir, and a fortunate voyage! *Exit*

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mes.* Sir Petronel, here are three or four gentlemen desire to speak with you.

*Sir Pet.* What are they?

*Quick.* They are your followers in this voyage, knight, Captain Seagull and his associates; I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

*Sir Pet.* Let them enter, I pray you; I know they long to be gone, for their stay is dangerous.

*Enter SEAGULL, SCAPETHRIFT, and SPENDALL*

*Sea.* God save my honorable Colonel!

*Sir Pet.* Welcome, good Captain Seagull and worthy gentlemen. If you will meet my friend Frank here and me, at the Blue Anchor Tavern by Billingsgate this evening, we will there drink to our happy voyage, be merry, and take boat to our ship with all expedition.

*Spen.* Defer it no longer, I beseech you, sir; but as your voyage is hitherto carried closely, and in another knight's name, so for your own safety and ours, let it be con-

<sup>1</sup> Prosperous. Chapman elsewhere uses this word.

tinued, our meeting and speedy purpose of departing known to as few as is possible, lest your ship and goods be attached.

*Quick.* Well advised, Captair! Our colonel shall have money this morning to dispatch all our departures; bring those gentlemen at night to the place appointed, and with our skins full of vintage we'll take occasion by the vantage, and away.

*Spen.* We will not fail but be there, sir.

*Sir Pet.* Good morrow, good Captain and my worthy associates. Health and all sovereignty to my beautiful gossip; for you, sir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

*Sec.* With writings and crowns to my honorable gossip. I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir!

*Exeunt*

## SCENA SECUNDA

[An inn-yard]

*Enter a Coachman in haste, in's frock, feeding*

*Coach.* Here's a stir when citizens ride out of town, indeed, as if all the house were afire! 'Slight, they will not give a man leave to eat's breakfast afore he rises!

*Enter HAMLET,<sup>1</sup> a footman, in haste*

*Ham.* What, coachman! My lady's coach for shame! Her ladyship's ready to come down.

*Enter POTKIN, a tankard-bearer*

*Pot.* 'Sfoot, Hamlet, are you mad? Whither run you now? You should brush up my old mistress!

[*Exit HAMLET*]

*Enter SINDEFY*

*Sin.* What, Potkin? You must put off your tankard, and put on your blue coat<sup>2</sup> and wait upon Mistress Touchstone into the country.

*Pot.* I will, forsooth, presently.

<sup>1</sup> The several allusions in this scene to *Hamlet* are too good-humored to bear construction of malice.

<sup>2</sup> Servant's dress.



*Enter* MISTRESS FOND and MISTRESS GAZER

*Fond.* Come, sweet Mistress Gazer, let's watch here, and see my Lady Flash take coach.

*Gaz.* O' my word here's a most fine place to stand in. Did you see the new ship<sup>20</sup> launched last day, Mistress Fond?

*Fond.* O God, and we citizens should lose such a sight!

*Gaz.* I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach as there were to see it take water.

*Fond.* O she's married to a most fine castle i'th' country, they say.

*Gaz.* But there are no giants in the castle, are there?<sup>30</sup>

*Fond.* O no; they say her knight killed 'em all, and therefore he was knighted.

*Gaz.* Would to God her ladyship would come away!

*Enter* GERTRUDE, MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE, SINDEFY, HAMLET, POTKIN

*Fond.* She comes, she comes, she comes!

*Gaz.* } Pray heaven bless your ladyship!  
*Fond.* }

*Ger.* Thank you, good people! My coach, for the love of heaven, my coach! In good truth I shall swoun else.

*Ham.* Coach, coach, my lady's coach!<sup>40</sup>  
*Exit*

*Ger.* As I am a lady, I think I am with child already, I long for a coach so. May one be with child afore they are married, mother?

*Mist. Touch.* Ay, by'r lady, madam; a little thing does that; I have seen a little prick no bigger than a pin's head swell bigger and bigger till it has come to an ancome;<sup>1</sup> and e'en so 'tis in these cases.

*Enter* HAMLET

*Ham.* Your coach is coming, madam.<sup>50</sup>

*Ger.* That's well said. Now, heaven, methinks I am e'en up to the knees in preferment! [*sings*]

*But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher,  
There, there, there lies Cupid's fire!<sup>2</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> Boil, felon.

<sup>2</sup> The refrain of a song by Campion.

*Mist. Touch.* But must this young man, an't please you, madam, run by your coach all the way a-foot?

*Ger.* Ay, by my faith, I warrant him! He gives no other milk,<sup>1</sup> as I have another<sup>60</sup> servant does.

*Mist. Touch.* Alas, 'tis e'en pity, methinks! For God's sake, madam, buy him but a hobby-horse; let the poor youth have something betwixt his legs to ease 'hem. Alas, we must do as we would be done to!

*Ger.* Go to, hold your peace, dame; you talk like an old fool, I tell you!

*Enter* SIR PETRONEL and QUICKSILVER

*Sir Pet.* Wilt thou be gone, sweet honey-suckle, before I can go with thee?<sup>70</sup>

*Ger.* I pray thee, sweet knight, let me; I do so long to dress up thy castle afore thou com'st. But I marle<sup>2</sup> how my modest sister occupies herself this morning, that she cannot wait on me to my coach, as well as her mother.

*Quick.* Marry, madam, she's married by this time to prentice Golding. Your father, and some one more, stole to church with 'hem in all the haste, that the cold meat<sup>80</sup> left at your wedding might serve to furnish their nuptial table.

*Ger.* There's no base fellow,<sup>3</sup> my father now! But he's e'en fit to father such a daughter: he must call me daughter no more now; but 'madam,' and 'please you, madam,' and 'please your worship, madam,' indeed. Out upon him, marry his daughter to a base prentice!

*Mist. Touch.* What should one do? Is<sup>90</sup> there no law for one that marries a woman's daughter against her will? How shall we punish him, madam?

*Ger.* As I am a lady, an't would snow, we'd so pebble 'hem with snow-balls as they come from church; but, sirrah Frank Quicksilver!

*Quick.* Ay, madam.

*Ger.* Dost remember since thou and I clapped what-d'ye-call'ts in the garret?<sup>100</sup>

*Quick.* I know not what you mean, madam.

*Ger.* [*sings*] *His head as white as milk,  
all flaxen was his hair;*

<sup>1</sup> Is of no other use.

<sup>2</sup> Marvel.

<sup>3</sup> Supply *but*.



*But now he is dead, and laid in his bed,  
And never will come again.<sup>1</sup>  
God be at your labor!*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, MILDRED with  
rosemary*

*Sir Pet. [aside]* Was there ever such a lady?

*Quick.* See, madam, the bride and bridegroom! 110

*Ger.* God's my precious! God give you joy, Mistress What-lack-you!<sup>2</sup> Now out upon thee, baggage! My sister married in a taffeta hat! Marry, hang you! Westward with a wanion t'ye!<sup>3</sup> Nay, I have done wi' ye, minion, then, i'faith; never look to have my count'nance any more, nor anything I can do for thee. Thou ride in my coach, or come down to my castle! Fie upon thee! I charge thee in my ladyship's name, call 120 me sister no more.

*Touch.* An't please your worship, this is not your sister; this is my daughter, and she calls me father, and so does not your ladyship, an't please your worship, madam.

*Mist. Touch.* No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldry, because thou mak'st thy prentice thy son as well as she. Ah, thou misproud prentice, dars't thou presume to marry a lady's sister? 130

*Gold.* It pleased my master, forsooth, to embolden me with his favor; and though I confess myself far unworthy for so worthy a wife (being in part her servant, as I am your prentice) yet since (I may say it without boasting) I am born a gentleman, and by the trade I have learned of my master (which I trust taints not my blood) able with mine own industry and portion to maintain your daughter, my hope is 140 heaven will so bless our humble beginning that in the end I shall be no disgrace to the grace with which my master hath bound me his double prentice.

*Touch.* Master me no more, son, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

*Ger.* Son? Now, good Lord, how he shines, and you mark him! He's a gen'l man!

*Gold.* Ay, indeed, madam, a gentleman 150 born.

*Sir Pet.* Never stand o' your gentry, Master Bridegroom; if your legs be no better than your arms, you'll be able to stand upright on neither shortly.

*Touch.* An't please your good worship, sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

*Sir Pet.* What mean you, sir?

*Touch.* Bold to put off my hat to your worship— 160

*Sir Pet.* Nay, pray forbear, sir, and then forth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

*Touch.* If your worship will have it so, I say there are two sorts of gentlemen. There is a gentleman artificial, and a gentleman natural.<sup>1</sup> Now though your worship be a gentleman natural—work upon that now!

*Quick.* Well said, old Touchstone; I am proud to hear thee enter a set speech, i'faith! Forth, I beseech thee! 170

*Touch.* Cry you mercy, sir, your worship's a gentleman I do not know. If you be one of my acquaintance, y'are very much disguised, sir.

*Quick.* Go to, old quipper!<sup>2</sup> Forth with thy speech, I say!

*Touch.* What, sir, my speeches were ever in vain to your gracious worship; and therefore, till I speak to you—gallantry<sup>3</sup> indeed—I will save my breath for my broth 180 anon. Come, my poor son and daughter, let us hide ourselves in our poor humility, and live safe. Ambition consumes itself with the very show. Work upon that now!

[*Exeunt* TOUCHSTONE,  
GOLDING and MILDRED]

*Ger.* Let him go, let him go, for God's sake! Let him make his prentice his son, for God's sake! Give away his daughter, for God's sake! And when they come a-begging to us for God's sake, let's laugh at their good husbandry, for God's sake! 190 Farewell, sweet knight, pray thee make haste after.

*Sir Pet.* What shall I say? I would not have thee go.

*Quick.* Now, O now, I must depart;

*Parting though it absence move—<sup>4</sup>*  
This ditty, knight, do I see in thy looks in capital letters.

<sup>1</sup> *Hamlet*, IV. V. 190.

<sup>2</sup> The usual cry of the salesman to passers by.

<sup>3</sup> With a vengeance.

<sup>1</sup> A natural is a fool.

<sup>2</sup> Quibbler.

<sup>3</sup> Gallants.

<sup>4</sup> A careless quotation from a song of Dowland.



*What a grief 'tis to depart, and leave the  
flower that has my heart!*

*My sweet lady, and alack for woe, why  
should we part so?* 200

Tell truth, knight, and shame all dissembling lovers; does not your pain lie on that side?

*Sir Pet.* If it do, canst thou tell me how I may cure it?

*Quick.* Excellent easily! Divide yourself in two halves, just by the girdlestead; <sup>1</sup> send one half with your lady, and keep the tother yourself; or else do as all true lovers do—part with your heart, and leave your <sup>20</sup> body behind. I have seen't done a hundred times: 'tis as easy a matter for a lover to part without a heart from his sweetheart, and he ne'er the worse, as for a mouse to get from a trap and leave her tail behind him. See, here comes the writings.

*Enter SECURITY with a SCRIVENER*

*Sec.* Good morrow to my worshipful lady! I present your ladyship with this writing, to which if you please to set your hand with your knight's, a velvet gown <sup>220</sup> shall attend your journey, o' my credit.

*Ger.* What writing is it, knight?

*Sir Pet.* The sale, sweetheart, of the poor tenement I told thee of, only to make a little money to send thee down furniture for my castle, to which my hand shall lead thee.

*Ger.* Very well! Now give me your pen, I pray.

*Quick.* [aside] It goes down without <sup>230</sup> chewing, i'faith!

*Scriv.* Your worships deliver this as your deed?

*Ambo.* We do.

*Ger.* So now, knight, farewell till I see thee!

*Sir Pet.* All farewell to my sweetheart!

*Mist. Touch.* God-buy, son knight!

*Sir Pet.* Farewell, my good mother!

*Ger.* Farewell, Frank; I would fain <sup>240</sup> take thee down if I could.

*Quick.* I thank your good ladyship; farewell, Mistress Sindefy.

*Exeunt [GERTRUDE and her party]*

<sup>1</sup> Waist.

*Sir Pet.* O tedious voyage whereof there is no end! What will they think of me?

*Quick.* Think what they list. They longed for a vagary into the country and now they are fitted. So a woman marry to ride in a coach, she cares not if she ride to her ruin. 'Tis the great end of many <sup>250</sup> of their marriages. This is not [the] first time a lady has rid a false journey in her coach, I hope.

*Sir Pet.* Nay, 'tis no matter, I care little what they think; he that weighs men's thoughts has his hands full of nothing. A man, in the course of this world, should be like a surgeon's instrument—work in the wounds of others, and feel nothing himself. The sharper and subtler, the better. <sup>260</sup>

*Quick.* As it falls out now, knight, you shall not need to devise excuses, or endure her outcries, when she returns; we shall now be gone before, where they cannot reach us.

*Sir Pet.* Well, my kind compeer, you have now the assurance we both can make you; let me now entreat you, the money we agreed on may be brought to the Blue Anchor, near to Billingsgate, by six o'clock; where I and my chief friends, bound for <sup>270</sup> this voyage, will with feasts attend you.

*Sec.* The money, my most honorable compeer, shall without fail observe your appointed hour.

*Sir Pet.* Thanks, my dear gossip. I must now impart

To your approvèd love a loving secret,  
As one on whom my life doth more rely  
In friendly trust than any man alive.  
Nor shall you be the chosen secretary  
Of my affections for affection only: <sup>280</sup>

For I protest (if God bless my return)  
To make you partner in my actions' gain  
As deeply as if you had ventured with me  
Half my expences. Know then, honest  
gossip,

I have enjoyed with such divine contentment

A gentlewoman's bed, whom you well know,  
That I shall ne'er enjoy this tedious voyage,  
Nor live the least part of the time it asketh,  
Without her presence; so I thirst and  
hunger

To taste the dear feast of her company. <sup>290</sup>  
And if the hunger and the thirst you vow,  
As my sworn gossip, to my wished good



Be (as I know it is) unfeigned and firm,  
Do me an easy favor in your power.

*Sec.* Be sure, brave gossip, all that I can  
do,

To my best nerve, is wholly at your service:  
Who is the woman, first, that is your friend?

*Sir Pet.* The woman is your learned coun-  
sel's wife,

The lawyer, Master Bramble; whom would  
you

Bring out this even in honest neighbor-  
hood,

To take his leave with you of me your  
gossip,

I, in the meantime, will send this my friend  
Home to his house, to bring his wife dis-  
guised.

Before his face, into our company;  
For love hath made her look for such a wife  
To free her from his tyrannous jealousy.  
And I would take this course before an-  
other,

In stealing her away to make us sport  
And gull his circumspection the more  
grossly.

And I am sure that no man like yourself <sup>310</sup>  
Hath credit with him to entice his jealousy  
To so long stay abroad as may give time  
To her enlargement in such safe disguise.

*Sec.* A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant  
project!

Who would not strain a point of neighbor-  
hood<sup>1</sup>

For such a point-device,<sup>2</sup> that, as the ship  
Of famous Draco<sup>3</sup> went about the world,  
Will wind about the lawyer, compassing  
The world himself; he hath it in his arms,  
And that's enough for him without his wife.  
A lawyer is ambitious, and his head <sup>320</sup>  
Cannot be praised nor raised too high,  
With any fork of highest knavery.  
I'll go fetch her straight.

*Exit SECURITY*

*Sir Pet.* So, so. Frank, go thou home to  
his house,

Stead of his lawyer's, and bring his wife  
hither,

Who, just like to the lawyer's wife, is  
prisoned

<sup>1</sup> Neighborliness.

<sup>2</sup> Nice trick.

<sup>3</sup> Drake, whose ship was long preserved at Dept-  
ford to commemorate his circling the world.

With his stern usurous jealousy, which  
could never  
Be over-reached thus but with over-reaching.

*Enter SECURITY*

*Sec.* And, Master Francis, watch you th'  
instant time <sup>330</sup>

To enter with his exit: 'twill be rare,  
To find<sup>4</sup> horn'd beasts—a camel and a  
lawyer! *[Exit]*

*Quick.* How the old villain joys in vil-  
lany!

*Enter SECURITY*

*Sec.* And hark you, gossip, when you have  
her here,

Have your boat ready, ship her to your ship  
With utmost haste, lest Master Bramble  
stay you.

To o'er-reach that head that out-reacheth  
all heads,

'Tis a trick rampant! 'Tis a very quiblin!<sup>5</sup>  
I hope this harvest to pitch cart<sup>6</sup> with  
lawyers,

Their heads will be so forked. This sly  
touch <sup>340</sup>

Will get apes<sup>4</sup> to invent a number such. *Exit*

*Quick.* Was ever rascal honeyed so with  
poison?

He that delights in slavish ava.ice,  
Is apt to joy in every sort of vice.

Well, I'll go fetch his wife, whilst he the  
lawyer's.

*Sir Pet.* But stay, Frank, let's think how  
we may disguise her upon this sudden.

*Quick.* God's me, there's the mischief!  
But hark you, here's an excellent device;  
'fore God, a rare one! I will carry her a <sup>350</sup>  
sailor's gown and cap, and cover her, and a  
player's beard.

*Sir Pet.* And what upon her head?

*Quick.* I tell you, a sailor's cap! 'Slight,  
God forgive me, what kind of figent<sup>7</sup> mem-  
ory have you?

*Sir Pet.* Nay, then, what kind of figent  
wit hast thou?

A sailor's cap? How shall she put it off  
When thou present'st her to our company?

<sup>1</sup> To make discovery of; thus the Qq.

<sup>2</sup> Perfect trick.

<sup>3</sup> Use lawyers for pitchforks.

<sup>4</sup> Imitators.

<sup>5</sup> Flighty.



*Quick.* Tush, man, for that, make her a saucy sailor. <sup>360</sup>

*Sir Pet.* Tush, tush, 'tis no fit sauce for such sweet mutton! <sup>1</sup>

I know not what t' advise.

*Enter SECURITY, with his wife's gown*

*Sec.* Knight, knight, a rare device!

*Sir Pet.* 'Swounds, yet again!

*Quick.* What stratagem have you now?

*Sec.* The best that ever! You talked of disguising?

*Sir Pet.* Ay, marry, gossip, that's our present care.

*Sec.* Cast care away then; here's the best device

For plain security (for I am no better)

I think, that ever lived: here's my wife's gown,

Which you may put upon the lawyer's wife, And which I brought you, sir, for two great reasons; <sup>370</sup>

One is, that Master Bramble may take hold Of some suspicion that it is my wife, And gird me so, perhaps, with his law-wit; The other (which is policy indeed) Is that my wife may now be tied at home, Having no more but her old gown abroad, And not show me a quirk,<sup>2</sup> while I fir<sup>3</sup> others.

Is not this rare?

*Ambo.* The best that ever was.

*Sec.* Am I not born to furnish gentlemen?

*Sir Pet.* O my dear gossip! <sup>380</sup>

*Sec.* Well, hold, Master Francis! Watch when the lawyer's out, and put it in. And now I will go fetch him.

*Exit*

*Quick.* [aside] O my Dad! He goes, as 'twere the devil, to fetch the lawyer; and devil shall he be, if horns will make him.

[Re-enter SECURITY]

*Sir Pet.* Why, how now, gossip? Why stay you there musing?

*Sec.* A toy, a toy runs in my head, i' faith! <sup>390</sup>

*Quick.* A pox of that head! Is there more toys yet?

<sup>1</sup> Used of a light woman. <sup>2</sup> Trick. <sup>3</sup> Cheat.

*Sir Pet.* What is it, pray thee, gossip?

*Sec.* Why, sir, what if you should slip away now with my wife's best gown, I having no security for it?

*Quick.* For that, I hope, Dad, you will take our words.

*Sec.* Ay, by th' mass, your word! That's a proper staff

For wise Security to lean upon! <sup>400</sup>

But 'tis no matter, once I'll trust my name On your cracked credits; let it take no shame.

Fetch the wench, Frank. *Exit*

*Quick.* I'll wait upon you, sir, And fetch you over, you were ne'er so fetched.<sup>1</sup>

Go to the tavern, knight; your followers Dare not be drunk, I think, before their captain. *Exit*

*Sir Pet.* Would I might lead them to no hotter service

Till our Virginian gold were in our purses! *Exit*

### [SCENA TERTIA]

*Enter SEAGULL, SPENDALL, and SCAPETHRIFT, in the Tavern, with a Drawer*

*Sea.* Come, drawer, pierce your neatest<sup>2</sup> hogsheads, and let's have cheer, not fit for your Billingsgate tavern, but for our Virginian colonel; he will be here instantly.

*Draw.* You shall have all things fit, sir; please you have any more wine?

*Spen.* More wine, slave? Whether we drink it or no, spill it, and draw more.

*Scape.* Fill all the pots in your house with all sorts of liquor, and let 'em wait<sup>10</sup> on us here like soldiers in their pewter coats; and though we do not employ them now, yet we will maintain 'hem till we do.

*Draw.* Said like an honorable captain; you shall have all you command, sir.

*Exit Drawer*

*Sea.* Come, boys, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her maidenhead.

*Spen.* Why, is she inhabited already with any English?

*Sea.* A whole country of English is<sup>20</sup> there, man, bred of those that were left there in '79. They have married with the Indians, and make 'hem bring forth as

<sup>1</sup> Accompany you, gull you. <sup>2</sup> Rarest.



beautiful faces as any we have in England; and therefore the Indians are so in love with 'hem, that all the treasure they have they lay at their feet.

*Scape.* But is there such treasure there, captain, as I have heard?

*Sea.* I tell thee, gold is more plentiful <sup>20</sup> there than copper is with us; and for as much red copper as I can bring, I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping-pans and their chamber-pots are pure gold; and all the chains with which they chain up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays and gather 'hem by the sea-shore to hang on their children's <sup>30</sup> coats and stick in their caps, as commonly as our children wear saffron-gilt brooches and groats with holes in 'hem.<sup>1</sup>

*Scape.* And is it a pleasant country withal?

*Sea.* As ever the sun shined on; temperate and full of all sorts of excellent viands: wild boar is as common there as our tamest bacon is here; venison, as mutton. And then you shall live freely there, without <sup>40</sup> sergeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers, only a few industrious Scots, perhaps, who, indeed, are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on't, in the world than they are. And for my own part, I would a hundred thousand of 'em were there, for we are all one countrymen now, ye know, and we should find ten times <sup>50</sup> more comfort of them there than we do here.<sup>2</sup> Then for your means to advancement there, it is simple, and not preposterously mixed. You may be an alderman there, and never be scavenger: you may be a nobleman, and never be a slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pander; to riches and for[tu]ne enough, and have never the more villany nor the less wit. <sup>70</sup>

*Spen.* God's me! And how far is it thither?

*Sea.* Some six weeks' sail, no more, with any indifferent good wind. And if I get to

<sup>1</sup> This entire passage is imitated from More's *Utopia*.

<sup>2</sup> This passage gave serious offense at court, and was expunged after the first impression.

any part of the coast of Africa, I'll sail thither with any wind; or when I come to Cape Finisterre, there's a foreright wind continual wafts us till we come at Virginia. See, our colonel's come.

*Enter SIR PETRONEL, with his followers*

*Sir Pet.* Well met, good Captain Sea- <sup>80</sup> gull, and my noble gentlemen! Now the sweet hour of our freedom is at hand. Come, drawer, fill us some carouses, and prepare us for the mirth that will be occasioned presently. Here will be a pretty wench, gentlemen, that will bear us company all our voyage.

*Sea.* Whatsoever she be, here's to her health, noble Colonel, both with cap and knee. <sup>90</sup>

*Sir Pet.* Thanks, kind Captain Seagull! She's one I love dearly, and must not be known till we be free from all that know us. And so, gentlemen, here's to her health!

*Ambo.* Let it come, worthy Colonel. We do hunger and thirst for it.

*Sir Pet.* Afore heaven, you have hit the phrase of one that her presence will touch from the foot to the forehead, if ye knew it. <sup>100</sup>

*Spen.* Well, then, we will join his forehead with her health, sir; and, Captain Scapethrift, here's to 'em both!

[All kneel and drink]

*Enter SECURITY and BRAMBLE*

*Sec.* See, see, Master Bramble, 'fore heaven, their voyage cannot but prosper! They are o' their knees for success to it.

*Bram.* And they pray to god Bacchus.

*Sec.* God save my brave colonel, with all his tall captains and corporals. See, sir, my worshipful learned counsel, Master <sup>110</sup> Bramble, is come to take his leave of you.

*Sir Pet.* Worshipful Master Bramble, how far do you draw us into the sweet-brier of your kindness! Come, Captain Seagull, another health to this rare Bramble, that hath never a prick about him.

*Sea.* I pledge his most smooth disposition, sir. Come, Master Security, bend your supporters, and pledge this notorious health here. <sup>120</sup>



*Sec.* Bend you yours likewise, Master Bramble; for it is you shall pledge me.

*Sea.* Not so, Master Security; he must not pledge his own health.

*Sec.* No, Master Captain?

*Enter QUICKSILVER, with WINNY disguised*

Why, then, here's one is fitly come to do him that honor.

*Quick.* Here's the gentlewoman your cousin, sir, whom, with much entreaty, I have brought to take her leave of you in <sup>150</sup> a tavern; ashamed whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her mask.

*Sir Pet.* Pardon, me, sweet cousin; my kind desire to see you before I went, made me so importunate to entreat your presence here.

*Sec.* How now, Master Francis, have you honored this presence with a fair gentlewoman?

*Quick.* Pray, sir, take you no notice <sup>160</sup> of her, for she will not be known to you.

*Sec.* But my learned counsel, Master Bramble here, I hope may know her.

*Quick.* No more than you, sir, at this time; his learning must pardon her.

*Sec.* Well, God pardon her for my part, and I do, I'll be sworn; and so, Master Francis, here's to all that are going eastward to-night towards Cuckold's Haven; and so to the health of Master Bramble. <sup>150</sup>

*Quick.* I pledge it, sir. [*kneels*] Hath it gone round, Captains?

*Sea.* It has, sweet Frank; and the round closes with thee.

*Quick.* Well, sir, here's to all eastward and toward cuckolds, and so to famous Cuckold's Haven, so fatally remembered.

*Surgit*

*Sir Pet.* [*To WINIFRED*] Nay, pray thee, coz, weep not. Gossip Security!

*Sec.* Ay, my brave gossip! <sup>160</sup>

*Sir Pet.* A word, I beseech you, sir! Our friend, Mistress Bramble here, is so dissolved in tears that she drowns the whole mirth of our meeting. Sweet gossip, take her aside and comfort her.

*Sec.* [*aside to WINIFRED*] Pity of all true love, Mistress Bramble! What, weep you to enjoy your love? What's the cause, lady? Is't because your husband is so near, and

your heart earns<sup>1</sup> to have a little abused <sup>170</sup> him? Alas, alas, the offence is too common to be respected!<sup>2</sup> So great a grace hath seldom chanced to so unthankful a woman, to be rid of an old jealous dotard, to enjoy the arms of a loving young knight, that, when your prickless Bramble is withered with grief of your loss, will make you flourish afresh in the bed of a lady.

*Enter Drawer*

*Draw.* Sir Petronel, here's one of your watermen come to tell you it will be <sup>180</sup> flood these three hours; and that 'twill be dangerous going against the tide, for the sky is overcast, and there was a porcupine<sup>3</sup> even now seen at London Bridge, which is always the messenger of tempests, he says.

*Sir Pet.* A porcupine! What's that to th' purpose? Charge him, if he love his life, to attend us; can we not reach Blackwall (where my ship lies) against the tide, and in spite of tempests? Captains and gen- <sup>190</sup> tlemen, we'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I believe will be followed of all future adventurers.

*Sea.* What's that, good Colonel?

*Sir Pet.* This, Captain Seagull. We'll have our provided supper brought aboard Sir Francis Drake's ship, that hath compassed the world; where, with full cups and banquets, we will do sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My mind gives me that <sup>200</sup> some good spirits of the waters should haunt the desert<sup>4</sup> ribs of her, and be auspicious to all that honor her memory, and will with like orgies<sup>5</sup> enter their voyages.

*Sea.* Rarely conceited! One health more to this motion, and aboard to perform it. He that will not this night be drunk, may he never be sober.

*They compass in WINIFRED, dance the drunken round, and drink carouses*

*Bram.* Sir Petronel and his honorable Captains, in these young services we old <sup>210</sup> servitors may be spared. We only came to take our leaves, and with one health to you all, I'll be bold to do so. Here, neighbor

<sup>1</sup> Earns.

<sup>2</sup> Regarded.

<sup>3</sup> Porpoise.

<sup>4</sup> Deserted.

<sup>5</sup> Revels.



Security, to the health of Sir Petronel and all his captains.

*Sec.* You must bend then, Master Bramble; [*they kneel*] so, now I am for you. I have one corner of my brain, I hope, fit to bear one carouse more. Here, lady, to you that are encompassed there, and are <sup>20</sup>ashamed of our company. Ha ha, ha! By my troth, my learned counsel, Master Bramble, my mind runs so of Cuckold's Haven to-night, that my head runs over with admiration.

*Bram.* [*aside*] But is not that your wife, neighbor?

*Sec.* [*aside*] No, by my troth, Master Bramble. Ha, ha, ha! A pox of all Cuckold's Havens, I say! <sup>220</sup>

*Bram.* [*aside*] O' my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wife's.

*Sec.* [*aside*] *Cucullus non facit monachum*, my learned counsel; all are not cuckolds that seem so, nor all seem not that are so. Give me your hand, my learned counsel; you and I will sup somewhere else than at Sir Francis Drake's ship to-night.—Adieu, my noble gossip!

*Bram.* Good fortune, brave Captains; <sup>240</sup> fair skies God send ye!

*Omnes.* Farewell, my hearts, farewell!

*Sir Pet.* Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckold's Haven, gossip.

*Sec.* I have done, I have done, sir; will you lead, Master Bramble? Ha, ha, ha!

*Exit* [*with* BRAMBLE]

*Sir Pet.* Captain Seagull, charge a boat!

*Omnes.* A boat, a boat, a boat!

*Exeunt*

*Draw.* Y'are in a proper taking,<sup>1</sup> indeed, to take a boat, especially at this time of <sup>250</sup> night, and against tide and tempest. They say yet, 'drunken men never take harm.' This night will try the truth of that proverb.

*Exit*

#### [SCENA QUARTA]

[*Outside SECURITY's House*]

*Enter* SECURITY

*Sec.* What, Winny! Wife, I say! Out of doors at this time! Where should I seek the gad-fly? Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate! She's gone with the knight, she's

<sup>1</sup> Fit state.

gone with the knight! Woe be to thee, Billingsgate! A boat, a boat, a boat!<sup>1</sup> A full hundred marks for a boat!

*Exit*

#### ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA

*Enter* SLITGUT, with a pair of ox-horns, discovering Cuckold's Haven above

*Slit.* All hail, fair haven of married men only, for there are none but married men cuckolds! For my part, I presume not to arrive here, but in my master's behalf (a poor butcher of East-cheap) who sends me to set up (in honor of Saint Luke) these necessary ensigns of his homage. And up I got this morning, thus early, to get up to the top of this famous tree, that is all fruit and no leaves, to advance this crest of <sup>10</sup> my master's occupation. Up then;<sup>2</sup> heaven and Saint Luke bless me, that I be not blown into the Thames as I climb, with this furious tempest. 'Slight, I think the devil be abroad, in likeness of a storm, to rob me of my horns! Hark how he roars! Lord, what a coil the Thames keeps! She bears some unjust burthen, I believe, that she kicks and curvets thus to cast it. Heaven bless all honest passengers<sup>3</sup> that are upon <sup>20</sup> her back now; for the bit is out of her mouth, I see, and she will run away with 'hem! So, so, I think I have made it look the right way; it runs against London Bridge, as it were, even full butt.<sup>4</sup> And now let me discover from this lofty prospect, what pranks the rude Thames plays in her desperate lunacy. O me, here's a boat has been cast away hard by! Alas, alas, see one of her passengers laboring <sup>30</sup> for his life to land at this haven here! Pray heaven he may recover it! His next land is even just under me; hold out yet a little, whatsoever thou art; pray, and take a good heart to thee. 'Tis a man; take a man's heart to thee; yet a little further, get up o' thy legs, man; now 'tis shallow enough. So, so, so! Alas, he's down again! Hold thy wind<sup>5</sup> father; 'tis a man in a night-cap.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps a parody of Richard III's cry, "a horse, etc."

<sup>2</sup> The action seems to indicate that Slitgut climbs a pole in sight of the audience to affix the horns to it.

<sup>3</sup> Travelers.

<sup>4</sup> Faces full.

<sup>5</sup> Keep your breath.



So! Now he's got up again; now he's <sup>40</sup> past the worst; yet, thanks be to heaven, he comes toward me pretty and strongly.

*Enter SECURITY without his hat, in a night-cap, wet band, etc.*

*Sec.* Heaven, I beseech thee, how have I offended thee! Where am I cast ashore now, that I may go a righter way home by land? Let me see. O I am scarce able to look about me! Where is there any sea-mark that I am acquainted withal?

*Slit.* Look up, father; are you acquainted with this mark? <sup>50</sup>

*Sec.* What! Landed at Cuckold's Haven! Hell and damnation! I will run back and drown myself. *He falls down*

*Slit.* Poor man, how weak he is! The weak water has washed away his strength.

*Sec.* Landed at Cuckold's Haven! If it had not been to die twenty times alive, I should never have scaped death! I will never arise more; I will grovel here and eat dirt till I be choked; I will make the <sup>60</sup> gentle earth do that which the cruel water has denied me!

*Slit.* Alas, good father, be not so desperate! Rise, man; if you will, I'll come presently and lead you home.

*Sec.* Home! Shall I make any know my home, that has known me thus abroad? How low shall I crouch away, that no eye may see me? I will creep on the earth while I live, and never look heaven in the face <sup>70</sup> more. *Exit creep[ing]*

*Slit.* What young planet reigns now, trow, that old men are so foolish? What desperate young swaggerer would have been abroad such a weather as this upon the water? Ay me, see another remnant of this unfortunate shipwrack, or some other! A woman, i'faith, a woman! Though it be almost at St. Katherine's,<sup>1</sup> I discern it to be a woman, for all her body is above the <sup>80</sup> water, and her clothes swim about her most handsomely. O, they bear her up most bravely! Has not a woman reason to love the taking up of her clothes the better while she lives, for this? Alas, how busy the rude Thames is about her! A pox o' that wave! It will drown her, i'faith, 'twill drown her! Cry God mercy, she has scaped it, I thank

<sup>1</sup> A reformatory for fallen women, near the Tower.

heaven she has scaped it! O how she swims like a mermaid! Some vigilant body look <sup>90</sup> out and save her. That's well said; just where the priest fell in,<sup>2</sup> there's one sets down a ladder, and goes to take her up. God's blessing o' thy heart, boy! Now take her up in thy arms and to bed with her. She's up, she's up! She's a beautiful woman, I warrant her; the billows durst not devour her.

*Enter the Drawer<sup>2</sup> in the Tavern before, with WINIFRED*

*Draw.* How fare you now, lady?

*Win.* Much better, my good friend, <sup>100</sup> than I wish; as one desperate of her fame, now my life is preserved.

*Draw.* Comfort yourself: that Power that preserved you from death can likewise defend you from infamy, howsoever you deserve it. Were not you one that took boat late this night with a knight and other gentlemen at Billingsgate?

*Win.* Unhappy that I am, I was.

*Draw.* I am glad it was my good hap <sup>110</sup> to come down thus far after you, to a house of my friend's here in St. Katherine's, since I am now happily made a mean to your rescue from the ruthless tempest, which (when you took boat) was so extreme, and the gentleman that brought you forth so desperate and unsober, that I feared long ere this I should hear of your shipwrack, and therefore (with little other reason) made thus far this way. And this I must <sup>120</sup> tell you, since perhaps you may make use of it, there was left behind you at our tavern, brought by a porter (hired by the young gentleman that brought you) a gentlewoman's gown, hat, stockings, and shoes; which, if they be yours, and you please to shift you, taking a hard bed here in this house of my friend, I will presently go fetch you.

*Win.* Thanks, my good friend, for your <sup>130</sup> more than good news. The gown with all things bound with it are mine; which if you please to fetch as you have promised, I will boldly receive the kind favor you have offered till your return; entreating you, by all the good you have done in pre-

<sup>1</sup> An irrecoverable local allusion.

<sup>2</sup> Supply *who was*.



serving me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what favor you do me, or where such a one as I am bestowed, lest you incur me much more damage in my fame than <sup>100</sup> you have done me pleasure in preserving my life.

*Draw.* Come in, lady, and shift yourself; resolve that nothing but your own pleasure shall be used in your discovery.

*Win.* Thank you, good friend; the time may come, I shall requite you. *Exeunt*

*Slit.* See, see, see! I hold my life, there's some other a taking up at Wapping now! Look, what a sort<sup>1</sup> of people cluster <sup>100</sup> about the gallows there! In good troth it is so. O me, a fine young gentleman! What, and taken up at the gallows! Heaven grant he be not one day taken down there! A' my life, it is ominous! Well, he is delivered for the time. I see the people have all left him; yet will I keep my prospect awhile, to see if any more have been shipwrecked.

*Enter QUICKSILVER, bare head*

*Quick.* Accursed that ever I was saved or born!

How fatal is my sad arrival here! <sup>100</sup>  
As if the stars and Providence spake to me,  
And said, 'The drift of all unlawful courses  
(Whatever end they dare propose themselves

In frame of their licentious policies)  
In the firm order of just Destiny  
They are the ready highways to our ruins.'  
I know not what to do; my wicked hopes  
Are, with this tempest, torn up by the roots.  
O which way shall I bend my desperate  
steps,

In which unsufferable shame and misery <sup>110</sup>  
Will not attend them? I will walk this  
bank,

And see if I can meet the other relics  
Of our poor shipwreckt crew, or hear of  
them.

The knight—alas!—was so far gone with  
wine,

And th' other three, that I refused their  
boat,

And took the hapless woman in another,  
Who cannot but be sunk, whatever Fortune  
Hath wrought upon the others' desperate  
lives. *[Exit]*

<sup>1</sup> Group.

*Enter PETRONEL, and SEAGULL, bareheaded*

*Sir Pet.* Zounds, Captain, I tell thee, we are cast up o' the coast of France! <sup>120</sup>  
'Sfoot, I am not drunk still, I hope! Dost remember where we were last night?

*Sea.* No, by my troth, knight, not I; but methinks we have been a horrible while upon the water and in the water.

*Sir Pet.* Ay me, we are undone for ever! Hast any money about thee?

*Sea.* Not a penny, by heaven!

*Sir Pet.* Not a penny betwixt us, and cast ashore in France! <sup>130</sup>

*Sea.* Faith, I cannot tell that; my brains nor mine eyes are not mine own yet.

*Enter two GENTLEMEN*

*Sir Pet.* 'Sfoot, wilt not believe me? I know't by th' elevation of the pole, and by the altitude and alatitude of the climate. See, here comes a couple of French gentlemen; I knew we were in France; dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchified that a man knows not whether he be in France or in England, when he sees 'hem? <sup>140</sup>  
What shall we do? We must e'en to 'hem, and entreat some relief of 'hem. Life is sweet, and we have no other means to relieve our lives now but their charities.

*Sea.* Pray you, do you beg on 'hem then; you can speak French.

*Sir Pet.* *Monsieur, plaist-il d'avoir pitié de nostre grande infortune. Je suis un pauvre chevalier d'Angleterre qui a souffri l'infortune de naufrage.* <sup>150</sup>

*1 Gent.* *Un pauvre chevalier d'Angleterre?*

*Sir Pet.* *Oui, monsieur, il est trop vray; mais vous scavés bien nous sommes toutes subject à fortune.*

*2 Gent.* A poor knight of England? A poor knight of Windsor,<sup>2</sup> are you not? Why speak you this broken French, when y'are a whole Englishman? On what coast are you, think you?

*Sir Pet.* On the coast of France, sir. <sup>160</sup>

*1 Gent.* On the coast of Dogs, sir; y'are i'th' Isle o' Dogs,<sup>2</sup> I tell you. I see y'ave been washed in the Thames here, and I believe ye were drowned in a tavern before, or else you would never have took boat in

<sup>1</sup> Disabled pensioner.

<sup>2</sup> A swampy island down the river.



such a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewell; we will not know you for shaming of you. —I ken the man weel; he's one of my thirty pound knights.<sup>1</sup>

2 *Gent.* No, no, this is he that stole his knighthood o' the grand day for four pound, giving to a page all the money in's purse, I wot well. *Exeunt* [GENTLEMEN]

*Sea.* Death, Colonel, I knew you were overshot!<sup>2</sup>

*Sir Pet.* Sure I think now, indeed, Captain Seagull, we were something overshot.

*Enter QUICKSILVER*

What, my sweet Frank Quicksilver! Dost thou survive to rejoice me? But what! Nobody at thy heels, Frank? Ay me, what is become of poor Mistress Security?

*Quick.* Faith, gone quite from her name, as she is from her fame, I think; I left her to the mercy of the water.

*Sea.* Let her go, let her go! Let us go to our ship at Blackwall, and shift us.

*Sir Pet.* Nay, by my troth, let our clothes rot upon us, and let us rot in them; twenty to one our ship is attached by this time! If we set her not under sail this last tide, I never looked for any other. Woe, woe is me, what shall become of us? The last money we could make, the greedy Thames has devoured; and if our ship be attached, there is no hope can relieve us.

*Quick.* 'Sfoot, knight, what an unknightly faintness transports thee! Let our ship sink, and all the world that's without us be taken from us, I hope I have some tricks in this brain of mine shall not let us perish.

*Sea.* Well said, Frank, i'faith! O my nimble-spirited Quicksilver! 'Fore God, would thou hadst been our colonel!

*Sir Pet.* I like his spirit rarely; but I see no means he has to support that spirit.

*Quick.* Go to, knight! I have more means than thou art aware of. I have not lived amongst goldsmiths and goldmakers all this while, but I have learned something worthy of my time with 'hem. And not to let thee stink where thou stand'st, knight, I'll let thee know some of my skill presently.

<sup>1</sup> A take off of the king's burr and his indiscriminate dubbing of knights.

<sup>2</sup> Drunk.

*Sca.* Do, good Frank, I beseech thee!

*Quick.* I will blanch copper<sup>1</sup> so cunningly that it shall endure all proofs but the test: it shall endure malleation,<sup>2</sup> it shall have the ponderosity of Luna,<sup>3</sup> and the tenacity of Luna, by no means friable.

*Sir Pet.* 'Slight, where learn'st thou these terms, trow? 280

*Quick.* Tush, knight, the terms of this art every ignorant quack-salver is perfect in! But I'll tell you how yourself shall blanch copper thus cunningly. Take arsenic, otherwise called realga (which, indeed, is plain ratsbane); sublime 'hem three or four times, then take the sublimate of this realga, and put 'hem into a glass, into chymia, and let 'hem have a convenient decoction natural, four-and-twenty hours, and he will become perfectly fixed; then take this fixed powder, and project him upon well-purged copper, *et habebis magisterium*.<sup>4</sup>

*Ambo.* Excellent Frank, let us hug thee!

*Quick.* Nay, this I will do besides: I'll take you off twelvecence from every angel,<sup>5</sup> with a kind of aqua-fortis, and never deface any part of the image.

*Sir Pet.* But then it will want weight?

*Quick.* You shall restore that thus: take your sal achyme prepared and your distilled urine, and let your angels lie in it but four-and-twenty hours, and they shall have their perfect weight again. Come on, now; I hope this is enough to put some spirit into the livers of you; I'll infuse more another time. We have saluted the proud air long enough with our bare sconces.<sup>6</sup> Now will I have you to a wench's house of mine at London, there make shift to shift us, and after, take such fortunes as the stars shall assign us. 300

*Ambo.* Notable Frank, we will ever adore thee! *Exeunt*

*Enter Drawer, with WINIFRED new-attired*

*Win.* Now, sweet friend, you have brought me near enough your tavern, which I desired I might with some color be seen near, inquiring for my husband, who, I must

<sup>1</sup> Turn to silver.

<sup>2</sup> Hammering.

<sup>3</sup> Silver.

<sup>4</sup> The philosopher's stone. We are surely here in the hands of the author of *The Alchemist*.

<sup>5</sup> The gold coin.

<sup>6</sup> Heads.



tell you, stale thither the last night with my wet gown we have left at your <sup>320</sup> friend's—which, to continue your former honest kindness, let me pray you to keep close from the knowledge of any; and so, with all vow of your requital, let me now entreat you to leave me to my woman's wit and fortune.

*Draw.* All shall be done you desire; and so all the fortune you can wish for attend you.

*Exit Drawer*

*Enter SECURITY*

*Sec.* I will once more to this unhappy <sup>330</sup> tavern before I shift one rag of me more; that I may there know what is left behind, and what news of their passengers. I have bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a little leave staring at my night-cap.

*Win.* O my dear husband! Where have you been to-night? All night abroad at taverns! Rob me of my garments, and <sup>340</sup> fare as one run away from me! Alas, is this seemly for a man of your credit, of your age, and affection to your wife?

*Sec.* What should I say? How miraculously sorts this! Was not I at home, and called thee last night?

*Win.* Yes, sir, the harmless sleep you broke; and my answer to you would have witnessed it, if you had had the patience to have stayed and answered me: but <sup>350</sup> your so sudden retreat made me imagine you were gone to Master Bramble's, and so rested patient and hopeful of your coming again, till this your unbeliev'd<sup>1</sup> absence brought me abroad with no less than wonder, to seek you where the false knight had carried you.

*Sec.* Villain and monster that I was, how have I abused thee! I was suddenly gone indeed; for my sudden jealousy trans- <sup>360</sup>ferred me. I will say no more but this: dear wife, I suspected thee.

*Win.* Did you suspect me?

*Sec.* Talk not of it, I beseech thee; I am ashamed to imagine it. I will home, I will home; and every morning on my knees ask thee heartily forgiveness.

*Exeunt*

[*Slit.*] Now will I descend my honorable prospect, the farthest seeing sea-mark of the

<sup>1</sup> Unbelievable.

world; no marvel, then, if I could see <sup>370</sup> two miles about me. I hope the red tempest's anger be now over-blown, which sure, I think, heaven sent as a punishment for profaning holy Saint Luke's memory with so ridiculous a custom.<sup>2</sup> Thou dishonest satire, farewell to honest married men; farewell to all sorts and degrees of thee! Farewell, thou horn of hunger, that call'st th' Inns o' Court to their manger! Farewell, thou horn of abundance, that adornest <sup>380</sup> the headsmen of the commonwealth! Farewell, thou horn of direction, that is the city lanthorn! Farewell, thou horn of pleasure, the ensign of the huntsman; Farewell, thou horn of destiny, th' ensign of the married man! Farewell, thou horn tree, that bearest nothing but stone-fruit! *Exit*

## [SCENA SECUNDA]

[A Room in TOUCHSTONE'S House]

*Enter TOUCHSTONE*

*Touch.* Ha, sirrah! Thinks my knight adventurer we can<sup>3</sup> no point of our compass? Do we not know north-north-east, north-east-and-by-east, east-and-by-north, nor plain eastward? Ha! Have we never heard of Virginia? Nor the Cavallaria?<sup>4</sup> Nor the Colonoria?<sup>5</sup> Can we discover no discoveries? Well, mine errant Sir Flash, and my runagate Quicksilver, you may drink drunk, crack cans, hurl away a brown dozen of <sup>10</sup> Monmouth caps<sup>6</sup> or so, in sea ceremony to your *bon voyage*; but for reaching any coast, save the coast of Kent or Essex, with this tide, or with this fleet, I'll be your warrant for a Gravesend<sup>7</sup> toast. There's that gone afore will stay your admiral and vice-admiral and rear-admiral, were they all (as they are) but one pinnace and under sail, as well as a remora,<sup>8</sup> doubt it not, and from this sconce, without either powder <sup>20</sup> or shot. Work upon that now! Nay, and you'll show tricks, we'll vie with you a little. My daughter, his lady, was sent eastward by land, to a castle of his i' the

<sup>1</sup> The Fair of St. Luke at Charlton, near Greenwich in which the horn chiefly featured.

<sup>2</sup> Know.

<sup>3</sup> Law terms relating to the tenure of colonists.

<sup>4</sup> Sailors' caps.

<sup>5</sup> A last toast with a play on the word.

<sup>6</sup> Barnacle, supposed to delay ships.



air (in what region I know not) and, as I hear, was glad to take up her lodging in her coach, she and her two waiting-women, her maid and her mother, like three snails in a shell, and the coachman a-top on 'hem, I think. Since they have all found the way <sup>30</sup> back again by Weeping Cross;<sup>1</sup> but I'll not see 'hem. And for two on 'hem, madam and her malkin, they are like to bite o' the bridle for William,<sup>2</sup> as the poor horses have done all this while that hurried 'hem, or else go graze o' the common. So should my Dame Touchstone, too; but she has been my cross these thirty years, and I'll now keep her to fright away sprites, i'faith. I wonder I hear no news of my son Gold- <sup>40</sup> ing. He was sent for to the Guildhall this morning betimes, and I marvel at the matter; if I had not laid up comfort and hope in him, I should grow desperate of all. See, he is come i' my thought! How now, son? What news at the Court of Aldermen?

*Enter GOLDING*

*Gold.* Troth, sir, an accident somewhat strange, else it hath little in it worth the reporting. <sup>50</sup>

*Touch.* What? It is not borrowing of money, then?

*Gold.* No, sir; it hath pleased the worshipful commoners of the city to take me one i' their number at presentation of the inquest<sup>3</sup>—

*Touch.* Ha!

*Gold.* And the alderman of the ward wherein I dwell to appoint me his <sup>60</sup> deputy—

*Touch.* How?

*Gold.* In which place I have had an oath ministered me, since I went.

*Touch.* Now, my dear and happy son, let me kiss thy new worship, and a little boast mine own happiness in thee. What a fortune was it (or rather my judgment, indeed) for me, first, to see that in his disposition which a whole city so conspires to second! Ta'en into the livery of his <sup>70</sup> company<sup>4</sup> the first day of his freedom! Now (not a week married) chosen com-

moner and alderman's deputy in a day! Note but the reward of a thrifty course. The wonder of his time! Well, I will honor Master Alderman for this act (as becomes me) and shall think the better of the Common Council's wisdom and worship while I live, for thus meeting, or but coming after me, in the opinion of his desert. For- <sup>80</sup> ward, my sufficient son, and as this is the first, so esteem it the least step to that high and prime honor that expects thee.

*Gold.* Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I covet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but save me from contempt; and I had rather my bearing in this or any other office should add worth to it, than the place give the least opinion to me.

*Touch.* Excellently spoken! This <sup>90</sup> modest answer of thine blushes, as if it said, I will wear scarlet<sup>1</sup> shortly. Worshipful son! I cannot contain myself, I must tell thee; I hope to see thee one o' the monuments of our city, and reckoned among her worthies to be remembered the same day with the Lady Ramsey<sup>2</sup> and grave Gresham,<sup>3</sup> when the famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten, and thou and thy acts become the posies<sup>4</sup> <sup>100</sup> for hospitals; when thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds played i' thy lifetime by the best companies of actors, and be called their get-penny.<sup>5</sup> This I divine; this I prophesy.

*Gold.* Sir, engage not your expectation farther than my abilities will answer; I, that know mine own strengths, fear 'hem; and there is so seldom a loss in promising the least, that commonly it brings with it <sup>110</sup> a welcome deceit. I have other news for you, sir.

*Touch.* None more welcome, I am sure!

*Gold.* They have their degree of welcome, I dare affirm. The Colonel and all his company, this morning putting forth drunk from Billingsgate, had like to have been cast away o' this side Greenwich; and (as I have intelligence by a false brother) are come dropping to town like so many <sup>120</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Become an alderman.

<sup>2</sup> Benefactress of Christ's Hospital.

<sup>3</sup> Founder of the Royal Exchange.

<sup>4</sup> Inscriptions.

<sup>5</sup> All of these personages actually appeared in plays.

<sup>1</sup> The place of repentance, though several localities were so-called.

<sup>2</sup> Get little feeding for me.

<sup>3</sup> Equal to our report of the committee.

<sup>4</sup> Made a freeman.



masterless men, i' their doublets and hose, without hat, or cloak, or any other—

*Touch.* A miracle! The justice of heaven! Where are they? Let's go presently and lay for 'hem.<sup>1</sup>

*Gold.* I have done that already, sir, both by constables and other officers, who shall take 'hem at their old Anchor, and with less tumult or suspicion than if yourself were seen in't, under color of a great press<sup>2</sup> 130 that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me.

*Touch.* Prudent and politic son! Disgrace 'hem all that ever thou canst; their ship I have already arrested. How to my wish it falls out, that thou hast the place of a justicer upon them! I am partly glad of the injury done to me, that thou mayst punish it. Be severe i' thy place, like a new officer o' the first quarter, unre- 100 flected. You hear how our lady is come back with her train from the invisible castle?

*Gold.* No; where is she?

*Touch.* Within; but I ha' not seen her yet, nor her mother, who now begins to wish her daughter undubbed, they say, and that she had walked a foot-pace with her sister. Here they come; stand back.

[Enter] MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE, GERTRUDE, MILDRED, SINDEFY

God save your ladyship, save your good ladyship! Your ladyship is welcome 120 from your enchanted castle, so are your beauteous retinue. I hear your knight errant is travelled on strange adventures. Surely, in my mind, your ladyship hath fished fair and caught a frog, as the saying is.

*Mist. Touch.* Speak to your father, madam, and kneel down.

*Ger.* Kneel? I hope I am not brought so low yet; though my knight be run away, 100 and has sold my land, I am a lady still.

*Touch.* Your ladyship says true, madam; and it is fitter and a greater decorum, that I should curtsey to you that are a knight's wife, and a lady, than you be brought o' your knees to me, who am a poor cullion<sup>3</sup> and your father.

*Ger.* Lo! My father knows his duty.

*Mist. Touch.* O child!

*Touch.* And therefore I do desire your 170 ladyship, my good Lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my obscure cottage, and return in quest of your bright and most transparent castle, however presently concealed to mortal eyes. And as for one poor woman of your train here, I will take that order, she shall no longer be a charge unto you, nor help to spend your ladyship; she shall stay at home with me, and not go abroad, not put you to the pawning of 180 an odd coach-horse or three wheels, but take part with the Touchstone. If we lack, we will not complain to your ladyship. And so, good madam, with your damosel here, please you to let us see your straight backs in equipage;<sup>1</sup> for truly here is no roost for such chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your ladyship.

*Ger.* Marry, fist o' your kindness! I thought as much. Come away, Sin., we 100 shall as soon get a [breath] from a dead man, as a farthing of courtesy here.

*Mil.* O good sister!

*Ger.* Sister, sir reverence! Come away, I say, hunger drops out at his nose.

*Gold.* O madam, fair words never hurt the tongue.

*Ger.* How say you by that? You come out with your gold ends now!

*Mist. Touch.* Stay, lady-daughter! 200 Good husband!

*Touch.* Wife, no man loves his fetters, be they made of gold. I list not ha' my head fastened under my child's girdle; as she has brewed, so let her drink, o' God's name! She went witless to wedding, now she may go wisely a-begging. It's but honeymoon yet with her ladyship; she has coach-horses, apparel, jewels, yet left; she needs care for no friends, nor take knowl- 210 edge of father, mother, brother, sister, or anybody. When those are pawned or spent, perhaps we shall return into the list of her acquaintance.

*Ger.* I scorn it, i'faith! Come, Sin.

*Mist. Touch.* O madam, why do you provoke your father thus?

Exit GERTRUDE [with SINDEFY]

*Touch.* Nay, nay; e'en let pride go afore, shame will follow after, I warrant you.

<sup>1</sup> In marching order.

<sup>1</sup> Lie in wait for them.

<sup>2</sup> Levy of troops.

<sup>3</sup> Base fellow.



Come, why dost thou weep now? Thou art not the first good cow hast had an ill calf, I trust. [*Exit MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE*] What's the news with that fellow?

*Enter Constable*

*Gold.* Sir, the knight and your man Quicksilver are without; will you ha' 'em brought in?

*Touch.* O by any means! <sup>1</sup> [*Exit Constable*] And, son, here's a chair; appear terrible unto 'hem on the first interview. Let them behold the melancholy of a magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office.

*Gold.* Why, sir, I can do nothing to 'hem, except you charge them with somewhat.

*Touch.* I will charge 'hem and recharge 'hem, rather than authority should want foil to set it off. [*Offers GOLDING a chair*]

*Gold.* No, good sir, I will not.

*Touch.* Son, it is your place; by any means— <sup>240</sup>

*Gold.* Believe it, I will not, sir.

*Enter KNIGHT PETRONEL, QUICKSILVER, Constable, Officers*

*Sir Pet.* How misfortune pursues us still in our misery!

*Quick.* Would it had been my fortune to have been trussed up at Wapping,<sup>2</sup> rather than ever ha' come here!

*Sir Pet.* Or mine to have famished in the island!<sup>3</sup>

*Quick.* Must Golding sit upon us?

*Con.* You might carry an M. under your girdle to Master Deputy's worship. <sup>250</sup>

*Gold.* What are those, Master Constable?

*Con.* An't please your worship, a couple of masterless men I pressed for the Low Countries, sir.

*Gold.* Why do you not carry 'hem to Bridewell, according to your order, they may be shipped away?

*Con.* An't please your worship, one of 'hem says he is a knight; and we thought good to shew him to your worship, for our discharge. <sup>260</sup>

*Gold.* Which is he?

*Con.* This, sir!

*Gold.* And what's the other?

*Con.* A knight's fellow, sir, an't please you.

*Gold.* What! A knight and his fellow thus accoutred? Where are their hats and feathers, their rapiers and their cloaks? <sup>270</sup>

*Quick.* O they mock us!

*Con.* Nay, truly, sir, they had cast both their feathers and hats too, before we see 'hem. Here's all their furniture, an't please you, that we found. They say knights are now to be known without feathers, like cockerels<sup>1</sup> by their spurs, sir.

*Gold.* What are their names, say they?

*Touch.* [*aside*] Very well this! He should not take knowledge of 'hem in his place, <sup>280</sup> indeed.

*Con.* This is Sir Petronel Flash.

*Touch.* How!

*Con.* And this, Francis Quicksilver.

*Touch.* Is't possible? I thought your worship had been gone for Virginia, sir; you are welcome home, sir. Your worship has made a quick return, it seems, and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be covered, sir. How did your biscuit hold out, sir? Methought I had seen this gentleman afore. Good Master Quicksilver, how a degree to the southward has changed you! <sup>290</sup>

*Gold.* Do you know 'hem, father?—Forbear your offers a little, you shall be heard anon.

*Touch.* Yes, Master Deputy; I had a small venture with them in the voyage—a thing called a son-in-law, or so. Officers, you may let 'em stand alone, they will not run away; I'll give my word for them. A couple of very honest gentlemen. One of 'hem was my prentice, Master Quicksilver here; and when he had two year to serve, kept his whore and his hunting nag, would play his hundred pound at gresco, or primero,<sup>2</sup> as familiarly (and all o' my purse) as any bright piece of crimson on 'hem all; had his changeable trunks of apparel standing at livery, with his mare, his chest of perfumed linen, and his bathing-tubs, which when I told him of, why he—he was a gentleman, and I a poor Cheapside groom! The remedy was, we must part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gath-

<sup>1</sup> Assuredly.

<sup>2</sup> Hanged like a pirate.

<sup>3</sup> Isle of Dogs.

<sup>1</sup> Young cocks.

<sup>2</sup> Fashionable gambling games.



ering up some small parcels of mine, to the value of five hundred pound, dispersed among my customers, to furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein this <sup>320</sup> knight was the chief, Sir Flash—one that married a daughter of mine, ladyfied her, turned two thousand pounds' worth of good land of hers into cash within the first week, bought her a new gown and a coach, sent her to seek her fortune by land, whilst he himself prepared for his fortune by sea; took in fresh flesh at Billingsgate, for his own diet, to serve him the whole voyage—the wife of a certain usurer called Secur- <sup>330</sup> ity, who hath been the broker for 'hem in all this business. Please, Master Deputy, work upon that now!

*Gold.* If my worshipful father have ended.

*Touch.* I have, it shall please Master Deputy.

*Gold.* Well then, under correction—

*Touch.* [*aside to GOLDING*] Now, son, come over 'hem with some fine gird, as <sup>340</sup> thus, 'Knight, you shall be encountered, that is, had to the Counter,' or, 'Quicksilver, I will put you into a crucible,' or so.

*Gold.* Sir Petronel Flash, I am sorry to see such flashes as these proceed from a gentleman of your quality and rank; for mine own part, I could wish I could say I could not see them; but such is the misery of magistrates and men in place, that they must not wink at offenders. Take him <sup>350</sup> aside—I will hear you anon, sir.

*Touch.* I like this well, yet; there's some grace i' the knight left—he cries.

*Gold.* Francis Quicksilver, would God thou hadst turned quacksalver, rather than run into these dissolute and lewd courses! It is great pity; thou art a proper<sup>1</sup> young man, of an honest and clean face, somewhat near a good one; God hath done his part in thee; but thou hast made too much <sup>360</sup> and been too proud of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of which in neat and garish attire (only to be looked upon by some light housewives) thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy master's estate; and being by him gently admonished at several times, hast returned thyself haughty and rebellious in thine answers, thund'ring out uncivil comparisons, requit-

<sup>1</sup> Good-looking.

ing all this kindness with a coarse and <sup>370</sup> harsh behavior, never returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiving all as if they had been debts to thee and no courtesies. I must tell thee, Francis, these are manifest signs of an ill-nature; and God doth often punish such pride and outrecuidance<sup>1</sup> with scorn and infamy, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipful father, what do you please to charge them withal? From the press I will free 'hem, Master Con- <sup>380</sup> stable.

*Con.* Then I'll leave your worship, sir.

*Gold.* No, you may stay; there will be other matters against 'hem.

*Touch.* Sir, I do charge this gallant, Master Quicksilver, on suspicion of felony; and the knight as being accessory in the receipt of my goods.

*Quick.* O God, sir!

*Touch.* Hold thy peace, impudent var- <sup>390</sup> let, hold thy peace! With what forehead or face dost thou offer to chop logic with me, having run such a race of riot as thou hast done? Does not the sight of this worshipful man's fortune and temper confound thee, that was thy younger fellow in household, and now come to have the place of a judge upon thee? Dost not observe this? Which of all thy gallants and gamesters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, <sup>400</sup> will come now to moan thy misfortune, or pity thy penury? They'll look out at a window, as thou rid'st in triumph to Tyburn, and cry, 'Yonder goes honest Frank, mad Quicksilver!' 'He was a free boon companion, when he had money,' says one; 'Hang him, fool!' says another, 'he could not keep it when he had it!' 'A pox o' the cullion, his master,' says a third, 'he has brought him to this'; when their pox <sup>410</sup> of pleasure and their piles of perdition would have been better bestowed upon thee, that hast ventured for 'hem with the best, and by the clue of thy knavery brought thyself weeping to the cart of calamity.

*Quick.* Worshipful master!

*Touch.* Offer not to speak, crocodile; I will not hear a sound come from thee. Thou hast learnt to whine at the play <sup>420</sup> yonder. Master Deputy, pray you commit

<sup>1</sup> Arrogance.



'hem both to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'hem.

*Quick.* O me, what an unfortunate thing am I!

*Sir Pet.* Will you not take security, sir?

*Touch.* Yes, marry, will I, Sir Flash, if I can find him, and charge him as deep as the best on you. He has been the plotter of all this; he is your enginer,<sup>1</sup> I hear. <sup>430</sup> Master Deputy, you'll dispose of these. In the meantime, I'll to my Lord Mayor, and get his warrant to seize that serpent Security into my hands, and seal up both house and goods to the King's use or my satisfaction.

*Gold.* Officers, take 'hem to the Counter.

*Quick.*

*Sir Pet*

O God!

*Touch.* Nay, on, on! You see the issue of your sloth. Of sloth cometh pleasure, <sup>440</sup> of pleasure cometh riot, of riot comes whoring, of whoring comes spending, of spending comes want, of want comes theft, of theft comes hanging; and there is my Quicksilver fixed. *Exeunt*

## ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA

[GERTRUDE'S Lodging]

GERTRUDE [and] SINDEFY

*Ger.* Ah, Sin., hast thou ever read i' the chronicle of any lady and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that we are, Sin.?

*Sin.* Not I, truly, madam; and if I had, it were but cold comfort should come out of books now.

*Ger.* Why, good faith, Sin., I could dine with a lamentable story now. *O hone, hone, o no nera, etc.!*<sup>2</sup> Canst thou tell <sup>10</sup> ne'er a one, Sin.?

*Sin.* None but mine own, madam, which is lamentable enough: first to be stolen from my friends, which were worshipful and of good accompt, by a prentice in the habit and disguise of a gentleman, and here brought up to London and promised marriage, and now likely to be forsaken, for he is in possibility to be hanged!

<sup>1</sup> Schemer.

<sup>2</sup> The refrain of an Irish lament.

*Ger.* Nay, weep not, good Sin.; my <sup>20</sup> Petronel is in as good possibility as he. Thy miseries are nothing to mine, Sin.: I was more than promised marriage, Sin.; I had it, Sin., and was made a lady, and by a knight, Sin.; which is now as good as no knight, Sin. And I was born in London, which is more than brought up, Sin.; and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Sin.; and instead of land i' the country, all my knight's living lies i' the <sup>30</sup> Counter,<sup>1</sup> Sin.; there's his castle now!

*Sin.* Which he cannot be forced out of, madam.

*Ger.* Yes, if he would live hungry a week or two. 'Hunger', they say, 'breaks stone walls.' But he is e'en well enough served, Sin., that so soon as ever he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, run away from me, an<sup>2</sup> I had been his punk, God bless us! Would the Knight o' the Sun, <sup>40</sup> or Palmerin of England, have used their ladies so, Sin.? Or Sir Lancelot, or Sir Tristram?

*Sin.* I do not know, madam.

*Ger.* Then thou know'st nothing, Sin. Thou art a fool, Sin. The knighthood nowadays are nothing like the knighthood of old time. The rid a-horseback; ours go a-foot. They were attended by their squires; ours by their lackeys. They <sup>50</sup> went buckled in their armor; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travelled wildernesses and deserts; ours dare scarce walk the streets. They were still prest<sup>3</sup> to engage their honor; ours still ready to pawn their clothes. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours run away at sight of a sergeant. They would help poor ladies; ours make poor ladies.

*Sin.* Ay, madam, they were knights of <sup>60</sup> the Round Table at Winchester, that sought adventures; but these of the Square Table at ordinaries,<sup>4</sup> that sit at hazard.<sup>5</sup>

*Ger.* True, Sin., let him vanish. And tell me, what shall we pawn next?

*Sin.* Ay, marry, madam, a timely consideration; for our hostess (profane woman!) has sworn by bread and salt,<sup>6</sup> she will not trust us another meal.

<sup>1</sup> Prison.

<sup>2</sup> As if.

<sup>3</sup> Ever ready.

<sup>4</sup> Eating houses.

<sup>5</sup> Dice.

<sup>6</sup> A common oath.



*Ger.* Let it stink in her hand then. I'll not be beholding to her. Let me see, my jewels be gone, and my gowns, and my red velvet petticoat that I was married in, and my wedding silk stockings, and all thy best apparel, poor Sin! Good faith, rather than thou shouldst pawn a rag more, I'd lay my ladyship in lavender<sup>1</sup>—if I knew where.

*Sin.* Alas, madam, your ladyship?

*Ger.* Ay, why? You do not scorn my ladyship, though it is in a waistcoat? God's my life, you are a peat<sup>2</sup> indeed! Do I offer to mortgage my ladyship for you and for your avail, and do you turn the lip and the alas to my ladyship?

*Sin.* No, madam; but I make question who will lend anything upon it?

*Ger.* Who? Marry, enow, I warrant you, if you'll seek 'hem out. I'm sure I remember the time when I would ha' given one thousand pounds (if I had had it) to have been a lady; and I hope I was not bred and born with that appetite alone: some other gentle-born o' the City have the same longing, I trust. And for my part, I would afford 'hem a peni'rth; my ladyship is little the worse for the wearing, and yet I would bate a good deal of the sum. I would lend it (let me see) for forty pound in hand, Sin.—that would apparel us—and ten pound a year—that would keep me and you, Sin. (with our needles)—and we should never need to be beholding to our scurvy parents. Good Lord, that there are no fairies nowadays, Sin!

*Sin.* Why, madam?

*Ger.* To do miracles, and bring ladies money. Sure, if we lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Sin. I'll try. I'll sweep the chamber soon at night, and set a dish of water o' the hearth. A fairy may come, and bring a pearl or a diamond. We do not know, Sin. Or, there may be a pot of gold hid o' the backside,<sup>3</sup> if we had tools to dig for't? Why may not we two rise early i' the morning, Sin., afore anybody is up, and find a jewel i' the streets worth a hundred pound? May not some great court-lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, look out of her coach as 'tis

running, and lose such a jewel, and we find it? Ha?

*Sin.* They are pretty waking dreams, these.

*Ger.* Or may not some old usurer be drunk overnight, with a bag of money, and leave it behind him on a stall? For God's sake, Sin., let's rise to-morrow by break of day, and see. I protest, law, if I had as much money as an alderman, I would scatter some on't i'th' streets for poor ladies to find, when their knights were laid up. And, now I remember my son o' the Golden Shower, why may not I have such a fortune? I'll sing it, and try what luck I shall have after it.

*Fond fables tell of old  
How Jove in Danie's lap  
Fell in a shower of gold,  
By which she caught a clap;  
O had it been my hap  
(How ere the blow doth threaten)  
So well I like the play,  
That I could wish all day  
And night to be so beaten.*

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#### Enter MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE

O here's my mother! Good luck, I hope. Ha' you brought any money, mother? Pray you, mother, your blessing. Nay, sweet mother, do not weep.

*Mist. Touch.* God bless you! I would I were in my grave!

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*Ger.* Nay, dear mother, can you steal no more money from my father? Dry your eyes, and comfort me. Alas, it is my knight's fault, and not mine, that I am in a waistcoat, and attired thus simply.

*Mist. Touch.* Simply? 'Tis better than thou deserv'st. Never whimper for the matter. Thou shouldst have looked before thou hadst leaped. Thou wert afire to be a lady, and now your ladyship and you may both blow at the coal,<sup>1</sup> for ought I know. Self do, self have. 'The hasty person never wants woe,' they say.

*Ger.* Nay, then, mother, you should ha' looked to it. A body would think you were the older; I did but my kind,<sup>2</sup> I. He was a knight, and I was fit to be a lady.

<sup>1</sup> Pawn my rank.

<sup>2</sup> Spoiled girl.

<sup>3</sup> Back of the house.

<sup>1</sup> I.e., to keep warm.

<sup>2</sup> Acted but according to my nature.



'Tis not lack of liking, but lack of living, that severs us. And you talk like yourself and a cittiner<sup>1</sup> in this, i'faith. You show<sup>170</sup> what husband you come on, I wis. You smell the Touchstone—he that will do more for his daughter that he has married a scurvy gold-end man<sup>2</sup> and his prentice, than he will for his tother daughter, that has wedded a knight and his customer. By this light, I think he is not my legitimate father.

*Sin.* O good madam, do not take up your mother so!<sup>180</sup>

*Mist. Touch.* Nay, nay, let her e'en alone! Let her ladyship grieve me still, with her bitter taunts and terms. I have not dole<sup>3</sup> enough to see her in this miserable case, I, without her velvet gowns, without ribands, without jewels, without French wires,<sup>4</sup> or cheat-bread,<sup>5</sup> or quails, or a little dog, or a gentleman-usher, or anything, indeed, that's fit for a lady—

*Sin.* [*aside*] Except her tongue.<sup>190</sup>

*Mist. Touch.* And I not able to relieve her, neither being kept so short by my husband. Well, God knows my heart. I did little think that ever she should have had need of her sister Golding.

*Ger.* Why, mother, I ha' not yet. Alas, good mother, be not intoxicate for me! I am well enough; I would not change husbands with my sister, I. The leg of a lark is better than the body of a kite.<sup>200</sup>

*Mist. Touch.* I know that, but—

*Ger.* What, sweet mother, what?

*Mist. Touch.* It's but ill food when nothing's left but the claw.

*Ger.* That's true, mother. Ay me!

*Mist. Touch.* Nay, sweet lady-bird, sigh not. Child, madam, why do you weep thus? Be of good cheer; I shall die, if you cry and mar your complexion thus.

*Ger.* Alas, mother, what should I do?<sup>210</sup>

*Mist. Touch.* Go to thy sister's, child; she'll be proud thy ladyship will come under her roof. She'll win thy father to release thy knight, and redeem thy gowns and thy coach and thy horses, and set thee up again.

*Ger.* But will she get him to set my knight up too?

*Mist. Touch.* That she will, or anything else thou'lt ask her.<sup>220</sup>

*Ger.* I will begin to love her if I thought she would do this.

*Mist. Touch.* Try her, good chuck, I warrant thee.

*Ger.* Dost thou think she'll do't?

*Sin.* Ay, madam, and be glad you will receive it.

*Mist. Touch.* That's a good maiden; she tells you true. Come, I'll take order for your debts i' the ale-house.<sup>230</sup>

*Ger.* Go, *Sin.*, and pray for thy Frank, as I will for my Pet.

[*Exeunt*]

## [SCENA SECUNDA]

[*Goldsmith's Row*]

*Enter TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, WOLF*

*Touch.* I will receive no letters, Master Wolf; you shall pardon me.

*Gold.* Good father, let me entreat you.

*Touch.* Son Golding, I will not be tempted; I find mine own easy nature, and I know not what a well-penned subtle letter may work upon it; there may be tricks, packing,<sup>1</sup> do you see? Return with your packet, sir.

*Wolf.* Believe it, sir, you need fear no<sup>10</sup> packing here; these are but letters of submission all.

*Touch.* Sir, I do look for no submission. I will bear myself in this like blind Justice. Work upon that now! When the Sessions come, they shall hear from me.

*Gold.* From whom come your letters, Master Wolf?

*Wolf.* An't please you, sir, one from Sir Petronel, another from Francis Quick-<sup>20</sup> silver, and a third from old Security, who is almost mad in prison. There are two to your worship, one from Master Francis, sir, another from the knight.

*Touch.* I do wonder, Master Wolf, why you should travail thus in a business so contrary to kind or the nature o' your place, that you, being the keeper of a prison, should labor the release of your prisoners! Whereas, methinks, it were far more nat-<sup>30</sup> ural and kindly in you to be ranging about for more, and not let these scape you have

<sup>1</sup> Collusion.

<sup>1</sup> Citizen.

<sup>2</sup> Seller of scraps of gold.

<sup>3</sup> Sorrow.

<sup>4</sup> To support the ruff.

<sup>5</sup> Fine white bread.

<sup>6</sup> A familiar proverb.



already under the tooth. But they say you wolves, when you ha' sucked the blood once, that they are dry, you ha' done.

*Wolf.* Sir, your worship may descant as you please o' my name; but I protest I was never so mortified<sup>1</sup> with any men's discourse or behavior in prison; yet I have had of all sorts of men i' the kingdom<sup>10</sup> under my keys, and almost of all religions i' the land, as Papist, Protestant, Puritan, Brownist, Anabaptist, Millenary, Family-o'-Love, Jew, Turk, Infidel, Atheist, Good-Fellow, etc.

*Gold.* And which of all these, thinks Master Wolf, was the best religion?

*Wolf.* Troth, Master Deputy, they that pay fees best; we never examine their consciences farder.<sup>20</sup>

*Gold.* I believe you, Master Wolf. Good faith, sir, here's a great deal of humility i' these letters.

*Wolf.* Humility, sir? Ay, were your worship an eye-witness of it, you would say so. The knight will i' the Knight's Ward,<sup>2</sup> do what we can, sir; and Master Quicksilver would be i' the Hole if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you<sup>30</sup> up all night singing of psalms and edifying the whole prison; only Security sings a note too high sometimes, because he lies i' the twopenny ward, far off, and cannot take his tune.<sup>3</sup> The neighbors cannot rest for him, but come every morning to ask what godly prisoners we have.

*Touch.* Which on 'hem is't is so devout—the knight or the tother?

*Wolf.* Both, sir; but the young man<sup>40</sup> especially. I never heard his like. He has cut his hair too. He is so well given, and has such good gifts. He can tell you almost all the stories of the *Book of Martyrs*, and speak you all *The Sick Man's Salve*,<sup>4</sup> without book.

*Touch.* Ay, if he had had grace—he was brought up where it grew, I wis. On, Master Wolf!

*Wolf.* And he has converted one Fangs,<sup>50</sup> a sergeant, a fellow could neither write nor read, he was called the Bandog o' the Counter; and he has brought him already

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps a malapropism for *edified*.

<sup>2</sup> Inferior parts of the prison.

<sup>3</sup> Get the pitch.

<sup>4</sup> A popular book of devotion.

to pare his nails and say his prayers; and 'tis hoped he will sell his place shortly, and become an intelligence.<sup>1</sup>

*Touch.* No more; I am coming already. If I should give any farder ear I were taken. Adieu, good Master Wolf! Son, I do feel mine own weaknesses; do not<sup>20</sup> importune me. Pity is a rheum,<sup>2</sup> that I am subject to; but I will resist it. Master Wolf, fish is cast away that is cast in dry pools. Tell hypocrisy it will not do; I have touched and tried too often; I am yet proof, and I will remain so; when the Sessions come they shall hear from me. In the meantime, to all suits, to all entreaties, to all letters, to all tricks, I will be deaf as an adder, and blind as a beetle, lay mine<sup>30</sup> ear to the ground, and lock mine eyes i' my hand against all temptations. *Exit*

*Gold.* You see, Master Wolf, how inexorable he is. There is no hope to recover him. Pray you commend me to my brother knight, and to my fellow Francis; present 'hem with this small token of my love [*giving money*]; tell 'hem, I wish I could do 'hem any worthier office; but in this, 'tis desperate; yet I will not fail to try the<sup>40</sup> uttermost of my power for 'hem. And, sir, as far as I have any credit with you, pray you let 'hem want nothing; though I am not ambitious they should know so much.

*Wolf.* Sir, both your actions and words speak you to be a true gentleman. They shall know only what is fit, and no more.

*Exeunt*

### [SCENA TERTIA]

#### [*The Counter*]

HOLDFAST, BRAMBLE; SECURITY [*apart*]

*Hold.* Who would you speak with, sir?

*Bram.* I would speak with one Security, that is prisoner here.

*Hold.* You are welcome, sir! Stay there, I'll call him to you. Master Security!

*Sec.* Who calls?

*Hold.* Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

*Sec.* What is he? Is't one that grafts my forehead now I am in prison, and comes<sup>10</sup> to see how the horns shoot up and prosper?

<sup>1</sup> Informer.

<sup>2</sup> Cold in the head.



*Hold.* You must pardon him, sir; the old man is a little crazed with his imprisonment.

*Sec.* What say you to me, sir? Look you here, my learned counsel, Master Bramble! Cry you mercy, sir! When saw you my wife?

*Bram.* She is now at my house, sir; and desired me that I would come to visit <sup>20</sup> you, and inquire of you your case, that we might work some means to get you forth.

*Sec.* My case, Master Bramble, is stone walls and iron grates; you see it, this is the weakest part on 't. And for getting me forth, no means but hang myself, and so to be carried forth, from which they have here bound me in intolerable bands.

*Bram.* Why, but what is't you are in for, sir? <sup>30</sup>

*Sec.* For my sins, for my sins, sir, whereof marriage is the greatest! O had I never married, I had never known this purgatory, to which hell is a kind of cool bath in respect; my wife's confederacy, sir, with old Touchstone, that she might keep her jubilee and the feast of her new moon. Do you understand me, sir?

*Enter QUICKSILVER*

*Quick.* Good sir, go in and talk with him. The light does him harm, and his ex- <sup>40</sup> ample will be hurtful to the weak prisoners. Fie, Father Security, that you'll be still so profane! Will nothing humble you?

[*Exeunt SECURITY, BRAMBLE, HOLDFAST, and QUICKSILVER*]

*Enter two PRISONERS with a friend*

*Friend.* What's he?

*1 Pris.* O he is a rare young man! Do you not know him?

*Friend.* Not I! I never saw him, I can remember.

*2 Pris.* Why, it is he that was the gallant prentice of London—Master Touchstone's <sup>50</sup> man.

*Friend.* Who? Quicksilver?

*1 Pris.* Ay, this is he.

*Friend.* Is this he? They say he has been a gallant indeed.

[*1 Pris.* O the royalest fellow that ever

was bred up i' the City! He would play you his thousand pound a-night at dice; keep knights and lords company; go with them to bawdy-houses; had his six men <sup>60</sup> in a livery; kept a stable of hunting-horses, and his wench in her velvet gown and her cloth of silver. Here's one knight with him here in prison.

*Friend.* And how miserably he is changed!

*1 Pris.* O that's voluntary in him: he gave away all his rich clothes as soon as ever he came in here among the prisoners; and will eat o' the basket,<sup>1</sup> for humility. <sup>70</sup>

*Friend.* Why will he do so?

[*1 Pris.* Alas, he has no hope of life. He mortifies himself. He does but linger on till the Sessions.

*2 Pris.* O he has penned the best thing, that he calls his *Repentance* or his *Last Farewell*, that ever you heard. He is a pretty poet, and for prose—you would wonder how many prisoners he has helped out, with penning petitions for 'hem, and <sup>80</sup> not take a penny. Look! This is the knight, in the rug<sup>2</sup> gown. Stand by!

*Enter SIR PETRONEL, BRAMBLE, QUICKSILVER*

*Bram.* So, for Security's case, I have told him. Say he should be condemned to be carted or whipped for a bawd, or so, why, I'll lay an execution on him o' two hundred pound; let him acknowledge a judgment, he shall do it in half an hour; they shall not all fetch him out without paying the execution, o' my word. <sup>90</sup>

*Sir Pet.* But can we not be bailed, Master Bramble?

*Bram.* Hardly; there are none of the judges in town, else you should remove yourself (in spite of him) with a *habeas corpus*. But if you have a friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some justice o' the town, that he may have feeling of it (do you see) you may be bailed; for as I understand the case, 'tis only done in *ter-* <sup>100</sup> *rorem*; and you shall have an action of false imprisonment against him when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pound costs.

<sup>1</sup> Of broken victuals collected for poorer prisoners.

<sup>2</sup> Drugget.



*Enter MASTER WOLF*

*Quick.* How now, Master Wolf? What news? What return?

*Wolf.* Faith, bad all! Yonder will be no letters received. He says the Sessions shall determine it. Only Master Deputy Golding commends him to you, and with this <sup>110</sup> token wishes he could do you other good.

*Giving money!*

*Quick.* I thank him. Good Master Bramble, trouble our quiet no more; do not molest us in prison thus with your winding devices; pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cause to him that can succor me; let God work his will. Master Wolf, I pray you let this be distributed among the prisoners, and desire 'hem to pray for us. *[Exit]* <sup>120</sup>

*Wolf.* It shall be lone, Master Francis.

*1 Pris.* An excellent temper!

*2 Pris.* Now God send him good luck!

*Exeunt [BRAMBLE, two PRISONERS and FRIEND]*

*Sir Pet.* But what said my father-in law, Master Wolf?

*Enter HOLDFAST*

*Hold.* Here's one would speak with you, sir.

*Wolf.* I'll tell you anon, Sir Petronel. Who is't?

*Hold.* A gentleman, sir, that will not <sup>130</sup> be seen.

*Enter GOLDING*

*Wolf.* Where is he? Master Deputy! Your worship is welcome—

*Gold.* Peace!

*Wolf.* Away, sirrah!

*[Exit HOLDFAST with SIR PETRONEL]*

*Gold.* Good faith, Master Wolf, the estate of these gentlemen, for whom you were so late and willing a suitor, doth much affect me; and because I am desirous to do them some fair office, and find there is <sup>140</sup> no means to make my father relent so likely as to bring him to be a spectator of their miseries, I have ventured on a device, which is, to make myself your prisoner, entreating you will presently go report it to my father, and (feigning an action at suit of some third person) pray him by this token *[giving a*

*ring]* that he will presently,<sup>1</sup> and with all secrecy, come hither for my bail; which train, if any, I know will bring him <sup>150</sup> abroad; and then, having him here, I doubt not but we shall be all fortunate in the event.

*Wolf.* Sir, I will put on my best speed to effect it. Please you come in.

*Gold.* Yes; and let me rest concealed, I pray you. *[Exit]*

*Wolf.* See here a benefit truly done, when it is done timely, freely, and to no ambition. *Exit* <sup>160</sup>

#### [SCENA QUARTA]

*[A Room in TOUCHSTONE'S House]*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE, Wife, Daughters, SINDEFY, WINIFRED*

*Touch.* I will sail by you and not hear you, like the wise Ulysses.

*Mil.* Dear father!

*Mist. Touch.* Husband!

*Ger.* Father!

*Win and Sin.* Master Touchstone!

*Touch.* Away, sirens, I will immure myself against your cries, and lock myself up to [y]our lamentations.

*Mist. Touch.* Gentle husband, hear <sup>10</sup> me!

*Ger.* Father, it is I, father, my Lady Flash. My sister and I am friends.

*Mil.* Good father!

*Win.* Be not hardened, good Master Touchstone!

*Sin.* I pray you, sir, be merciful!

*Touch.* I am deaf, I do not hear you; I have stopped mine ears with shoemakers' wax, and drunk Lethe and mandragora<sup>2</sup> <sup>20</sup> to forget you. All you speak to me I commit to the air.

*Enter WOLF*

*Mil.* How now, Master Wolf?

*Wolf.* Where's Master Touchstone? I must speak with him presently; I have lost my breath for haste.

*Mil.* What's the matter, sir? Pray all be well!

*Wolf.* Master Deputy Golding is arrested upon an execution, and desires him <sup>30</sup> presently to come to him, forthwith.

<sup>1</sup> Immediately.

<sup>2</sup> A soporific.



*Mil.* Ay me! Do you hear, father?

*Touch.* Tricks, tricks, confederacy, tricks! I have 'hem in my nose—I scent 'hem!

*Wolf.* Who's that? Master Touchstone?

*Mist. Touch.* Why, it is Master Wolf himself, husband.

*Mil.* Father!

*Touch.* I am deaf still, I say. I will neither yield to the song of the siren, nor the voice of the hyena,<sup>1</sup> the tears of the crocodile, nor the howling o' the wolf. Avoid my habitation, monsters!

*Wolf.* Why, you are not mad, sir? I pray you look forth, and see the token I have brought you, sir.

*Touch.* Ha! What token is it?

*Wolf.* Do you know it, sir?

*Touch.* My son Golding's ring! Are you in earnest, Master Wolf?

*Wolf.* Ay, by my faith, sir! He is in prison, and required me to use all speed and secrecy to you.

*Touch.* My cloak, there—pray you be patient. I am plagued for my austerity. My cloak! At whose suit, Master Wolf?

*Wolf.* I'll tell you as we go, sir.

*Exeunt*

# [SCENA QUINTA]

[*The Counter*]

*Enter Friend, Prisoners*

*Friend.* Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope of life?

*1 Pris.* Troth, it should seem so; and 'tis great pity, for he is exceeding penitent.

*Friend.* They say he is charged but on suspicion of felony yet.

*2 Pris.* Ay, but his master is a shrewd<sup>2</sup> fellow; he'll prove great matter against him.

*Friend.* I'd as lief as anything I could see his *Farewell*.

*1 Pris.* O 'tis rarely written; why, Toby may get him to sing it to you; he's not so curious<sup>3</sup> to anybody.

*2 Pris.* O no! He would that all the world should take knowledge of his repentance, and thinks he merits in't, the more shame he suffers.

*1 Pris.* Pray thee, try what thou canst do.

*2 Pris.* I warrant you he will not deny

it, if he be not hoarse with the often repeating of it.

*Exit*

*1 Pris.* You never saw a more courteous creature than he is, and the knight too; the poorest prisoner of the house may command 'hem. You shall hear a thing admirably penned.

*Friend.* Is the knight any scholar too?

*1 Pris.* No, but he will speak very well, and discourse admirably of running horses and White-Friars,<sup>1</sup> and against bawds, and of cocks; and talk as loud as a hunter, but is none.

80

*Enter WOLF and TOUCHSTONE*

*Wolf.* Please you, stay here, sir; I'll call his worship down to you. [*Exit*]

*Enter [2 Prisoners with] QUICKSILVER, PETRONEL and [SECURITY; GOLDING with WOLF, who stand aside]<sup>2</sup>*

*1 Pris.* See, he has brought him, and the knight too. Salute him, I pray. Sir, this gentleman, upon our report, is very desirous to hear some piece of your *Repentance*.

*Quick.* Sir, with all my heart; and, as I told Master Toby, I shall be glad to have any man a witness of it. And the more openly I profess it, I hope it will appear the heartier and the more unfeigned.

*Touch.* [*aside*] Who is this? My man Francis, and my son-in-law?

*Quick.* Sir, it is all the testimony I shall leave behind me to the world and my master that I have so offended.

*Friend.* Good sir!

*Quick.* I writ it when my spirits were oppressed.

60

*Sir Pet.* Ay, I'll be sworn for you, Francis!

*Quick.* It is in imitation of Mannington's,<sup>3</sup> he that was hanged at Cambridge, that cut off the horse's head at a blow.

*Friend.* So, sir!

*Quick.* To the tune of 'I wail in woe, I plunge in pain.'

*Sir Pet.* An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

60

<sup>1</sup> A sanctuary for debtors.

<sup>2</sup> I follow Parrott's additions here.

<sup>3</sup> This *Woeful Ballad* is extant.

<sup>1</sup> Supposed to lure by a human cry.

<sup>2</sup> Shrewish.

<sup>3</sup> Offish.



*Quick.* In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,  
Quicksilver, I did dwell of late;  
I had a master good and kind,  
That would have wrought me to his mind.  
He bade me still, Work upon that,  
But, alas, I wrought I knew not what!  
He was a Touchstone black, but true,  
And told me still what would ensue;  
Yet woe is me! I would not learn;  
I saw, alas, but could not discern! 70

*Friend.* Excellent, excellent well!

*Gold.* [aside to WOLF] O let him alone;  
he is taken already.

*Quick.* I cast my coat and cap away,  
I went in silks and satins gay;  
False metal of good manners I  
Did daily coin unlawfully.  
I scorned my master, being drunk;  
I kept my gelding and my punk;  
And with a knight, Sir Flash by name, 80  
Who now is sorry for the same—

*Sir Pet.* I thank you, Francis.

[*Quick.*] I thought by sea to run away,  
But Thames and tempest did me stay.

*Touch.* [aside] This cannot be feigned,  
sure. Heaven pardon my severity! The  
ragged colt may prove a good horse.

*Gold.* [aside] How he listens, and is transported!  
He has forgot me.

*Quick.* Still Eastward Ho was all my word;  
But westward I had no regard,  
Nor never thought what would come after,  
As did, alas, his youngest daughter!  
At last the black ox trod o' my foot,<sup>1</sup>  
And I saw then what longed unto 't;  
Now cry I, 'Touchstone, touch me still,  
And make me current by thy skill.' 90

*Touch.* [aside] And I will do it, Francis.

*Wolf.* [aside to GOLDING] Stay him, Master Deputy;  
now is the time; we shall 100  
lose the song else.

*Friend.* I protest it is the best that ever  
I heard.

*Quick.* How like you it, gentlemen?

*All.* O admirable, sir!

*Quick.* This stanza now following alludes  
to the story of Mannington, from whence  
I took my project for my invention.

*Friend.* Pray you go on, sir.

*Quick.* O Mannington, thy stories show 110  
Thou cut'st a horse-head off at a blow!

<sup>1</sup> Proverbial of trouble.

But I confess, I have not the force  
For to cut off the head of a horse;  
Yet I desire this grace to win,  
That I may cut off the horse-head of Sin,  
And leave his body in the dust  
Of Sin's highway and bogs of lust,  
Whereby I may take Virtue's purse,  
And live with her for better, for worse.

*Friend.* Admirable, sir, and excellently 120  
conceited!

*Quick.* Alas, sir!

*Touch.* [coming to GOLDING and WOLF]  
Son Golding and Master Wolf, I thank you;  
the deceit is welcome, especially from thee,  
whose charitable soul in this hath shown a  
high point of wisdom and honesty. Listen,  
I am ravished with his repentance, and  
could stand here a whole prenticeship to  
hear him. 130

*Friend.* Forth, good sir!

*Quick.* This is the last, and the Farewell.  
Farewell, Cheapside, farewell, sweet trade  
Of Goldsmiths all, that never shall fade;  
Farewell, dear fellow prentices all,  
And be you warnèd by my fall:

Shun usurers, bawds, and dice, and drabs;  
Avoid them as you would French scabs.  
Seek not to go beyond your tether,  
But cut your thongs unto your leather; 140  
So shall you thrive by little and little,  
Scape Tyburn, Counters, and the Spital!<sup>1</sup>

*Touch.* And scape them shalt thou, my  
penitent and dear Francis!

*Quick.* Master!

*Sir Pet.* Father!

*Touch.* I can no longer forbear to do your  
humility right. Arise, and let me honor  
your repentance with the hearty and joyful  
embraces of a father and friend's love. 150  
Quicksilver, thou hast eat into my breast,  
Quicksilver, with the drops of thy sorrow,  
and killed the desperate opinion I had of  
thy reclaim.

*Quick.* O sir, I am not worthy to see your  
worshipful face!

*Sir Pet.* Forgive me, father!

*Touch.* Speak no more; all former passages  
are forgotten, and here my word shall  
release you. Thank this worthy brother 160  
and kind friend, Francis.—Master Wolf, I  
am their bail.

*A shout in the prison*  
*Sec.* Master Touchstone! Master Touch-  
stone!

<sup>1</sup> The gallows, jail and the hospital.



*Touch.* Who's that?

*Wolf.* Security, sir.

*Sec.* Pray you, sir, if you'll be won with a song, hear my lamentable tune too:

### SONG

O Master Touchstone,  
My heart is full of woe; 170  
Alas, I am a cuckold!  
And why should it be so?  
Because I was a usurer  
And bawd, as all you know,  
For which, again I tell you,  
My heart is full of woe.

*Touch.* Bring him forth, Master Wolf, and release his bands. This day shall be sacred to mercy and the mirth of this encounter in the Counter. See, we are en- 180 countered with more suitors!

Enter MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE, GERTRUDE, MILDRED, SINDEFY, WINIFRED

Save your breath, save your breath! All things have succeeded to your wishes; and we are heartily satisfied in their events.

*Ger.* Ah, runaway, runaway! Have I caught you? And how has my poor knight done all this while?

*Sir Pet.* Dear lady wife, forgive me!

*Ger.* As heartily as I would be forgiven, knight. Dear father, give me your blessing, and forgive me too; I ha' been proud and lascivious, father, and a fool, father; and being raised to the state of a wanton coy thing, called a lady, father, have scorned you, father, and my sister, and my sister's velvet cap too; and would make a mouth at the City as I rid through it; and stop mine ears at Bow-bell. I have said your beard was a base one, father; and that you looked like Twierpipe the taberer;<sup>1</sup> and 200 that my mother was but my midwife.

*Mist. Touch.* Now God forgi' you, child madam!

*Touch.* No more repetitions! What is else wanting to make our harmony full?

*Gold.* Only this, sir, that my fellow Francis make amends to Mistress Sindefy with marriage.

<sup>1</sup> Drummer.

*Quick.* With all my heart!

*Gold.* And Security give her a dower, 210 which shall be all the restitution he shall make of that huge mass he hath so unlawfully gotten.

*Touch.* Excellently devised! A good motion! What says Master Security?

*Sec.* I say anything, sir, what you'll ha' me say. Would I were no cuckold!

*Win.* Cuckold, husband? Why, I think this wearing of yellow<sup>1</sup> has infected you.

*Touch.* Why, Master Security, that 220 should rather be a comfort to you than a corasive.<sup>2</sup> If you be a cuckold, it's an argument you have a beautiful woman to your wife; then you shall be much made of; you shall have store of friends, never want money; you shall be eased of much o' your wedlock pain, others will take it for you. Besides, you being a usurer and likely to go to hell, the devils will never torment you, they'll take you for one o' their own 230 race. Again, if you be a cuckold, and know it not, you are an innocent; if you know it and endure it, a true martyr.

*Sec.* I am resolved, sir. Come hither, Winny!

*Touch.* Well, then, all are pleased, or shall be anon. Master Wolf, you look hungry, methinks; have you no apparel to lend Francis to shift him?

*Quick.* No, sir, nor I desire none; but 340 here make it my suit, that I may go home through the streets in these, as a spectacle, or rather an example, to the children of Cheapside.

*Touch.* Thou hast thy wish. Now, London, look about,  
And in this moral see thy glass run out:  
Behold the careful father, thrifty son,  
The solemn deeds which each of us have done;  
The usurer punished, and from fall so steep  
The prodigal child reclaimed, and the lost sheep. 350

### EPILOGUS

[*Quick.*] Stay, sir, I perceive the multitude are gathered together to view our coming out at the Counter. See, if the streets

<sup>1</sup> The prison dress, also the color of jealousy.

<sup>2</sup> Corrosive.



and the fronts of the houses be not stuck  
with people, and the windows filled with  
ladies, as on the solemn day of the  
Pageant!

O may you find in this our pageant,  
here,

The same contentment which you came to  
seek;

And as that show but draws you once a  
year,

May this attract you hither once a week.<sup>10</sup>

*Exeunt*



BEN: IONSON

his

VOLPONE

Or

THE FOXE.

— *Simul & iucunda, & idonea dicere vita.*

Printed for *Thomas Thorppe.*  
1607.



*Volpone, or the Fox* was printed in quarto in 1607 and included in the folio of Jonson's *Works*, 1616. It was acted by the King's men (Shakespeare's company) in 1606, or possibly even earlier. The dedication declares the acting and acceptance of *Volpone* at both the universities, a conspicuous favor in the case of a professional London play, to which *Hamlet* alone furnishes a parallel. *Volpone* is an admirable example of Jonson's theory and practice in the art of play-making. The main plot is expanded from the merest suggestion, in the *Satiricon* of Petronius Arbiter and even the two songs are imitated from Philostratus and Catullus; but only to be made wholly Jonson's own. Sir Politic Would-be and his Lady are in the best inventive vein of Jonson's comedy of humors. The text is that of the folio of 1616, as that volume received the author's careful personal revision.

Ben Jonson was some ten years Shakespeare's junior, having been born in 1573 or 1574. In consequence of the death of his father shortly before his birth and the remarriage of his mother beneath her, Jonson was poorly brought up and never attended either university, though later the recipient of honorary degrees from both. Through the early friendship and encouragement of William Camden at Westminster School, which Jonson attended, he became an eager scholar and in time a learned man. Jonson's career as a dramatist begins in 1596 or thereabouts and in the employ of Henslowe. In 1598 he became famous with *Every Man in his Humor* and worked thereafter satirical comedy in the "war of the theaters" in several notable plays. Jonson's best comedies are *Volpone*, *The Alchemist*, *The Silent Woman* and *Bartholomew Fair*, the last dating 1614. Meanwhile he had gained a second repute at court for his masques to add to his success in comedy on the popular stage. Jonson's two tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, though fine and dignified dramas, were not successful in their day, and several of his later comedies failed on the stage. But he continued active in his profession, especially at court, up to the time of his death in 1637, enjoying, upon Shakespeare's death, the greatest literary reputation of his age. Jonson collected his *Works* in 1616, and a second folio followed, adding to a reprint of the first, in 1640-1642.

The standard complete edition of Jonson is still that of W. Gifford as re-edited by P. Cunningham, 9 vols., 1875. But a new and scholarly edition by C. H. Herford and P. Simpson is now issuing. The Mermaid edition by B. Nicholson and C. H. Herford, 3 vols., 1894, contains the more important plays.



## THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY

VOLPONE, *a Magnifico*  
MOSCA, *his Parasite*  
VOLTORE, *an Advocate*  
CORBACCIO, *an Old Gentleman*  
CORVINO, *a Merchant*  
AVOCATORI, *four Magistrates*  
NOTARIO, *the Register*  
NANO, *a Dwarf*  
CASTRONE, *an Eunuch*  
POLITICK WOULD-BE, *a Knight*

PEREGRINE, *a Gentleman Traveller*  
BONARIO, *a Young Gentleman*  
FINE MADAM WOULD-BE, *the Knight's Wife*  
CELIA, *the Merchant's Wife*  
COMMANDADORI, *Officers*  
MERCATORI, *three Merchants*  
ANDROGYNO, *a Hermaphrodite*  
SERVITORE, *a Servant*  
GREGE  
WOMEN

THE SCENE: Venice

TO THE  
MOST NOBLE AND MOST EQUAL SISTERS,  
THE TWO FAMOUS UNIVERSITIES

FOR THEIR  
LOVE AND ACCEPTANCE SHOWN TO HIS POEM  
IN THE PRESENTATION;

BEN JONSON,

THE GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGER,  
DEDICATES BOTH IT AND HIMSELF



## THE ARGUMENT

V OLPONE, childless, rich, feigns sick, de-  
spairs,  
O ffers his state to hopes of several heirs,  
L ies languishing: his parasite receives  
P resents of all, assures, deludes; then  
weaves  
O ther cross plots, which ope themselves,  
are told.  
N ew tricks for safety are sought; they  
thrive: when bold,  
E ach tempts the other again,<sup>1</sup> and all are  
sold.

## PROLOGUE

Now, luck yet send us, and a little wit  
Will serve to make our play hit;  
(According to the palates of the season)  
Here is rhyme, not empty of reason.  
This we were bid to credit from our poet,  
Whose true scope, if you would know it,  
In all his poems still<sup>2</sup> hath been this  
measure,  
To mix profit with your pleasure;  
And not as some, whose throats their envy  
failing,  
Cry hoarsely, 'All he writes is railing:'<sup>10</sup>  
And when his plays come forth, think they  
can flout them,  
With saying, he was a year about them.

<sup>1</sup> Tries to deceive.

<sup>2</sup> Always.

To this there needs no lie, but this his  
creature,<sup>1</sup>

Which was two months since no feature:  
And though he dares give them five lives  
to mend it,

'Tis known, five weeks fully penned it,  
From his own hand, without a coadjutor,  
Novice, journeyman, or tutor.

Yet thus much I can give you as a token  
Of his play's worth, no eggs are broken,<sup>20</sup>  
Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth af-  
frighted,

Wherewith your rout are so delighted;  
Nor hales he in a gull old ends reciting,<sup>3</sup>

To stop gaps in his loose writing;  
With such a deal of monstrous and forced  
action,

As might make Bethlem a faction:<sup>3</sup>  
Nor made he his play for jests stolen from  
each table,

But makes jests to fit his fable;  
And so presents quick comedy refined,  
As best critics have designed;<sup>30</sup>  
The laws<sup>4</sup> of time, place, persons he ob-  
serveth,

From no needful rule he swerveth.  
All gall and copperas from his ink he drain-  
eth,

Only a little salt remaineth,  
Wherewith he'll rub your cheeks, till red  
with laughter,  
They shall look fresh a week after.

<sup>1</sup> Creation.

<sup>2</sup> A fool reciting old scraps of plays.

<sup>3</sup> Add to the confusion of the madhouse.

<sup>4</sup> Unities.



# VOLPONE, OR THE FOX

BEN JONSON

## ACT I, SCENE I

[A Room in VOLPONE'S HOUSE]

[Enter] VOLPONE, MOSCA

Volp. Good morning to the day; and next, my gold!

Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.

[Mosca withdraws the curtain, and discovers piles of gold, plate, jewels, etc.]

Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad than is

The teeming earth to see the longed-for sun  
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,

Am I, to view thy splendor darkening his;  
That lying here, amongst my other hoards,  
Show'st like a flame by night, or like the day

Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled  
Unto the center.<sup>1</sup> O thou son of Sol,<sup>2</sup>

But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,  
With adoration, thee, and every relic  
Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.

Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,  
Title that age which they would have the best;

Thou being the best of things, and far transcending

All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,  
Or any other waking dream on earth:

Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,  
They should have given her twenty thousand Cupids;<sup>3</sup>

Such are thy beauties and our loves! Dear saint,

Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tongues,

That canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do all things;

The price of souls; even hell, with thee to boot,

Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtue, fame,

Honor, and all things else. Who can get thee,

He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise—

Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune

A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory

More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,  
Than in the glad possession, since I gain  
No common way; I use no trade, no venter;<sup>1</sup>

I wound no earth with ploughshares, fat no beasts

To feed the shambles; have no mills for iron,

Oil, corn, or men, to grind 'hem into powder:

I blow no subtle glass, expose no ships  
To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea;

I turn no moneys in the public bank,  
No usure<sup>2</sup> private.

Mos. No sir, nor devour  
Soft prodigals. You shall ha' some will swallow

A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch  
Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it;  
Tear forth the fathers of poor families  
Out of their beds, and coffin them alive  
In some kind clasping prison, where their bones

May be forthcoming when the flesh is rotten:

But your sweet nature doth abhor these courses;

You loathe<sup>3</sup> the widow's or the orphan's tears

Should wash your pavements, or their piteous cries

Ring in your roofs and beat the air for vengeance.

Volp. Right, Mosca; I do loathe it.

Mos. And, besides, sir,  
You are not like the thresher that doth stand

With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,

<sup>1</sup> Of the earth.

<sup>2</sup> Gold.

<sup>3</sup> To make her power that of gold.

<sup>1</sup> Venture.

<sup>2</sup> Usury.

<sup>3</sup> That.



And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest  
grain,  
But feeds on mallows and such bitter herbs;  
Nor like the merchant, who hath filled his  
vaults

With Romagna and rich Candian wines,  
Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar:  
You will not lie in straw, whilst moths and  
worms

Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft  
beds;

You know the use of riches, and dare give  
now

From that bright heap, to me, your poor  
observer,<sup>1</sup>

Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,  
Your eunuch, or what other household trifle  
Your pleasure allows maintenance—

*Volp.* Hold thee, Mosca,  
Take of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in  
all,

And they are envious term<sup>2</sup> thee parasite.  
Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my  
fool,

And let 'hem make me sport. [*Exit MOSCA*]  
What should I do,

But cocker<sup>3</sup> up my genius, and live free  
To all delights my fortune calls me to?  
I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,  
To give my substance to; but whom I  
make

Must be my heir; and this makes men ob-  
serve me:<sup>4</sup>

This draws new clients daily to my house,  
Women and men of every sex and age,  
That bring me presents, send me plate, coin,  
jewels,

With hope that when I die (which they  
expect

Each greedy minute) it shall then return<sup>5</sup>  
Tenfold upon them; whilst some, covetous  
Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,<sup>6</sup>  
And counter-work the one unto the other,  
Contend in gifts, as they would seem in  
love:

All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,  
And am content to coin 'hem into profit,  
And look upon their kindness, and take  
more,

And look on that; still bearing them in  
hand,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Servant.

<sup>2</sup> Who call thee.

<sup>3</sup> Pamper.

<sup>4</sup> Pay attention to me.

<sup>5</sup> Make me wholly theirs.

<sup>6</sup> Deceiving them.

Letting the cherry knock against their lips,  
And draw it by their mouths, and back  
again.—

How now!

## SCENE II

[*Re-enter MOSCA with*] NANO, ANDROGYNO,  
[*and*] CASTRONE

*Nan.* 'Now, room for fresh gamesters,  
who do will you to know,  
They do bring you neither play nor uni-  
versity show;  
And therefore do intreat you that what-  
soever they rehearse,  
May not fare a whit the worse, for the false  
pace of the verse.<sup>1</sup>  
If you wonder at this, you will wonder more  
ere we pass,  
For know, here<sup>2</sup> is enclosed the soul of  
Pythagoras,  
That juggler divine, as hereafter shall fol-  
low;  
Which soul, fast and loose, sir, came first  
from Apollo,  
And was breathed into Æthalides, Mer-  
curius his son,  
Where it had the gift to remember all that  
ever was done.<sup>3</sup>  
From thence it fled forth, and made quick  
transmigration  
To goldy-locked Euphorbus, who was killed  
in good fashion,  
At the siege of old Troy, by the cuckold of  
Sparta.  
Hermotimus was next (I find it in my  
charta),<sup>4</sup>  
To whom it did pass, where no sooner it  
was missing,  
But with one Pyrrhus of Delos it learned to  
go a-fishing;  
And thence did it enter the sophist of  
Greece.  
From Pythagore, she went into a beautiful  
piece,  
Hight Aspasia, the meretrix; and the next  
toss of<sup>5</sup> her  
Was again of a whore, she became a  
philosopher,

<sup>1</sup> This interlude is in the tumbling measure which preceded blank verse on the stage. The Pythagorean transmigrations of the soul which it relates are founded on Lucian's Dialogue of the cobbler and the cock.

<sup>2</sup> In Androgyne. <sup>3</sup> List.

<sup>4</sup> Of the soul.



Crates the cynic, as itself<sup>1</sup> doth relate it:  
 Since kings, knights, and beggars, knaves,  
 lords, and fools gat it,  
 Besides ox and ass, camel, mule, goat, and  
 brock,<sup>2</sup>

In all which it hath spoke, as in the cob-  
 bler's cock.

But I come not here to discourse of that  
 matter,

Or his one, two, or three, or his great oath,  
 'by quater!'

His musics, his trigon, his golden thigh,<sup>3</sup>  
 Or his telling how elements shift; but I  
 Would ask, how of late thou hast suffered  
 translation,

And shifted thy coat in these days of refor-  
 mation.<sup>30</sup>

*And.* Like one of the reformed,<sup>4</sup> a fool,  
 as you see,  
 Counting all old doctrine heresy.

*Nan.* But not on thine own forbid meats  
 hast thou ventured?

*And.* On fish, when first a Carthusian I  
 entered.

*Nan.* Why, then thy dogmatical silence  
 hath left thee?

*And.* Of that an obstreperous lawyer be-  
 rept me.

*Nan.* O wonderful change, when sir law-  
 yer forsook thee!

For Pythagore's sake, what body then took  
 thee?

*And.* A good dull mule.

*Nan.* And how! by that means  
 Thou wert brought to allow of the eating  
 of beans?<sup>5</sup>

*And.* Yes.

*Nan.* But from the mule into whom  
 didst thou pass?

*And.* Into a very strange beast, by some  
 writers called an ass;

By others a precise, pure, illuminate  
 brother<sup>6</sup>

Of those devour flesh, and sometimes one  
 another:

And will drop you forth a libel, or a sancti-  
 fied lie,

Betwixt every spoonful of a nativity-pie.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The soul.

<sup>2</sup> Badger.

<sup>3</sup> The tetractys. Pythagoras was proficient in  
 music and geometry.

<sup>4</sup> A Puritan.

<sup>5</sup> Forbidden food.

<sup>6</sup> Puritanical.

<sup>7</sup> Christmas pie.

*Nan.* Now quit thee, for heaven, of that  
 profane nation,

And gently report thy next transmigration.

*And.* To the same that I am.

*Nan.* A creature of delight,  
 And, what is more than a fool, an herma-  
 phrodite!<sup>50</sup>

Now, prithee, sweet soul, in all thy varia-  
 tion,

Which body wouldst thou choose to keep up  
 thy station?<sup>1</sup>

*And.* Troth, this I am in: even here  
 would I tarry.

*Nan.* 'Cause here the delight of each sex  
 thou canst vary!

*And.* Alas, those pleasures be stale and  
 forsaken;

No, 'tis your fool<sup>2</sup> wherewith I am so taken,  
 The only one creature that I can call  
 blessed;

For all other forms I have proved most  
 distressed.

*Nan.* Spoke true, as thou wert in Pytha-  
 goras still,

This learnèd opinion we celebrate will,<sup>60</sup>  
 Fellow eunuch, as behoves us, with all our  
 wit and art,

To dignify that whereof ourselves are so  
 great and special a part.'

*Volp.* Now, very, very pretty. Mosca,  
 this

Was thy invention?

*Mos.* If it please my patron,  
 Not else.

*Volp.* It doth, good Mosca.

*Mos.* Then it was, sir.

#### SONG

'Fools, they are the only nation  
 Worth men's envy or admiration;  
 Free from care or sorrow-taking,  
 Selves and others merry making:  
 All they speak or do is sterling.<sup>70</sup>  
 Your fool he is your great man's darling,  
 And your ladies' sport and pleasure;  
 Tongue and bauble are his treasure.  
 E'en his face begetteth laughter,  
 And he speaks truth free from slaughter;  
 He's the grace of every feast,  
 And sometimes the chiefest guest;  
 Hath his trencher and his stool,  
 When wit waits upon the fool.

<sup>1</sup> To remain.

<sup>2</sup> Jester.



O, who would not be 80  
 He, he, he?' *One knocks without*  
*Volp.* Who's that? Away! [*Excunt NANO*  
*and CASTRONE.*] Look, Mosca.

[*Exit ANDROGYNO*]

*Mos.* Fool, begone!

'Tis Signior Voltore, the advocate; I know  
 him by his knock.

*Volp.* Fetch me my gown,  
 My furs, and night-caps; say my couch is  
 changing,

And let him entertain himself awhile  
 Without i' th' gallery. [*Exit MOSCA.*] Now,  
 now my clients

Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite,  
 Raven, and gorcrow,<sup>1</sup> all my birds of prey,  
 That think me turning carcass, now they  
 come: 90

I am not for 'hem yet.

[*Re-enter MOSCA, with the gown, etc.*]

How now! the news?

*Mos.* A piece of plate, sir.

*Volp.* Of what bigness?

*Mos.* Huge,  
 Massy, and antique, with your name in-  
 scribed,  
 And arms engraven.

*Volp.* Good, and not a fox  
 Stretched on the earth, with fine delusive  
 sleights,

Mocking a gaping crow?<sup>2</sup> ha, Mosca!

*Mos.* Sharp, sir.

*Volp.* Give me my furs. [*Puts on his*  
*sick dress*] Why dost thou laugh so,  
 man?

*Mos.* I cannot choose, sir, when I appre-  
 hend

What thoughts he has without now, as he  
 walks;

That this might be the last gift he should  
 give; 100

That this would fetch you; if you died to-  
 day,

And gave him all, what he should be to-  
 morrow;

What large return would come of all his  
 venteres;

How he should worshipped be, and rever-  
 enced;

Ride with his furs, and foot-cloths; waited  
 on

<sup>1</sup> Carrion crow.

<sup>2</sup> Not a mocking coat of arms.

By herds of fools and clients; have clear  
 way

Made for his mule, as lettered as himself;  
 Be called the great and learned advocate:  
 And then concludes, there's nought impos-  
 sible.

*Volp.* Yes, to be learned, Mosca.

*Mos.* O, no; rich  
 Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend  
 purple, 111

So you can hide his two ambitious<sup>1</sup> ears.  
 And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor<sup>2</sup>

*Volp.* My caps, my caps, good Mosca.  
 Fetch him in.

*Mos.* Stay, sir; your ointment for your  
 eyes.

*Volp.* That's true;  
 Dispatch, dispatch: I long to have posses-  
 sion

Of my new present.

*Mos.* That, and thousands more,  
 I hope to see you lord of.

*Volp.* Thanks, kind Mosca.

*Mos.* And that, when I am lost in blended  
 dust,  
 And hundreds such as I am, in succes-  
 sion— 120

*Volp.* Nay, that were too much, Mosca.

*Mos.* You shall live  
 Still to delude these harpies.

*Volp.* Loving Mosca!  
 'Tis well: my pillow now, and let him enter.

[*Exit MOSCA*]

Now, my feigned cough, my phthisic, and  
 my gout,

My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs,  
 Help, with your forcèd functions, this my  
 posture,

Wherein, this three year, I have milked  
 their hopes.

He comes; I hear him—Uh! [*Coughing*] uh!  
 uh! uh! O—

### SCENE III

[*Re-enter*] MOSCA, [*introducing*] VOLTORE  
 [*with a piece of Plate*]

*Mos.* You still are what you were, sir.  
 Only you,  
 Of all the rest, are he<sup>3</sup> commands his love,

<sup>1</sup> Mobile.

<sup>2</sup> One who holds a chair.

<sup>3</sup> Who commands.



And you do wisely to preserve it thus,  
With early visitation, and kind notes  
Of your good meaning to him, which, I  
know,  
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron!  
sir!

Here's Signior Voltore is come—

*Volp.* [*faintly*] What say you?

*Mos.* Sir, Signior Voltore is come this  
morning  
To visit you.

*Volp.* I thank him.

*Mos.* And hath brought  
A piece of antique plate, bought of St.  
Mark,<sup>1</sup>

10

With which he here presents you.

*Volp.* He is welcome.  
Pray him to come more often.

*Mos.* Yes.

*Volt.* What says he?

*Mos.* He thanks you, and desires you  
see him often.

*Volp.* Mosca.

*Mos.* My patron!

*Volp.* Bring him near, where is he?  
I long to feel his hand.

*Mos.* The plate is here, sir.

*Volt.* How fare you, sir?

*Volp.* I thank you, Signior Voltore;  
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.

*Volt.* [*putting it into his hands*] I'm sorry  
To see you still thus weak.

*Mos.* [*aside*] That he is not weaker.

*Volp.* You are too munificent.

*Volt.* No, sir; would to heaven,  
I could as well give health to you, as that  
plate!

20

*Volp.* You give, sir, what you can; I  
thank you. Your love  
Hath taste in this, and shall not be un-  
answered:

I pray you see me often.

*Volt.* Yes, I shall, sir.

*Volp.* Be not far from me.

*Mos.* Do you observe that, sir?

*Volp.* Harken unto me still; it will con-  
cern you.

*Mos.* You are a happy man, sir; know  
your good.

*Volp.* I cannot now last long—

*Mos.* You are his heir, sir.

*Volt.* Am I?

*Volp.* I feel me going: Uh! uh! uh! uh!

<sup>1</sup> At a goldsmith's in St. Mark's Square.

I'm sailing to my port, Uh! uh! uh! uh!  
And I am glad I am so near my haven. <sup>30</sup>

*Mos.* Alas, kind gentleman! Well, we  
must all go—

*Volt.* But, Mosca—

*Mos.* Age will conquer.

*Volt.* 'Pray thee, hear me;  
Am I inscribed his heir for certain?

*Mos.* Are you!

I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe  
To write me i' your family.<sup>1</sup> All my hopes  
Depend upon your worship: I am lost  
Except the rising sun do shine on me.

*Volt.* It shall both shine, and warm thee,  
Mosca.

*Mos.* Sir,

I am a man that hath not done your love <sup>39</sup>  
All the worst offices: here I wear your keys,  
See all your coffers and your caskets locked,  
Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,  
Your plate, and moneys; am your steward,  
sir,

Husband your goods here.

*Volt.* But am I sole heir?

*Mos.* Without a partner, sir: confirmed  
this morning:

The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry  
Upon the parchment.

*Volt.* Happy, happy me!  
By what good chance, sweet Mosca?

*Mos.* Your desert, sir;  
I know no second cause.

*Volt.* Thy modesty  
Is not to know it; well, we shall requite it. <sup>60</sup>

*Mos.* He ever liked your course, sir; that  
first took him.

I oft have heard him say how he admired  
Men of your large profession, that could  
speak

To every cause, and things mere contraries,  
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;  
That, with most quick agility, could turn,  
And return; make knots, and undo them;  
Give forkèd counsel; take provoking gold  
On either hand, and put it up;<sup>2</sup> these men,  
He knew, would thrive with their humility.  
And, for his part, he thought he should be  
blest <sup>61</sup>

To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,  
So wise, so grave, of so perplexed a tongue,  
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor  
scarce

<sup>1</sup> Enroll me among your servants.

<sup>2</sup> Pocket it.



Lie still, without a fee; when every word  
Your worship but lets fall, is a chequin!—  
*Another knocks*  
Who's that? one knocks; I would not have  
you seen, sir.  
And yet—pretend you came, and went in  
haste;  
I'll fashion an excuse—and, gentle sir,  
When you do come to swim in golden lard,  
Up to the arms in honey, that your chin  
Is borne up stiff with fatness of the flood,  
Think on your vassal; but remember me:  
I ha' not been your worst of clients.

*Volt.* Mosca!—

*Mos.* When will you have your inventory  
brought, sir?  
Or see a copy of the will?—Anon!  
I'll bring them to you, sir. Away, begone,  
Put business i' your face.

[*Exit VOLTORE*]

*Volp.* [*springing up*] Excellent Mosca!  
Come hither, let me kiss thee.

*Mos.* Keep you still, sir.  
Here is Corbaccio.

*Volp.* Set the plate away: so  
The vulture's gone, and the old raven's  
come.

#### SCENE IV

MOSCA, VOLPONE

*Mos.* Betake you to your silence, and  
your sleep.  
Stand there and multiply. [*Putting the  
plate to the rest*] Now we shall see  
A wretch who is indeed more impotent  
Than this can feign to be;<sup>1</sup> yet hopes to  
hop  
Over his grave.

[*Enter CORBACCIO*]

Signior Corbaccio!  
Yo'are very welcome, sir.

*Corb.* How does your patron?

*Mos.* Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.

*Corb.* What! mends he?

*Mos.* No, sir: he's rather worse.

*Corb.* That's well. Where is he?

*Mos.* Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n  
asleep.

*Corb.* Does he sleep well?

*Mos.* No wink, sir, all this night, <sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Voltore.

Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

*Corb.* Good! he should take  
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought  
him

An opiate here, from mine own doctor.

*Mos.* He will not hear of drugs.

*Corb.* Why? I myself  
Stood by while 't was made, saw all th' in-  
gredients;

And know it cannot but most gently work:  
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.

*Volp.* [*aside*] Ay, his last sleep, if he would  
take it.

*Mos.* Sir,  
He has no faith in physic.

*Corb.* Say you, say you?

*Mos.* He has no faith in physic: he does  
think

Most of your doctors are the greater danger,  
And worse disease, t' escape. I often have  
Heard him protest that your physician  
Should never be his heir.

*Corb.* Not I his heir?

*Mos.* Not your physician, sir.

*Corb.* O, no, no, no.  
I do not mean it.

*Mos.* No, sir, nor their fees  
He cannot brook: he says they flay a man  
Before they kill him.

*Corb.* Right, I do conceive you.

*Mos.* And then they do it by experiment;  
For which the law not only doth absolve  
'hem,

But gives them great reward: and he is  
loath  
To hire his death so.

*Corb.* It is true, they kill  
With as much license as a judge.

*Mos.* Nay, more;  
For he but kills, sir, where the law con-  
demns,

And these can kill him too.

*Corb.* Ay, or me;  
Or any man. How do's his apoplex?

Is that strong on him still?

*Mos.* Most violent.  
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,  
His face drawn longer than 'twas wont—

*Corb.* How! how!  
Stronger than he was wont?

*Mos.* No, sir; his face  
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.

*Corb.* O, good!  
*Mos.* His mouth



Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.

Corb. Good.

Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,

And makes the color of his flesh like lead.

Corb. 'Tis good.

Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.

Corb. Good symptoms still.

Mos. And from his brain—

Corb. Ha! how? not from his brain?

Mos. Yes, sir, and from his brain—

Corb. I conceive you; good.

Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum,

Forth the resolvèd<sup>1</sup> corners of his eyes.

Corb. Is't possible? Yet I am better, ha! How does he with the swimming of his head?

Mos. O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy;<sup>2</sup> he now

Hath lost his feeling, and hath left<sup>3</sup> to snort:

You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.

Corb. Excellent, excellent; sure I shall outlast him:

This makes me young again, a score of years.

Mos. I was a-coming for you, sir.

Corb. Has he made his will?

What has he giv'n me?

Mos. No, sir.

Corb. Nothing! ha?

Mos. He has not made his will, sir.

Corb. O, O, O!

What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?

Mos. He smelt a carcass, sir, when he but heard

My master was about his testament;

As I did urge him to it for your good—

Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.

Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.

Corb. To be his heir?

Mos. I do not know, sir.

Corb. True:

I know it too.

Mos. [aside] By your own scale, sir.<sup>4</sup>

Corb. Well,

I shall prevent him yet. See, Mosca, look,

Here I have brought a bag of bright chequines,<sup>1</sup>

Will quite weigh down his plate.

Mos. [taking the bag] Yea, marry, sir.

This is true physic, this your sacred medicine;

No talk of opiates to this great elixir!

Corb. 'Tis *aurum palpabile*, if not *potabile*.<sup>2</sup>

Mos. It shall be ministered to him in his bowl.

Corb. Ay, do, do, do.

Mos. Most blessèd cordial!

This will recover him.

Corb. Yes, do, do, do.

Mos. I think it were not best, sir.

Corb. What?

Mos. To recover him.

Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.

Mos. Why, sir, this Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.

Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear; I'll take my venter:

Give me 't again.

Mos. At no hand:<sup>3</sup> pardon me: so

You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I Will so advise you, you shall have it all.

Corb. How?

Mos. All, sir; 'tis your right, your own; no man

Can claim a part: 'tis yours without a rival, Decreed by destiny.

Corb. How, how, good Mosca?

Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover—

Corb. I do conceive you.

Mos. And, on first advantage Of his gained sense, will I re-importune him Unto the making of his testament:

And show him this.

[Pointing to the money]

Corb. Good, good.

Mos. 'Tis better yet, so

If you will hear, sir.

Corb. Yes, with all my heart.

Mos. Now would I counsel you, make home with speed;

There, frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe

My master your sole heir.

<sup>1</sup> Weeping.

<sup>2</sup> Dizziness.

<sup>3</sup> Ceased.

<sup>4</sup> By your own standard.

<sup>1</sup> A sequin, worth about two dollars.

<sup>2</sup> Liquid gold was a sovereign remedy.

<sup>3</sup> By no means.



Corb. And disinherit  
My son!  
Mos. O, sir, the better: for that color<sup>1</sup>  
Shall make it much more taking.  
Corb. O, but color?<sup>2</sup>  
Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto  
me.  
Now, when I come to enforce, as I will do,  
Your cares, your watchings, and your many  
prayers,  
Your more than many gifts, your this day's  
present,<sup>100</sup>  
And last, produce your will; where, without  
thought,  
Or least regard unto your proper issue,  
A son so brave, and highly meriting,  
The stream of your diverted love hath  
thrown you  
Upon my master, and made him your heir:  
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,  
But out of conscience and mere gratitude—  
Corb. He must pronounce me his?  
Mos. 'Tis true.  
Corb. This plot  
Did I think on before.  
Mos. I do believe it.  
Corb. Do you not believe it?  
Mos. Yes, sir.  
Corb. Mine own project.<sup>110</sup>  
Mos. Which, when he hath done, sir—  
Corb. Published me his heir?  
Mos. And you so certain to survive him—  
Corb. Ay.  
Mos. Being so lusty a man—  
Corb. 'Tis true.  
Mos. Yes, sir—  
Corb. I thought on that too. See, how  
he should be  
The very organ to express my thoughts!  
Mos. You have not only done yourself a  
good—  
Corb. But multiplied it on my son.  
Mos. 'Tis right, sir.  
Corb. Still, my invention.  
Mos. 'Las, sir! heaven knows,  
It hath been all my study, all my care,  
(I e'en grow grey withal,) how to work  
things—<sup>120</sup>  
Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.  
Mos. You are he  
For whom I labor here.  
Corb. Ay, do, do, do:  
I'll straight about it. [Going]

<sup>1</sup> Pretence.<sup>2</sup> O, only a pretence.

Mos. Rook go with you, raven!<sup>1</sup>  
Corb. I know thee honest.  
Mos. You do lie, sir!  
Corb. And—  
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than  
your ears, sir.  
Corb. I do not doubt to be a father to  
thee.  
Mos. Nor I to gull<sup>2</sup> my brother of his  
blessing.  
Corb. I may ha' my youth restored to  
me, why not?  
Mos. Your worship is a precious ass!  
Corb. What sayest thou?  
Mos. I do desire your worship to make  
haste, sir.<sup>130</sup>  
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done; I go. [Exit]  
Volp. [leaping from his couch] O, I shall  
burst!  
Let out my sides, let out my sides—  
Mos. Contain  
Your flux of laughter, sir: you know this  
hope<sup>3</sup>  
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.  
Volp. O, but thy working, and thy plac-  
ing it!  
I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee:  
I never knew thee in so rare a humor.  
Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;  
Follow your grave instructions; give 'hem  
words;<sup>4</sup>  
Pour oil into their ears, and send them  
hence.<sup>140</sup>  
Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare  
punishment  
Is avarice to itself!  
Mos. Ay, with our help, sir.  
Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,  
So many fears attending on old age,  
Yea, death so often called on, as<sup>5</sup> no wish  
Can be more frequent with them, their  
limbs faint,  
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing,  
going,<sup>6</sup>  
All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,  
Their instruments of eating, failing them:  
Yet this is reckoned life! nay, here was one,  
Is now gone home, that wishes to live  
longer!<sup>151</sup>

<sup>1</sup> May you be cheated, you old raven. Mosca is taking advantage of Corbaccio's deafness.<sup>2</sup> Cheat.<sup>3</sup> The hope of these dupes.<sup>4</sup> Deceive them.<sup>5</sup> That.<sup>6</sup> Power to walk.



Feels not his gout, nor palsy; feigns himself  
Younger by scores of years, flatters his age  
With confident belying it, hopes he may  
With charms like Æson, have his youth re-  
stored;

And with these thoughts so battens, as if  
fate

Would be as easily cheated on as he,  
And all turns air! [*another knocks*] Who's  
that there, now? a third!

Mos. Close, to your couch again; I hear  
his voice.

It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.

Volp. [*lies down as before*] Dead. 100

Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes.  
[*anointing them*] Who's there?

## SCENE V

MOSCA, VOLPONE, [*Enter*] CORVINO

Signior Corvino! come most wished for! O,  
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!

Corv. Why? what? wherein?

Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.

Corv. He is not dead?

Mos. Not dead, sir, but as good;  
He knows no man.

Corv. How shall I do then?

Mos. Why, sir?

Corv. I have brought him here a pearl.

Mos. Perhaps he has  
So much remembrance left as to know you,  
sir:

He still<sup>1</sup> calls on you; nothing but your  
name

Is in his mouth. Is your pearl orient,<sup>2</sup> sir?

Corv. Venice was never owner of the like.

Volp. [*faintly*] Signior Corvino!

Mos. Hark.

Volp. Signior Corvino! 11

Mos. He calls you; step and give it him.  
—He's here, sir,

And he has brought you a rich pearl.

Corv. How do you, sir?

Tell him it doubles the twelve caract.

Mos. Sir,

He cannot understand, his hearing's gone;  
And yet it comforts him to see you—

Corv. Say

I have a diamant for him, too.

Mos. Best show it, sir;

Put it into his hand: 'tis only there

<sup>1</sup> Continually.

<sup>2</sup> Of first quality.

He apprehends: he has his feeling yet.  
See how he grasps it!

Corv. 'Las, good gentleman! 20  
How pitiful the sight is!

Mos. Tut, forget, sir.  
The weeping of an heir should still be  
laughter

Under a visor.

Corv. Why, am I his heir?

Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not show  
the will

Till he be dead; but here has been Cor-  
baccio,

Here has been Voltore, here were others,  
too,

I cannot number 'hem, they were so many;  
All gaping here for legacies: but I,

Taking the vantage of his naming you,

Signior Corvino, Signior Corvino, took 30  
Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I asked  
him

Whom he would have his heir? Corvino.  
Who

Should be executor? Corvino. And,

To any question he was silent to,

I still interpreted the nods he made,

Through weakness, for consent: and sent  
home th' others,

Nothing bequeathed them, but to cry and  
curse.

Corv. O, my dear Mosca. (*They em-  
brace*) Does he not perceive us?

Mos. No more than a blind harper. He  
knows no man,

No face of friend, nor name of any servant,  
Who 'twas that fed him last, or gave him  
drink: 41

Not those he had begotten, or brought up,  
Can he remember.

Corv. Has he children?

Mos. Bastards,

Some dozen, or more, that he begot on  
beggars,

Gipsies, and Jews, and black-moors, when  
he was drunk.

Knew you not that, sir? 'tis the common  
fable.

The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch, are all his;  
H'is the true father of his family,

In all save me:—but he has given 'hem  
nothing.

Corv. That's well, that's well! Art sure  
he does not hear us? 50



*Mos.* Sure, sir! why, look you, credit your own sense. [*Shouts in VOLPONE'S ear*]  
The pox approach, and add to your diseases,  
If it would send you hence the sooner, sir,  
For your incontinence, it hath deserved it  
Thoroughly and thoroughly, and the plague  
to boot!—

You may come near, sir.—Would you would  
once close

Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with  
slime,

Like two frog-pits; and those same hanging  
cheeks,

Covered with hide instead of skin—Nay,  
help, sir<sup>1</sup>—

That look like frozen dish-clouts set on  
end!

*Corv.* Or like an old smoked wall, on  
which the rain  
Ran down in streaks!

*Mos.* Excellent, sir! speak out:  
You may be louder yet; a culverin<sup>2</sup>

Discharged in his ear would hardly bore it.

*Corv.* His nose is like a common sewer,  
still<sup>3</sup> running.

*Mos.* 'Tis good! And what his mouth?

*Corv.* A very draught.

*Mos.* O, stop it up—

*Corv.* By no means.

*Mos.* Pray you, let me:  
Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow  
As well as any woman that should keep<sup>4</sup>  
him.

*Corv.* Do as you will; but I'll begone.

*Mos.* Be so; <sup>70</sup>

It is your presence makes him last so long.

*Corv.* I pray you use no violence.

*Mos.* No, sir! why?

Why should you be thus scrupulous, pray  
you, sir?

*Corv.* Nay, at your discretion.

*Mos.* Well, good sir, begone.

*Corv.* I will not trouble you now to take<sup>5</sup>  
my pearl.

*Mos.* Puh! nor your diamant. What a  
needless care

Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?

Am not I here, whom you have made your  
creature?

That owe my being to you?

<sup>1</sup> To Corvino to join him in the abuse.

<sup>2</sup> A small cannon.

<sup>3</sup> Ever.

<sup>4</sup> Nurse.

<sup>5</sup> From Volpone who still clutches it.

*Corv.* Grateful Mosca!  
Thou art my friend, my fellow, my com-  
panion,

My partner, and shalt share in all my for-  
tunes.

*Mos.* Excepting one.

*Corv.* What's that?

*Mos.* Your gallant wife, sir.  
[*Exit CORV.*]

Now he is gone: we had no other means  
To shoot him hence but this.

*Volp.* My divine Mosca!  
Thou hast to-day outgone thyself. [*an-  
other knocks*] Who's there?

I will be troubled with no more. Prepare  
Me music, dances, banquets, all delights;  
The Turk is not more sensual in his pleas-  
ures

Than will Volpone. [*Exit Mos.*] Let me  
see; a pearl!

A diamant! plate! chequines! Good morn-  
ing's purchase.

Why, this is better than rob churches, yet;  
Or fat,<sup>1</sup> by eating, once a month, a man.

[*Re-enter MOSCA*]

Who is't?

*Mos.* The beauteous Lady Would-be, sir,  
Wife to the English knight, Sir Politick  
Would-be,

(This is the style, sir, is directed me,) <sup>2</sup>  
Hath sent to know how you have slept to-  
night,

And if you would be visited?

*Volp.* Not now:

Some three hours hence.

*Mos.* I told the squire<sup>3</sup> so much.

*Volp.* When I am high with mirth and  
wine; then, then:

'Fore heaven, I wonder at the desperate  
valor

Of the bold English, that they dare let loose  
Their wives to all encounters!

*Mos.* Sir, this knight  
Had not his name for nothing, he is politic,  
And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange  
airs,

She hath not yet the face to be dishonest:  
But had she Signior Corvino's wife's face—

*Volp.* Hath she so rare a face?

*Mos.* O, sir, the wonder,

<sup>1</sup> Fatten.

<sup>2</sup> I am told thus to introduce her.

<sup>3</sup> Messenger.



The blazing star of Italy! a wench  
O' the first year! a beauty ripe as harvest!  
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over,  
Than silver, snow, or lilies; a soft lip, <sup>111</sup>  
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!  
And flesh that melteth in the touch to  
blood!

Bright as your gold, and lovely as your  
gold!

*Volp.* Why had not I known this before?

*Mos.* Alas, sir,  
Myself but yesterday discovered it.

*Volp.* How might I see her?

*Mos.* O, not possible;  
She's kept as warily as is your gold;  
Never do's come abroad, never takes air  
But at a windore.<sup>1</sup> All her looks are sweet,  
As the first grapes or cherries, and are  
watched <sup>121</sup>

As near<sup>2</sup> as they are.

*Volp.* I must see her.

*Mos.* Sir,  
There is a guard of spies ten thick upon her,  
All his whole household; each of which is  
set

Upon his fellow, and have all their charge,  
When he goes out, when he comes in, ex-  
amined.

*Volp.* I will go see her, though but at her  
windore.

*Mos.* In some disguise then.

*Volp.* That is true; I must  
Maintain mine own shape still the same;  
we'll think. [Exeunt]

## ACT II, SCENE I

[*St. Mark's Place; a retired corner before  
Corvino's House*]

[*Enter Sir*] POLITICK WOULD-BE, and  
PEREGRINE

*Sir P.* Sir, to a wise man, all the world's  
his soil:  
It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,  
That must bound me, if my fates call me  
forth.

Yet, I protest, it is no salt desire  
Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,  
Nor any disaffection to the state  
Where I was bred, and unto which I owe

<sup>1</sup> Window.

<sup>2</sup> Carefully.

My dearest plots,<sup>1</sup> hath brought me out;  
much less

That idle, antique, stale, grey-headed proj-  
ect

Of knowing men's minds and manners, with  
Ulysses! <sup>10</sup>

But a peculiar humor of my wife's  
Laid for this height of Venice,<sup>2</sup> to observe,  
To quote, to learn the language, and so  
forth—

I hope you travel, sir, with license?

*Per.* Yes.

*Sir P.* I dare the safelier converse—How  
long, sir,

Since you left England?

*Per.* Seven weeks.

*Sir P.* So lately!

You ha' not been with my lord ambassador?

*Per.* Not yet, sir.

*Sir P.* Pray you, what news, sir, vents our  
climate?<sup>3</sup>

I heard last night a most strange thing re-  
ported

By some of my lord's followers, and I long <sup>20</sup>  
To hear how 'twill be seconded.

*Per.* What was 't, sir?

*Sir P.* Marry, sir, of a raven that should  
build

In a ship royal of the king's.

*Per.* [*aside*] This fellow,

Do's he gull me, trow? or is gulled?—Your  
name, sir?

*Sir P.* My name is Politick Would-be.

*Per.* [*aside*] O, that speaks him.—

A knight, sir?

*Sir P.* A poor knight, sir.

*Per.* Your lady

Lies<sup>4</sup> here in Venice, for intelligence

Of tires and fashions, and behavior,

Among the courtesans? the fine Lady  
Would-be?

*Sir P.* Yes, sir; the spider and the bee  
ofttimes <sup>30</sup>

Suck from one flower.

*Per.* Good Sir Politick,

I cry you mercy; I have heard much of  
you:

'Tis true, sir, of your raven.

*Sir P.* On your knowledge?

<sup>1</sup> Most cherished plans.

<sup>2</sup> To see Venice in the height of the season.

<sup>3</sup> What news from England.

<sup>4</sup> Looges.



*Per.* Yes, and your lion's whelping in the Tower.<sup>1</sup>

*Sir P.* Another whelp?

*Per.* Another, sir.

*Sir P.* Now heaven!

What prodigies be these? The fires at Berwick!

And the new star! these things concurring, strange,

And full of omen! Saw you those meteors?

*Per.* I did, sir.

*Sir P.* Fearful! Pray you, sir, confirm me,

Were there three porepices seen above the bridge,

As they give out?

*Per.* Six, and a sturgeon, sir.

*Sir P.* I am astonished.

*Per.* Nay, sir, be not so;

I'll tell you a greater prodigy than these.

*Sir P.* What should these things portend?

*Per.* The very day

(Let me be sure) that I put forth from London,

There was a whale discovered in the river, As high as Woolwich, that had waited there,

Few know how many months, for the subversion

On the Stode<sup>2</sup> fleet.

*Sir P.* Is't possible? believe it, 'Twas either sent from Spain, or the arch-duke's:

Spinola's whale, upon my life, my credit! Will they not leave these projects?<sup>3</sup> Worthy sir,

Some other news.

*Per.* Faith, Stone the fool is dead, And they do lack a tavern fool extremely.

*Sir P.* Is Mass<sup>4</sup> Stone dead?

*Per.* H'is dead, sir; why, I hope You thought him not immortal?—[aside] O, this knight,

Were he well known, would be a precious thing

To fit our English stage: he that should write<sup>5</sup>

But such a fellow, should be thought to feign

Extremely, if not maliciously.

*Sir P.* Stone dead! <sup>60</sup>

*Per.* Dead.—Lord! how deeply, sir, you apprehend it!

He was no kinsman to you?

*Sir P.* That I know of.<sup>1</sup>

Well! that same fellow was an unknown fool.

*Per.* And yet you knew him, it seems?

*Sir P.* I did so. Sir,

I knew him one of the most dangerous heads

Living within the state, and so I held him.

*Per.* Indeed, sir?

*Sir P.* While he lived, in action, He has received weekly intelligence,

Upon my knowledge, out of the Low Countries,

For all parts of the world, in cabbages; <sup>70</sup>

And those dispensed again to ambassadors,

In oranges, musk-melons, apricots,

Lemons, pome-citrons, and such-like; sometimes

In Colchester oysters, and your Selsey cockles.

*Per.* You make me wonder.

*Sir P.* Sir, upon my knowledge. Nay, I've observed him, at your public

ordinary,<sup>2</sup>

Take his advertisement<sup>3</sup> from a traveller, A concealed statesman, in a trencher of

meat;

And instantly, before the meal was done,

Convey an answer in a toothpick.

*Per.* Strange! <sup>80</sup>

How could this be, sir?

*Sir P.* Why, the meat was cut So like his character, and so laid as<sup>4</sup> he

Must easily read the cipher.

*Per.* I have heard,

He could not read, sir.

*Sir P.* So 'twas given out, In policy, by those that did employ him:

But he could read, and had your languages, And to 't,<sup>5</sup> as sound a noddle—

*Per.* I have heard, sir,

That your baboons were spies, and that they were

A kind of subtle nation near to China.

*Sir P.* Ay, ay, your Mamaluchi. Faith, they had <sup>90</sup>

Their hand in a French plot or two; but they

<sup>1</sup> Not that I know of.

<sup>4</sup> That.

<sup>2</sup> Eating house.

<sup>5</sup> In addition to this.

<sup>3</sup> Information.

<sup>1</sup> An actual occurrence a year or so before. The raven above may cloak a topical allusion or be only Sir P's affected mode of speech.

<sup>2</sup> Near Hamburg.

<sup>4</sup> Messer or Master.

<sup>3</sup> Give up these plots.

<sup>5</sup> Write a play on.



Were so extremely given to women, as<sup>1</sup>  
They made discovery of all: yet I  
Had my advices here, on Wednesday last,  
From one of their own coat,<sup>2</sup> they were re-  
turned,

Made their relations,<sup>3</sup> as the fashion is,  
And now stand fair for fresh employment.

*Per.* [*aside*] Heart!  
This Sir Pol will be ignorant of nothing.—  
It seems, sir, you know all.

*Sir P.* Not all, sir; but  
I have some general notions. I do love<sup>100</sup>  
To note and to observe: though I live out,  
Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark  
The currents and the passages of things,  
For mine own private use; and know the  
ebbs

And flows of state.

*Per.* Believe it, sir, I hold  
Myself in no small tie<sup>4</sup> unto my fortunes,  
For casting me thus luckily upon you,  
Whose knowledge, if your bounty equal it,  
May do me great assistance, in instruction  
For my behavior, and my bearing, which<sup>110</sup>  
Is yet so rude and raw.

*Sir P.* Why, came you forth  
Empty of rules for travel?

*Per.* Faith, I had  
Some common ones, from out that vulgar  
grammar,  
Which he that cried<sup>5</sup> Italian to me, taught  
me.

*Sir P.* Why, this it is that spoils all our  
brave bloods,  
Trusting our hopeful gentry unto pedants,  
Fellows of outside, and mere bark. You  
seem

To be a gentleman of ingenuous race:—  
I not profess it, but my fate hath been  
To be, where I have been consulted with,<sup>120</sup>  
In this high kind,<sup>6</sup> touching some great  
men's sons,

Persons of blood and honor.—

*Per.* Who be these, sir?

## SCENE II

[*To them enter*] MOSCA and NANO [*dis-  
guised, followed by persons with  
materials for erecting a stage*]

*Mos.* Under that windore, there 't must  
be. The same.

<sup>1</sup> That.      <sup>2</sup> Kind, that.      <sup>3</sup> Reports.  
<sup>4</sup> Obligation.      <sup>5</sup> Spoke.  
<sup>6</sup> As to these important matters.

*Sir P.* Fellows, to mount a bank. Did  
your instructor

In the dear tongues,<sup>1</sup> never discourse to you  
Of the Italian mountebanks?

*Per.* Yes, sir.

*Sir P.* Why,  
Here you shall see one.

*Per.* They are quacksalvers,  
Fellows that live by venting oils and drugs.

*Sir P.* Was that the character he gave you  
of them?

*Per.* As I remember.

*Sir P.* Pity his ignorance.  
They are the only knowing men of Europe!  
Great general scholars, excellent physicians,  
Most admired statesmen, professed favor-  
ites,<sup>11</sup>

And cabinet counsellors to the greatest  
princes;

The only languaged men of all the world!

*Per.* And, I have heard, they are most  
lewd<sup>2</sup> impostors;

Made all of terms and shreds; no less be-  
liers

Of great men's favors, than their own vile  
med'cines;

Which they will utter upon monstrous  
oaths;

Selling that drug for twopence, ere they part,  
Which they have valued at twelve crowns  
before.

*Sir P.* Sir, calumnies are answered best  
with silence.<sup>20</sup>

Yourself shall judge.—Who is it mounts,  
my friends?

*Mos.* Scoto of Mantua,<sup>3</sup> sir.

*Sir P.* Is't he? Nay, then  
I'll proudly promise, sir, you shall behold  
Another man than has been phant'sied<sup>4</sup> to  
you.

I wonder yet, that he should mount his bank,  
Here in this nook, that has been wont t'  
appear

In face of the Piazza!—Here he comes.

[*Enter VOLPONE, disguised as a mountebank  
Doctor, and followed by a crowd of  
people*]

*Volp.* Mount, zany. [*To NANO*]  
*Grege.*<sup>5</sup> Follow, follow, follow, follow!

<sup>1</sup> Modern languages. °

<sup>2</sup> Vulgar.

<sup>3</sup> An Italian juggler, then in England.

<sup>4</sup> Imagined.

<sup>5</sup> Jonson's classical word for the crowd.



Sir P. See how the people follow him!  
h'is a man  
May write ten thousand crowns in bank  
here. Note,

[VOLPONE mounts the stage]

Mark but his gesture:—I do use to observe  
The state he keeps in getting up.

Per. 'Tis worth it, sir.

Volp. 'Most noble gentlemen, and my  
worthy patrons! It may seem strange that  
I, your Scoto Mantuano, who was ever wont  
to fix my bank in the face of the public  
Piazza, near the shelter of the Portico to  
the Procuratia,<sup>1</sup> should now, after eight  
months' absence from this illustrious city  
of Venice, humbly retire myself into an  
obscure nook of the Piazza.'

Sir P. Did not I now object the same?

Per. Peace, sir.

Volp. 'Let me tell you: I am not, as  
your Lombard proverb saith, cold on my  
feet; or content to part with my commodi-  
ties at a cheaper rate than I [am] accus-  
tomed: look not for it. Nor that the cal-  
umnious reports of that impudent detractor,  
and shame to our profession (Alessandro  
Buttone, I mean), who gave out, in pub-  
lic, I was condemned a *sforzato*<sup>2</sup> to the  
galleys, for poisoning the Cardinal Bembo's  
—cook, hath at all attached, much less de-  
jected me. No, no, worthy gentlemen; to  
tell you true, I cannot endure to see the  
rabble of these ground *ciarlitani*,<sup>3</sup> that  
spread their cloaks on the pavement, as if  
they meant to do feats of activity, and  
then come in lamely, with their mouldy  
tales out of Boccaccio, like stale Taba-  
rine, the fabulist:<sup>4</sup> some of them discours-  
ing their travels, and of their tedious cap-  
tivity in the Turks' galleys, when, indeed,  
were the truth known, they were the Chris-  
tians' galleys, where very temperately they  
eat bread, and drunk water, as a wholesome  
penance, enjoined them by their confessors,  
for base pilferies.'

Sir P. Note but his bearing, and contempt  
of these.

Volp. 'These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-  
lousy-fartical rogues, with one poor groat's-  
worth of unprepared antimony, finely

wrapped up in several *scartoccios*,<sup>1</sup> are able,  
very well, to kill their twenty a week, and  
play; yet these meagre, starved spirits, who  
have half stopped the organs of their minds  
with earthy oppilations,<sup>2</sup> want not their  
favorers among your shrivelled salad-eating  
artisans, who are overjoyed that they may  
have their half-pe'rth of physic; though so  
it purge 'hem into another world, it makes  
no matter.'

Sir P. Excellent! ha' you heard better  
language, sir?

Volp. 'Well, let 'hem go. And, gentle-  
men, honorable gentlemen, know, that for  
this time, our bank, being thus removed  
from the clamors of the *canaglia*,<sup>3</sup> shall be  
the scene of pleasure and delight; for I  
have nothing to sell, little or nothing to  
sell.'

Sir P. I told you, sir, his end.

Per. You did so, sir.

Volp. "I protest, I, and my six servants,  
are not able to make of this precious liquor,  
so fast as it is fetched away from my lodg-  
ing by gentlemen of your city; strangers  
of the terra-firma;<sup>4</sup> worshipful merchants;  
ay, and senators too: who, ever since my  
arrival, have detained me to their uses, by  
their splendidous liberalities. And worthily;  
for, what avails your rich man to have  
his magazines stuffed with *moscadelli*, or of  
the purest grape, when his physicians pre-  
scribe him, on pain of death, to drink noth-  
ing but water cocted<sup>5</sup> with aniseeds? O,  
health, health! the blessing of the rich!  
the riches of the poor! who can buy thee  
at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying  
this world without thee? Be not then so  
sparing of your purses, honorable gentlemen,  
as to abridge the natural course of life"—

Per. You see his end.

Sir P. Ay, is 't not good?

Volp. 'For when a humid flux, or ca-  
tarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from  
your head into an arm or shoulder, or any  
other part; take you a ducket, or your  
chequin of gold, and apply to the place  
affected: see what good effect it can work.  
No, no, 'tis this blessed *unguento*,<sup>6</sup> this rare  
extraction, that hath only power to dis-  
perse all malignant humors, that proceed

<sup>1</sup> Residence of the procurators.

<sup>2</sup> With hard labor.

<sup>3</sup> Small impostors.

<sup>4</sup> A French mountebank whose jests were pub-  
lished.

<sup>1</sup> Folded papers, envelopes.

<sup>2</sup> Obstructions.

<sup>3</sup> Crowd.

<sup>4</sup> Main land.

<sup>5</sup> Boiled down.

<sup>6</sup> Ointment.



either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes—'

*Per.* I would he had put in dry too.

*Sir P.* Pray you, observe.

*Volp.* 'To fortify the most indigest and crude stomach, ay, were it of one that, through extreme weakness, vomited blood, applying only a warm napkin to the place, after the unction and fricace,<sup>1</sup>—for the vertigine<sup>2</sup> in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrils, likewise behind the<sup>130</sup> ears; a most sovereign and approved remedy; the *mal caduco*,<sup>3</sup> cramps, convulsions, paralyties, epilepsies, *tremor-cordia*, retired nerves, ill vapors of the spleen, stoppings of the liver, the stone, the strangury, *hernia ventosa, iliaca, passio*;<sup>4</sup> stops a *dysenteria* immediately; easeth the torsion of the small guts; and cures *melancholia hypondriaca*, being taken and applied, according to my printed receipt. (*Pointing to his bill*<sup>5</sup> <sup>140</sup> and his vial.) For this is the physician, this the medicine; this counsels, this cures; this gives the direction, this works the effect; and, in sum, both together may be termed an abstract of the theoric and practice in the Æsculapian art. 'Twill cost you eight crowns. And,—Zan Fritada,<sup>6</sup> prithee sing a verse extempore in honor of it.'

*Sir P.* How do you like him, sir?

*Per.* Most strangely, I!

*Sir P.* Is not his language rare?

*Per.* But<sup>7</sup> alchemy,<sup>150</sup>

I never heard the like; or Broughton's books.<sup>2</sup>

[NANO sings]

*Had old Hippocrates, or Galen,  
That to their books put med'cines all in,  
But known this secret, they had never  
(Of which they will be guilty ever)  
Been murderers of so much paper,  
Or wasted many a hurtless taper;  
No Indian drug had e'er been famed,  
Tobacco, sassafras not named;  
Ne yet of guacum<sup>9</sup> one small stick, sir,<sup>160</sup>  
Nor Raymond Lully's<sup>10</sup> great elixir.  
Ne had been known the Danish Gonswart,  
Or Paracelsus, with his long sword.*

<sup>1</sup> Salve. <sup>2</sup> Dizziness. <sup>3</sup> Epilepsy. <sup>4</sup> Colic.

<sup>5</sup> Advertisement, poster.

<sup>6</sup> Volpone's name for Nano.

<sup>7</sup> Except.

<sup>8</sup> Mystical comments on the Old Testament.

<sup>9</sup> A resinous drug.

<sup>10</sup> A famous alchemist.

*Per.* All this, yet, will not do; eight crowns is high.

*Volp.* 'No more.—Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oil, surnamed *oglio del Scoto*; with the countless catalogue of those I have cured of th' aforesaid, and many more diseases; the patents and privileges<sup>170</sup> of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendom; or but the depositions of those that appeared on my part, before the signiory of the *Sanita* and most learned College of Physicians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own excellency in matter of rare and unknown secrets, not only to disperse them publicly in this famous city, but in all the terri-<sup>180</sup> tories, that happily joy under the government of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. But may some other gallant fellow say, O, there be divers that make profession to have as good, and as experimented receipts as yours: indeed, very many have assayed, like apes, in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this oil; bestowed great cost in furnaces, stills, alembics,<sup>190</sup> continual fires, and preparation of the ingredients (as indeed there goes to it six hundred several simples,<sup>1</sup> besides some quantity of human fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomists), but when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fumo: ha, ha, ha! Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money; for<sup>200</sup> these may be recovered by industry: but to be a fool born, is a disease incurable.

For myself, I always from my youth have endeavored to get the rarest secrets, and book them, either in exchange, or for money: I spared nor cost nor labor, where anything was worthy to be learned. And gentlemen, honorable gentlemen, I will undertake by virtue of chymical art, out of the honorable hat that covers your head,<sup>210</sup> to extract the four elements; that is to say, the fire, air, water, and earth, and return you your felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the balloo,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Herbs.

<sup>2</sup> A popular Italian game of ball.



I have been at my book; and am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honor and reputation.'

*Sir P.* I do assure you, sir, that is his aim.

*Volp.* 'But to our price—'

*Per.* And that withal,<sup>1</sup> *Sir Pol.*

*Volp.* 'You all know, honorable gentlemen, I never valued this *ampulla*, or vial, at less than eight crowns; but for this time, I am content to be deprived of it for six; six crowns is the price, and less in courtesy I know you cannot offer me; take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crowns, so the Cardinals Montalto, Fernese, the great Duke of Tuscany, my gossip,<sup>2</sup> with divers other princes, have given me; but I despise money. Only to show my affection to you, honorable gentlemen, and your illustrious State here, I have neglected the messages of these princes, mine own offices,<sup>3</sup> framed my journey hither, only to present you with the fruits of my travels.—Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and give the honorable assembly some delightful recreation.'

*Per.* What monstrous and most painful circumstance  
Is here, to get some three or four gazettes,<sup>4</sup>  
Some threepence in the whole! for that  
'twill come to.

[NANO sings]

*You that would last long, list to my song,  
Make no more coil, but buy of this oil  
Would you be ever fair and young?  
Stout of teeth, and strong of tongue?  
Tart of palate? quick of ear?  
Sharp of sight? of nostril clear?  
Moist of hand? and light of foot?  
Or, I will come nearer to't,  
Would you live free from all diseases?  
Do the act your mistress pleases,  
Yet fright all aches<sup>5</sup> from your bones?  
Here's a med'cine for the nones.<sup>6</sup>*

*Volp.* 'Well, I am in a humor at this time to make a present of the small quan-

<sup>1</sup> And that especially.

<sup>2</sup> Familiar friend.

<sup>3</sup> Duties.

<sup>4</sup> A trifling Italian coin.

<sup>5</sup> Dissyllable *itches*.

<sup>6</sup> For the purpose.

tity my coffer contains; to the rich in courtesy, and to the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now mark: I asked you six crowns; and six crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor half a ducat; no, nor a *moccinigo*.<sup>1</sup> Six-pense it will cost you, or six hundred pound—expect no lower price, for, by the banner of my front, I will not bate a *bagatine*,<sup>2</sup>—that I will have, only, a pledge of your loves, to carry something from amongst you, to show I am not contemned by you. Therefore, now, toss your handkerchiefs, cheerfully, cheerfully; and be advertised, that the first heroic spirit that deigns to grace me with a handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better than if I had presented it with a double pistolet.<sup>3</sup>

*Per.* Will you be that heroic spark, *Sir Pol*?

CELIA, at a window [above],  
throws down her handkerchief

O, see, the windore has prevented<sup>4</sup> you.

*Volp.* 'Lady, I kiss your bounty; and for this timely grace you have done your poor Scoto of Mantua, I will return you, over and above my oil, a secret of that high and inestimable nature, shall make you for ever enamored on that minute, wherein your eye first descended on so mean, yet not altogether to be despised, an object. Here is a poulder concealed in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth,<sup>5</sup> nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word; so short is this pilgrimage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price? why, the whole world is but as an empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank, that bank as a private purse to the purchase of it. I will only tell you; it is the poulder that made Venus a goddess (given her by Apollo), that kept her perpetually young, cleared her wrinkles, firmed her gums, filled her skin, colored her hair; from her derived to Helen, and at the sack of

<sup>1</sup> A Venetian coin worth less than twenty cents.

<sup>2</sup> A small Italian piece.

<sup>3</sup> A Spanish gold piece.

<sup>4</sup> Anticipated you.

<sup>5</sup> Value it truly.



Troy unfortunately lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recovered, by a studious antiquary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a moiety of it to the court of France (but much sophisticated), where-with the ladies there now color their hair. The rest, at this present, remains with me; extracted to a quintessence: so that, wherever it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the complexion; seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks,<sup>1</sup> firm as a wall: makes them white as ivory, that were black as—'

## SCENE III

[To them enter] CORVINO

Cor. Spite o' the devil, and my shame! come down here;  
Come down;—No house but mine to make your scene?

*He beats away the mountebank, etc.*  
Signior Flaminio, will you down, sir? down? What, is my wife your Franciscina, sir? No windores on the whole Piazza, here, To make your properties, but mine? but mine?

Heart! ere to-morrow I shall be new christened,  
And called the *Pantalone di bisogniosi*,<sup>2</sup> About the town.

Per. What should this mean, Sir Pol?

Sir P. Some trick of state, believe it; I will home. 10

Per. It may be some design on you.

Sir P. I know not.

I'll stand upon my guard.

Per. It is your best, sir.

Sir P. This three weeks, all my advices, all my letters,

They have been intercepted.

Per. Indeed, sir!

Best have a care.

Sir P. Nay, so I will

Per. This knight,

I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.

[Exeunt]

<sup>1</sup> The pieces of wood which caused the quills to pluck the strings of a virginal.

<sup>2</sup> Fool of beggars.

## SCENE IV

[A Room in Volpone's House]

[Enter] VOLPONE and MOSCA

Volp. O, I am wounded!

Mos. Where, sir?

Volp. Not without;  
Those blows were nothing: I could bear them ever.

But angry Cupid, bolting from her eyes,  
Hath shot himself into me like a flame;  
Where now he flings about his burning heat,  
As in a furnace an ambitious fire,  
Whose vent is stopped. The fight is all within me.

I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca;  
My liver melts, and I, without the hope  
Of some soft air, from her refreshing breath,  
Am but a heap of cinders.

Mos. 'Las, good sir, 11  
Would you had never seen her!

Volp. Nay, would thou  
Hadst never told me of her!

Mos. Sir, 'tis true;  
I do confess I was unfortunate,  
And you unhappy; but I'm bound in conscience,

No less than duty, to effect my best  
To your release of torment, and I will, sir.

Volp. Dear Mosca, shall I hope?

Mos. Sir, more than dear,  
I will not bid you to despair of aught  
Within a human compass.

Volp. O, there spoke 20  
My better angel. Mosca, take my keys,  
Gold, plate, and jewels, all's at thy devotion;

Employ them how thou wilt: nay, coin me too:

So thou in this but crown my longings,  
Mosca.

Mos. Use but your patience,

Volp. So I have.

Mos. I doubt not

To bring success to your desires.

Volp. Nay, then,

I not repent me of my late disguise.

Mos. If you can horn him, sir, you need not.

Volp. True:

Besides, I never meant him for my heir.—  
Is not the color o' my beard and eyebrows 30



To make me known?

*Mos.* No jot.

*Volp.* I did it well.

*Mos.* So well, would I could follow you in mine,

With half the happiness! and yet I would Escape your epilogue.<sup>1</sup>

*Volp.* [*Grimacing*] But were they gulled With a belief that I was Scoto?

*Mos.* Sir, Scoto himself could hardly have distinguished!

I have not time to flatter you now, we'll part:

And as I prosper, so applaud my art.

[*Exeunt*]

### SCENE V

[*A Room in Corvino's House*]

[*Enter*] CORVINO, [*with his sword in his hand, dragging in*] CELIA

*Corv.* Death of mine honor, with the city's fool!

A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mountebank!

And at a public windore! where, whilst he, With his strained action, and his dole of faces,

To his drug-lecture draws your itching ears, A crew of old, unmarried, noted lechers, Stood leering up like satyrs: and you smile Most graciously, and fan your favors forth, To give your hot spectators satisfaction! What, was your mountebank their call? their whistle?<sup>10</sup>

Or were you enamored on his copper rings, His saffron jewel, with the toadstone in't, Or his embroidered suit, with the cope-stitch,

Made of a hearse cloth? or his old tilt-feather?

Or his starched beard! Well you shall have him, yes!

He shall come home, and minister unto you The fricace<sup>2</sup> for the mother.<sup>3</sup> Or, let me see,

I think you'd rather mount; would you not mount?

Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes, truly, you may!

<sup>1</sup> His beating by Corvino.

<sup>2</sup> Salve.

<sup>3</sup> Hysteria.

And so you may be seen, down to th' foot. Get you a cittern, Lady Vanity,

And be a dealer with the virtuous man;

Make one: I'll but protest myself a cuckold,

And save your dowry. I'm a Dutchman, I!

For if you thought me an Italian,

You would be damned ere you did this, you whore!

Thou'dst tremble, to imagine, that the murder

Of father, mother, brother, all thy race, Should follow, as the subject of my justice.

*Cel.* Good sir, have patience.

*Corv.* What couldst thou propose<sup>1</sup>

Less to thyself, than in this heat of wrath,<sup>21</sup>

And stung with my dishonor, I should strike

This steel into thee, with as many stabs

As thou wert gazed upon with goatish eyes?

*Cel.* Alas, sir, be appeased! I could not think

My being at the windore should more now Move your impatience than at other times.

*Corv.* No! not to seek and entertain a parley

With a known knave, before a multitude!

You were an actor with your handkerchief,<sup>40</sup>

Which he most sweetly kissed in the receipt,

And might, no doubt, return it with a letter,

And point the place where you might meet; your sister's,

Your mother's, or your aunt's might serve the turn.

*Cel.* Why, dear sir, when do I make these excuses?

Or ever stir abroad, but to the church?

And that so seldom—

*Corv.* Well, it shall be less;

And thy restraint before was liberty,

To what I now decree: and therefore mark me.

First, I will have this bawdy light<sup>2</sup> dammed up;<sup>50</sup>

And till't be done, some two or three yards off,

I'll chalk a line; o'er which if thou but chance

To set thy desp'rate foot, more hell, more horror,

More wild remorseless rage shall seize on thee,

Than on a conjuror that had heedless left His circle's safety ere his devil was laid.

<sup>1</sup> Expect.

<sup>2</sup> Window.



Then here's a lock which I will hang upon thee,  
 And, now I think on't, I will keep thee backwards;  
 Thy lodging shall be backwards; thy walks backwards;  
 Thy prospect, all be backwards; and no pleasure,  
 That thou shalt know but backwards: nay, since you force  
 My honest nature, know, it is your own,  
 Being too open, makes me use you thus:  
 Since you will not contain your subtle nostrils  
 In a sweet room, but they must snuff the air  
 Of rank and sweaty passengers.<sup>1</sup> (*Knock within*) One knocks.  
 Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life;  
 Nor look toward the window; if thou dost—  
 Nay, stay, hear this—let me not prosper, whore,  
 But I will make thee an anatomy.<sup>2</sup>  
 Dissect thee mine own self, and read a lecture  
 Upon thee to the city, and in public.  
 Away!—Who's there? [*Exit CELIA*]

[*Enter SERVANT*]

*Serv.* 'Tis Signior Mosca, sir.

## SCENE VI

CORVINO, [*enter*] MOSCA

*Corv.* Let him come in. [*Exit SERV.*]  
 His master's dead; there's yet  
 Some good to help the bad.—My Mosca,  
 welcome!

I guess your news.

*Mos.* I fear you cannot, sir.

*Corv.* Is't not his death?

*Mos.* Rather the contrary.

*Corv.* Not his recovery?

*Mos.* Yes, sir.

*Corv.* I am cursed,  
 I am bewitched, my crosses meet to vex me.  
 How? how? how? how?

*Mos.* Why, sir, with Scotto's oil;  
 Corbaccio and Voltore brought of it,  
 Whilst I was busy in an inner room—

*Corv.* Death! that damned mountebank!  
 but for the law

<sup>1</sup> Passers by.

<sup>2</sup> Dead body.

Now, I could kill the rascal: it cannot be  
 His oil should have that virtue. Ha' not I  
 Known him a common rogue, come fiddling  
 in

To th' *osteria*,<sup>1</sup> with a tumbling whore,  
 And, when he has done all his forced tricks,  
 been glad

Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies  
 in't?

It cannot be. All his ingredients  
 Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,  
 Some few sod<sup>2</sup> earwigs, pounded cater-  
 pillars,

A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle:<sup>3</sup>  
 I know 'hem to a dram.

*Mos.* I know not, sir;<sup>21</sup>

But some on't, there, they poured into his  
 ears,

Some in his nostrils, and recovered him;  
 Applying but the fricace.

*Corv.* Pox o' that fricace!<sup>4</sup>

*Mos.* And since, to seem the more of-  
 ficious

And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have  
 had,

At extreme fees, the college of physicians  
 Consulting on him, how they might restore  
 him;

Where one would have a cataplasm<sup>5</sup> of  
 spices,

Another a flayed ape clapped to his breast,  
 A third would ha' it a dog, a fourth an oil,  
 With wild cats' skins: at last, they all re-  
 solved

That to preserve him, was no other means  
 But some young woman must be straight  
 sought out,

Lusty, and full of juice, to sleep by him;  
 And to this service most unhappily,  
 And most unwillingly, am I now employed,  
 Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you  
 with,

For your advice, since it concerns you most;  
 Because I would not do that thing might  
 cross

Your ends, on whom I have my sole de-  
 pendence, sir;

Yet, if I do it not, they may delate<sup>6</sup>  
 My slackness to my patron, work me out  
 Of his opinion; and there all your hopes,

<sup>1</sup> Inn.

<sup>2</sup> Sodden or boiled.

<sup>3</sup> These preposterous ingredients are not Jonson's  
 fancy but based on study.

<sup>4</sup> Salve.

<sup>5</sup> Poultice.

<sup>6</sup> Blame.



Venteres, or whatsoever, are all frustrate!  
I do but tell you, sir. Besides, they are all  
Now striving who shall first present him;  
therefore—

I could entreat you, briefly conclude some-  
what;

Prevent<sup>1</sup> them if you can.

*Corv.* Death to my hopes!  
This is my villainous fortune! Best to hire  
Some common courtesan.

*Mos.* Ay, I thought on that, sir; <sup>61</sup>  
But they are all so subtle, full of art—  
And age again doting and flexible,  
So as—I cannot tell—we may, perchance,  
Light on a quean may cheat us all.

*Corv.* 'Tis true.

*Mos.* No, no: it must be one that has no  
tricks, sir,  
Some simple thing, a creature made unto  
it; <sup>2</sup>

Some wench you may command. Ha' you  
no kinswoman?

Godso—Think, think, think, think, think,  
think, think, sir.

One o' the doctors offered there his daugh-  
ter. <sup>60</sup>

*Corv.* How!

*Mos.* Yes, Signior Lupo, the physician.

*Corv.* His daughter!

*Mos.* And a virgin, sir. Why, alas,  
He knows the state of's body, what it is;  
That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a  
fever;

Nor any incantation raise his spirit:

A long forgetfulness hath seized that part.

Besides, sir, who shall know it? some one  
or two—

*Corv.* I pray thee give me leave. [*Walks  
aside*] If any man

But I had had this luck—The thing in't self,  
I know, is nothing—Wherefore should not I  
As well command my blood and my affec-  
tions<sup>3</sup> <sup>71</sup>

As this dull doctor? In the point of honor,  
The cases are all one of wife and daughter.

*Mos.* I hear him coming.<sup>4</sup>

*Corv.* She shall do't: 'tis done.  
Slight! if this doctor, who is not engaged,  
Unless 't be for his counsel, which is noth-  
ing,

Offer his daughter, what should I, that am

<sup>1</sup> Anticipate.

<sup>2</sup> Advised beforehand.

<sup>3</sup> My relations and those dear to me.J

<sup>4</sup> Falling into my trap.

So deeply in? I will prevent him: Wretch!  
Covetous wretch!—Mosca, I have deter-  
mined.

*Mos.* How, sir?

*Corv.* We'll make all sure. The party  
you wot of <sup>80</sup>  
Shall be mine own wife, Mosca.

*Mos.* Sir, the thing,  
But that I would not seem to counsel you,  
I should have motioned<sup>1</sup> to you, at the  
first:

And make your count, you have cut all  
their throats.<sup>2</sup>

Why, 'tis directly taking a possession!

And in his next fit, we may let him go.

'Tis but to pull the pillow from his head,  
And he is throttled; it had been done be-  
fore

But for your scrupulous doubts.

*Corv.* Ay, a plague on't,  
My conscience fools my wit! Well, I'll be  
brief <sup>90</sup>

And so be thou, lest they should be before  
us:

Go home, prepare him, tell him with what  
zeal

And willingness I do it: swear it was

On the first hearing, as thou mayst do,  
truly,

Mine own free motion.

*Mos.* Sir, I warrant you,  
I'll so possess him with it, that the rest  
Of his starved clients shall be banished all;  
And only you received. But come not, sir,  
Until I send, for I have something else  
To ripen for your good, you must not  
know't. <sup>100</sup>

*Corv.* But do not you forget to send now.

*Mos.* Fear not.  
[*Exit*]

## SCENE VII

*Corv.* Where are you, wife? my Celia!  
wife!

[*Enter CELIA*]

What, blubbering?  
Come, dry those tears. I think thou  
thought'st me in earnest;  
Ha! by this light I talked so but to try  
thee:

<sup>1</sup> Suggested.

<sup>2</sup> Be certain, if you do this, you will have beaten  
them all.



Methinks, the lightness of the occasion  
Should ha' confirmed thee. Come, I am  
not jealous.

*Cel.* No?

*Corv.* Faith I am not, I, nor never was;  
It is a poor unprofitable humor.

Do not I know, if women have a will,  
They'll do 'gainst all the watches o' the  
world,

And that the fiercest spies are tamed with  
gold? 10

Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't;  
And see I'll give thee cause too, to believe  
it.

Come kiss me. Go, and make thee ready  
straight,

In all thy best attire, thy choicest jewels,  
Put 'hem all on, and, with 'hem, thy best  
looks:

We are invited to a solemn feast,  
At old Volpone's, where it shall appear  
How far I am free from jealousy or fear.

[*Exeunt*]

### ACT III, SCENE I

[*A Street*]

*Enter Mosca*

*Mos.* I fear I shall begin to grow in love  
With my dear self, and my most prosp'rous  
parts,

They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel  
A whimsy i' my blood: I know not how,  
Success hath made me wanton. I could  
skip

Out of my skin now, like a subtle snake,  
I am so limber. O! your parasite  
Is a most precious thing, dropped from  
above,

Not bred 'mongst clods and clodpoles, here  
on earth.

I muse, the mystery<sup>1</sup> was not made a  
science, 10

It is so liberally professed! Almost  
All the wise world is little else, in nature,  
But parasites or sub-parasites. And yet

I mean not those that have your bare town-  
art,

To know who's fit to feed 'hem; have no  
house,

No family, no care, and therefore mould

<sup>1</sup> Profession.

Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense;<sup>1</sup>  
or get

Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts  
To please the belly, and the groin; nor  
those,

With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn  
and f leer, 20

Make their revenue out of legs and faces,<sup>2</sup>  
Echo my lord, and lick away<sup>3</sup> a moth:

But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise  
And stoop, almost together, like an arrow;

Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star;  
Turn short as doth a swallow; and be here,

And there, and here, and yonder, all at  
once;

Present to any humor, all occasion;  
And change a visor swifter than a thought!

This is the creature had the art born with  
him; 30

Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it  
Out of most excellent nature: and such  
sparks

Are the true parasites, others but their  
zanies.

### SCENE II

*Mosca, [enter] Bonario*

Who's this? Bonario, old Corbaccio's son?  
The person I was bound to seek. Fair sir,  
You are happ'ly met.

*Bon.* That cannot be by thee.

*Mos.* Why, sir?

*Bon.* Nay, pray thee know  
thy way, and leave me:

I would be loath to interchange discourse  
With such a mate<sup>4</sup> as thou art,

*Mos.* Courteous sir,

Scorn not my poverty.

*Bon.* Not I, by heaven;

But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy  
baseness.

*Mos.* Baseness!

*Bon.* Ay, answer me, is not thy sloth  
Sufficient argument? thy flattery? 10

Thy means of feeding?

*Mos.* Heaven be good to me!

These imputations are too common, sir,  
And eas'ly stuck on virtue when she's poor.

You are unequal<sup>5</sup> to me, and how'er

<sup>1</sup> The love of gossip.

<sup>2</sup> Bows and smiles.

<sup>3</sup> Brush off.

<sup>4</sup> Fellow.

<sup>5</sup> Unjust.



Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,

That, ere you know me, thus proceed in censure:

St. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis inhuman. [Weeps]

*Bon.* [aside] What! do's he weep? the sign is soft and good.

I do repent me that I was so harsh.

*Mos.* 'Tis true, that, swayed by strong necessity, 20

I am enforced to eat my careful bread  
With too much obsequy; <sup>1</sup> 'tis true, beside,  
That I am fain to spin mine own poor raiment

Out of my mere observance, <sup>2</sup> being not born  
To a free fortune: but that I have done  
Base offices, in rending friends asunder,  
Dividing families, betraying counsels,  
Whispering false lies, or mining men with praises,

Trained <sup>3</sup> their credulity with perjuries,  
Corrupted chastity, or am in love 30  
With mine own tender ease, but would not rather

Prove the most rugged and laborious course,  
That might redeem my present estimation,  
Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.

*Bon.* [aside] This cannot be a personated passion.—

I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature;  
'Pray thee forgive me: and speak out thy bus'ness.

*Mos.* Sir, it concerns you; and though I may seem

At first to make a main offence in manners,  
And in my gratitude unto my master; 40  
Yet for the pure love which I bear all right,  
And hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it.  
This very hour your father is in purpose  
To disinherit you—

*Bon.* How!

*Mos.* And thrust you forth,  
As a mere stranger to his blood: 'tis true, sir.

The work no way engageth me, but, as  
I claim an interest in the general state  
Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear  
T' abound in you; and for which mere respect,

Without a second aim, sir, I have done it. 50

*Bon.* This tale hath lost thee much of the late trust

<sup>1</sup> Obsequiousness. <sup>2</sup> Service. <sup>3</sup> Lured.

Thou hadst with me; it is impossible:  
I know not how to lend it any thought,  
My father should be so unnatural.

*Mos.* It is a confidence that well becomes  
Your piety; <sup>1</sup> and formed, no doubt, it is  
From your own simple innocence: which makes

Your wrong more monstrous and abhorred.  
But, sir,

I now will tell you more. This very minute,  
It is, or will be doing; and if you 60  
Shall be but pleased to go with me, I'll bring you,

I dare not say where you shall see, but where

Your ear shall be a witness of the deed,  
Hear yourself written bastard, and professed  
The common issue of the earth.

*Bon.* I'm mazed!

*Mos.* Sir, if I do it not, draw your just sword,

And score your vengeance on my front and face;

Mark me your villain: you have too much wrong,

And I do suffer for you, sir. My heart  
Weeps blood in anguish—

*Bon.* Lead; I follow thee. 70  
[Exeunt]

### SCENE III

[A Room in Volpone's House]

[Enter] VOLPONE, NANO, ANDROGYNO,  
CASTRONE

*Volp.* Mosca stays long, methinks. Bring forth your sports,  
And help to make the wretched time more sweet.

*Nan.* Dwarf, fool, and eunuch, well met here we be.

A question it were now, whether of us three,  
Being all the known delicacies of a rich man,  
In pleasing him, claim the precedence can?

*Cas.* I claim for myself.

*And.* And so doth the fool.

*Nan.* 'Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to school.

First for your dwarf, he's little and witty,  
And everything, as <sup>2</sup> it is little, is pretty; 10  
Else why do men say to a creature of my shape,

<sup>1</sup> Filial affection. <sup>2</sup> Because.



So soon as they see him, 'It's a pretty little ape'?

And why a pretty ape, but for pleasing imitation

Of greater men's actions, in a ridiculous fashion?

Beside, this feat<sup>1</sup> body of mine doth not crave

Half the meat, drink, and cloth, one of your bulks will have.

Admit your fool's face be the mother of laughter,

Yet, for his brain, it must always come after;

And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful case,

His body is beholding to such a bad face. <sup>20</sup>

*One knocks*

*Volp.* Who's there? my couch; away! look! Nano, see:

*[Exeunt AND. and CAS.]*

Give me my caps first—go, inquire. *[Exit NANO]* Now, Cupid,

Send it be Mosca, and with fair return!

*Nan. [within]* It is the beauteous madam—

*Volp.* Would-be,—is it?

*Nan.* The same.

*Volp.* Now torment on me! Squire her in;

For she will enter, or dwell here for ever: Nay, quickly. *[Retires to his couch]* That my fit were past! I fear

A second hell too, that my loathing this Will quite expel my appetite to the other:<sup>2</sup>

Would she were taking now her tedious leave. <sup>30</sup>

Lord, how it threatens me what I am to suffer!

#### SCENE IV

*[To him enter]* NANO *[with]* Lady POLITICK WOULD-BE

*Lady P.* I thank you, good sir. Pray you signify

Unto your patron I am here.—This band Shows not my neck enough,—I trouble you, sir;

Let me request you bid one of my women Come hither to me. In good faith, I am dressed

<sup>1</sup> Dainty.

<sup>2</sup> Celia.

Most favorably to-day! It is no matter: 'Tis well enough.

*[Enter 1 WAITING-WOMAN]*

Look, see these petulant things, How they have done this!

*Volp. [aside]* I do feel the fever Entering in at mine ears; O, for a charm, To fright it hence!

*Lady P.* Come nearer: is this curl <sup>10</sup> In his<sup>1</sup> right place, or this? Why is this higher

Than all the rest? You ha' not washed your eyes yet!

Or do they not stand even i' your head?

Where is your fellow? call her.

*[Exit 1 WOMAN]*

*Nan.* Now, St. Mark Deliver us! anon she'll beat her women, Because her nose is red.

*[Re-enter 1 with 2 WOMAN]*

*Lady P.* I pray you view This tire,<sup>2</sup> forsooth: are all things apt, or no?

*1 Wom.* One hair a little here sticks out, forsooth.

*Lady P.* Does't so, forsooth, and where was your dear<sup>3</sup> sight,

When it did so, forsooth! What now! bird-eyed?<sup>4</sup>

And you, too? Pray you, both approach and mend it.

Now, by that light I muse y'are not ashamed!

I, that have preached these things so oft unto you,

Read you the principles, argued all the grounds,

Disputed every fitness, every grace, Called you to counsel of so frequent dressings—

*Nan. [aside]* More carefully than of your fame or honor.

*Lady P.* Made you acquainted what an ample dowry

The knowledge of these things would be unto you,

Able alone to get you noble husbands <sup>30</sup> At your return: and you thus to neglect it!

<sup>1</sup> Its.

<sup>2</sup> Head-dress.

<sup>3</sup> Precious.

<sup>4</sup> Near-sighted? more likely in derision, keen-eyed.



Besides, you seeing what a curious<sup>1</sup> nation  
Th' Italians are, what will they say of me?  
'The English lady cannot dress herself.'  
Here's a fine imputation to our country!  
Well, go your ways, and stay i' the next  
room.

This fucus<sup>2</sup> was too coarse too; it's no  
matter.—

Good sir, you'll give them entertainment?

[*Excunt NANO and WAITING-WOMEN*]

*Volp.* The storm comes toward me.

*Lady P.* [*goes to the couch*] How does  
my Volpone?

*Volp.* Troubled with noise, I cannot  
sleep; I dreamt

That a strange fury entered now my house,  
And, with the dreadful tempest of her  
breath,

Did cleave my roof asunder.

*Lady P.* Believe me, and I  
Had the most fearful dream, could I re-  
member't—

*Volp.* [*aside*] Out on my fate! I ha'  
giv'n her the occasion

How to torment me: she will tell me hers.

*Lady P.* Methought the golden medioc-  
rity,

Polite, and delicate—

*Volp.* O, if you do love me,  
No more: I sweat, and suffer, at the men-  
tion

Of any dream; feel how I tremble yet.

*Lady P.* Alas, good soul! the passion of  
the heart.

Seed-pearl were good now, boiled with syrup  
of apples,

Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills,  
Your elecampane root,<sup>3</sup> myrobolanes—<sup>4</sup>

*Volp.* [*aside*] Ah me, I have ta'en a grass-  
hopper by the wing!

*Lady P.* Burnt silk and amber. You  
have muscadel,

Good i' the house—

*Volp.* You will not drink, and part?

*Lady P.* No, fear not that. I doubt we  
shall not get

Some English saffron, half a dram would  
serve;

Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dried  
mints;

Bugloss, and barley-meal—

*Volp.* [*aside*] She's in again!

Before I feigned diseases, now I have one.

*Lady P.* And these applied with a right  
scarlet cloth.

*Volp.* [*aside*] Another flood of words! a  
very torrent!

*Lady P.* Shall I, sir, make you a poultice?

*Volp.* No, no, no.

I'm very well, you need prescribe no more.

*Lady P.* I have a little studied physick;  
but now

I'm all for music, save, i' the forenoons,  
An hour or two for painting. I would have  
A lady, indeed, t' have all letters and arts,  
Be able to discourse, to write, to paint, <sup>7</sup>  
But principal, as Plato holds, your music,  
And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it,  
Is your true rapture: when there is concent<sup>1</sup>  
In face, in voice, and clothes: and is, in-  
deed,

Our sex's chiefest ornament.

*Volp.* The poet  
As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,  
Says that your highest female grace is  
silence.

*Lady P.* Which of your poets? Petrarch  
or Tasso, or Dante?

Guarini, Ariosto? Aretine?  
Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

*Volp.* [*aside*] Is everything a cause to my  
destruction?

*Lady P.* I think I ha' two or three of  
'hem about me.

*Volp.* [*aside*] The sun, the sea, will sooner  
both stand still

Than her eternal tongue! nothing can scape  
it.

*Lady P.* Here's Pastor Fido—

*Volp.* [*aside*] Profess obstinate  
silence;

That's now my safest.

*Lady P.* All our English writers.  
I mean such as are happy in th' Italian,  
Will deign to steal out of this author,  
mainly;

Almost as much as from Montagnié:  
He has so modern and facile a vein,  
Fitting the time, and catching the court-  
ear!

Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he,  
In days of sonneting, trusted 'hem with  
much;

Dante is hard, and few can understand him.  
But for a desperate wit, there's Aretine;

<sup>1</sup> Agreement.

<sup>1</sup> Particular.

<sup>2</sup> Rouge.

<sup>3</sup> A medicinal herb.

<sup>4</sup> Sweetmeats.



Only his pictures are a little obscene—  
You mark me not.

*Volp.* Alas, my mind's perturbed.

*Lady P.* Why, in such cases, we must cure ourselves,

Make use of our philosophy—

*Volp.* O'y me! <sup>100</sup>

*Lady P.* And as we find our passions do rebel,

Encounter 'hem with reason, or divert 'hem,  
By giving scope unto some other humor

Of lesser danger: as, in politic bodies,  
There's nothing more doth overwhelm the judgement,

And clouds the understanding, than too much

Settling and fixing, and, as 'twere, subsiding  
Upon one object. For the incorporating  
Of these same outward things, into that part,

Which we call mental, leaves some certain  
fæces <sup>110</sup>

That stop the organs, and, as Plato says,  
Assassinates our knowledge.

*Volp. [aside]* Now, the spirit  
Of patience help me!

*Lady P.* Come, in faith, I must  
Visit you more a days;<sup>1</sup> and make you well:

Laugh and be lusty.

*Volp. [aside]* My good angel save me!

*Lady P.* There was but one sole man in  
all the world

With whom I e'er could sympathize; and he  
Would lie you, often, three, four hours to-  
gether

To hear me speak; and be sometimes so  
rapt,

As he would answer me quite from the  
purpose, <sup>120</sup>

Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll  
discourse,

An't be but only, sir, to bring you asleep,  
How we did spend our time and loves to-  
gether,

For some six years.

*Volp.* O, O, O, O, O, O!

*Lady P.* For we were *coætanei*,<sup>2</sup> and  
brought up—

*Volp.* Some power, some fate, some for-  
tune rescue me!

<sup>1</sup> More frequently.  
<sup>2</sup> Equals in age.

## SCENE V

[*To them enter*] MOSCA

*Mos.* God save you, madam!

*Lady P.* Good sir.

*Volp.* Mosca! welcome,  
Welcome to my redemption.

*Mos.* Why, sir?

*Volp.* O,  
Rid me of this my torture, quickly; there,  
My madam with the everlasting voice:  
The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made  
Like noise, or were in that perpetual mo-  
tion!

The cock-pit<sup>1</sup> comes not near it. All my  
house,

But now, steamed like a bath with her  
thick breath,

A lawyer could not have been heard; nor  
scarce

Another woman, such a hail of words <sup>10</sup>  
She has let fall. For hell's sake, rid her  
hence.

*Mos.* Has she presented?<sup>2</sup>

*Volp.* O, I do not care!  
I'll take her absence upon any price,  
With any loss.

*Mos.* Madam—

*Lady P.* I ha' brought your patron  
A toy, a cap here, of mine own work.

*Mos.* 'Tis well.  
I had forgot to tell you I saw your knight,  
Where you would little think it.—

*Lady P.* Where?

*Mos.* Marry,  
Where yet, if you make haste, you may  
apprehend him,

Rowing upon the water in a gondole, <sup>10</sup>  
With the most cunning courtesan of Venice.

*Lady P.* Is't true?

*Mos.* Pursue 'hem, and be-  
lieve your eyes:

Leave me to make your gift. [*Exit LADY P.*  
*hastily*] I knew 'twould take:

For, lightly, they that use themselves most  
license,

Are still<sup>3</sup> most jealous.

*Volp.* Mosca, hearty thanks,  
For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me.  
Now to my hopes, what sayst thou?

<sup>1</sup> As a place of noise and disturbance.

<sup>2</sup> Has she made her present.

<sup>3</sup> Ever.



[*Re-enter* LADY P. WOULD-BE]

*Lady P.* But do you hear, sir?—

*Volp.* Again! I fear a paroxysm.

*Lady P.* Which way  
Rowed they together?

*Mos.* Toward the Rialto.

*Lady P.* I pray you lend me your dwarf.

*Mos.* I pray you take him.  
[*Exit* LADY P.]

Your hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms,  
fair,

And promise timely fruit, if you will stay  
But the maturing; keep you at your couch,  
Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the will;  
When he is gone, I'll tell you more.

[*Exit*]

*Volp.* My blood,  
My spirits are returned; I am alive:  
And, like your wanton gamester at primero,<sup>1</sup>  
Whose thought had whispered to him, not  
go less.<sup>2</sup>  
Methinks I lie, and draw—for an en-  
counter.<sup>3</sup>

[*Draws the curtains*]

## SCENE VI

[*Enter*] MOSCO [*and*] BONARIO

[*Showing an arras*]

*Mos.* Sir, here concealed you may hear  
all. But, pray you,  
Have patience, sir [*one knocks*—the same's  
your father knocks:  
I am compelled to leave you. [*Exit*]

*Bon.* Do so.—Yet  
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.  
[*Retires*]

## SCENE VII

[*Enter*] MOSCA and CORVINO, CELIA following

*Mos.* Death on me!<sup>4</sup> you are come too  
soon; what meant you?  
Did not I say I would send?

*Corv.* Yes, but I feared  
You might forget it, and then they prevent<sup>5</sup>  
us.

<sup>1</sup> A game at cards.

<sup>2</sup> Don't make a smaller wager.

<sup>3</sup> These words are terms of primero with a play  
on Volpone's position on his couch.

<sup>4</sup> This is the turning-point of the play. Mosca's  
plans halt here for the first time.

<sup>5</sup> Anticipate.

*Mos.* [*aside*] Prevent! Did e'er man  
haste so for his horns?

A courtier would not ply it so for a place.  
Well, now there is no helping it, stay here;  
I'll presently return. [*Exit*]

*Corv.* Where are you, Celia?  
You know not wherefore I have brought  
you hither?

*Cel.* Not well, except you told me.<sup>1</sup>

*Corv.* Now I will:  
Hark hither. [*They retire*]

[*Enter*] MOSCA and BONARIO [*from  
behind the arras*]

*Mos.* (*to* BONARIO) Sir, your father hath  
sent word,  
It will be half an hour ere he come;  
And therefore, if you please to walk the  
while  
Into that gallery—at the upper end,  
There are some books to entertain the time:  
And I'll take care no man shall come unto  
you, sir.

*Bon.* Yes, I will stay there—[*aside*] I do  
doubt this fellow. [*Exit*]

*Mos.* [*looking after him*] There; he is far  
enough; he can hear nothing:  
And, for his father, I can keep him off.  
[*Draws the curtains of VOLPONE'S couch*]

[*CORVINO advances, forcing in CELIA*]

*Corv.* Nay, now, there is no starting back,  
and therefore,  
Resolve upon it: I have so decreed.  
It must be done. Nor would I move't afore,  
Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,  
That might deny me.

*Cel.* Sir, let me beseech you,  
Affect not these strange trials; if you doubt  
My chastity, why, lock me up for ever;  
Make me the heir of darkness. Let me live  
Where I may please your fears, if not your  
trust.

*Corv.* Believe it, I have no such humor, I.  
All that I speak I mean; yet I'm not mad;  
Not horn-mad, you see? Go to, show your-  
self

Obedient, and a wife.

*Cel.* O heaven!

*Corv.* I say it,  
Do so.

<sup>1</sup> Unless you tell me.



*Cel.* Was this the train?<sup>1</sup>

*Corv.* I've told you reasons;  
What the physicians have set down; how  
much

It may concern me; what my engagements  
are;

My means, and the necessity of those means  
For my recovery: wherefore, if you be  
Loyal, and mine, be won, respect my ven-  
ture.

*Cel.* Before your honor?

*Corv.* Honor! tut, a breath:  
There's no such thing in nature; a mere  
term

Invented to awe fools. What is my gold<sup>2</sup>  
The worse for touching, clothes for being  
looked on?

Why, this's no more. An old decrepit  
wretch,

That has no sense, no sinew; takes his meat  
With others' fingers: only knows to gape  
When you do scald his gums; a voice, a  
shadow;

And what can this man hurt you?

*Cel.* [*aside*] Lord! what spirit  
Is this hath entered him?

*Corv.* And for your fame,  
That's such a jig;<sup>3</sup> as if I would go tell it,  
Cry it on the Piazza! who shall know it  
But he that cannot speak it, and this fellow,  
Whose lips are i' my pocket? Save your-  
self,

(If you'll proclaim't, you may,) I know no  
other

Should come to know it.

*Cel.* Are heaven and saints then  
nothing?

Will they be blind or stupid?

*Corv.* How!

*Cel.* Good sir,  
Be jealous still,<sup>3</sup> emulate them; and think  
What hate they burn with toward every sin.

*Corv.* I grant you: if I thought it were a  
sin

I would not urge you. Should I offer this  
To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan  
blood

That had read Aretine, conned all his prints,  
Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,<sup>3</sup>

And were professed critic in lechery;  
And I would look upon him, and applaud  
him,

This were a sin: but here, 'tis contrary,

<sup>1</sup> Plot.

<sup>2</sup> Trifle.

<sup>3</sup> Forever.

A pious work, mere charity for physic,  
And honest polity, to assure mine own.

*Cel.* O heaven! canst thou suffer such a  
change?

*Volp.* Thou art mine honor, Mosca, and  
my pride,

My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go bring  
'hem.

*Mos.* [*advancing*] Please you draw near,  
sir.

*Corv.* Come on, what—<sup>70</sup>  
You will not be rebellious? by that light—

*Mos.* Sir,  
Signior Corvino, here, is come to see you.

*Volp.* O!

*Mos.* And hearing of the consultation  
had,

So lately, for your health, is come to offer,  
Or rather, sir, to prostitute—

*Corv.* Thanks, sweet Mosca.

*Mos.* Freely, unasked, or untreated—

*Corv.* Well.

*Mos.* As the true fervent instance of his  
love,

His own most fair and proper wife; the  
beauty

Only of price<sup>1</sup> in Venice—

*Corv.* 'Tis well urged.

*Mos.* To be your comfortress, and to pre-  
serve you.

*Volp.* Alas, I am past, already! Pray you,  
thank him

For his good care and promptness; but for  
that,

'Tis a vain labor e'en to fight 'gainst  
heaven;

Applying fire to stone—uh, uh, uh, uh!

[*Coughing*]

Making a dead leaf grow again. I take  
His wishes gently, though; and you may tell  
him

What I have done for him; marry, my state  
is hopeless.

Will him to pray for me; and t' use his for-  
tune

With reverence when he comes to't.

*Mos.* Do you hear, sir?

Go to him with your wife.

*Corv.* Heart of my father!<sup>3</sup>  
Wilt thou persist thus? come, I pray thee,  
come.

Thou seest 'tis nothing, Celia. By this hand  
I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.

<sup>1</sup> Unparalleled.



*Cel.* Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down  
poison,  
Eat burning coals, do anything—

*Corv.* Be damned!  
Heart, I will drag thee hence home by the  
hair;

Cry thee a strumpet through the streets; rip  
up

Thy mouth unto thine ears; and slit thy  
nose,

Like a raw rochet!<sup>1</sup>—Do not tempt me:  
come,

Yield, I am loath—Death! I will buy some  
slave

Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him  
alive!

And at my windore hang you forth, devising  
Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital  
letters,

Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis,  
And burning corsives,<sup>2</sup> on this stubborn  
breast.

Now, by the blood thou hast incensed, I'll  
do 't!

*Cel.* Sir, what you please, you may, I am  
your martyr.

*Corv.* Be not thus obstinate, I ha' not  
deserved it:

Think who it is intreats you. Pray thee,  
sweet;—

Good faith, thou shalt have jewels, gowns,  
attires,

What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go  
kiss him.

Or touch him but. For my sake. At my  
suit—

This once. No! not! I shall remember this.  
Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst  
my undoing?

*Mos.* Nay, gentle lady, be advised.

*Corv.* No, no.  
She has watched her time. God's precious,  
this is scurvy,

'Tis very scurvy; and you are—

*Mos.* Nay, good sir.

*Corv.* An arrant locust—by heaven, a lo-  
cust!—

Whore, crocodile, that hast thy tears pre-  
pared,

Expecting how thou'lt bid 'hem flow—

*Mos.* Nay, pray you, sir! <sup>120</sup>  
She will consider.

*Cel.* Would my life would serve  
To satisfy—

*Corv.* 'Sdeath! if she would but  
speak to him,

And save my reputation, 't were somewhat;  
But spitefully to affect my utter ruin!

*Mos.* Ay, now you have put your fortune  
in her hands.

Why i' faith, it is her modesty, I must quit<sup>1</sup>  
her.

If you were absent, she would be more com-  
ing;

I know it: and dare undertake for her.

What woman can before her husband? pray  
you,

Let us depart, and leave her here.

*Corv.* Sweet Celia, <sup>130</sup>  
Thou mayst redeem all yet; I'll say no  
more:

If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay  
there. [Exit with Mosca]

*Cel.* O God, and his good angels!  
whither, whither,

Is shame fled human breasts? that with such  
ease,

Men dare put off your honors, and their  
own?

Is that, which ever was a cause of life,<sup>2</sup>  
Now placed beneath the basest circum-  
stance,

And modesty an exile made, for money?

*Volp.* Ay, in Corvino, and such earth-fed  
minds,

*He leaps off from his couch*  
That never tasted the true heaven of love.  
Assure thee, Celia, he that wouldst sell  
thee,

Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,  
He would have sold his part of Paradise  
For ready money, had he met a copeman.<sup>3</sup>  
Why art thou mazed to see me thus re-  
vived?

Rather applaud thy beauty's miracle;  
'Tis thy great work: that hath, not now  
alone,

But sundry times raised me, in several  
shapes,

And, but this morning, like a mountebank,  
To see thee at thy windore: ay, before <sup>130</sup>

I would have left my practice, for thy love,  
In varying figures, I would have contended

<sup>1</sup> Excuse.

<sup>2</sup> The marriage tie.

<sup>3</sup> One who would deal with him.

<sup>1</sup> A fish having a large mouth.

<sup>2</sup> Corrosives, to brand a criminal.



With the blue Proteus, or the hornèd flood.<sup>1</sup>  
Now art thou welcome.

*Cel.* Sir!

*Volp.* Nay, fly me not.  
Nor let thy false imagination  
That I was bed-rid, make thee think I am  
so:

Thou shalt not find it. I am now as fresh,  
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight  
As, when, in that so celebrated scene,  
At recitation of our comedy, 180  
For entertainment of the great Valois.<sup>2</sup>  
I acted young Antinous; and attracted  
The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,  
To admire each graceful gesture, note, and  
footing.

SONG

*Come, my Celia, let us prove  
While we can, the sports of love,  
Time will not be ours for ever,  
He, at length, our good will sever;  
Spend not then his gifts in vain:  
Suns that set may rise again; 170  
But if once we lose this light,  
'Tis with us perpetual night.  
Why should we defer our joys?  
Fame and rumor are but toys.  
Cannot we delude the eyes  
Of a few poor household spies?  
Or his easier ears beguile,  
Thus removèd by our wile?  
'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;  
But the sweet thefts to reveal: 180  
To be taken, to be seen,  
These have crimes accounted been.*

*Cel.* Some serene<sup>3</sup> blast me, or dire light-  
ning strike  
This my offending face!

*Volp.* Why droops my Celia?  
Thou hast, in the place of a base husband,  
found

A worthy lover; use thy fortune well,  
With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,  
What thou art queen of; not in expectation,  
As I feed others: but possessed and  
crowned.

See, here, a rope of pearl; and each more  
orient<sup>4</sup>

Than the brave Egyptian queen caroused:

<sup>1</sup> The ocean.

<sup>2</sup> An allusion to the entertainment of Henry VI at  
Venice, 1574.

<sup>3</sup> Mildew.

<sup>4</sup> Precious.

Dissolve and drink 'hem. See, a carbuncle,  
May put out both the eyes of our St. Mark;  
A diamant would have bought Lollia  
Paulina,<sup>1</sup>

When she came in like star-light, hid with  
jewels,

That were the spoils of provinces, take these  
And wear, and lose 'hem; yet remains an  
ear-ring

To purchase them again, and this whole  
state.

A gem but worth a private patrimony,  
Is nothing; we will eat such at a meal. 200  
The heads of parrots, tongues of nightin-  
gales,

The brains of peacocks, and of estriches,  
Shall be our food, and, could we get the  
phœnix,

Though nature lost her kind, she were our  
dish.

*Cel.* Good sir, these things might move a  
mind affected

With such delights; but I, whose innocence  
Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th'  
enjoying,

And which, once lost, I have nought to lose  
beyond it,

Cannot be taken with these sensual baits:  
If you have conscience—

*Volp.* 'Tis the beggar's virtue; 210  
If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.

Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,  
Spirit of roses, and of violets,  
The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath  
Gathered in bags, and mixed with Cretan  
wines.

Our drink shall be preparèd gold and  
amber;

Which we will take until my roof whirl  
round

With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall  
dance,

My eunuch sing, my fool make up the antic,  
Whilst we, in changèd shapes, act Ovid's  
tales, 220

Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,  
Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine:  
So of the rest, till we have quite run  
through,

And wearied all the fables of the gods.  
Then will I have thee in more modern  
forms,

Attirèd like some sprightly dame of France,

<sup>1</sup> A Roman heiress.



Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish  
beauty;  
Sometimes unto the Persian sophy's wife;  
Or the grand signior's mistress; and for  
change,

To one of our most artful courtesans, <sup>230</sup>  
Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;  
And I will meet thee in as many shapes:  
Where we may so transfuse our wandering  
souls  
Out at our lips, and score up sums of pleas-  
ures, [Sings]

*That the curious shall not know  
How to tell them as they flow;  
And the envious, when they find  
What their number is, be pined.*

*Cel.* If you have ears that will be pierced  
—or eyes  
That can be opened—a heart that may be  
touched— <sup>240</sup>  
Or any part that yet sounds man about  
you—  
If you have touch of holy saints—or  
heaven—  
Do me the grace to let me scape—if not,  
Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,  
I am a creature, hither ill betrayed,  
By one whose shame I would forget it were:  
If you will deign me neither of these  
graces,  
Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your  
lust,  
(It is a vice comes nearer manliness,)  
And punish that unhappy crime of nature,  
Which you miscall my beauty: flay my  
face, <sup>251</sup>  
Or poison it with ointments for seducing  
Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these  
hands  
With what may cause an eating leprosy,  
E'en to my bones and marrow; anything  
That may disfavor me, save in my honor—  
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay  
down  
A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your  
health;  
Report, and think you virtuous—  
*Volp.* Think me cold,  
Frozen, and impotent, and so report me? <sup>260</sup>  
That I had Nestor's hernia, thou wouldst  
think.  
I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,

To play with opportunity thus long;  
I should have done the act, and then have  
parleyed.

Yield, or I'll force thee. [Seizes her]  
*Cel.* O! just God!

*Volp.* In vain—

[BONARIO] leaps out from  
where MOSCA had placed him

*Bon.* Forbear, foul ravisher! libidinous  
swine!

Free the forced lady, or thou diest, impos-  
tor.

But that I'm loath to snatch thy punish-  
ment

Out of the hand of justice, thou shouldst  
yet <sup>269</sup>

Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance,  
Before this altar and this dross, thy idol.—

Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den  
Of villainy; fear nought, you have a guard:  
And he ere long shall meet his just reward.

[Exeunt BON. and CEL.]

*Volp.* Fall on me, roof, and bury me in  
ruin!

Become my grave, that wert my shelter! O!  
I am unmasked, unspirited, undone,  
Betrayed to beggary, to infamy—

### SCENE VIII

[Enter] MOSCA [wounded and bleeding]

*Mos.* Where shall I run, most wretched  
shame of men,  
To beat out my unlucky brains?

*Volp.* Here, here.

What! dost thou bleed?

*Mos.* O, that his well-driven sword  
Had been so courteous to have cleft me  
down

Unto the navel, ere I lived to see  
My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron,  
all

Thus desperately engagèd by my error!

*Volp.* Woe on thy fortune!

*Mos.* And my follies, sir.

*Volp.* Th' hast made me miserable.

*Mos.* And myself, sir.

Who would have thought he would have  
hearkened so? <sup>280</sup>

*Volp.* What shall we do?

*Mos.* I know not; if my heart  
Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it  
out.



Will you be pleased to hang me, or cut my throat?

And I'll requite you, sir. Let's die like Romans,<sup>1</sup>

Since we have lived like Grecians.

*They knock without*

*Volp.* Hark! who's there?

I hear some footing; officers, the *saffi*,<sup>2</sup>  
Come to apprehend us! I do feel the brand  
Hissing already at my forehead; now  
Mine ears are boring.<sup>3</sup>

*Mos.* To your couch, sir, you  
Make that place good, however. [*VOLPONE*  
*lies down as before*] Guilty men<sup>20</sup>  
Suspect what they deserve still. Signior  
Corbaccio!

## SCENE IX

[*Enter*] CORBACCIO

*Corb.* Why, how now, Mosca?

*Mos.* O, undone, amazed, sir.  
Your son, I know not by what accident,  
Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,  
Touching your will, and making him your  
heir,

Entered our house, with violence, his sword  
drawn,

Sought for you, called you wretch, unnat-  
ural,

Vowed he would kill you.

*Corb.* Me!

*Mos.* Yes, and my patron.

*Corb.* This act shall disinherit him in-  
deed:

Here is the will.

*Mos.* 'Tis well, sir.

*Corb.* Right and well:  
Be you as careful now for me.

[*Enter* VOLTORE, *behind*]

*Mos.* My life, sir, <sup>10</sup>  
Is not more tendered; <sup>4</sup> I am only yours.

*Corb.* How does he? will he die shortly,  
think'st thou?

*Mos.* I fear

He'll outlast May.

*Corb.* To-day?

*Mos.* No, last out May, sir.

*Corb.* Couldst thou not gi' him a dram?

<sup>1</sup> Commit suicide.

<sup>2</sup> The police.

<sup>3</sup> Punishments of criminals.

<sup>4</sup> Cared for.

*Mos.* O, by no means, sir.

*Corb.* Nay, I'll not bid you.

*Volt.* [*coming forward*] This is a  
knave, I see.

*Mos.* [*seeing* VOLT.—*aside*] How! Signior  
Voltore! did he hear me?

*Volt.* Parasite!

*Mos.* Who's that?—O, sir, most timely  
welcome—

*Volt.* Scarce,

To the discovery of your tricks, I fear.

You are his, *only*? and mine also, are you  
not?

*Mos.* Who? I, sir!

*Volt.* You, sir. What device is this <sup>20</sup>  
About a will?

*Mos.* A plot for you, sir.

*Volt.* Come,

Put not your foists <sup>1</sup> upon me; I shall scent  
'hem.

*Mos.* Did you not hear it?

*Volt.* Yes, I hear Corbaccio  
Hath made your patron there his heir.

*Mos.* 'Tis true,

By my device, drawn to it by my plot,  
With hope—

*Volt.* Your patron should reciprocate?  
And you have promised?

*Mos.* For your good I did, sir.

Nay, more, I told his son, brought, hid him  
here,

Where he might hear his father pass the  
deed;

Being persuaded to it by this thought, sir, <sup>30</sup>  
That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,  
And then his father's oft disclaiming in him,  
(Which I did mean t'help on), would sure  
enrage him

To do some violence upon his parent,  
On which the law should take sufficient  
hold,

And you be stated in a double hope:  
Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,  
My only aim was to dig you a fortune  
Out of these two old rotten sepulchres—

*Volt.* I cry thee mercy, Mosca.

*Mos.* Worth your patience, <sup>40</sup>  
And your great merit, sir. And see the  
change!

*Volt.* Why, what success?

*Mos.* Most hapless! you must help, sir.  
Whilst we expected th' old Raven, in comes  
Corvino's wife, sent hither by her husband—

<sup>1</sup> Tricks.



*Volt.* What, with a present?

*Mos.* No, sir, on visitation;  
(I'll tell you how anon;) and staying long,  
The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,  
Seizeth the lady, wounds me, and makes her  
swear

(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)  
T' affirm my patron to have done her  
rape:

Which how unlike it is, you see! and hence,  
With that pretext he's gone, t' accuse his  
father,

Defame my patron, defeat you—

*Volt.* Where is her husband?  
Let him be sent for straight.

*Mos.* Sir, I'll go fetch him.

*Volt.* Bring him to the Scrutineo.<sup>1</sup>

*Mos.* Sir, I will.

*Volt.* This must be stopped.

*Mos.* O you do nobly, sir.  
Alas, 'twas labored all, sir, for your good;  
Nor was there want of counsel in the plot:  
But Fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow  
The projects of a hundred learned clerks,  
sir.

*Corb.* [listening] What's that?

*Volt.* Wilt please you, sir, to go along?  
[Exit CORBACCIO, followed by VOLTORE]

*Mos.* Patron, go in, and pray for our suc-  
cess.

*Volp.* [rising from his couch] Need  
makes devotion:

Heaven] your labor bless! [Exeunt]

## ACT IV, SCENE I

[A Street]

[Enter] SIR POLITICK WOULD-BE [and]  
PEREGRINE

*Sir P.* I told you, sir, it was a plot; you  
see

What observation is! You mentioned me  
For some instructions! I will tell you, sir,  
(Since we are met here in this height of  
Venice,)

Some few particulars I have set down,  
Only for this meridian, fit to be known  
Of your crude traveller; and they are these.  
I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or  
clothes,

For they are old.

<sup>1</sup> Senate house.

*Per.* Sir, I have better.

*Sir P.* Pardon,

I meant, as they are themes.<sup>1</sup>

*Per.* O, sir, proceed: 10

I'll slander you no more wit, good sir.

*Sir P.* First, for your garb, it must be  
grave and serious,

Very reserved and locked; not tell a secret  
On any terms, not to your father: scarce  
A fable, but with caution: make sure choice  
Both of your company and discourse; be-  
ware

You never speak a truth—

*Per.* How!

*Sir P.* Not to strangers,  
For those be they you must converse with  
most;

Others I would not know, sir, but at dis-  
tance,

So as I still might be a saver in 'hem: 20  
You shall have tricks else passed upon you  
hourly.

And then, for your religion, profess none,  
But wonder at the diversity of all;  
And, for your part, protest, were there no  
other

But simply the laws o' th' land, you could  
content you.

Nic. Machiavel and Monsieur Bodin,<sup>2</sup> both  
Were of this mind. Then must you learn  
the use

And handling of your silver fork at meals,  
The metal of your glass; (these are main  
matters

With your Italian;) and to know the hour 30  
When you must eat your melons and your  
figs.

*Per.* Is that a point of state too?

*Sir P.* Here it is:

For your Venetian, if he see a man  
Preposterous in the least, he has him  
straight;

He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you,  
sir,

I now have lived here 'tis some fourteen  
months:

Within the first week of my landing here.  
All took me for a citizen of Venice,  
I knew the forms so well—

*Per.* [aside] And nothing else.

<sup>1</sup> Subjects to discuss.

<sup>2</sup> Bodin, a famous writer on politics, like Machia-  
velli.



*Sir P.* I had read Contarene,<sup>1</sup> took me a house,  
Dealt with my Jews to furnish it with mov-  
ables—

Well, if I could but find one man, one man  
To mine own heart, whom I durst trust, I  
would—

*Per.* What, what, sir?

*Sir P.* Make him rich;  
make him a fortune:  
He should not think again.<sup>2</sup> I would com-  
mand it.

*Per.* As how?

*Sir P.* With certain projects that I have;  
Which I may not discover.

*Per.* [aside] If I had  
But one to wager with, I would lay odds  
now,  
He tells me instantly.

*Sir P.* One is, and that  
I care not greatly who knows, to serve the  
state  
Of Venice with red herrings for three years,  
And at a certain rate, from Rotterdam,  
Where I have correspondence. There's a  
letter,  
Sent me from one o' th' states, and to that  
purpose:  
He cannot write his name, but that's his  
mark.

*Per.* He is a chandler?

*Sir P.* No, a cheesemonger.  
There are some other too with whom I treat  
About the same negotiation;  
And I will undertake it: for 'tis thus.  
I'll do't with ease, I have cast<sup>3</sup> it all. Your  
hoy<sup>4</sup>

Carries but three men in her, and a boy;  
And she shall make me three returns a  
year:

So if there come but one of three, I save;  
If two, I can defalk:<sup>5</sup> but this is now,  
If my main project fail.

*Per.* Then you have others?

*Sir P.* I should be loath to draw the  
subtle air  
Of such a place, without my thousand aims.  
I'll not dissemble, sir: where'er I come,  
I love to be considerative; and 'tis true,  
I have at my free hours thought upon

Some certain goods unto the state of  
Venice,

Which I do call my Cautions; and sir, which  
I mean, in hope of pension, to propound  
To the Great Council, then unto the Forty,  
So to the Ten.<sup>1</sup> My means are made  
already—

*Per.* By whom?

*Sir P.* Sir, one that though his  
place b' obscure,  
Yet he can sway, and they will hear him.  
H'is

A *commandadore*.

*Per.* What! a common serjeant?

*Sir P.* Sir, such as they are, put it in their  
mouths,  
What they should say, sometimes; as well  
as greater:

I think I have my notes to show you—  
[Searching his pockets]

*Per.* Good sir.

*Sir P.* But you shall swear unto me, on  
your gentry,  
Not to anticipate—

*Per.* I, sir!

*Sir P.* Nor reveal  
A circumstance—My paper is not with me.

*Per.* O, but you remember, sir.

*Sir P.* My first is  
Concerning tinder-boxes. You must know,  
No family is here without its box.  
Now, sir, it being so portable a thing,  
Put case,<sup>2</sup> that you or I were ill affected  
Unto the state, sir; with it in our pockets,  
Might not I go into the Arsenal,  
Or you come out again, and none the wiser?

*Per.* Except yourself, sir.

*Sir P.* Go to, then. I therefore  
Advertise to the state, how fit it were  
That none but such as were known patriots,  
Sound lovers of their country, should be  
suffered

T' enjoy them in their houses; and even  
those

Sealed at some office, and at such a bigness  
As might not lurk in pockets.

*Per.* Admirable!

*Sir P.* My next is, how t' inquire, and be  
resolved,  
By present demonstration, whether a ship,  
Newly arrived from Soria,<sup>3</sup> or from  
Any suspected part of all the Levant,

<sup>1</sup> Departments of the government of Venice.

<sup>2</sup> Suppose.

<sup>3</sup> Syria.

<sup>1</sup> A writer on Venice.

<sup>2</sup> I.e., about money.

<sup>3</sup> Calculated.

<sup>4</sup> Sloop.

<sup>5</sup> Allow for the deduction.



Be guilty of the plague: and where they use  
To lie out forty, fifty days, sometimes,  
About the Lazaretto, for their trial;  
I'll save that charge and loss unto the mer-  
chant,  
And in an hour clear the doubt.

*Per.* Indeed, sir!

*Sir P.* Or—I will lose my labor.

*Per.* My faith, that's much.

*Sir P.* Nay, sir, conceive me. It will cost  
me in onions, 110

Some thirty livres—

*Per.* Which is one pound sterling.

*Sir P.* Beside my water-works: for this  
I do, sir.

First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two brick  
walls;

But those the state shall venter. On the one  
I strain me a fair tarpauling, and in that  
I stick my onions, cut in halves; the other  
Is full of loopholes, out of which I thrust  
The noses of my bellows; and those bellows  
I keep, with water-works, in perpetual mo-  
tion,

Which is the easiest matter of a hundred. 120  
Now, sir, your onion, which doth naturally  
Attract th' infection, and your bellows blow-  
ing

The air upon him, will show instantly,  
By his changed color, if there be contagion;  
Or else remain as fair as at the first.  
Now it is known, 'tis nothing.

*Per.* You are right, sir.

*Sir P.* I would I had my note.

*Per.* Faith, so would I:

But you ha' done well for once, sir.

*Sir P.* Were I false,

Or would be made so, I could show you  
reasons

How I could sell this state now to the Turk,  
Spite of their galleys, or their—

[Examining his papers]

*Per.* Pray you, Sir Pol. 131

*Sir P.* I have 'hem not about me.

*Per.* That I feared:

They are there, sir.

*Sir P.* No, this is my diary,

Wherein I note my actions of the day.

*Per.* Pray you let's see, sir. What is here?

[Reads]

Notandum,

'A rat had gnawn my spur-leathers; not-  
withstanding,

I put on new, and did go forth; but first  
I threw three beans over the threshold.

Item,

I went and bought two toothpicks, whereof  
one

I burst immediately, in a discourse 140

With a Dutch merchant, 'bout *ragion del*  
*stato*.<sup>1</sup>

From him I went and paid a *moccinigo*.<sup>2</sup>

For piecing my silk stockings; by the way  
I cheapened<sup>3</sup> sprats; and at St. Mark's I  
urined.'

Faith these are politic notes!

*Sir P.* Sir, I do slip

No action of my life, but thus I quote it.<sup>4</sup>

*Per.* Believe me, it is wise!

*Sir P.* Nay, sir, read forth.

## SCENE II

[Enter, at a distance,] Lady POLITICK  
WOULD-BE, NANO, [and two  
WAITING-]WOMEN

*Lady P.* Where should this loose knight  
be, trow? sure he's housed.

*Nan.* Why, then, he's fast.

*Lady P.* Ay, he plays both with me.<sup>5</sup>

I pray you stay. This heat will do more  
harm

To my complexion than his heart is worth.  
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)

How comes it off! [Rubbing her cheeks]

1 *Wom.* My master's yonder.

*Lady P.* Where?

2 *Wom.* With a young gentleman.

*Lady P.* That same's the party;

In man's apparel! Pray you, sir, jog my  
knight:

I will be tender to his reputation,

However he demerit.

*Sir P.* [seeing her] My lady!

*Per.* Where? 10

*Sir P.* 'Tis she indeed, sir; you shall  
know her. She is,

Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,  
For fashion and behavior; and for beauty  
I durst compare—

*Per.* It seems you are not jealous,  
That dare commend her.

<sup>1</sup> Politics.

<sup>2</sup> About nine pence.

<sup>3</sup> Bargained for.

<sup>4</sup> Note it.

<sup>5</sup> Fast and loose.



*Sir P.* Nay, and for discourse—

*Per.* Being your wife, she cannot miss that.

*Sir P.* [introducing *PER.*] Madam, Here is a gentleman, pray you, use him fairly;

He seems a youth, but he is—

*Lady P.* None.

*Sir P.* Yes, one Has put his face as soon into the world—

*Lady P.* You mean, as early? but to-day?

*Sir P.* How's this? <sup>20</sup>

*Lady P.* Why, in this habit, sir; you apprehend me:

Well, Master Would-be, this doth not become you;

I had thought the odor, sir, of your good name

Had been more precious to you; that you would not

Have done this dire massacre on your honor;

One of your gravity, and rank besides!

But knights, I see, care little for the oath

They make to ladies; chiefly their own ladies.

*Sir P.* Now, by my spurs, the symbol of my knighthood—

*Per.* [aside] Lord, how his brain is humbled for an oath! <sup>30</sup>

*Sir P.* I reach<sup>1</sup> you not.

*Lady P.* Right, sir, your policy May bear it through thus. Sir, a word with you. [To *PER.*]

I would be loath to contest publicly

With any gentlewoman, or to seem Froward, or violent, as the courtier says;

It comes too near rusticity in a lady, Which I would shun by all means: and however

I may deserve from Master Would-be, yet T' have one fair gentlewoman thus be made

Th' unkind instrument to wrong another, <sup>40</sup>

And one she knows not, ay, and to persever;

In my poor judgment, is not warranted

From being a solecism in our sex,<sup>2</sup>

If not in manners.

*Per.* How is this!

*Sir P.* Sweet madam, Come nearer to your aim.

*Lady P.* Marry, and will, sir.

Since you provoke me with your impudence,

<sup>1</sup> Comprehend. <sup>2</sup> "A sin against womanhood."

And laughter of your light land-siren here, Your Sporus, your hermaphrodite—

*Per.* What's here?

Poetic fury and historic storms!

*Sir P.* The gentleman, believe it, is of worth <sup>50</sup>

And of our nation.

*Lady P.* Ay, your Whitefriars nation.<sup>1</sup> Come, I blush for you, Master Would-be, I; And am ashamed you should ha' no more forehead,<sup>2</sup>

Than thus to be the patron, or St. George, To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice, A female devil, in a male outside.

*Sir P.* Nay, An you be such a one, I must bid adieu To your delights. The case appears too liquid. [Exit]

*Lady P.* Ay, you may carry't clear, with your state-face!

But for your carnival concupiscence,<sup>3</sup> <sup>60</sup> Who here is fled for liberty of conscience, From furious persecution of the marshal. Here will I dis'ple.<sup>4</sup>

*Per.* This is fine, i' faith! And do you use this often? Is this part Of your wit's exercise, 'gainst you have occasion?

Madam—

*Lady P.* Go to, sir.

*Per.* Do you hear me, lady? Why, if your knight have set you to beg shirts, Or to invite me home, you might have done it

A nearer way by far.

*Lady P.* This cannot work you Out of my snare.

*Per.* Why, am I in it, then? <sup>70</sup> Indeed your husband told me you were fair, And so you are; only your nose inclines, That side that's next the sun, to the queen-apple.<sup>5</sup>

*Lady P.* This cannot be endured by any patience.

### SCENE III

[To them enter *Mosca*]

*Mos.* What is the matter, madam?

*Lady P.* If the senate

<sup>1</sup> Whitefriars was a sanctuary where wrong-doers lived free from the law.

<sup>2</sup> Assurance. <sup>3</sup> Peregrine taken for a woman.

<sup>4</sup> Discipline. <sup>5</sup> Red on the side towards the sun.



Right not my quest in this, I will protest  
'hem

To all the world no aristocracy.

*Mos.* What is the injury, lady?

*Lady P.* Why, the callet<sup>1</sup>  
You told me of, here I have ta'en disguised.

*Mos.* Who? this! what means your lady-  
ship? the creature

I mentioned to you is apprehended now,  
Before the senate; you shall see her—

*Lady P.* Where?

*Mos.* I'll bring you to her. This young  
gentleman,

I saw him land this morning at the port. <sup>10</sup>

*Lady P.* Is't possible! how has my judg-  
ment wandered?

Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have  
erred;

And plead your pardon.

*Per.* What, more changes yet!

*Lady P.* I hope you ha' not the malice  
to remember

A gentlewoman's passion. If you stay  
In Venice here, please you to use me, sir—

*Mos.* Will you go, madam?

*Lady P.* Pray you, sir, use me; in faith,  
The more you see me the more I shall con-  
ceive

You have forgot our quarrel.

[*Excunt Lady WOULD-BE, MOSCA,  
NANO, and WAITING-WOMEN*]

*Per.* This is rare!

Sir Politick Would-be? no, Sir Politick  
Bawd, <sup>20</sup>

To bring me thus acquainted with his wife!  
Well, wise Sir Pol, since you have practised  
thus

Upon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-  
head,

What proof it is against a counter plot.

[*Exit*]

#### SCENE IV

[*The Scrutineo, or Senate House*]

[*Enter*] VOLTRE, CORBACCIO, CORVINO,  
MOSCA

*Volt.* Well, now you know the carriage of  
the business,<sup>2</sup>

Your constancy is all that is required  
Unto the safety of it.

*Mos.* Is the lie  
Safely conveyed<sup>3</sup> amongst us? is that sure?

<sup>1</sup> Wanton. <sup>2</sup> Conduct of this matter. <sup>3</sup> Arranged.

Knows every man his burden?

*Corv.* Yes.

*Mos.* Then shrink not.

*Corv.* But knows the advocate the truth?

*Mos.* O, sir,

By no means; I devised a formal tale,  
That salved your reputation. But be val-  
iant, sir.

*Corv.* I fear no one but him that this his  
pleading

Should make him stand for a co-heir—

*Mos.* Co-halter! <sup>10</sup>

Hang him; we will but use his tongue, his  
noise,

As we do croaker's<sup>1</sup> here.

*Corv.* Ay, what shall he do?

*Mos.* When we ha' done, you mean?

*Corv.* Yes.

*Mos.* Why, we'll think:

Sell him for mummia:<sup>2</sup> he's half dust al-  
ready.

Do you not smile, (*to VOLTRE*) to see this  
buffalo,<sup>3</sup>

How he doth sport it with his head?—  
[*aside*] I should,

If all were well and past.—Sir, (*to COR-  
BACCIO*) only you

Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all,  
And these not know for whom they toil.

*Corb.* Ay, peace.

*Mos.* ([*turning*] *to CORVINO*) But you  
shall eat it.—[*Aside*] Much!—Worship-  
ful sir, (*to VOLTRE*)

Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,  
Or the French Hercules, and make your  
language

As conquering as his club, to beat along,  
As with a tempest, flat, our adversaries;  
But much more yours, sir.

*Volt.* Here they come, ha' done.

*Mos.* I have another witness, if you need,  
sir, I can produce.

*Volt.* Who is it?

*Mos.* Sir, I have her.

#### SCENE V

[*Enter*] AVOCATORI, [*and take their seats,*]  
BONARIO, CELIA, NOTARIO, COMMANDA-  
DORI, SAFFI, and other OFFICERS OF  
JUSTICE]

1 *Avoc.* The like of this the senate never  
heard of.

<sup>1</sup> Corbaccio's. <sup>2</sup> Mummy, a drug. <sup>3</sup> Horned beast.



2 *Avoc.* 'Twill come most strange to them  
when we report it.  
4 *Avoc.* The gentleman has been ever  
held  
Of unreprieved name.  
3 *Avoc.* So the young man.  
4 *Avoc.* The more unnatural part that of  
his father.  
2 *Avoc.* More of the husband.  
1 *Avoc.* I not know to give  
His act a name, it is so monstrous!  
4 *Avoc.* But the impostor, he's a thing  
created  
T' exceed example!  
1 *Avoc.* And all after-times!  
2 *Avoc.* I never heard a true voluptuary  
Described but him.  
3 *Avoc.* Appear yet those were cited? 11  
*Not.* All but the old magnifico, Volpone.  
1 *Avoc.* Why is not he here?  
*Mos.* Please your fatherhoods,  
Here is his advocate: himself so weak,  
So feeble—  
4 *Avoc.* Who are you?  
*Bon.* His parasite,  
His knave, his pander. I beseech the court  
He may be forced to come, that your grave  
eyes  
May bear strong witness of his strange im-  
postures.  
*Volt.* Upon my faith and credit with your  
virtues,  
He is not able to endure the air. 20  
2 *Avoc.* Bring him, however.  
3 *Avoc.* We will see him.  
4 *Avoc.* Fetch him.  
*Volt.* Your fatherhoods' fit pleasures be  
obeyed; [*Exeunt Officers*]  
But sure, the sight will rather move your  
pities  
Than indignation. May it please the court,  
In the mean time, he may be heard in me:  
I know this place most void of prejudice,  
And therefore crave it, since we have no  
reason  
To fear our truth should hurt our cause.  
3 *Avoc.* Speak free.  
*Volt.* Then know, most honored fathers,  
I must now  
Discover to your strangely abused ears, 30  
The most prodigious and most frontless  
piece  
Of solid impudence, and treachery,  
That ever vicious nature yet brought forth

To shame the state of Venice. This lewd  
woman,  
That wants no artificial looks or tears  
To help the visor she has now put on,  
Hath long been known a close<sup>1</sup> adulteress  
To that lascivious youth there; not sus-  
pected,  
I say, but known, and taken in the act  
With him; and by this man, the easy hus-  
band, 40  
Pardoned; whose timeless<sup>2</sup> bounty makes  
him now  
Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent per-  
son,  
That ever man's own goodness made ac-  
cused.  
For these not knowing how to owe<sup>3</sup> a gift  
Of that dear grace, but with their shame;  
being placed  
So above all powers of their gratitude,  
Began to hate the benefit; and in place  
Of thanks, devise t' extirpe the memory  
Of such an act: wherein I pray your father-  
hoods  
To observe the malice, yea, the rage of  
creatures 50  
Discovered in their evils: and what heart  
Such take, even from their crimes:—but  
that anon  
Will more appear.—This gentleman, the  
father,  
Hearing of this foul fact,<sup>4</sup> with many others,  
Which daily struck at his too tender ears,  
And grieved in nothing more than that he  
could not  
Preserve himself a parent (his son's ills  
Growing to that strange flood), at last de-  
creed  
To disinherit him.  
1 *Avoc.* These be strange turns!  
2 *Avoc.* The young man's fame was ever  
fair and honest. 60  
*Volt.* So much more full of danger is his  
vice,  
That can beguile so under shade of virtue.  
But, as I said, my honored sires, his father  
Having this settled purpose, by what means  
To him betrayed, we know not, and this  
day  
Appointed for the deed; that parricide,  
(I cannot style him better), by confederacy  
Preparing this his paramour to be there,

<sup>1</sup> Secret.<sup>2</sup> Untimely.<sup>3</sup> Own.<sup>4</sup> Deed.



Entered Volpone's house (who was the man,  
Your fatherhoods must understand, de-  
signed

For the inheritance), there sought his  
father:—

But with what purpose sought he him, my  
lords?

I tremble to pronounce it, that a son  
Unto a father, and to such a father,  
Should have so foul, felonious intent!

It was to murder him: when being pre-  
vented

By his more happy absence, what then did  
he?

Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now  
new deeds;

(Mischief doth never end where it begins)

An act of horror, fathers! he dragged forth  
The aged gentleman that had there lain  
bed-rid

Three years and more, out of his innocent  
couch,

Naked upon the floor, there left him;  
wounded

His servant in the face; and with this  
strumpet,

The stale<sup>1</sup> to his forged practice,<sup>2</sup> who was  
glad

To be so active,—I shall here desire  
Your fatherhoods to note but my collec-  
tions,<sup>3</sup>

As most remarkable,—thought at once to  
stop

His father's ends, discredit his free choice  
In the old gentleman, redeem themselves, <sup>40</sup>  
By laying infamy upon this man,  
To whom, with blushing, they should owe  
their lives.

1 *Avoc.* What proofs have you of this?

*Bon.* Most honored fathers,  
I humbly crave there be no credit given  
To this man's mercenary tongue.

2 *Avoc.* Forbear.

*Bon.* His soul moves in his fee

3 *Avoc.* O, sir.

*Bon.* This fellow,  
For six sols<sup>4</sup> more would plead against his  
Maker.

1 *Avoc.* You do forget yourself.

*Volt.* Nay, nay, grave fathers,  
Let him have scope: can any man imagine

That he will spare his accuser, that would  
not

Have spared his parent?

1 *Avoc.* Well, produce your proofs.

*Cel.* I would I could forget I were a  
creature.<sup>1</sup>

*Volt.* Signior Corbaccio!

[CORBACCIO comes forward]

4 *Avoc.* What is he?

*Volt.* The father.

2 *Avoc.* Has he had an oath?

*Not.* Yes.

*Corb.* What must I do now?

*Not.* Your testimony's craved.

*Corb.* Speak to the knave?

I'll ha' my mouth first stopped with earth;  
my heart

Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in him.<sup>2</sup>

1 *Avoc.* But for what cause?

*Corb.* The mere portent of nature!

He is an utter stranger to my loins.

*Bon.* Have they made<sup>3</sup> you to this?

*Corb.* I will not hear thee, <sup>110</sup>  
Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parri-  
cide!

Speak not, thou viper.

*Bon.* Sir, I will sit down,  
And rather wish my innocence should suffer  
Than I resist the authority of a father.

*Volt.* Signior Corvino!

[CORVINO comes forward]

2 *Avoc.* This is strange.

1 *Avoc.* Who's this?

*Not.* The husband.

4 *Avoc.* Is he sworn?

*Not.* He is.

3 *Avoc.* Speak then.

*Corv.* This woman, please your father-  
hoods, is a whore,  
Of most hot exercise, more than a partrich,  
Upon record—

1 *Avoc.* No more.

*Corv.* Neighs like a jennet.

*Not.* Preserve the honor of the court.

*Corv.* I shall, <sup>120</sup>

And modesty of your most reverend ears.  
And yet I hope that I may say these eyes  
Have seen her glued unto that piece of  
cedar,  
That fine well-timbered gallant; and that  
here

<sup>1</sup> Stalking horse.

<sup>2</sup> Invented plot.

<sup>3</sup> Evidences.

<sup>4</sup> Small coins.

<sup>1</sup> Living being. <sup>2</sup> Disown him. <sup>3</sup> Wrought.



The letters may be read, thorough the horn,<sup>1</sup>  
That makes the story perfect.

*Mos.* Excellent! sir.

*Corv.* [*aside to MOSCA*] There is no  
shame in this now, is there?

*Mos.* None.

*Corv.* Or if I said, I hoped that she were  
onward

To her damnation, if there be a hell  
Greater than whore and woman; a good  
Catholic

May make the doubt.

3 *Avoc.* His grief hath made him  
frantic.

1 *Avoc.* Remove him hence.

2 *Avoc.* Look to the woman.

[*CELIA*] swoons

*Corv.* Rare!

Prettily feigned again!

4 *Avoc.* Stand from about her.

1 *Avoc.* Give her the air.

3 *Avoc.* What can you say?

[*To MOSCA*]

*Mos.* My wound,  
May it please your wisdoms, speaks for me,  
received

In aid of my good patron, when he missed  
His sought-for father, when that well-  
taught dame

Had her cue given her to cry out, 'A rape!'

*Bon.* O most laid<sup>2</sup> impudence! Fathers—

3 *Avoc.* Sir, be silent;  
You had your hearing free, so must they  
theirs.

140

2 *Avoc.* I do begin to doubt th' imposture  
here.

4 *Avoc.* This woman has too many  
moods.

*Volt.* Grave fathers,  
She is a creature of a most professed  
And prostituted lewdness.

*Corv.* Most impetuous,  
Unsatisfied, grave fathers!

*Volt.* May her feignings  
Not take your wisdoms: but this day<sup>3</sup> she  
baited

A stranger, a grave knight, with her loose  
eyes,

And more lascivious kisses. This man saw  
'em

Together on the water, in a gondola.

<sup>1</sup> As easily as the letters of an A B C card through  
the transparent horn that covers it.

<sup>2</sup> Carefully contrived.

<sup>3</sup> Only today.

*Mos.* Here is the lady herself, that saw  
'hem too,

150

Without; who then had in the open streets  
Pursued them, but for saving her knight's  
honor.

1 *Avoc.* Produce that lady.

2 *Avoc.* Let her come.

[*Exit MOSCA*]

4 *Avoc.*

These things,

They strike with wonder.

3 *Avoc.* I am turned a stone.

## SCENE VI

[*Re-enter*] *MOSCA* [*with*] *Lady WOULD-BE*

*Mos.* Be resolute, madam.

*Lady P.* Ay, this same is she.

[*Pointing to CELIA*]

Out, thou camelion harlot! now thine eyes  
Vie tears with the hyena. Dar'st thou look  
Upon my wrongèd face? I cry your pardons.  
I fear I have forgettingly transgressed  
Against the dignity of the court—

2 *Avoc.* No, madam.

*Lady P.* And been exorbitant—

2 *Avoc.* You have not, lady.

4 *Avoc.* These proofs are strong.

*Lady P.* Surely, I had no purpose  
To scandalize your honors, or my sex's.

3 *Avoc.* We do believe it.

*Lady P.* Surely you may believe it. 10

2 *Avoc.* Madam, we do.

*Lady P.* Indeed you may; my breeding  
Is not so coarse—

4 *Avoc.* We know it.

*Lady P.* To offend  
With pertinacy—

3 *Avoc.* Lady—

*Lady P.* Such a presence!  
No surely.

1 *Avoc.* We well think it.

*Lady P.* You may think it.

1 *Avoc.* Let her o'ercome. What wit-  
nesses have you,  
To make good your report?

*Bon.* Our consciences.

*Cel.* And heaven, that never fails the  
innocent.

4 *Avoc.* These are no testimonies.

*Bon.* Not in your courts,  
Where multitude and clamor overcomes.

1 *Avoc.* Nay, then you do wax insolent.



VOLPONE is brought in [on a couch] as  
impotent

Volt. Here, here, <sup>20</sup>  
The testimony comes, that will convince,  
And put to utter dumbness their bold  
tongues:  
See here, grave fathers, here's the ravisher,  
The rider on men's wives, the great im-  
postor,  
The grand voluptuary! Do you not think  
These limbs should affect venery? or these  
eyes  
Covet a concubine? Pray you mark these  
hands;  
Are they not fit to stroke a lady's breasts?  
Perhaps he doth dissemble!

Bon. So he does.

Volt. Would you have him tortured?

Bon. I would have him proved. <sup>30</sup>

Volt. Best try him then with goads, or  
burning irons;

Put him to the strappado; <sup>1</sup> I have heard  
The rack hath cured the gout; faith, give  
it him,

And help him of a malady; be courteous.  
I'll undertake, before these honored fathers,  
He shall have yet as many left diseases,  
As she has known adulterers, or thou strum-  
pets.

O, my most equal hearers, if these deeds,  
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant strain,  
May pass with sufferance, what one citizen  
But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame, <sup>40</sup>  
To him that dares traduce him? which of  
you

Are safe, my honored fathers? I would ask,  
With leave of your grave fatherhoods, if  
their plot

Have any face or color like to truth?

Or, if, unto the dullest nostril here,  
It smell not rank, and most abhorred  
slander?

I crave your care of this good gentleman,  
Whose life is much endangered by their  
fable;

And as for them, I will conclude with this, <sup>50</sup>  
That vicious persons, when they're hot, and  
fleshed

In impious acts, their constancy abounds:  
Damned deeds are done with greatest con-  
fidence.

<sup>1</sup> In which the victim was hoisted up and suddenly  
dropped.

1 Avoc. Take 'hem to custody, and sever  
them.

2 Avoc. 'Tis pity two such prodigies  
should live.

1 Avoc. Let the old gentleman be re-  
turned with care.

[Exeunt Officers with VOLPONE]

I'm sorry our credulity wronged him.

4 Avoc. These are two creatures!

3 Avoc. I've an earthquake in me.

2 Avoc. Their shame, even in their  
cradles, fled their faces.

4 Avoc. You have done a worthy service  
to the state, sir, <sup>60</sup>

In their discovery. [To Volt.]

1 Avoc. You shall hear, ere night,  
What punishment the court decrees upon  
'hem.

[Exeunt AVOCATORI, NOTARIO, and OF-  
FICERS with BONARIO and CELIA]

Volt. We thank your fatherhoods.—How  
like you it?

Mos. Rare.

I'd ha' your tongue, sir, tipped with gold  
for this;

I'd ha' you be the heir to the whole city;  
The earth I'd have want men ere you want  
living:

They're bound to erect your statue in St.  
Mark's.

Signior Corvino, I would have you go  
And show yourself that you have con-  
quered.

Corv. Yes.

Mos. It was much better that you should  
profess <sup>70</sup>

Yourself a cuckold thus, than that the other  
Should have been proved.

Corv. Nay, I considered that:  
Now it is her fault.

Mos. Then it had been yours.

Corv. True; I do doubt this advocate  
still.

Mos. I' faith,

You need not, I dare ease you of that care.

Corv. I trust thee, Mosca. [Exit]

Mos. As your own soul, sir.

Corb. Mosca!

Mos. Now for your business, sir.

Corb. How! ha' you business?

Mos. Yes, yours, sir.

Corb. O, none else?

Mos. None else, not I.

Corb. Be careful then.



*Mos.* Rest you with both your eyes, sir.<sup>1</sup>  
*Corb.* Dispatch it.  
*Mos.* Instantly.  
*Corb.* And look that all, <sup>80</sup>  
 Whatever, be put in, jewels, plate, moneys,  
 Household stuff, bedding, cortines.<sup>2</sup>  
*Mos.* Cortine-rings, sir:  
 Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.  
*Corb.* I'll pay him now; you'll be too  
 prodigal.  
*Mos.* Sir, I must tender it.  
*Corb.* Two chequines<sup>3</sup> is well.  
*Mos.* No, six, sir.  
*Corb.* 'Tis too much.  
*Mos.* He talked a great while;  
 You must consider that, sir.  
*Corb.* Well, there's three—  
*Mos.* I'll give it him.  
*Corb.* Do so, and there's for thee.  
[Exit]  
*Mos.* [aside] Bountiful bones! What  
 horrid strange offence  
 Did he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth,  
 Worthy this age?—[To Volt.] You see, sir,  
 how I work 91  
 Unto your ends: take you no notice.  
*Volt.* No,  
 I'll leave you. [Exit]  
*Mos.* All is yours, the devil and all:  
 Good advocate!—Madam, I'll bring you  
 home.  
*Lady P.* No, I'll go see your patron.  
*Mos.* That you shall not:  
 I'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge  
 My patron to reform his will, and for  
 The zeal you have shown to-day, whereas  
 before  
 You were but third or fourth, you shall be  
 now  
 Put in the first; which would appear as  
 begged 100  
 If you were present. Therefore—  
*Lady P.* You shall sway me.  
[Exeunt]

## ACT V, SCENE I

[A Room in Volpone's House]

[Enter] VOLPONE

*Volp.* Well, I am here, and all this brunt  
 is past.

<sup>1</sup> Leave the matter wholly with me.<sup>2</sup> Curtains. <sup>3</sup> About four dollars.

I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise  
 Till this fled moment: here 'twas good, in  
 private;  
 But in your public,—*cave*<sup>1</sup> whilst I breathe.  
 'Fore God, my left leg gan to have the  
 cramp,  
 And I apprehended straight some power had  
 struck me  
 With a dead palsy. Well! I must be merry,  
 And shake it off. A many of these fears  
 Would put me into some villainous disease,  
 Should they come thick upon me: I'll pre-  
 vent 'hem. 10  
 Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright  
 This humor from my heart. (*He drinks*)  
 Hum, hum, hum!  
 'Tis almost gone already; I shall conquer.  
 Any device now of rare ingenious knavery,  
 That would possess me with a violent  
 laughter,  
 Would make me up again. (*Drinks again*)  
 So, so, so, so!  
 This heat is life; 'tis blood by this time:—  
 Mosca!

## SCENE II

[Enter] MOSCA

*Mos.* How now, sir? does the day look  
 clear again?  
 Are we recovered, and wrought out of error,  
 Into our way, to see our path before us?  
 Is our trade free once more?  
*Volp.* Exquisite Mosca!  
*Mos.* Was it not carried learnedly?  
*Volp.* And stoutly:  
 Good wits are greatest in extremities.  
*Mos.* It were folly beyond thought to  
 trust  
 Any grand act unto a cowardly spirit:  
 You are not taken with it enough, me-  
 thinks.  
*Volp.* O, more than if I had enjoyed the  
 wench: 10  
 The pleasure of all woman-kind's not like it.  
*Mos.* Why, now you speak, sir. We must  
 here be fixed;  
 Here we must rest; this is our masterpiece;  
 We cannot think to go beyond this.  
*Volp.* True,  
 Thou hast played thy prize, my precious  
 Mosca.  
*Mos.* Nay, sir,  
<sup>1</sup> Beware of it.



To gull the court—

*Volp.* And quite divert the torrent  
Upon the innocent.

*Mos.* Yes, and to make  
So rare a music out of discords—

*Volp.* Right.  
That yet to me's the strangest, how th'hast  
borne it!

That these, being so divided 'mongst them-  
selves,

Should not scent somewhat, or in me or  
thee,

Or doubt their own side.

*Mos.* True, they will not see't,  
Too much light blinds 'hem, I think. Each  
of 'hem

Is so possesse<sup>d</sup> and stuffed with his own  
hopes

That anything unto the contrary,  
Never so true, or never so apparent,  
Never so palpable, they will resist it—

*Volp.* Like a temptation of the devil.

*Mos.* Right, sir.  
Merchants may talk of trade, and your  
great signiors

Of land that yields well; but if Italy<sup>30</sup>  
Have any glebe<sup>1</sup> more fruitful than these  
fellows,

I am deceived. Did not your advocate  
rare?

*Volp.* O—'My most honored fathers, my  
grave fathers,

Under correction of your fatherhoods,  
What face of truth is here? If these strange  
deeds

May pass, most honored fathers—I had  
much ado

To forbear laughing.

*Mos.* 'T seemed to me, you sweat, sir.

*Volp.* In troth, I did a little.

*Mos.* But confess, sir,  
Were you not daunted?

*Volp.* In good faith, I was  
A little in a mist, but not dejected;<sup>40</sup>  
Never but still myself.

*Mos.* I think it, sir.  
Now, so truth help me, I must needs say  
this, sir,

And out of conscience for your advocate,  
He has taken pains, in faith, sir, and de-  
served,

In my poor judgement, I speak it under  
favor,

<sup>1</sup> Soil.

Not to contráry you, sir, very richly—  
Well—to be cozened.

*Volp.* Troth, and I think so, too.  
By that I heard him in the latter end.<sup>1</sup>

*Mos.* O, but before, sir: had you heard  
him first

Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate,<sup>2</sup>  
Then use his vehement figures—I looked  
still

When he would shift a shirt,<sup>3</sup> and doing  
this

Out of pure love, no hope of gain—

*Volp.* 'Tis right.

I cannot answer him, Mosca, as I would,  
Not yet; but for thy sake, at thy entreaty,  
I will begin, e'en now—to vex 'hem all,  
This very instant.

*Mos.* Good sir.

*Volp.* Call the dwarf  
And eunuch forth.

*Mos.* Castrone, Nano!

[Enter CASTRONE and NANO]

*Nan.* Here.

*Volp.* Shall we have a jig now?<sup>4</sup>

*Mos.* What you please, sir.

*Volp.* Go,  
Straight give out about the streets, you two,  
That I am dead; do it with constancy,<sup>5</sup>  
Sadly,<sup>6</sup> do you hear? impute it to the grief  
Of this late slander.

[Exeunt CAST. and NANO]

*Mos.* What do you mean, sir?

*Volp.* O,  
I shall have instantly my vulture, crow,  
Raven, come flying hither, on the news,  
To peck for carrion, my she-wolf, and all,  
Greedy, and full of expectation—

*Mos.* And then to have it ravished from  
their mouths!

*Volp.* 'Tis true. I will ha' thee put on a  
gown,  
And take upon thee, as thou wert mine  
heir;

Show 'hem a will. Open that chest, and  
reach

Forth one of those that has the blanks; I'll  
straight

Put in thy name.

<sup>1</sup> From the conclusion of his speech.

<sup>2</sup> Emphasize.

<sup>3</sup> Continually for the moment when he would have  
to change, etc.

<sup>4</sup> Some more fun.

<sup>5</sup> Seriously.







*Mos.* Eight chests of linen—  
*Volp.* O,  
 My fine Dame Would-be, too!  
*Corv.* Mosca, the will,  
 That I may show it these, and rid 'hem  
 hence.  
*Mos.* Six chests of diaper, four of  
 damask.—There.  
*[Gives them the will care-  
 lessly, over his shoulder]*  
*Corb.* Is that the will?  
*Mos.* Down-beds, and bolsters—  
*Volp.* Rare!  
 Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter:  
 They never think of me. Look, see, see,  
 see!  
 How their swift eyes run over the long deed,  
 Unto the name and to the legacies,  
 What is bequeathed them there—  
*Mos.* Ten suits of hangings—  
*Volp.* Ay, in their garters, Mosca. Now  
 their hopes  
 Are at the gasp.  
*Volt.* Mosca the heir!  
*Corb.* What's that?  
*Volp.* My advocate is dumb; look to my  
 merchant,  
 He has heard of some strange storm, a ship  
 is lost,  
 He faints; my lady will swoon. Old glazen-  
 eyes,  
 He hath not reached his despair yet.  
*Corb.* All these  
 Are out of hope; I am, sure, the man.  
*[Takes the will]*  
*Corv.* But, Mosca—  
*Mos.* Two cabinets—  
*Corv.* Is this in earnest?  
*Mos.* One  
 Of ebony—  
*Corv.* Or do you but delude me?  
*Mos.* The other, mother of pearl—I am  
 very busy.  
 Good faith, it is a fortune thrown upon  
 me—  
 Item, one salt of agate—not my seeking.  
*Lady P.* Do you hear, sir?  
*Mos.* A perfumed box—Pray you forbear,  
 You see I'm troubled—made of an onyx—  
*Lady P.* How!  
*Mos.* To-morrow or next day, I shall be  
 at leisure  
 To talk with you all.  
*Corv.* Is this my large hope's issue?

*Lady P.* Sir, I must have a fairer answer.  
*Mos.* Madam!  
 Marry, and shall: pray you, fairly quit my  
 house.  
 Nay, raise no tempest with your looks; but  
 hark you,  
 Remember what your ladyship offered me  
 To put you in an heir; go to, think on it:  
 And what you said e'en your best madams  
 did  
 For maintenance; and why not you?  
 Enough.  
 Go home, and use the poor Sir Pol, your  
 knight, well,  
 For fear I tell some riddles; go, be melan-  
 cholic. *[Exit Lady WOULD-BE]*  
*Volp.* O, my fine devil!  
*Corv.* Mosca, pray you a word.  
*Mos.* Lord! will not you take your dis-  
 patch hence yet?  
 Methinks, of all, you should have been the  
 example.  
 Why should you stay here? with what  
 thought, what promise?  
 Hear you; do you not know, I know you  
 an ass,  
 And that you would most fain have been a  
 wittol,<sup>1</sup>  
 If fortune would have let you? that you  
 are  
 A declared cuckold, on good terms? This  
 pearl,  
 You'll say, was yours? right: this diamant?  
 I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here  
 else?  
 It may be so. Why, think that these good  
 works  
 May help to hide your bad. I'll not betray  
 you;  
 Although you be but extraordinary,  
 And have it only in title,<sup>2</sup> it sufficeth:  
 Go home, be melancholic too, or mad.  
*[Exit CORVINO]*  
*Volp.* Rare Mosca! how his villainy be-  
 comes him!  
*Volt.* Certain he doth delude all these for  
 me.  
*Corb.* Mosca the heir!  
*Volp.* O, his four eyes have found it.  
*Corb.* I am cozened, cheated, by a para-  
 site slave;  
 Harlot,<sup>3</sup> thou hast gulled me.

<sup>1</sup> Cuckold.<sup>2</sup> Of cuckold.<sup>3</sup> Scoundrel, used of both sexes.



Mos. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,  
Or I shall draw the only tooth is left.  
Are not you he, that filthy covetous wretch,  
With the three legs,<sup>1</sup> that here, in hope of  
prey,  
Have, any time this three years, snuffed  
about,  
With your most groveling nose, and would  
have hired  
Me to the poisoning of my patron, sir:  
Are not you he that have to-day in court  
Professed the disinheriting of your son?  
Perjured yourself? Go home, and die, and  
stink;  
If you but croak a syllable, all comes out:  
Away, and call your porters! [*Exit COR-*  
*BACCIO*] Go, go, stink.  
Volp. Excellent varlet!  
Volt. Now, my faithful Mosca,  
I find thy constancy—  
Mos. Sir!  
Volt. Sincere.  
Mos. [*writing*] A table  
Of porphyry—I mar'le you'll be thus  
troublesome.  
Volt. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.  
Mos. Why, who are you? <sup>80</sup>  
What! who did send for you? O, cry you  
mercy,  
Reverend sir! Good faith, I am grieved for  
you,  
That any chance of mine should thus defeat  
Your (I must needs say) most deserving  
travails:  
But I protest, sir, it was cast upon me,  
And I could almost wish to be without it,  
But that the will o' the dead must be  
observed.  
Marry, my joy is that you need it not:  
You have a gift, sir (thank your education),  
Will never let you want, while there are  
men,  
And malice, to breed causes.<sup>2</sup> Would I had  
But half the like, for all my fortune, sir!  
If I have any suits, as I do hope,  
Things being so easy and direct, I shall not,  
I will make bold with your obstreperous aid,  
Conceive me—for your fee, sir. In mean  
time,  
You that have so much law, I know ha' the  
conscience  
Not to be covetous of what is mine.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to his cane.    <sup>2</sup> Law suits.

Good sir, I thank you for my plate; 'twill  
help  
To set up a young man. Good faith, you  
look  
As you were costive; best go home and  
purge, sir. [*Exit VOLTORE*]  
Volp. [*comes from behind the curtain*]  
Bid him eat lettuce<sup>1</sup> well. My witty  
mischief,  
Let me embrace thee. O that I could now  
Transform thee to a Venus!—Mosca, go,  
Straight take my habit of *clarissimo*,  
And walk the streets; be seen, torment  
'hem more:  
We must pursue, as well as plot. Who  
would  
Have lost this feast?  
Mos. I doubt it will lose them.  
Volp. O, my recovery shall recover all.  
That I could now but think on some dis-  
guise  
To meet 'hem in and ask 'hem questions:  
How I would vex 'hem still at every turn!  
Mos. Sir, I can fit you.  
Volp. Canst thou?  
Mos. Yes, I know  
One o' the *commandadori*, sir, so like you;  
Him will I straight make drunk, and bring  
you his habit.  
Volp. A rare disguise, and answering thy  
brain!  
O, I will be a sharp disease unto 'hem.  
Mos. Sir, you must look for curses—  
Volp. Till they burst;  
The Fox fares ever best when he is cursed.  
[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE IV

[*A Hall in Sir Politick's House*]

[*Enter*] PEREGRINE [*disguised, and*] three  
MERCHANTS

Per. Am I enough disguised?

1 Mer. I warrant you.

Per. All my ambition is to fright him  
only.

2 Mer. If you could ship him away,  
'twere excellent.

3 Mer. To Zant, or to Aleppo!

Per. Yes, and ha' his  
Adventures put i' th' Book of Voyages,<sup>2</sup>  
And his gulled story registered for truth.

<sup>1</sup> A soporific.

<sup>2</sup> Hakluyt.



Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while,  
And that you think us warm in our dis-  
course,

Know your approaches.

1 *Mer.* Trust it to our care.  
[*Exeunt* MERCHANTS]

[*Enter* WAITING-WOMAN]

*Per.* Save you, fair lady! Is Sir Pol  
within? 10

*Wom.* I do not know, sir.

*Per.* Pray you say unto him  
Here is a merchant, upon urgent business,  
Desires to speak with him.

*Wom.* I will see, sir. [*Exit*]

*Per.* Pray you.  
I see the family is all female here.

[*Re-enter* WAITING-WOMAN]

*Wom.* He says, sir, he has weighty affairs  
of state,  
That now require him whole; some other  
time

You may possess him.

*Per.* Pray you say again,  
If those require him whole, these will exact  
him,

Whereof I bring him tidings. [*Exit*  
WOMAN] What might be 10

His grave affair of state now! how to make  
Bolognian sausages here in Venice, sparing  
One o' th' ingredients?

[*Re-enter* WAITING-WOMAN]

*Wom.* Sir, he says, he knows  
By your word *tidings*,<sup>1</sup> that you are no  
statesman,  
And therefore wills you stay.

*Per.* Sweet, pray you return him;  
I have not read so many proclamations,  
And studied them for words, as he has  
done—

But—here he deigns to come.

[*Exit* WOMAN]

*Enter* SIR POLITICK

*Sir P.* Sir, I must crave  
Your courteous pardon. There hath chanced  
to-day

Unkind disaster 'twixt my lady and me;

<sup>1</sup> The accepted term was intelligence.

And I was penning my apology, 20  
To give her satisfaction, as you came now.

*Per.* Sir, I am grieved I bring you worse  
disaster:

The gentleman you met at th' port to-day,  
That told you he was newly arrived—

*Sir P.* Ay, was

A fugitive punk?

*Per.* No, sir, a spy set on you:  
And he has made relation to the senate,  
That you professed to him to have a plot  
To sell the State of Venice to the Turk.

*Sir P.* O me!

*Per.* For which warrants are signed by  
this time,

To apprehend you, and to search your study  
For papers— 41

*Sir P.* Alas, sir, I have none, but notes  
Drawn out of play-books—

*Per.* All the better, sir.

*Sir P.* And some essays. What shall I do?

*Per.* Sir, best  
Convey yourself into a sugar-chest:

Or, if you could lie round, a frail<sup>1</sup> were rare,  
And I could send you aboard.

*Sir P.* Sir, I but talked so,  
For discourse' sake merely.

[*They knock without*]

*Per.* Hark! they are there.

*Sir P.* I am a wretch, a wretch!

*Per.* What will you do, sir?  
Have you ne'er a currant-butt<sup>2</sup> to leap  
into?

They'll put you to the rack; you must be  
sudden. 50

*Sir P.* Sir, I have an engine—<sup>3</sup>

3 *Mer.* [*within*] Sir Politick Would-be!

2 *Mer.* [*within*] Where is he?

*Sir P.* That I've  
thought upon before time.

*Per.* What is it?

*Sir P.* I shall ne'er endure the torture,  
Marry, it is, sir, of a tortoise-shell,  
Fitted for these extremities: pray you, sir,  
help me.

Here I have a place, sir, to put back my legs,  
Please you to lay it on, sir, [*lies down while*

*PER.* places the shell upon him]—with  
this cap,

And my black gloves I'll lie, like a tortoise,  
Till they are gone.

<sup>1</sup> Basket.

<sup>2</sup> Wine-cask. *Q.* curren-but.

<sup>3</sup> Contrivance.



*Per.* And call you this an engine?

*Sir P.* Mine own device—Good sir, bid  
my wife's women  
To burn my papers. 60 *[Exit PER.]*

*[The three MERCHANTS] rush in*

1 *Mer.* Where is he hid?

3 *Mer.* We must,  
And will sure find him.

2 *Mer.* Which is his study?

*[Re-enter PEREGRINE]*

1 *Mer.* What  
Are you, sir?

*Per.* I'm a merchant, that came here  
To look upon this tortoise.

3 *Mer.* How!

1 *Mer.* St. Mark!  
What beast is this?

*Per.* It is a fish.

2 *Mer.* Come out here!

*Per.* Nay, you may strike him, sir, and  
tread upon him:

He'll bear a cart.

1 *Mer.* What, to run over him?

*Per.* Yes, sir.

3 *Mer.* Let's jump upon him.

2 *Mer.* Can he not go?

*Per.* He creeps, sir.

1 *Mer.* Let's see him creep.

*Per.* No, good sir, you will hurt him.

2 *Mer.* Heart, I will see him creep, or  
prick his guts. 70

3 *Mer.* Come out here!

*Per.* Pray you, sir.—

*[aside to Sir POL.]* Creep a little.

1 *Mer.* Forth.

2 *Mer.* Yet further.

*Per.* Good sir!—Creep.

2 *Mer.* We'll see his legs.

*They pull off the shell and discover him*

3 *Mer.* Ods so, he has garters!

1 *Mer.* Ay, and gloves!

2 *Mer.* Is this

Your fearful tortoise?

*Per.* *[discovering himself]* Now, Sir Pol,  
we are even;

For your next project I shall be prepared:  
I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, sir.

1 *Mer.* 'Twere a rare motion<sup>1</sup> to be seen  
in Fleet Street.

<sup>1</sup> Show.

2 *Mer.* Ay, i' the Term.

1 *Mer.* Or Smithfield, in the fair.<sup>1</sup>

3 *Mer.* Methinks 'tis but a melancholic  
sight.

*Per.* Farewell, most politic tortoise!

*[Exeunt PER. and MERCHANTS]*

*[Re-enter WAITING-WOMAN]*

*Sir P.* Where's my lady? 80  
Knows she of this?

*Wom.* I know not, sir.

*Sir P.* Enquire.—

O, I shall be the fable of all feasts,  
The freight of the gazetti,<sup>2</sup> ship-boys' tale;  
And, which is worst, even talk for ordi-  
naries.<sup>3</sup>

*Wom.* My lady's come most melancholic  
home,

And says, sir, she will straight to sea, for  
physic.

*Sir P.* And I, to shun this place and clime  
for ever,

Creeping with house on back, and think it  
well

To shrink my poor head in my politic shell.

*[Exeunt]*

## SCENE V

*[A Room in Volpone's House]*

*[Enter] VOLPONE and MOSCA, the first in the  
habit of a commandadore, the other,  
of a clarissimo*

*Volp.* Am I then like him?

*Mos.* O, sir, you are he:  
No man can sever<sup>4</sup> you.

*Volp.* Good.

*Mos.* But what am I

*Volp.* 'Fore heaven, a brave clarissimo;  
thou becom'st it!

Pity thou wert not born one.

*Mos.* *[aside]* If I hold

My made one,<sup>5</sup> 'twill be well.

*Volp.* I'll go and see

What news first at the court. *[Exit]*

*Mos.* Do so. My Fox

Is out of his hole, and ere he shall re-enter,

<sup>1</sup> Bartholomew Fair.

<sup>2</sup> Newspapers.

<sup>3</sup> Eating houses.

<sup>4</sup> Distinguish.

<sup>5</sup> The position I am making for myself.



I'll make him languish in his borrowed ease,<sup>1</sup>  
 Except he come to composition with me.—  
 Androgyno, Castrone, Nano!

[Enter ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE, and NANO]

All. Here. 10

Mos. Go, recreate yourselves abroad; go,  
 sport.— [Excunt]

So, now I have the keys, and am possessed.  
 Since he will needs be dead afore his time,  
 I'll bury him, or gain by him: I am his heir,  
 And so will keep me, till he share at least.  
 To cozen him of all, were but a cheat  
 Well placed: no man would construe it a  
 sin:

Let his sport pay for't. This is called the  
 Fox-trap. [Excunt]

## SCENE VI

[A Street]

[Enter] CORBACCIO, CORVINO

Corb. They say the court is set.

Corv. We must maintain  
 Our first tale good, for both our reputations.

Corb. Why, mine's no tale: my son would  
 there have killed me.

Corv. That's true, I had forgot:—[aside]  
 mine is,<sup>2</sup> I'm sure.—

But for your will, sir.

Corb. Ay, I'll come upon him  
 For that hereafter, now his patron's dead.

[Enter VOLPONE as a commandadore]

Volp. Signior Corvino! and Corbaccio!  
 sir,  
 Much joy unto you.

Corv. Of what?

Volp. The sudden good  
 Dropped down upon you—

Corb. Where?

Volp. And none knows how,  
 From old Volpone, sir.

Corb. Out, arrant knave! 10

Volp. Let not your too much wealth, sir,  
 make you furious.

Corb. Away, thou varlet.

Volp. Why, sir?

Corb. Dost thou mock me?

<sup>1</sup> Disguise.

<sup>2</sup> A tale.

Volp. You mock the world, sir; did you  
 not change wills?

Corb. Out, harlot! <sup>1</sup>

Volp. O! belike you are the man,  
 Signior Corvino? faith, you carry it well;  
 You grow not mad withal; I love your  
 spirit;

You are not over-leavened with your for-  
 tune.

You should ha' some would swell now, like  
 a wine-fat,<sup>2</sup>

With such an autumn.—Did he gi' you all,  
 sir?

Corv. Avoid, you rascal!

Volp. Troth, your wife has shown  
 Herself a very woman; but you are well, <sup>3</sup>  
 You need not care, you have a good estate,  
 To bear it out, sir, better by this chance:  
 Except Corbaccio have a share.

Corb. Hence, varlet!

Volp. You will not be a'known,<sup>3</sup> sir; why,  
 'tis wise.

Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dis-  
 semble:

No man will seem to win. [Excunt CORVINO  
 and CORBACCIO] Here comes my vulture,  
 Heaving his beak up i' the air, and snuffing.

## SCENE VII

[Enter] VOLTORE

Volt. Outstripped thus, by a parasite! a  
 slave,  
 Would run on errands, and make legs<sup>4</sup> for  
 crumbs.

Well, what I'll do—

Volp. The court stays for your worship.  
 I e'en rejoice, sir, at your worship's happi-  
 ness,

And that it fell into so learned hands,  
 That understand the fingering—

Volt. What do you mean?

Volp. I mean to be a suitor to your  
 worship,

For the small tenement, out of reparations,<sup>5</sup>  
 That, at the end of your long row of houses,  
 By the Piscaria: it was, in Volpone's time, <sup>6</sup>  
 Your predecessor, ere he grew diseased,  
 A handsome, pretty, customed<sup>6</sup> bawdy-  
 house

<sup>1</sup> Rascal.

<sup>2</sup> Butt.

<sup>3</sup> Recognized.

<sup>4</sup> Bow.

<sup>5</sup> Repair.

<sup>6</sup> Frequented.



As any was in Venice, none dispraised;  
But fell with him: his body and that house  
Decayed together.

*Volt.* Come, sir, leave your prating.

*Volp.* Why, if your worship give me but  
your hand,

That I may ha' the refusal, I have done.

'Tis a mere toy to you, sir; candle-rents;  
As your learned worship knows—

*Volt.* What do I know?

*Volp.* Marry, no end of your wealth, sir;  
God decrease it! 20

*Volt.* Mistaking knave! what, mock'st  
thou my misfortune? [Exit]

*Volp.* His blessing on your heart, sir;  
would 'twere more!— 30

Now to my first again, at the next corner.  
[Exit]

### SCENE VIII

*[The Scrutineo, or Senate House]*

*[Enter] CORBACCIO [and] CORVINO. MOSCA  
[passes over the Stage, before them]*<sup>1</sup>

*Corb.* See, in our habit!<sup>2</sup> see the impu-  
dent varlet!

*Corv.* That I could shoot mine eyes at  
him, like gun-stones!<sup>3</sup>

*[Enter] VOLPONE*

*Volp.* But is this true, sir, of the para-  
site?

*Corb.* Again, t' afflict us! monster!

*Volp.* In good faith, sir,  
I'm heartily grieved, a beard of your grave  
length

Should be so over-reached. I never  
brook'd<sup>4</sup>

That parasite's hair; methought his nose  
should cozen:

There still<sup>5</sup> was somewhat in his look, did  
promise

The bane of a *clarissimo*.

*Corb.* Knave—

*Volp.* Methinks  
Yet you, that are so traded i' the world, 10  
A witty merchant, the fine bird, Corvino,

<sup>1</sup> F. *Mosca passant*.

<sup>2</sup> That of a *clarissimo* or gentleman.

<sup>3</sup> Cannon-balls.

<sup>4</sup> Could endure.

<sup>5</sup> Always.

That have such moral emblems on your  
name,<sup>1</sup>

Should not have sung your shame, and  
dropped your cheese,

To let the Fox laugh at your emptiness.

*Corv.* Sirrah, you think the privilege of  
the place,

And your red saucy cap, that seems to me  
Nailed to your jolt-head<sup>2</sup> with those two  
chequines,<sup>3</sup>

Can warrant your abuses; come you hither:  
You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you;  
approach.

*Volp.* No haste, sir, I do know your valor  
well, 20

Since you durst publish what you are, sir.

*Corv.* Tarry,

I'd speak with you.

*Volp.* Sir, sir, another time—

*Corv.* Nay, now.

*Volp.* O God, sir! I were a wise man,  
Would stand the fury of a distracted  
cuckold.

*[As he is running off,] Mosca walks by them*

*Corb.* What, come again!

*Volp.* Upon 'hem, Mosca; save me.

*Corb.* The air's infected where he  
breathes.

*Corv.* Let's fly him.

*[Exeunt CORV. and CORB.]*

*Volp.* Excellent basilisk!<sup>4</sup> turn upon the  
vulture.

### SCENE IX

*[Enter] VOLTORE*

*Volt.* Well, flesh-fly, it is summer with  
you now;

Your winter will come on.

*Mos.* Good advocate,  
Pray thee not rail, nor threaten out of place  
thus;

Thou'lt make a solecism, as madam says.  
Get you a biggin<sup>5</sup> more; your brain breaks  
loose. [Exit]

*Volt.* Well, sir.

*Volp.* Would you have me beat  
the insolent slave,

Throw dirt upon his first good clothes?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Of crow.

<sup>2</sup> Fool's head.

<sup>3</sup> Gold buttons on his cap.

<sup>4</sup> The basilisk killed by a look.

<sup>5</sup> Cap.

<sup>6</sup> The first he has ever had.



*Volt.* This same  
Is doubtless some familiar.<sup>1</sup>

*Volp.* Sir, the court,  
In troth, stays for you. I am mad, a mule<sup>2</sup>  
That never read Justinian, should get up, <sup>10</sup>  
And ride an advocate! Had you no quirk  
To avoid gullage, sir, by such a creature?  
I hope you do but jest; he has not done 't:  
This's but confederacy to blind the rest.  
You are the heir.

*Volt.* A strange, officious,  
Troublesome knave! Thou dost torment  
me.

*Volp.* I know—  
It cannot be, sir, that you should be  
cozened;  
'Tis not within the wit of man to do it;  
You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit  
That wealth and wisdom still<sup>3</sup> should go  
together. [Exeunt] <sup>20</sup>

## SCENE X

[Enter] Four Avocatori, Notario, BONARIO,  
CELIA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, COMMANDA-  
DORI, [SAFFI, etc.]<sup>4</sup>

1 *Avoc.* Are all the parties here?  
*Not.* All but the advocate.  
2 *Avoc.* And here he comes.

[Enter VOLTORE and VOLPONE]

1 *Avoc.* Then bring  
'hem forth to sentence.

*Volt.* O, my most honored fathers, let  
your mercy  
Once win upon your justice, to forgive—  
I am distracted—

*Volp.* [aside] What will he do now?

*Volt.* O,  
I know not which t' address myself to first;  
Whether your fatherhoods, or these inno-  
cents—

*Corv.* [aside] Will he betray himself?

*Volt.* Whom equally  
I have abused, out of most covetous ends—

*Corv.* The man is mad!

*Corb.* What's that?

*Corv.* He is possessed.

*Volt.* For which, now struck in conscience,  
here I prostrate <sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Spirit.

<sup>2</sup> A fellow of base birth.

<sup>3</sup> Ever.

<sup>4</sup> The order of the F. is somewhat rearranged.

Myself at your offended feet, for pardon.

1, 2 *Avoc.* Arise.

*Cel.* O heaven, how just thou art!

*Volp.* [aside] I am caught

I' mine own noose—

*Corv.* [to CORBACCIO] Be constant, sir;  
nought now

Can help but impudence.

1 *Avoc.* Speak forward.

*Com.* Silence!

*Volt.* It is not passion in me, reverend  
fathers,

But only conscience, conscience, my good  
sires,

That makes me now tell truth. That para-  
site,

That knave, hath been the instrument of all.

1 *Avoc.* Where is that knave? fetch him.

*Volp.* I go. [Exit]

*Corv.* Grave fathers,  
This man's distracted; he confessed it now:  
For, hoping to be old Volpone's heir, <sup>22</sup>  
Who now is dead—

3 *Avoc.* How!

2 *Avoc.* Is Volpone dead?

*Corv.* Dead since,<sup>1</sup> grave fathers.

*Bon.* O sure vengeance!

1 *Avoc.* Stay,

Then he was no deceiver.

*Volt.* O no, none:

This parasite, grave fathers.

*Corv.* He does speak

Out of mere envy, 'cause the servant's made  
The thing he gaped for: please your father-  
hoods,

This is the truth, though I'll not justify  
The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.

*Volt.* Ay, to your hopes, as well as mine,

*Corvino:* <sup>31</sup>

But I'll use modesty.<sup>2</sup> Pleaseth your wis-  
doms,

To view these certain notes, and but confer<sup>3</sup>  
them;

And as I hope favor, they shall speak clear  
truth.

*Corv.* The devil has entered him!

*Bon.* Or bides in you.

4 *Avoc.* We have done ill, by a public  
officer

To send for him, if he be heir.

2 *Avoc.* For whom?

4 *Avoc.* Him that they call the parasite.

3 *Avoc.* 'Tis true,

<sup>1</sup> The court met. <sup>2</sup> Be moderate. <sup>3</sup> Compare.



He is a man of great estate, now left.

4 *Avoc.* Go you, and learn his name, and say the court

Entreats his presence here, but to the clearing

Of some few doubts. [*Exit Notary*]

2 *Avoc.* This same's a labyrinth!

1 *Avoc.* Stand you unto your first report?

*Corv.* My state,

My life, my fame—

*Bon.* Where is't?

*Corv.* Are at the stake.

1 *Avoc.* Is yours so too?

*Corb.* The advocate's a knave,

And has a forkèd tongue—

2 *Avoc.* Speak to the point.

*Corb.* So is the parasite too.

1 *Avoc.* This is confusion.

*Volt.* I do beseech your fatherhoods, read but those—

[*Giving them papers*]

*Corv.* And credit nothing the false spirit hath writ:

It cannot be but he is possessed, grave fathers.

[*The scene closes*]

## SCENE XI

[*A Street*]

*Enter VOLPONE*

*Volp.* To make a snare for mine own neck! and run

My head into it, wilfully! with laughter!

When I had newly scaped, was free and clear,

Out of mere wantonness! O, the dull devil Was in this brain of mine when I devised it, And Mosca gave it second; he must now Help to sear up this vein, or we bleed dead.

[*Enter NANO, ANDROGYNO, and CASTRONE*]

How now! Who let you loose? whither go you now?

What, to buy gingerbread, or to drown kitlings?

*Nan.* Sir, Master Mosca called us out of doors,

And bid us all go play, and took the keys. *And.* Yes.

*Volp.* Did Master Mosca take the keys? Why, so!

I am farther in. These are my fine conceits! I must be merry, with a mischief to me!

What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear

My fortune soberly? I must ha' my crotchets,

And my conundrums! Well, go you, and seek him:

His meaning may be truer than my fear.

Bid him, he straight come to me to the court;

Thither will I, and, if't be possible,

Unscrew my advocate, upon new hopes:

When I provoked him, then I lost myself. [*Exeunt*]

## SCENE XII

[*The Scrutineo or Senate House*]

AVOCATORI, [*BONARIO, CELIA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, COMMANDADORI, SAFFI, etc., as before*]

1 *Avoc.* These things can ne'er be reconciled. He here

[*Showing the papers*]

Professeth that the gentleman was wronged, And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,

Forced by her husband, and there left.

*Volt.* Most true.

*Cel.* How ready is heaven to those that pray!

1 *Avoc.* But that

Volpone would have ravished her, he holds Utterly false, knowing his impotence.

*Corv.* Grave fathers, he is possessed; again, I say,

Possessed; nay, if there be possession, and Obsession, he has both.

3 *Avoc.* Here comes our officer. 10

[*Enter VOLPONE*]

*Volp.* The parasite will straight be here, grave fathers.

4 *Avoc.* You might invent some other name, sir varlet.

3 *Avoc.* Did not the notary meet him?

*Volp.* Not that I know.

4 *Avoc.* His coming will clear all.

2 *Avoc.* Yet it is misty.

*Volt.* May't please your fatherhoods—



*Volp.* (*VOLPONE whispers the Advocate*)  
 Sir, the parasite  
 Willed me to tell you that his master lives;  
 That you are still the man; your hopes the  
 same;  
 And this was only a jest—  
*Volt.* How?  
*Volp.* Sir, to try  
 If you were firm, and how you stood af-  
 fected.  
*Volt.* Art sure he lives?  
*Volp.* Do I live, sir?  
*Volt.* O me! <sup>20</sup>  
 I was too violent.  
*Volp.* Sir, you may redeem it.  
 They said you were possessed: fall down,  
 and seem so:  
 I'll help to make it good.—(*VOLTONE falls*)  
 God bless the man!—  
 Stop your wind hard, and swell—See, see,  
 see, see!  
 He vomits crooked pins! <sup>1</sup> his eyes are set,  
 Like a dead hare's hung in a poulter's shop!  
 His mouth's running away! Do you see,  
 signior?  
 Now it is in his belly.  
*Corv.* Ay, the devil!  
*Volp.* Now in his throat.  
*Corv.* Ay, I perceive it plain.  
*Volp.* 'Twill out, 'twill out! stand clear.  
 See where it flies, <sup>30</sup>  
 In shape of a blue toad, with a bat's wings!  
 Do you not see it, sir?  
*Corb.* What? I think I do.  
*Corv.* 'Tis too manifest.  
*Volp.* Look! he comes t' himself!  
*Volt.* Where am I?  
*Volp.* Take good heart, the  
 worst is past, sir.  
 You are dispossessed.  
*1 Avoc.* What accident is this!  
*2 Avoc.* Sudden, and full of wonder!  
*3 Avoc.* If he were  
 Possessed, as it appears, all this is nothing.  
*Corv.* He has been often subject to these  
 fits.  
*1 Avoc.* Show him that writing:—do you  
 know it, sir?  
*Volp.* [*whispers VOLT.*] Deny it, sir, for-  
 swear it; know it not. <sup>40</sup>  
*Volt.* Yes, I do know it well, it is my  
 hand;

But all that it contains is false.  
*Bon.* O practice! <sup>1</sup>  
*2 Avoc.* What maze is this!  
*1 Avoc.* Is he not guilty then,  
 Whom you there name the parasite?  
*Volt.* Grave fathers,  
 No more than his good patron, old Volpone.  
*4 Avoc.* Why, he is dead.  
*Volt.* O no, my honored fathers,  
 He lives—  
*1 Avoc.* How! Lives?  
*Volt.* Lives.  
*2 Avoc.* This is subtler yet!  
*3 Avoc.* You said he was dead.  
*Volt.* Never.  
*3 Avoc.* You said so.  
*Corv.* I heard so.  
*4 Avoc.* Here comes the gentleman; make  
 him way.

[*Enter Mosca*]

*3 Avoc.* A stool.  
*4 Avoc.* [*aside*] A proper man; and were  
 Volpone dead, <sup>50</sup>  
 A fit match for my daughter.  
*3 Avoc.* Give him way.  
*Volp.* [*aside to Mos.*] Mosca, I was almost  
 lost; the advocate  
 Had betrayed all; but now it is recovered;  
 All's o' the hinge again—Say I am living.  
*Mos.* What busy knave is this!—Most  
 reverend fathers,  
 I sooner had attended your grave pleasures,  
 But that my order for the funeral  
 Of my dear patron did require me—  
*Volp.* [*aside*] Mosca!  
*Mos.* Whom I intend to bury like a gen-  
 tleman.  
*Volp.* [*aside*] Ay, quick, and cozen me of  
 all.  
*2 Avoc.* Still stranger! <sup>60</sup>  
 More intricate!  
*1 Avoc.* And come about again!  
*4 Avoc.* [*aside*] It is a match, my daugh-  
 ter is bestowed.  
*Mos.* [*aside to Volp.*] Will you gi' me  
 half?  
*Volp.* First I'll be hanged.  
*Mos.* I know  
 Your voice is good, cry not so loud.  
*1 Avoc.* Demand  
 The advocate.—Sir, did you not affirm  
<sup>1</sup> Trickery.

<sup>1</sup> This and the following were common supersti-  
 tions.



Volpone was alive?

*Volp.* Yes, and he is;  
This gent'man told me so.—[*Aside to Mos.*] Thou shalt have half.

*Mos.* Whose drunkard is this same?  
speak, some that know him:  
I never saw his face.—[*Aside to Volp.*] I cannot now

Afford it you so cheap.

*Volp.* No!  
1 *Avoc.* What say you? <sup>70</sup>

*Volt.* The officer told me.

*Volp.* I did, grave fathers,  
And will maintain he lives, with mine own life,

And that this creature [*points to Mos.*] told me.—[*aside*] I was born

With all good stars my enemies.

*Mos.* Most grave fathers,  
If such an insolence as this must pass  
Upon me I am silent; 'twas not this  
For which you sent, I hope.

2 *Avoc.* Take him away.

*Volp.* Mosca!

3 *Avoc.* Let him be whipped.

*Volp.* Wilt thou betray me?  
Cozen me?

3 *Avoc.* And taught to bear himself  
Toward a person of his rank.

4 *Avoc.* Away. <sup>80</sup>  
[*The Officers seize VOLPONE*]

*Mos.* I humbly thank your fatherhoods.

*Volp.* [*aside*] Soft, soft: Whipped!

And lose all that I have! If I confess,  
It cannot be much more.

4 *Avoc.* Sir, are you married?

*Volp.* They'll be allied anon; I must be  
resolute;

The Fox shall here uncase.

(*He puts off his disguise*)  
*Mos.* Patron!

*Volp.* Nay now  
My ruin shall not come alone; your match  
I'll hinder sure: my substance shall not glue  
you,

Nor screw you into a family.

*Mos.* Why, patron!

*Volp.* I am Volpone, and this is my  
knave; [*pointing to MOSCA*]

This [*to VOLT.*], his own knave; this [*to*  
*CORB.*] avarice's fool; <sup>90</sup>

This [*to CORV.*], a chimera of wittol, fool,  
and knave:

And, reverend fathers, since we all can hope

Nought but a sentence, let's not now despair  
it.

You hear me brief.

*Corv.* May it please your fatherhoods—

*Com.* Silence.

1 *Avoc.* The knot is now undone  
by miracle.

2 *Avoc.* Nothing can be more clear.

3 *Avoc.* Or can more prove  
These innocent.

1 *Avoc.* Give 'hem their liberty.

*Bon.* Heaven could not long let such  
gross crimes be hid.

2 *Avoc.* If this be held the highway to get  
riches,

May I be poor!

3 *Avoc.* This is not the gain, but torment.

1 *Avoc.* These possess wealth, as sick men  
possess fevers, <sup>101</sup>

Which trulier may be said to possess them.

2 *Avoc.* Disrobe that parasite.

*Corv. Mos.* Most honored fathers—

1 *Avoc.* Can you plead aught to stay the  
course of justice?

If you can, speak.

*Corv. Volt.* We beg favor,  
*Cel.* And mercy.

1 *Avoc.* You hurt your innocence, suing  
for the guilty.

Stand forth; and first the parasite. You  
appear

T' have been the chiefest minister, if not  
plotter,

In all these lewd impostures, and now,  
lastly,

Have with impudence abused the court, <sup>110</sup>

And habit of a gentleman of Venice,

Being a fellow of no birth or blood:

For which our sentence is, first, thou be  
whipped;

Then live a perpetual prisoner in our gal-  
leys.

*Volp.* I thank you for him.

*Mos.* Bane to thy wolfish nature!

1 *Avoc.* Deliver him to the Saffi.<sup>1</sup> [*Mosca*  
*is carried out*] Thou, Volpone,

By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not  
fall

Under like censure; but our judgement on  
thee

Is, that thy substance all be straight con-  
fiscate

<sup>1</sup> Police.



To the hospital of the *Incurabili*:<sup>120</sup>  
 And since the most was gotten by imposture,  
 By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such diseases,  
 Thou art to lie in prison, cramped with irons,  
 Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed. Remove him.

[*He is taken from the Bar*]

*Volp.* This is called mortifying of a Fox.

*1 Avoc.* Thou, Voltore, to take away the scandal,

Thou hast given all worthy men of thy profession,

Art banished from their fellowship, and our state.

Corbaccio!—bring him near. We here possess

Thy son of all thy state,<sup>1</sup> and confine thee<sup>130</sup>

To the monastery of San Spirito;

Where, since thou knewest not how to live well here,

Thou shalt be learned to die well.

*Corb.* Ha! what said he?

*Com.* You shall know anon, sir.

*1 Avoc.* Thou, Corvino, shalt

Be straight embarked from thine own house, and rowed

Round about Venice, through the Grand Canal,

Wearing a cap, with fair long ass's ears,

Instead of horns! and so to mount, a paper

Pinned on thy breast, to the Berlina.<sup>2</sup>

*Corv.*

Yes,

<sup>1</sup> Estate.

<sup>2</sup> Pillory.

And have mine eyes beat out with stinking fish,<sup>140</sup>

Bruised fruit, and rotten eggs—'tis well. I am glad

I shall not see my shame yet.

*1 Avoc.*

And to expiate

Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her

Home to her father, with her dowry trebled:

And these are all your judgements.

*All.*

Honored fathers—

*1 Avoc.* Which may not be revoked. Now you begin,

When crimes are done, and past, and to be punished,

To think what your crimes are: away with them.

Let all that see these vices thus rewarded, Take heart, and love to study 'hem. Mischiefs feed<sup>150</sup>

Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.

VOLPONE [*comes forward*]

*The seasoning of a play is the applause, Now, though the Fox be punished by the laws,*

*He yet doth hope, there is no suffering due, For any fact<sup>1</sup> which he hath done 'gainst you;*

*If there be, censure him; here he doubtful stands:*

*If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands. [Exeunt]*

<sup>1</sup> Deed.



# THE DESCRIPTION of the Masque.

*With the NVPTIALL Songs.*

Celebrating the happy Marriage of I O H N, Lord  
R A M S E Y, *Vicount Hadington*, with the  
Lady E L I Z A B E T H R A T C L I F F E,  
Daughter to the right Honor:  
R O B E R T, Earle of  
*Suffex.*

At Court

*On the Shroue-Tuesday at night. 1608.*

Devised by B E N: I O N S O N.

*Stati.—Acceleret partu decimū bona Cynthid mensē.*





*The Hue and Cry after Cupid* is the appropriate title which Gifford, the editor of Jonson, bestowed on this poetical little work. The title of the quarto of 1608 runs: *The Description of the Masque with the Nuptial Songs, at the Lord Viscount Haddington's Marriage at Court, on the Shrove-Tuesday at Night, 1608.* After the *Nuptial Songs*, we have the additional words: "*celebrating the happy marriage of John Lord Ramsey, Viscount Haddington, with the Lady Elizabeth Ratcliffe, daughter to the Right Honourable Robert Earl of Sussex.*" The bridegroom was high in the favor of King James from the circumstance that it was he who had killed with his own hand the Earl of Gowry at Perth, August 3, 1600, when his assault was made upon the king. The bride is described by a contemporary as "one of the prime beauties of the kingdom." This masque favorably represents the species before it became disfigured with overelaboration and excess. And it surpasses most of its kind in brevity as well as poetry. *The Hue and Cry* was celebrated with great magnificence, five English and seven Scottish lords and gentlemen appearing as the masquers in it. A contemporary estimates the cost of the presentation at £300 for each of the masquers, making a total of £3600 or, roughly speaking in contemporary values, of about \$30,000. None of the designs of Inigo Jones appear to have survived for this masque. The text offers no difficulties. I have followed it except for the shortening of Jonson's learned notes.

This is one of some thirty-five masques and entertainments that came from Jonson's pen between his welcome to King James "in pasisng to his coronation" in 1603 and his contribution to the entertainment of King Charles thirty years later at Bolsover Castle, Derbyshire. The more important of the masques intervening, such as *The Masque of Queens*, *Hymenaci* and the like, are full of ingenuity, taste and poetry. In most of them Jonson had the assistance of Inigo Jones, the royal architect whose cleverness and resource in the designing of setting, scenery and costume have never been surpassed, as scores of his drawings and designs extant go to show.

The Masques of Jonson have not been separately and completely republished. They are reprinted in the complete edition of Gifford-Cunningham.



# THE HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID

BEN JONSON

THE worthy custom of honoring worthy marriages, with these noble solemnities, hath of late years advanced itself frequently with us; to the reputation no less of our court, than nobles: expressing besides (through the difficulties of expense and travel, with the cheerfulness of undertaking) a most real affection in the personators, to those, for whose sake they would sustain these persons. It behoves then us, that are trusted with a part of their honor in these celebrations, to do nothing in them beneath the dignity of either. With this proposed part of judgment, I adventure to give that abroad, which in my first conception I intended honorably fit: and, though it hath labored since, under censure, I, that know truth to be always of one stature, and so like a rule, as<sup>1</sup> who bends it the least way, must needs do an injury to the right, cannot but smile at their tyrannous ignorance, that will offer to slight me (in these things being an artificer) and give themselves a peremptory license to judge who have never touched so much as to the bark, or utter<sup>2</sup> shell of any knowledge. But their daring dwell with them. They have found a place to pour out their follies; and I a seat, to sleep out the passage.

The scene to this Masque, was a high, steep, red cliff, advancing itself into the clouds, figuring the place, from whence (as I have been, not fabulously, informed) the honorable family of the Radcliffes first took their name, *a clivo rubro*, and is to be written with that orthography; as I have observed out of Master Camden, in his mention of the earls of Sussex. This cliff was also a note of height, greatness, and antiquity. Before which, on the two sides, were erected two pilasters, charged with spoils and trophies of Love and his mother, consecrate to marriage: amongst which were old and young persons figured, bound with

roses, the wedding garments, rocks<sup>1</sup> and spindles, hearts transfix'd with arrows, others flaming, virgins' girdles, garlands, and worlds of such like; all wrought round and bold:<sup>2</sup> and over head two personages, Triumph and Victory, in flying postures, and twice so big as the life, in place of the arch, and holding a garland of myrtle for the key. All which, with the pillars, seemed to be of burnished gold, and embossed out of the metal. Beyond the cliff was seen nothing but clouds, thick, and obscure; till on the sudden, with a solemn music, a bright sky breaking forth; there were discovered first two doves, then two swans, with silver geers,<sup>3</sup> drawing forth a triumphant chariot; in which Venus sat, crowned with her star, and beneath her the three Graces, or Charites, Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, all attired according to their antique figures. These, from their chariot, alighted on the top of the cliff, and descending by certain abrupt and winding passages, Venus having left her star only flaming in her seat, came to the earth, the Graces throwing garlands all the way, and began to speak.

Venus. It is no common cause, ye will conceive,  
My lovely Graces, makes your Goddess leave  
Her state in heaven, tonight to visit earth.  
Love late is fled away, my eldest birth,  
Cupid, whom I did joy to call my son;  
And, whom long absent,<sup>4</sup> Venus is undone.  
Spy, if you can, his footsteps on this green;  
For here, as I am told, he late hath been,  
With divers of his brethren,<sup>5</sup> lending light  
From their best flames, to gild a glorious  
night;  
Which I not grudge at being done for her,

<sup>1</sup> Distaffs. <sup>2</sup> In high relief. <sup>3</sup> Trappings.

<sup>4</sup> Who being long absent.

<sup>5</sup> In allusion to *The Masque of Beauty* of the previous January in which Cupids were the torch-bearers.

<sup>1</sup> That.

<sup>2</sup> Mere.



Whose honors to mine own I still prefer.  
But he not yet returning, I'm in fear,  
Some gentle Grace, or innocent Beauty here,  
Be taken with him: or he hath surprised  
A second Psyche, and lives here disguised.  
Find ye no track of his stray'd feet?

1 *Grace.* Not I.

2 *Grace.* Nor I.

3 *Grace.* Nor I. 20

*Venus.* Stay, nymphs, we then will try  
A nearer way. Look all these ladies' eyes,  
And see if there he not conceal'd lies;  
Or in their bosoms, 'twixt their swelling  
breasts;

The wag affects to make himself such nests:  
Perchance he hath got some simple heart to  
hide

His subtle shape in; I will have him cryed,  
And all his virtues told! that, when they'd  
know

What spright he is, she soon may let him go,  
That guards him now; and think herself  
right blest, 30

To be so timely rid of such a guest.  
Begin, soft Graces, and proclaim reward  
To her that brings him in. Speak to be  
heard.

1 *Grace.* Beauties, have ye seen this toy,<sup>1</sup>  
Called Love, a little boy,  
Almost naked, wanton, blind;  
Cruel now, and then as kind?  
If he be amongst ye, say?  
He is Venus' runaway.

2 *Grace.* She that will but now discover 40  
Where the winged wag doth hover,  
Shall to-night receive a kiss,  
How or where herself would wish:  
But who brings him to his mother,  
Shall have that kiss, and another.

3 *Grace.* He hath marks about him  
plenty:  
You shall know him among twenty.  
All his body is a fire,  
And his breath a flame entire,  
That being shot, like lightning, in, 60  
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

1 *Grace.* At his sight, the sun hath turned,  
Neptune in the waters burned;  
Hell hath felt a greater heat;  
Jove himself forsook his seat:  
From the center to the sky,  
Are his trophies reared high.

<sup>1</sup> The source of this fine lyric is Moschus.

2 *Grace.* Wings he hath, which though ye  
clip,

He will leap from lip to lip,  
Over liver, lights, and heart, 60  
But not stay in any part;  
And, if chance his arrow misses,  
He will shoot himself in kisses.

3 *Grace.* He doth bear a golden bow,  
And a quiver, hanging low,  
Full of arrows, that outbrave  
Dian's shafts; where, if he have  
Any head more sharp than other,  
With that first he strikes his mother.

1 *Grace.* Still the fairest are his fuel. 70  
When his days are to be cruel,  
Lovers' hearts are all his food;  
And his baths their warmest blood:  
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,  
And he hates none like to Reason.

2 *Grace.* Trust him not; his words,  
though sweet,  
Seldom with his heart do meet.

All his practice is deceit;  
Every gift it is a bait;  
Not a kiss but poison bears; 80  
And most treason in his tears.

3 *Grace.* Idle minutes are his reign;  
Then the straggler makes his gain  
By presenting maids with toys,  
And would have ye think 'hem joys;  
'Tis the ambition of the elf,  
To have all childish as himself.

1 *Grace.* If by these ye please to know  
him,  
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

2 *Grace.* Though ye had a will to hide  
him, 90  
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

3 *Grace.* Since you hear his falser play;  
And that he's Venus' runaway.

At this, from behind the trophies, Cupid  
discovered himself, and came forth  
armed; attended with twelve boys, most  
antickly attired, that represented the  
Sports, and pretty Lightnesses that ac-  
company Love, under the titles of Joci  
and Risus; and are said to wait on  
VENUS, as she is Prefect of Marriage.

*Cupid.* Come, my little jocund Sports,  
Come away; the time now sorts  
With your pastime: this same night  
Is Cupid's day. Advance your light.



With your revel fill the room,  
That our triumphs be not dumb.

Wherewith they fell into a subtle,  
capricious dance, to as odd a music,  
each of them bearing two torches, and  
nodding with their antic faces, with  
other variety of ridiculous gesture,  
which gave much occasion of mirth  
and delight to the spectators. The  
dance ended, CUPID went forward.

*Cupid.* Well done, anticks! now my bow,  
And my quiver bear to show; 101  
That these beauties, here, may know,  
By what arms this feat was done,  
That hath so much honor won  
Unto Venus and her son.

At which, his mother apprehended  
him, and circling him in, with  
the Graces, began to demand.

*Venus.* What feat, what honor is it that  
you boast,  
My little straggler? I had given you lost,  
With all your games, here.

*Cupid.* Mother!

*Venus.* Yes, sir, she. 110  
What might your glorious cause of triumph  
be?

Ha' you shot Minerva or the Thespian  
dames? <sup>1</sup>

Heat' aged Ops' again, with youthful  
flames?

Or have you made the colder Moon to visit  
Once more a shepcote? Say, what conquest  
is it

Can make you hope such a renown to win?  
Is there a second Hercules brought to spin?  
Or, for some new disguise, leaves Jove his  
thunder?

*Cupid.* Nor that, nor those, and yet no  
less a wonder—

Which to tell, I may not stay: 120

*And there slips from her*  
Hymen's presence bids away;

'Tis, already, at his night,

He can give you further light.

You my Sports, may here abide,

Till I call to light the bride.

<sup>1</sup> Such would be a miracle.

<sup>2</sup> Heated.

<sup>3</sup> Rhea, the mother of the gods.

*Enter HYMEN* <sup>1</sup>

*Hymen.* Venus, is this a time to quit your  
car?

To stoop to earth, to leave alone your star,  
Without your influence, and, on such a  
night,

Which should be crowned with your most  
cheering sight, 129

As <sup>2</sup> you were ignorant of what were done  
By Cupid's hand, your all-triumphing son?  
Look on this state; <sup>3</sup> and if you yet not  
know,

What crown there shines, whose scepter here  
doth grow;

Think on thy loved Æneas, and what name,  
Maro, the golden trumpet <sup>4</sup> of his fame,  
Gave him, read thou in this. A prince that  
draws

By example more than others do by laws:  
That is so just to his great act, and thought,  
To do, not what kings may, but what kings  
ought.

Who, out of piety, unto peace is vowed, 140  
To spare his subjects, yet to quell the  
proud;

And dares esteem it the first fortitude,  
To have his passions, foes at home, sub-  
dued. <sup>5</sup>

That was reserved, until the Parcae spun  
Their whitest wool; and then his thread be-  
gun,

Which thread, when treason would have  
burst, <sup>6</sup> a soul

To-day renowned and added to my roll,  
Opposed; and, by that act, to his name did  
bring

The honor to be saver of his king.

This king whose worth, if gods for virtue  
love, 160

Should Venus with the same affections  
move,

As her Æneas; and no less endear

Her love to his safety, than when she did  
cheer,

<sup>1</sup> The god of marriage, "as you have him described in my *Hymenaei*" (Jonson). "In a saffron-colored robe, his under vesture white, his socks yellow, a yellow veil of silk on his left arm, his head crowned with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a torch of pine-tree."

<sup>2</sup> As if.

<sup>3</sup> The place occupied by royalty.

<sup>4</sup> Trumpeter.

<sup>5</sup> Flattery of royalty was of the essence of the masque.

<sup>6</sup> "In that monstrous conspiracy of Earl Gowry" (Jonson).



After a tempest, long-afflicted Troy,  
Upon the Lybian shore; and brought them  
joy.

*Venus.* I love, and know his virtues, and  
do boast  
Mine own renown, when I renown him  
most.

My Cupid's absence I forgive and praise,  
That me to such a present grace could raise.  
His champion shall hereafter be my care: <sup>160</sup>  
But speak his bride, and what her virtues  
are.

*Hymen.* She is a noble virgin, styled The  
Maid  
Of the Red-cliff, and hath her dowry  
weighed  
No less in virtue, blood, and form, than  
gold;

Thence, where my pillar's reared, you may  
behold,  
Filled with Love's trophies, doth she take  
her name.

Those pillars did uxorious Vulcan frame,  
Against this day, and underneath that hill,  
He and his Cyclopes are forging still  
Some strange and curious piece, t' adorn  
the night, <sup>170</sup>

And give these gracèd nuptials greater light.

Here VULCAN presented himself, as  
overhearing HYMEN, attired in a  
cassock girt to him, with bare arms,  
his hair and beard rough; his hat  
of blue, and ending in a cone; in  
his hand a hammer and tongs,  
as coming from the forge.

*Vulcan.* Which I have done; the best of  
all my life:  
And have my end, if it but please my wife,  
And she commend it, to the labored worth.  
Cleave, solid rock! and bring the wonder  
forth.

At which, with a loud and full music,  
the cliff parted in the midst, and dis-  
covered an illustrious<sup>1</sup> concave, filled  
with an ample and glistening light, in  
which an artificial sphere was made of  
silver, eighteen foot in the diameter,  
that turned perpetually: the *coluri*<sup>2</sup>  
were heightened with gold; so were the  
arctic and antarctic circles, the tropics,

<sup>1</sup> Brightly lighted.

<sup>2</sup> The great circles which intersect at the poles  
and divide the equinoctial and the ecliptic. *Orf.*  
*Dic.*

the equinoctial, the meridian and hori-  
zon; only the zodiac was of pure gold:  
in which the masquers, under the char-  
acters of the twelve signs, were placed,  
answering them in number; whose of-  
fices,<sup>1</sup> with the whole frame, as it turned,  
VULCAN went forward to describe.

*Vulcan.* It is a sphere I've formèd round  
and even,  
In due proportion to the sphere of heaven,  
With all his<sup>2</sup> lines and circles; that com-  
pose

The perfect'st form, and aptly do disclose  
The heaven of marriage: which I title it: <sup>180</sup>  
Within whose zodiac, I have made to sit,  
In order of the signs, twelve sacred powers,  
That are presiding at all nuptial hours:  
The first, in Aries' place, respecteth pride  
Of youth, and beauty; graces in the bride.  
In Taurus, he loves strength and manliness;  
The virtues which the bridegroom should  
profess.

In Gemini, that noble power is shown,  
That twins their hearts, and doth of two  
make one.

In Cancer, he that bids the wife give way <sup>190</sup>  
With backward yielding to her husband's  
sway.

In Leo, he that doth instil the heat  
Into the man: which from the following seat  
Is tempered so, as<sup>3</sup> he that looks from  
thence

Sees yet they keep a Virgin innocence.  
In Libra's room, rules he that doth supply  
All happy beds with sweet equality.  
The Scorpion's place he fills, that makes the  
jars,

And stings in wedlock; little strifes and  
wars:

Which he in th' Archer's throne doth soon  
remove <sup>200</sup>

By making with his shafts new wounds of  
love.

And those the follower with more heat in-  
spires,

As in the Goat the sun renews his fires.  
In wet Aquarius' stead, reigns he that  
showers

Fertility upon the genial bowers.

Last, in the Fishes' place, sits he doth say,  
In married joys all should be dumb as  
they.

<sup>1</sup> Characteristics.

<sup>2</sup> Its.

<sup>3</sup> That.



And this hath Vulcan for his Venus done,  
To grace the chaster triumph of her son.

Venus. And for this gift, will I to heaven  
return,<sup>210</sup>  
And vow for ever, that my lamp shall burn  
With pure and chastest fire; or never shine,  
But when it mixeth with thy sphere and  
mine.

Here VENUS returned to her chariot  
with the GRACES; while VULCAN,  
calling out the priests of HYMEN,  
who were the musicians, was  
interrupted by PYRACMON, . . .  
BRONTES and STEROPES.

Vulcan. Sing then, ye priests.

Pyracmon. Stay, Vulcan, shall not these  
Come forth and dance?

Vulcan. Yes, my Pyracmon,<sup>1</sup> please  
The eyes of these spectators with our art.

Pyracmon. Come here, then, Brontes,  
bear a Cyclop's part,<sup>210</sup>  
And Steropes, both with your sledges stand,  
And strike a time unto them as they land;  
And as they forwards come, still guide their  
paces,

In musical and sweet proportioned graces;  
While I upon the work and frame attend,  
And Hymen's priests forth, at their seasons,  
send

To chaunt their hymns; and make this  
square admire  
Our great artificer, the god of fire.

Here the musicians, attired in yellow, with  
wreaths of marjoram, and veils like  
HYMEN's priests, sung the first staff of the  
following Epithalamion: which, because it  
was sung in pieces between the dances,  
shewed to be so many several songs; but  
was made to be read in an entire poem.  
After the song, they came forth (descending  
in an oblique motion) from the Zodiac, and  
danced their first dance; then music inter-  
posed (but varied with voices, only keeping  
the same chorus), they danced their second  
dance. So after, their third and fourth  
dances, which were all full of elegance and  
curious device. The two latter were made  
by M. Tho. Giles,<sup>2</sup> the two first by Master

Hie, Herne: who, in the persons of the two  
Cyclopes, beat a time to them with their  
hammers. The tunes were M. Alphonso  
Ferrabosco's.<sup>1</sup> The device and act of the  
scene M. Inigo Jones<sup>2</sup> his, with addition  
of the trophies. For the invention of the  
whole and the verses, *Assertor qui dicat  
esse meos, imponent plagiaro pudorem.*<sup>3</sup>

The attire of the masquers throughout  
was most graceful and noble; partaking of  
the best both ancient and later figure. The  
colors carnation and silver, enriched both  
with embroidery and lace. The dressing of  
their heads, feathers and jewels; and so  
excellently ordered to the rest of the habit,  
as<sup>4</sup> all would suffer under any description  
of the shew. Their performance of all, so  
magnificent and illustrious, that nothing can  
add to the seal of it, but the subscription  
of their names:

The Duke of Lenox,	Lord Hay,
Earl of Arundell,	Lord Sankre,
Earl of Pembroke,	Sir Ro. Riche,
Earl of Montgomery,	Sir Jo. Kennethie,
Lord D'Aubigny,	[Master of Mar],
Lord of Walden,	M. Erskine.

### EPITHALAMION

Up, youths and virgins, up, and praise  
The god, whose nights outshine his days;  
Hymen, whose hallowed rites  
Could never boast of brighter lights;  
Whose bands pass liberty.  
Two of your troop, that with the morn  
were free.  
Are now waged to his war.  
And what they are,  
If you'll perfection see,  
Yourselves must be.<sup>10</sup>  
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished  
star!

What joys or honors can compare  
With holy nuptials, when they are  
Made out of equal parts  
Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts!  
When in the happy choice,

<sup>1</sup> A musical Italian well known to the reign.

<sup>2</sup> The King's famous architect, deviser of the  
scenes and costumes of masques for thirty years,  
friend and enemy of Jonson.

<sup>3</sup> I dare assert that he who calls them mine will  
bring shame to the plagiarist.

<sup>4</sup> That.

<sup>1</sup> One of the Cyclops.

<sup>2</sup> Sometime Master of Paul's and notoriously con-  
nected with the history of the stage.



The spouse and spoused have the foremost  
voice!

Such, glad of Hymen's war,  
Live what they are,  
And long perfection see: 20  
And such ours be.  
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished  
star!

The solemn state of this one night  
Were fit to last an age's light;  
But there are rites behind  
Have less of state, but more of kind: 1  
Love's wealthy crop of kisses,  
And fruitful harvest of his mother's blisses.  
Sound then to Hymen's war:  
That what these are, 30  
Who will perfection see,  
May haste to be.  
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished  
star!

Love's commonwealth consists of toys;  
His council are those antic boys,  
Games, Laughter, Sports, Delights,  
That triumph with him on these nights;  
To whom we must give way,  
For now their reign begins, and lasts till  
day.  
They sweeten Hymen's war, 40  
And in that jar,  
Make all that married be,  
Perfection see.  
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished  
star!

Why stays the bridegroom to invade  
Her that would be a matron made?

<sup>1</sup> Nature.

Good-night, whilst yet we may  
Good-night, to you a virgin, say:  
To-morrow rise the same  
Your mother is, and use a nobler name. 50  
Speed well in Hymen's war,  
That, what you are,  
By your perfection, we  
And all may see.  
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished  
star!

To-night is Venus' vigil kept.  
This night no bridegroom ever slept;  
And if the fair bride do,  
The married say, 'tis his fault, too.  
Wake then, and let your lights 60  
Wake too; for they'll tell nothing of your  
nights.  
But, that in Hymen's war,  
You perfect are.  
And such perfection we  
Do pray should be.  
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished  
star!

That, ere the rosy-fingered morn  
Behold nine moons, there may be born  
A babe, t' uphold the fame  
Of Ratcliffe's blood and Ramsey's name: 70  
That may, in his great seed,  
Wear the long honors of his father's deed.  
Such fruits of Hymen's war  
Most perfect are;  
And all perfection we  
Wish you should see.  
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished  
star!



THE SAD  
SHEPHERD:

OR,  
A TALE OF  
ROBIN-HOOD.

---

WRITTEN

By

BEN: JOHNSON.

---

*Virg. Nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thaleia.*

---

LONDON,  
Printed M.DC.XLI.



On Jonson's death, August 6, 1637, *The Sad Shepherd* was found, with other works, among his papers and published in the second volume of the folio edition of 1631-41. This is, for scholarly purposes, the only text, and it has been followed in the present edition. The date of the probable writing of this fragment has been much debated, some referring it to a period shortly before the author's death; others considering it as probably planned and written before 1619, at a period when Jonson was in poetic and dramatic rivalry with Daniel, whose pastorals were then in vogue. It is impossible to decide the matter. Greg, who has most thoroughly considered the question, finds no evidence opposed to "placing it in the few years preceding Jonson's death." See his edition of *The Sad Shepherd, Materialien zur Kunde*, 1905, to which I record my obligations. "No work of Ben Jonson," says Swinburne of this poem, "is more amusing and agreeable to read, as none is more nobly graceful in expression or more excellent in simplicity of style." Greg reprints an interesting completion of *The Sad Shepherd* by F. G. Waldron, printed in 1783.



## THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

ROBIN HOOD, <i>the Chief Woodman,</i> <sup>1</sup> <i>Master of the Feast</i>	LOREL, <i>the Rude, a Swineherd, the Witch's Son</i>
MARIAN, <i>his Lady, the Mistress</i>	PUCK-HAIRY, <i>or Robin Goodfellow, their Hine</i> <sup>1</sup>
Their Family <sup>2</sup>	The Guests Invited
FRIAR TUCK, <i>the Chaplain and Steward</i>	CLARION, <i>the Rich</i>
LITTLE JOHN, <i>Bow-bearer</i>	LIONEL, <i>the Courteous</i>
SCARLET, } <i>two Brothers, Huntsmen</i>	ALKEN, <i>the Sage</i>
SCATHLOCK, }	ÆGLAMOUR, <i>the Sad</i>
GEORGE A GREENE, <i>Huisher</i> <sup>3</sup> <i>of the Bower</i>	KAROLIN, <i>the Kind</i>
MUCH, <i>Robin Hood's Bailif or Acater</i> <sup>4</sup>	MELLIFLEUR, <i>the Sweet</i>
The Troubles Unexpected	AMIE, <i>the Gentle</i>
MAUDLIN, <i>the Envious, the Witch of Papplewick</i>	EARINE, <sup>2</sup> <i>the Beautiful</i>
DOUCE, <i>the Proud, her Daughter</i>	The Reconciler
<sup>1</sup> Huntsman.	REUBEN, <i>a devout Hermit</i>
<sup>2</sup> Retinue.	<sup>1</sup> Hind, man.
<sup>3</sup> Doorkeeper.	<sup>2</sup> F. reads <i>Larine</i> .
<sup>4</sup> Caterer.	

THE SCENE IS SHERWOOD: Consisting of a Landt-shape<sup>1</sup> of Forest, Hills, Vallies, Cottages, a Castle, a River, Pastures, Herds, Flocks, all full of country simplicity, Robin Hood's Bower, his Well, the Witch's Dimble,<sup>2</sup> the Swineherd's Oak, the Hermit's Cell.

<sup>1</sup> Landscape.

<sup>2</sup> Dingle, thicket.



## THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST ACT

Robin Hood, having invited all the shepherds and shepherdesses of the Vale of Be'voir<sup>1</sup> to a feast in the Forest of Sherwood, and trusting to his mistress, Maid Marian, with her Woodmen, to kill him venison against the day; having left the like charge with Friar Tuck, his chaplain and steward, to command the rest of his merry men to see the bower made ready and all things in order for the entertainment; meeting with his guests at their entrance to the wood, welcomes them and conducts them to his bower. Where, by the way, he receives the relation of the Sad Shepherd, Æglamour, who is fallen into a deep melancholy for the loss of his beloved Earine, reported to have been drowned in passing over the Trent, some few days before. They endeavor in what they can to comfort him, but his disease having taken so strong root, all is in vain, and they are forced to leave him. In the meantime Marian is come from hunting with the Huntsmen, where the lovers interchangeably express their loves. Robin Hood enquires if she hunted the deer at force<sup>2</sup> and what sport he made, how long he stood, and what head<sup>3</sup> he bore; all which is briefly answered with a relation of breaking him up, and the Raven and her bone.<sup>4</sup> The suspect<sup>5</sup> had of that Raven to be Maudlin, the Witch of Papplewick, whom one of the Huntsmen met i' the morning at the rousing of the deer, and is confirmed by her, being then in Robin Hood's kitchen, i' the chimney-corner broiling the same bit, which was thrown to the Raven, at the quarry or fall of the deer. Marian being gone in to show the deer to some of the shepherdesses, returns instantly to the scene discontented, sends away the venison she had killed to her they call the Witch, quarrels with her love, Robin Hood, abuseth him and his guests, the shepherds; and so departs, leaving them all in wonder and perplexity.

<sup>1</sup> Seat of the Earls of Rutland.

<sup>2</sup> Ran the deer down with dogs in the open.

<sup>3</sup> Antlers.

<sup>4</sup> See below.

<sup>5</sup> The suspicion is that the Raven is Maudlin.



## PROLOGUE

He that hath feasted you these forty years,  
 And fitted fables for your finer ears,<sup>1</sup>  
 Although at first he scarce could hit the bore;<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet you, with patience harkening more and more,  
 At length have grown up to him, and made known  
 The working of his pen is now your own:  
 He prays you would vouchsafe, for your own sake,  
 To hear him this once more, but sit awake.  
 And though he now present you with such wool  
 As from mere English flocks his muse can pull,<sup>3</sup>  
 He hopes when it is made up into cloth,  
 Not the most curious head here will be loth  
 To wear a hood of it, it being a fleece,  
 To match or those of Sicily or Greece.<sup>4</sup>  
 His scene is Sherwood, and his play a Tale,  
 Of Robin Hood's inviting from the Vale  
 Of Be'voir, all the shepherds to a feast:  
 Where, by the casual<sup>5</sup> absence of one guest,  
 The mirth is troubled much, and in one man  
 As much of sadness shewn as passion can:  
 The sad young shepherd, whom we here present,  
 Like his woes figure, dark and discontent,

10

20

*The SAD SHEPHERD passeth silently over the stage*  
 For his lost love, who in the Trent is said  
 To have miscarried; 'las! what knows the head  
 Of a calm river, whom the feet have drown'd?—  
 Hear what his sorrows are; and if they wound  
 Your gentle breasts, so that the end crown all,  
 Which in the scope of one day's chance may fall;  
 Old Trent will send you more such tales as these,  
 And shall grow young again as one doth please.

30

*Here the Prologue thinking to end, returns  
 upon a new purpose and speaks on*

But here's an heresy of late let fall,  
 That mirth by no means fits a pastoral;  
 Such say so, who can make none, he<sup>6</sup> presumes:  
 Else there's no scene more properly assumes  
 The sock.<sup>7</sup> For whence can sport in kind<sup>8</sup> arise,

<sup>1</sup> The finer ears among you.

<sup>2</sup> Caliber of your understanding.

<sup>3</sup> The earlier method of shearing.

<sup>4</sup> Theocritus or Virgil.

<sup>5</sup> Accidental.

<sup>6</sup> The author.

<sup>7</sup> The distinctive feature of comedy.

<sup>8</sup> Naturally.



But from the rural routs and families?<sup>1</sup>  
 Safe on this ground then, we not fear to-day,  
 To tempt your laughter by our rustic play;  
 Wherein if we distaste,<sup>2</sup> or be cried down,  
 We think we therefore shall not leave the town;  
 Nor that the fore-wits that would draw the rest  
 Unto their liking, always like the best.  
 The wise and knowing critic will not say,  
 This worst, or better is, before he weigh  
 Where<sup>3</sup> every piece be perfect in the kind:  
 And then, though in themselves he difference find,  
 Yet if the place require it where they stood,  
 The equal fitting makes them equal good.  
 You shall have love and hate, and jealousy,  
 As well as mirth, and rage, and melancholy:  
 Or whatsoever else may either move,  
 Or stir affections, and your likings prove.  
 But that no style for pastoral should go  
 Current, but what is stamp'd with *Ah!* and *O!*  
 Who judgeth so, may singularly err;  
 As if all poesie had one character  
 In which what were not written, were not right;  
 Or that the man who made such one poor flight,  
 In his whole life, had with his winged skill  
 Advanced him upmost on the muses' hill.  
 When he like poet yet remains, as those  
 Are painters who can only make a rose.  
 From such your wits redeem you, or your chance,  
 Lest to a greater height you do advance  
 Of folly, to condemn those that are known  
 Artificers, and trust such as are none.

<sup>1</sup> Kindred.

<sup>2</sup> Displease.

<sup>3</sup> Whether.



# THE SAD SHEPHERD

BEN JONSON

## ACT I, SCENE I

*Robin Hood's Bower*

[Enter] ÆGLAMOUR

*Æg.* Here she was wont to go! and here!  
and here!  
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets  
grow:  
The world may find the spring by following  
her,  
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.  
Her treading would not bend a blade of  
grass,  
Or shake the downy blow-ball<sup>1</sup> from his  
stalk!  
But like the soft west wind she shot along.  
And where she went, the flowers took thick-  
est root,  
As she had sowed 'hem with her odorous  
foot.

## SCENE II<sup>2</sup>

[*The Same*]

[Enter] MARIAN, [FRIAR] TUCK, JOHN,  
WOODMEN, etc.

*Mar.* Know you, or can you guess, my  
merry men,  
What 'tis that keeps your master, Robin  
Hood,  
So long, both from his Marian, and the  
wood?  
*Tuck.* Forsooth, madam, he will be here  
by noon,  
And prays it of your bounty, as a boon,  
That you by then have killed him venison  
some,  
To feast his jolly friends, who hither come  
In threaves<sup>3</sup> to frolic with him, and make  
cheer:

<sup>1</sup> Downy head of the dandelion.

<sup>2</sup> Jonson's method makes a new scene on entrance  
of a new personage.

<sup>3</sup> Numerously, threave-shock of corn.

Here's Little John hath harbored<sup>1</sup> you a  
deer,

I see by his tackling.<sup>2</sup>

*John.* And a hart of ten,<sup>3</sup> 10  
I trow he be, madam, or blame your men:  
For by his slot,<sup>4</sup> his entries,<sup>5</sup> and his port,  
His frayings,<sup>6</sup> fewmets,<sup>7</sup> he doth promise  
sport,

And standing 'fore the dogs; he bears a head  
Large and well-beamed, with all rights  
summed and spread.<sup>8</sup>

*Mar.* Let's rouze him quickly, and lay on  
the hounds.

*John.* Scathlock is ready with them on  
the grounds;  
So is his brother Scarlet: now they 'ave  
found

His lair, they have him sure within the  
pound.<sup>9</sup>

*Mar.* Away then, when my Robin bids a  
feast, 20

'Twere sin in Marian to defraud a guest.

[*Exeunt MARIAN and JOHN  
with the WOODMEN*]

## SCENE III

[*The Same*]

[FRIAR] TUCK, GEORGE A GREENE, MUCH,  
ÆGLAMOUR

*Tuck.* And I, the chaplain, here am left  
to be  
Steward to-day, and charge you all in fee,<sup>10</sup>  
To d'on your liveries, see the bower drest,  
And fit the fine devices for the feast:  
You, George, must care to make the  
baldrick trim,  
And garland that must crown, or her, or  
him,

<sup>1</sup> Found the haunt of.

<sup>2</sup> Equipment.

<sup>3</sup> Bearing ten branches to his antlers.

<sup>4</sup> Footprints.

<sup>5</sup> Openings in the thickets.

<sup>6</sup> Peelings of the antlers.

<sup>7</sup> Droppings.

<sup>8</sup> His head has all the points of a fine deer.

<sup>9</sup> In their power.

<sup>10</sup> In service.



Whose flock this year hath brought the earliest lamb.

*George.* Good father Tuck, at your commands I am

To cut the table out o' the green sword,<sup>1</sup>  
Or any other service for my lord; 10

To carve the guests large seats; and these  
laid in

With turf, as soft and smooth as the mole's  
skin:

And hang the bullèd<sup>2</sup> nosegays 'bove their  
heads,

The piper's bank, whereon to sit and play;  
And a fair dial to mete out the day.

Our master's feast shall want no just de-  
lights,

His entertainments must have all the rites.

*Much.* Ay, and all choice that plenty can  
send in;

Bread, wine, acates,<sup>3</sup> fowl, feather, fish or fin,  
For which my father's nets have swept the  
Trent— 20

*ÆGLAMOUR falls in with them*

*Æg.* And ha' you found her?

*Much.* Whom?

*Æg.* My drownèd love,  
Earine! the sweet Earine,  
The bright and beautiful Earine!  
Have you not heard of my Earine?  
Just by your father's mill—I think I am  
right—

Are not you Much the Miller's son?

*Much.* I am.

*Æg.* And baily<sup>4</sup> to brave Robin Hood?

*Much.* The same.

*Æg.* Close by your father's mills, Earine,  
Earine was drownèd! O my Earine!  
(Old Maudlin tells me so, and Douce her  
daughter); 30

Ha' you swept the river, say you, and not  
found her?

*Much.* For fowl and fish, we have.

*Æg.* O, not for her!  
You are goodly friends! right charitable  
men!

Nay, keep your way and leave me; make  
your toys,

Your tales, your poesies, that you talked of;  
all

Your entertainments: you not injure me.

<sup>1</sup> Sward.

<sup>2</sup> Budding.

<sup>3</sup> Food, cates.

<sup>4</sup> Bailiff.

Only if I may enjoy my cypress wreath,  
And you will let me weep, 'tis all I ask,  
Till I be turned to water, as was she!  
And troth, what less suit can you grant a  
man? 40

*Tuck.* His phantasie is hurt, let us now  
leave him;

The wound is yet too fresh to admit search-  
ing. [Exit]

*Æg.* Searching! where should I search, or  
on what track?

Can my slow drop of tears, or this dark  
shade

About my brows, enough describe her loss!  
Earine! O my Earine's loss!

No, no, no, no; this heart will break first.

*George.* How will this sad disaster strike  
the ears

Of bounteous Robin Hood, our gentle  
master!

*Much.* How will it mar his mirth, abate  
his feast; 50

And strike a horror into every guest!

[Exeunt GEORGE and MUCH]

*Æg.* If I could knit whole clouds about  
my brows,

And weep like Swithin,<sup>1</sup> or those watery  
signs,

The Kids, that rise then, and drown all the  
flocks

Of those rich shepherds, dwelling in this vale  
Those careless shepherds that did let her  
drown!

Then I did something: or could make old  
Trent

Drunk with my sorrow, to start out in  
breaches,

To drown their herds, their cattle, and their  
corn,

Break down their mills, their dams, o'erturn  
their weirs, 60

And see their houses and whole livelihood  
Wrought into water with her, all were good:  
I'd kiss the torrent, and those whirls of  
Trent,

That sucked her in, my sweet Earine!

When they have cast their body<sup>2</sup> on the  
shore,

And it comes up as tainted as themselves,  
All pale and bloodless, I will love it still,  
For all that they can do, and make 'hem  
mad

<sup>1</sup> Patron saint of rainy weather.

<sup>2</sup> The body which they hold.



To see how I will hug it in mine arms! 60  
 And hang upon the looks, dwell on her eyes,  
 Feed round about her lips, and eat her  
     kisses,  
 Suck of her drownèd flesh!—and where's  
     their malice!  
 Not all their envious sousing<sup>1</sup> can change  
     that.  
 But I will still study some revenge past  
     this!  
 I pray you give me leave, for I will study,  
 Though all the bells, pipes, tabors, tim-  
     burines<sup>2</sup> ring,  
 That you can plant about me; I will study.

## SCENE IV

*To him [enter] ROBIN HOOD, CLARION, MEL-  
 LIFLEUR, LIONEL, AMIE, ALKEN, TUCK,  
 Servants with music of all sorts*

*Rob.* Welcome, bright Clarion, and sweet  
 Mellifleur,  
 The courteous Lionel, fair Amie; all  
 My friends and neighbors, to the jolly  
     bower  
 Of Robin Hood, and to the green-wood  
     walks!  
 Now that the shearing of your sheep is done,  
 And the washed flocks are lighted<sup>3</sup> of their  
     wool,  
 The smoother ewes are ready to receive  
 The mounting rams again; and both do  
     feed,  
 As either promised to increase your breed  
 At eaning-time,<sup>4</sup> and bring you lusty twins:  
 Why should or you or we so much forget 11  
 The season in ourselves, as not to make  
 Use of our youth and spirits, to awake  
 The nimble horn-pipe,<sup>5</sup> and the timburine,  
 And mix our songs and dances in the wood,  
 And each of us cut down a triumph-bough?  
 Such are<sup>6</sup> the rites the youthful June allow.  
*Cl.* They *were*, gay Robin; but the  
     sourer sort<sup>7</sup>  
 Of shepherds now disclaim in<sup>8</sup> all such  
     sport: 19  
 And say, our flocks the while are poorly fed,  
 When with such vanities the swains are led.

<sup>1</sup> Plunging.  
<sup>2</sup> Tamborines.  
<sup>3</sup> Lightened.  
<sup>4</sup> Yeaning-time.

<sup>5</sup> The instrument.  
<sup>6</sup> F. reads *were*.  
<sup>7</sup> The Puritans.  
<sup>8</sup> Declaim against.

*Tuck.* Would they, wise Clarion, were not  
     hurried more  
 With covetise<sup>1</sup> and rage, when to their store  
 They add the poor man's eanling,<sup>2</sup> and dare  
     sell  
 Both fleece and carcass, not gi'ing him the  
     fell!<sup>3</sup>  
 When to one goat they reach that prickly  
     weed,  
 Which maketh all the rest forbear to feed;  
 Or strew tods'<sup>4</sup> hairs, or with their tails do  
     sweep  
 The dewy grass, to do'ff<sup>5</sup> the simpler sheep;  
 Or dig deep pits their neighbor's neat to  
     vex, 30  
 To drown the calves, and crack the heifers'  
     necks;  
 Or with pretence of chasing thence the  
     brock,<sup>6</sup>  
 Send in a cur to worry the whole flock!  
*Lio.* O friar, those are faults that are not  
     seen,  
 Ours open, and of worst example been.  
 They call ours Pagan pastimes, that infect  
 Our blood with ease, our youth with all  
     neglect;  
 Our tongues with wantonness, our thoughts  
     with lust;  
 And what they censure ill, all others must.  
*Rob.* I do not know what their sharp  
     sight may see, 40  
 Of late, but I should think it still might be,  
 As 'twas, an happy age, when on the plains  
 The woodmen met the damsels, and the  
     swains,  
 The neat-herds, ploughmen, and the pipers  
     loud,  
 And each did dance, some to the kit<sup>7</sup> or  
     crowd,<sup>8</sup>  
 Some to the bag-pipe; some the tabret<sup>9</sup>  
     moved,  
 And all did either love, or were beloved.  
*Lio.* The dextrous shepherd then would  
     try his sling,  
 Then dart his hook at daisies, then would  
     sing;  
 Sometimes would wrastle.  
*Cl.*                      Ay, and with a lass: 50

<sup>1</sup> Covetousness.  
<sup>2</sup> Lamb.  
<sup>3</sup> Hide.  
<sup>4</sup> Fox's.  
<sup>5</sup> Put off.

<sup>6</sup> Badger.  
<sup>7</sup> A small fiddle.  
<sup>8</sup> Fiddle.  
<sup>9</sup> A small drum.



And give her a new garment on the grass;<sup>1</sup>  
After a course<sup>2</sup> at barley-break, or base.<sup>3</sup>

*Lio.* And all these deeds were seen with-  
out offence,  
Or the least hazard o' their innocence.

*Rob.* Those charitable times had no mis-  
trust:  
Shepherds knew how to love, and not to  
lust.

*Cla.* Each minute that we lose thus, I  
confess,  
Deserves a censure on us, more or less;  
But that a sadder chance hath given allay<sup>4</sup>  
Both to the mirth and music of this day.<sup>5</sup>  
Our fairest shepherdess we had of late,  
Here upon Trent, is drowned; for whom her  
mate,

Young Æglamour, a swain, who best could  
tread

Our country dances, and our games did lead,  
Lives like the melancholy turtle,<sup>6</sup> drowned  
Deeper in woe, than she in water: crowned  
With yew, and cypress, and will scarce ad-  
mit

The physic of our presence to his fit.

*Lio.* Sometimes he sits, and thinks all  
day, then walks,  
Then thinks again, and sighs, weeps, laughs,  
and talks;<sup>7</sup>

And 'twixt his pleasing frenzy,<sup>8</sup> and sad  
grief,

Is so distracted, as<sup>9</sup> no sought relief  
By all our studies can procure his peace.

*Cla.* The passion finds in him that large  
increase,

As we doubt hourly we shall lose him too.

*Rob.* You should not cross him then,  
whate'er you do.

For phant'sie<sup>10</sup> stopp'd, will soon take fire,  
and burn

Into an anger, or to a phrensie turn.

*Cla.* Nay, so we are advised by Alken  
here,

A good sage shepherd, who, although he  
wear<sup>11</sup>

An old worn hat and cloke, can tell us more  
Than all the forward fry, that boast their  
lore.

<sup>1</sup> Color her dress green.

<sup>2</sup> Bout.

<sup>3</sup> Popular folk-games.

<sup>4</sup> Alloy.

<sup>5</sup> Dove.

<sup>6</sup> The happy moods of his distractions.

<sup>7</sup> That.

<sup>8</sup> Distraction.

*Lio.* See, yonder comes the brother of the  
maid,

Young Karolin: how curious and afraid  
He is at once! willing to find him out,  
And loth t' offend him.

*Alk.* Sure he's here about.

## SCENE V

ROBIN HOOD, CLARION, MELLIFLEUR, LIONEL,  
AMIE, ALKEN, KAROLIN. ÆGLAMOUR  
*sitting upon a bank by*

*Cla.* See where he sits.

*Æg.* It will be rare, rare, rare!  
An exquisite revenge! but peace, no words!  
Not for the fairest fleece of all the flock:  
If it be known afore, 'tis all worth nothing!  
I'll carve it on the trees and in the turf,  
On every green sworth,<sup>1</sup> and in every path,  
Just to the margin of the cruel Trent.  
There will I knock the story in the ground,  
In smooth great pebble, and moss fill it  
round,

Till the whole country read how she was  
drowned;<sup>10</sup>

And with the plenty of salt tears there shed,  
Quite alter the complexion of the spring.

Or I will get some old, old, grandam thither,  
Whose rigid<sup>2</sup> foot but dipped into the water,  
Shall strike that sharp and sudden cold  
throughout,

As<sup>3</sup> it shall lose all virtue; and those  
nymphs,

Those treacherous nymphs pulled in Earine,  
Shall stand curled up like images of ice,  
And never thaw! mark, never! a sharp jus-  
tice!

Or stay, a better! when the year's at hottest,  
And that the dog-star foams, and the  
streams boil,

And curls, and works, and swells ready to  
sparkle,

To fling a fellow with a fever in,  
To set it all on fire, till it burn

Blue as Scamander, 'fore the walls of Troy,  
When Vulcan leaped into him to consume  
him.

*Rob.* A deep hurt phant'sie!

[*They approach him*]

*Æg.* Do you not approve it?

*Rob.* Yes, gentle Æglamour, we all ap-  
prove,

<sup>1</sup> Swarth.

<sup>2</sup> Stiff with age.

<sup>3</sup> That.



And come to gratulate your just revenge:  
Which, since it is so perfect, we now hope <sup>so</sup>  
You'll leave all care thereof, and mix with  
us,

In all the proffered solace of the spring.

*Æg.* A spring, now she is dead! of what?  
of thorns,  
Briars, and brambles? thistles, burs and  
docks?

Cold hemlock, yew? the mandrake or the  
box?

These may grow still; but what can spring  
beside?

Did not the whole earth sicken when she  
died?

As if there since did fall one drop of dew,  
But what was wept for her! or any stalk  
Did bear a flower, or any branch a bloom, <sup>40</sup>  
After her wreath was made! In faith, in  
faith,

You do not fair to put these things upon me,  
Which can in no sort be: Earine,  
Who had her very being, and her name,  
With the first knots<sup>1</sup> or buddings of the  
spring,

Born with the primrose and the violet,  
Or earliest roses blown; when Cupid smiled;  
And Venus led the Graces out to dance,  
And all the flowers and sweets in nature's  
lap

Leaped out, and made their solemn con-  
juration, <sup>50</sup>

To last but while she lived! Do not I know  
How the vale withered the same day? how  
Dove,

Dean, Eye, and Erwash, Idel, Snite and  
Soare,

Each broke his urn, and twenty waters  
more,

That swelled proud Trent, shrunk them-  
selves dry? that since

No sun or moon, or other cheerful star,  
Looked out of heaven, but all the cope was  
dark,

As it were hung so for her exequies!  
And not a voice or sound to ring her knell;  
But of that dismal pair, the scritch-owl,  
And buzzing hornet! Hark! hark! hark!  
the foul <sup>61</sup>

Bird! how she flutters with her wicker<sup>2</sup>  
wings!

Peace! you shall hear her scritch.

*Cla.* Good Karolin, sing.  
Help to divert this phant'sie.

*Kar.* All I can.<sup>3</sup>

THE SONG, which while KAR-  
OLIN sings, ÆGLAMOUR reads

Though I am young and cannot tell  
Either what Death or Love is well,  
Yet I have heard they both bear darts,  
And both do aim at human hearts:  
And then again, I have been told,  
Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold;  
So that I fear they do but bring <sup>71</sup>  
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.

As in a ruin we it call  
One thing to be blown up or fall;  
Or to our end, like way may have  
By flash of lightning, or a wave:  
So Love's inflamèd shaft or brand  
May kill as soon as Death's cold hand,  
Except Love's fires the virtue have  
To fright the frost out of the grave. <sup>80</sup>

*Æg.* Do you think so? are you in that  
good heresy,

I mean, opinion? if you be, say nothing:  
I'll study it as a new philosophy,  
But by myself alone: now you shall leave  
me.

Some of these nymphs here will reward you;  
this,

This pretty maid, although but with a kiss.

*He forces AMIE to kiss him<sup>3</sup>*  
Lived my Earine, you should have twenty;  
For every line here, one; I would allow  
'hem

From mine own store, the treasure I had in  
her:

Now I am as poor as you.

*Kar.* And I a wretch! <sup>90</sup>

*Cla.* Yet keep an eye upon him, Karolin.

*ÆGLAMOUR goes out and*

*KAROLIN follows him*

*Mel.* Alas, that ever such a generous  
spirit

As Æglamour's should sink by such a loss!

*Cla.* The truest lovers are least fortunate:  
Look<sup>3</sup> all their lives and legends, what they  
call

<sup>1</sup> Buds.

<sup>2</sup> Greg considers this the Middle English *wicke*,  
evil, baleful.

<sup>3</sup> As well as I can.

<sup>3</sup> I.e. Karolin, the singer.

<sup>3</sup> F. looks.



'The lovers' scriptures, Heliodore's<sup>1</sup> or Tatii,  
Longi, Eustathii, Prodomi, you'll find it!  
What think you, father?

*Alken.* I have known some few,  
And read of more wh' have had their dose,  
and deep,  
Of these sharp bitter-sweets.

*Lio.* But what is this<sup>100</sup>  
To jolly Robin, who the story is?<sup>2</sup>  
Of all beatitude in love?

*Cla.* And told  
Here every day with wonder on the wold.<sup>3</sup>

*Lio.* And with fame's voice.

*Alken.* Save that some folk delight  
To blend all good of others with some  
spight.

*Cla.* He and his Marian are the sum and  
talk  
Of all that breathe here in the green-wood  
walk.

*Mel.* Or Be'voir Vale.

*Lio.* The turtles of the wood.

*Cla.* The billing pair.

*Alken.* And so are understood<sup>100</sup>  
For simple loves, and sampled<sup>4</sup> lives beside.

*Mel.* Faith, so much virtue should not be  
envied.

*Alken.* Better be so than pitied, Melli-  
fleur:

For 'gainst all envy virtue is a cure;  
But wretched pity ever calls on scorns.

[Horns within]

The deer's brought home; I hear it by their  
horns.

## SCENE VI

To ROBIN, etc., [enter] MARIAN, JOHN,  
SCARLET

*Rob.* My Marian, and my mistress!

*Mar.* My loved Robin!

*Mel.* The moon's at full, the happy pair  
are met.

*Mar.* How hath this morning paid me for  
my rising!

First, with my sports; but most with meet-  
ing you.

<sup>1</sup> F. *Heliodores*. I adopt Greg's suggestion. All of these are late Greek writers, the first four of prose romance. Prodomus of a narrative poem. The *Daphnis and Chloe* of Longus is famous among them.

<sup>2</sup> Who is the example.

<sup>3</sup> F. *world*.

<sup>4</sup> Exemplary.

I did not half so well reward my hounds,  
As she hath me to-day: although I gave  
them

All the sweet morsels called tongue, ears,  
and dowcets!<sup>1</sup>

*Rob.* What, and the inch-pin?<sup>2</sup>

*Mar.* Yes.

*Rob.* Your sports then pleased you?

*Mar.* You are a wanton.

*Rob.* One, I do confess,  
I want-ed till you came; but now I have<sup>10</sup>  
you,

I'll grow to your embraces, till two souls

Distilled into kisses through our lips,

Do make one spirit of love. [Kisses her]

*Mar.* O, Robin, Robin!

*Rob.* Breathe, breathe awhile; what says  
my gentle Marian?

*Mar.* Could you so long be absent?

*Rob.* What, a week!  
Was that so long?

*Mar.* How long are lovers' weeks,  
Do you think, Robin, when they are  
asunder?

Are they not prisoners' years?

*Rob.* To some they seem so;  
But being met again, they are schoolboys'  
hours.

*Mar.* That have got leave to play, and  
so we use them.<sup>10</sup>

*Rob.* Had you good sport i' your chase  
to-day?

*John.* O prime!

*Mar.* A lusty stag.

*Rob.* And hunted ye at force?<sup>3</sup>

*Mar.* In a full cry.

*John.* And never hunted changel!<sup>4</sup>

*Rob.* You had stanch hounds then?

*Mar.* Old and sure; I love  
No young rash dogs, no more than changing  
friends.

*Rob.* What relays set you?

*John.* None at all: we laid not  
In one fresh dog.

*Rob.* He stood not long then?

*Scar.* Yes.

Five hours and more. A great, large deer!

*Rob.* What head?

*John.* Forked: a hart of ten.<sup>5</sup>

*Mar.* He is good venison,

<sup>1</sup> Choice parts of the deer.

<sup>2</sup> The sweetgut.

<sup>3</sup> With dogs in the open.

<sup>4</sup> Followed a cross scent.

<sup>5</sup> Bearing ten prongs on his antlers.



According to the season i' the blood, <sup>30</sup>  
I'll promise all your friends, for whom he  
fell.

*John.* But at his fall there hapt a chance.

*Mar.* Worth mark.

*Rob.* Ay, what was that, sweet Marian?

*He kisses her*

*Mar.* You'll not hear?

*Rob.* I love these interruptions in a  
story;

They make it sweeter.

*He kisses her again*

*Mar.* You do know as soon  
As the assay<sup>1</sup> is taken.

*He kisses her again*

*Rob.* On, my Marian:  
I did but take the assay.

*Mar.* You stop one's mouth,  
And yet you bid 'hem speak—when the  
arbor's made<sup>2</sup>—

*Rob.* Pulled down, and paunch turned out.

*Mar.* He that undoes<sup>3</sup> him,  
Doth cleave the brisket-bone, upon the  
spoon <sup>40</sup>

Of which a little gristle grows; you call it—

*Rob.* The raven's bone.<sup>4</sup>

*Mar.* Now o'er head sat a raven,  
On a sere bough, a grown great bird, and  
hoarse!

Who, all the while the deer was breaking  
up,

So croaked and cried for it, as all the hunts-  
men,

Especially old Scathlock, thought it omi-  
nous;

Swore it was mother Maudlin, whom he met  
At the day-dawn, just as he roused the deer  
Out of his lair: but we made shift to run  
him <sup>40</sup>

Off his four legs, and sunk him ere we left.

[*Enter SCATHLOCK*]

Is the deer come?

*Scath.* He lies within o' the dresser.

*Mar.* Will you go see him, Mellifleur?

*Mel.* I attend you.

*Mar.* Come, Amie, you'll go with us?

*Amie.* I am not well.

<sup>1</sup> The assay was the ceremony of testing the quality of the deer by incision. See *Philaster*, below, IV, ii, 10. Robin plays on the word.

<sup>2</sup> The cleaning or disemboweling of the deer.

<sup>3</sup> Cuts him up.

<sup>4</sup> A piece of gristle attached to the breast bone, usually thrown to the crows, hence raven, or corbin-bone.

*Lio.* She's sick o' the young shepherd that  
bekissed her.

*Mar.* Friend, cheer your friends up, we  
will eat him merrily.

[*Exeunt MAR., MEL., and AMIE*]

*Alken.* Saw you the raven, friend?

*Scath.* Ay, quha suld let me?<sup>1</sup>

I suld be afraid o' you, sir, suld I?

*Clar.* Huntsman,

A dram more of civility would not hurt you.

*Rob.* Nay, you must give them all their  
rudenesses;

They are not else themselves without their  
language. <sup>50</sup>

*Alken.* And what do you think of her?

*Scath.* As of a witch.

They call her a wise woman, but I think her  
An arrant witch.

*Clar.* And wherefore think you so?

*Scath.* Because I saw her since broiling  
the bone

Was cast her at the quarry.<sup>2</sup>

*Alken.* Where saw you her?

*Scath.* I' the chimley-nuik,<sup>3</sup> within: she's  
there now.

## SCENE VII

*To them [enter] MARIAN*

*Rob.* Marian!<sup>4</sup>

Your hunt<sup>5</sup> holds in his tale still; and tells  
more.

*Mar.* My hunt! what tale?

*Rob.* How! cloudy, Marian!

What look is this?

*Mar.* A fit one, sir, for you.

Hand off, rude ranger!—Sirrah, get you in,  
[*To SCATHLOCK*]

And bear the venison hence: it is too good  
For these coarse rustic mouths, that cannot  
open,

Or spend a thank for't. A starved mutton's<sup>6</sup>  
carcase

Would better fit their palates. See it car-  
ried

To mother Maudlin's, whom you call the  
witch, sir.

<sup>1</sup> What should hinder me?

<sup>2</sup> "Fall of the deer," is Jonson's own definition. More usually *quarry* means the heap of killed game, or the game pursued.

<sup>3</sup> Chimney-nook.

<sup>4</sup> F. leaves this word in Scene VI.

<sup>5</sup> Huntsman.

<sup>6</sup> Sheep's.



Tell her I sent it to make merry with.  
 She'll turn<sup>1</sup> us thanks at least! why stand'st  
 thou, groom? 10

*Rob.* I wonder he can move, that he's not  
 fixed,

If that his feeling be the same with mine!  
 I dare not trust the faith of mine own senses,  
 I fear<sup>2</sup> mine eyes and ears: this is not  
 Marian!

Nor am I Robin Hood! I pray you ask her,  
 Ask her, good shepherds, ask her all for me:  
 Or rather ask yourselves, if she be she;  
 Or I be I.

*Mar.* Yes, and you are the spy;  
 And the spied spy that watch upon my  
 walks,

To inform what deer I kill or give away! 20  
 Where! when! to whom! but spy your  
 worst, good spy,

I will dispose of this where least you like!  
 Fall to your cheese-cakes, curds, and clouted  
 cream,

Your fools,<sup>3</sup> your flawns;<sup>4</sup> and of ale a  
 stream

<sup>1</sup> Return.

<sup>2</sup> Mistrust.

<sup>3</sup> Clouted cream, trifle.

<sup>4</sup> Custard cakes.

To wash it from your livers: strain ewes'  
 milk

Into your cyder syllabubs, and be drunk  
 To him whose fleece hath brought the earli-  
 est lamb

This year; and wears the baudric<sup>1</sup> at your  
 board!

Where you may all go whistle, and record  
 This in your dance, and foot it lustily. 20

*She leaves them*

*Rob.* I pray you, friends, do you hear  
 and see as I do?

Did the same accents strike your ears? and  
 objects

Your eyes, as mine?

*Alken.* We taste the same reproaches.

*Lio.* Have seen the changes.

*Rob.* Are we not all changed,  
 Transformed from ourselves?

*Lio.* I do not know.

The best is silence.

*Alken.* And to wait the issue.

*Rob.* The dead or lazy wait for't! I will  
 find it. [Exeunt]

<sup>1</sup> A bell or garland of distinction.



## THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND ACT

The Witch Maudlin having taken the shape of Marian to abuse Robin Hood and perplex his guests, cometh forth with her daughter, Douce, reporting in what confusion she hath left them; defrauded them of their venison, made them suspicious each of the other; but most of all Robin Hood so jealous of his Marian, as<sup>1</sup> she hopes no effect of love would ever reconcile them; glorying so far in the extent of her mischief as she confesseth to have surprised Earine, stripped her of her garments to make her daughter appear fine, at this feast in them; and to have shut the maiden up in a tree as her son's prize, if he could win her; or his prey if he would force her. Her son, a rude bragging swineherd, comes to the tree to woo her (his mother and sister stepping aside to overhear him) and first boasts his wealth to her and his possessions; which move not. Then he presents her gifts such as himself is taken with, but she utterly shows a scorn and loathing both of him and them. His mother is angry, rates him, instructs him what to do the next time, and persuades her daughter to shew herself about the bower: tells how she shall know her mother, when she is transformed, by her broidered belt. Meanwhile the young shepherdess Amie, being kissed by Karolin, Earine's brother, before, falls in love; but knows not what love is: but describes her disease so innocently, that Marian pities her. When Robin Hood and the rest of his guests invited, enter to Marian, upbraiding her with sending away their venison to mother Maudlin by Scathlock, which she denies; Scathlock affirms it; but seeing his mistress weep, and to forswear it, begins to doubt his own understanding, rather than affront her farder;<sup>2</sup> which makes Robin Hood and the rest to examine themselves better. But Maudlin, entering like herself, the witch, comes to thank her for her bounty; at which Marian is more angry, and more denies the deed. Scathlock enters, tells he has brought it again, and delivered it to the cook. The witch is inwardly vexed the venison is so recovered from her by the rude huntsman, and murmurs and curses; bewitches the cook, mocks poor Amie and the rest; discovereth her ill nature, and is a mean of reconciling them all. For the sage shepherd suspecteth her mischief, if she be not prevented:<sup>3</sup> and so persuadeth to seize on her. Whereupon Robin Hood dispatcheth out his woodmen to hunt and take her, which ends the Act.

<sup>1</sup> That.

<sup>2</sup> Further.

<sup>3</sup> Anticipated.



## ACT II. SCENE I

[*The Witch's Dimble, cottage, oak, well, etc.*]

[*Enter*] MAUDLIN [*in her proper shape, and*]  
DOUCE [*in the dress of* EARINE]

*Maud.* Have I not left 'em in a brave confusion?  
Amazed their expectation, got their venison,  
Troubled their mirth and meeting, made them doubtful  
And jealous of each other, all distracted,  
And, i' the close,<sup>1</sup> uncertain of themselves?  
This can your mother do, my dainty Douce!  
Take any shape upon her, and delude  
The senses best acquainted with their owners!  
The jolly Robin, who hath bid this feast,  
And made this solemn invitation,<sup>10</sup>  
I have possessed so with syke dislikes<sup>2</sup>  
Of his own Marian, that all be'<sup>3</sup> he know her,  
As doth the vaulting<sup>4</sup> hart his venting hind,  
He ne'er fra' hence sall neis<sup>5</sup> her in the wind,  
To his first liking.

*Douce.* Did you so distaste<sup>6</sup> him?

*Maud.* As far as her proud scorning him could 'bate,

Or blunt the edge of any lover's temper.

*Douce.* But were ye like her, mother?

*Maud.* So like, Douce,

As had she seen me her sel', her sel' had doubted

Whether had been the liker of the twa—<sup>20</sup>

This can your mother do, I tell you, daughter!—

I ha' but dight<sup>7</sup> ye yet i' the out-dress,<sup>8</sup>

And 'parel of Earine; but this raiment,

These very weeds<sup>9</sup> sall make ye, as but coming

In view or ken of Æglamour, your form  
Shall shew too slippery<sup>10</sup> to be look'd upon,

<sup>1</sup> In the end.

<sup>2</sup> Such a dislike for.

<sup>3</sup> All be it.

<sup>4</sup> Vaulting.

<sup>5</sup> Nose.

<sup>6</sup> Disgust.

<sup>7</sup> Dressed.

<sup>8</sup> Outward garb.

<sup>9</sup> Garments.

<sup>10</sup> Elusive.

And all the forests swear you to be shel  
They shall rin<sup>1</sup> after ye, and wage the odds,  
Upo' their own deceived sights, ye'are her;

Whilst she, poor lass, is stocked up<sup>2</sup> in a tree:<sup>30</sup>

Your brother Lorel's prize! for so my largess

Hath lotted her to be your brother's mistress,

Gif<sup>3</sup> she can be reclaimed,<sup>4</sup> gif not, his prey!

And here he comes new claithèd, like a prince

Of swineherds! syke<sup>5</sup> he seems, dight i' the spoils

Of those he feeds, a mighty lord of swine!

He is command<sup>6</sup> now to woo. Let's step aside,

And hear his love-craft.

See he opes the door,

And takes her by the hand, and helps her forth:

This is true courtship, and becomes his ray.<sup>7</sup><sup>40</sup>

## SCENE II

LOREL, EARINE; MAUDLIN, DOUCE [*remain*]

*Lor.* [*leading* EARINE *forward*] Ye kind to others, but ye coy to me,

Deft<sup>8</sup> mistress! whiter than the cheese new prest,

Smoother than cream, and softer than the curds!

Why start ye from me ere ye hear me tell  
My wooing errand, and what rents I have?

Large herds and pastures! swine and kie<sup>9</sup> mine own!

And though my nase be camused,<sup>10</sup> my lips thick,

And my chin bristled, Pan, great Pan, was such,

Who was the chief of herdsmen, and our sire!

<sup>1</sup> Run.

<sup>2</sup> Imprisoned in the trunk.

<sup>3</sup> If.

<sup>4</sup> Tamed, as a hawk.

<sup>5</sup> Such.

<sup>6</sup> Coming.

<sup>7</sup> Array, dress.

<sup>8</sup> Neat.

<sup>9</sup> Kine.

<sup>10</sup> Nose be flat.



I am na fay, na incubus, na changlin,<sup>1</sup> 10  
But a good man, that lives o' my awn  
geer:<sup>2</sup>

This house, these grounds, this stock is all  
my awn.<sup>3</sup>

*Ear.* How better 'twere to me, this were  
not known!

*Maud.* She likes it not; but it is boasted  
well.

*Lor.* An hundred udders for the pail I  
have,  
That gi' me milk and curds, that make me  
cheese

To cloy the merkats!<sup>4</sup> twenty swarm of  
bees,

Whilk all the summer hum about the hive,  
And bring me wax and honey in by live.<sup>5</sup>

An aged oak, the king of all the field, 20  
With a broad beech there grows before my  
dur,

That mickle mast unto the ferm doth yield.  
A chestnut, whilk<sup>6</sup> hath larded<sup>7</sup> mony a  
swine,

Whose skins I wear to fend<sup>8</sup> me fra the  
cold;

A poplar green, and with a kerved<sup>9</sup> seat,  
Under whose shade I solace in the heat;  
And thence can see gang out and in my  
neat.<sup>10</sup>

Twa trilland<sup>11</sup> brooks, each, from his spring,  
doth meet,

And make a river to refresh my feet;  
In which each morning, ere the sun doth  
rise, 20

I look myself, and clear my pleasant eyes,  
Before I pipe; for therein I have skill  
'Bove other swineherds. Bid me, and I will  
Straight play to you, and make you melody.

*Ear.* By no means. Ah! to me all min-  
strelsy

Is irksome, as are you.

*He draws out other presents*

*Lor.* Why scorn you me?  
Because I am a herdsman, and feed swine!  
I am a lord of other geer: This fine  
Smooth bawson's<sup>12</sup> cub, the young grice of  
a gray,<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Changeling.

<sup>2</sup> Wealth.

<sup>3</sup> Own.

<sup>4</sup> A northern form of markets.

<sup>5</sup> Quickly.

<sup>6</sup> Which.

<sup>7</sup> Fattened.

<sup>8</sup> Protect.

<sup>9</sup> Carved.

<sup>10</sup> Cattle.

<sup>11</sup> Trickling.

<sup>12</sup> Badger.

<sup>13</sup> Cub of a grey one.

Twa tiny urchins,<sup>1</sup> and this ferret gay. 40

*Ear.* Out on 'hem! what are these?

*Lor.* I give 'hem ye,

As presents, Mistress.

*Ear.* O the fiend on thee!<sup>2</sup>

Gar,<sup>3</sup> take them hence; they fewmand<sup>4</sup> all  
the claithe,

And prick my coats:<sup>5</sup> hence with 'hem,  
limmer lown,<sup>6</sup>

Thy vermin and thyself, thyself art one!

Ay, lock me up—all's well when thou art  
gone.

[LOREL leads her to the  
tree and shuts her in]

### SCENE III

LOREL, MAUDLIN, DOUCE

*Lor.* Did you hear this? she wished me at  
the fiend,

With all my presents!

*Maud.* A too lucky end  
She wishend thee, foul limmer, dritty<sup>7</sup>  
lown!

Gud faith, it duills<sup>8</sup> me that I am thy  
mother:

And see, thy sister scorns thee for her  
brother.

Thou woo thy love, thy mistress, with twa  
hedgehogs:

A stinkand brock,<sup>9</sup> a polecat? out, thou  
houlet!

Thou shouldst have given her a madge-  
owl,<sup>10</sup> and then

Tho'hadst made a present o' thy self, owl-  
spiegle!<sup>11</sup>

*Douce.* Why, mother, I have heard ye bid  
to give; 10

And often as the cause calls.

*Maud.* I know well,

It is a witty<sup>12</sup> part sometimes to give;

But what? to wham? no monsters, nor to  
maidens.

<sup>1</sup> Hedgehogs.

<sup>2</sup> F. and thee.

<sup>3</sup> Whalley amended *gae*, go; though why should  
Earine speak dialect?

<sup>4</sup> A word of Jonson's invention.

<sup>5</sup> Clothes.

<sup>6</sup> Base loon.

<sup>7</sup> Dirty.

<sup>8</sup> Grieves.

<sup>9</sup> Badger.

<sup>10</sup> Barn owl.

<sup>11</sup> Thou image of an owl, from owl-glass, English  
for Eulenspiegel, the rascal of the German romance.

<sup>12</sup> Clever.



He suld present them with mare pleasand things,

Things natural, and what all women covet  
To see, the common parent of us all,  
Which maids will twire<sup>1</sup> at 'tween their  
finger thus:

With which his sire gat him, he's get another,

And so beget posterity upon her;  
This he should do! False gelden,<sup>2</sup> gang thy  
gait,

And do thy turns betimes; or I'se gar take  
Thy new breikes<sup>3</sup> fra' thee, and thy dublet  
tu.

The tailleur and the sowter<sup>4</sup> sall undu'  
All they ha' made, except thou manlier woo!

LOREL goes out

*Douce.* Gud mother, gif you chide him,  
he'll do wairs.<sup>5</sup>

*Maud.* Hang him! I geif him to the  
devil's eirs.<sup>6</sup>

But ye, my Douce, I charge ye, shew your  
sell

Tu all the shepherds bauldly;<sup>7</sup> gaing amang  
'hem,

Be mickel i' their eye, frequent and  
fugeand:<sup>8</sup>

And gif they ask ye of Earine,<sup>9</sup>  
Or of these claites, say, that I ga' 'hem ye,  
And say no more. I ha' that wark in hand,  
That web upo' the luime, shall gar 'hem  
think

By then, they feeling their own frights and  
fears,

I'se pu' the world or nature 'bout their ears.  
But, hear ye, Douce, because ye may meet  
me

In many shapes to-day, where'er you spy  
This browder'd belt with characters,<sup>9</sup> 'tis I.  
A Gypsan<sup>10</sup> lady, and a right beldame,  
Wrought it by moonshine for me, and star-  
light,

Upo' your grannam's grave, that very night  
We earthed her in the shades; when our  
dame Hecate

<sup>1</sup> Peep at.

<sup>2</sup> Gelding.

<sup>3</sup> Breeches.

<sup>4</sup> The tailor and the cobbler.

<sup>5</sup> Worse.

<sup>6</sup> Heirs?

<sup>7</sup> Boldly.

<sup>8</sup> Often coming and going; *fugeand*, like *wishend*  
and *fewmand* are coinages of Jonson.

<sup>9</sup> Belt embroidered with letters.

<sup>10</sup> Egyptian, gipsy.

Made it her gaing-night<sup>1</sup> over the kirk-yard,  
With all the barkand parish-tikes<sup>2</sup> set at  
her,

While I sat whyrland of my brazen spindle:  
At every twisted thrid my rock<sup>3</sup> let fly  
Unto the sewster,<sup>4</sup> who did sit me nigh,  
Under the town turnpike; which ran each  
spell

She stitched in the work, and knit it well. <sup>40</sup>  
See ye take tent<sup>5</sup> to this, and ken your  
mother. [Exeunt]

#### SCENE IV

[Before ROBIN HOOD's Bower]

MARIAN, MELLIFLEUR, AMIE

*Mar.* How do you, sweet Amie? yet?<sup>6</sup>

*Mel.* She cannot tell;

If she could sleep, she says, she should do  
well.

She feels a hurt, but where, she cannot shew  
Any least sign, that she is hurt or no:

Her pain's not doubtful to her, but the seat  
Of her pain is: her thoughts too work and  
beat,

Opprest with cares; but why she cannot  
say:

All matter of her care is quite away.

*Mar.* Hath any vermin broke into your  
fold?

Or any rot seized on your flock, or cold? <sup>10</sup>  
Or hath your feighting ram burst his hard  
horn,

Or any ewe her fleece, or bag hath torn,  
My gentle Amie?

*Amie.* Marian, none of these.

*Mar.* Ha' you been stung by wasps, or  
angry bees,

Or rased<sup>7</sup> with some rude bramble or rough  
briar?

*Amie.* No, Marian, my disease is some-  
what nigher.

I weep, and boil away myself in tears;  
And then my panting heart would dry those  
fears:

I burn, though all the forest lend a shade;  
And freeze, though the whole wood one fire  
were made. <sup>20</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Night in which spirits walk.

<sup>2</sup> Barking dogs of the parish.

<sup>3</sup> Spindle.

<sup>4</sup> Sempstress.

<sup>5</sup> Heed.

<sup>6</sup> Are you still miserable?

<sup>7</sup> Scratched.



*Mar.* Alas!

*Amie.* I often have been torn with thorn  
and briar,  
Both in the leg and foot, and somewhat  
higher;

Yet gave not then such fearful shrieks as  
these.<sup>1</sup> [Sighs]

I often have been stung too with curst<sup>2</sup>  
bees,

Yet not remember that I then did quit  
Either my company or mirth for it.

[Sighs again]

And therefore what it is that I feel now,  
And know no cause for it, nor where, nor  
how

It entered in me, nor least print can see,  
I feel, afflicts me more than briar or bee. <sup>30</sup>

[Again]

How often when the sun, heaven's brightest  
birth,

Hath with his burning fervor cleft the earth,  
Under a spreading elm or oak, hard by  
A cool clear fountain, could I sleeping lie,  
Safe from the heat! but now no shady tree,  
Nor purling brook, can my refreshing be.

Oft when the meadows were grown rough  
with frost,

The rivers ice-bound, and their currents  
lost,

My thick warm fleece I wore, was my de-  
fence;

Or large good fires I made, drave<sup>3</sup> winter  
thence: <sup>40</sup>

But now my whole flock's fells,<sup>4</sup> nor this  
thick grove,

Enflamed to ashes, can my cold remove.

It is a cold and heat that doth outgo

All sense of winter's, and of summer's so.

### SCENE V

[Enter] ROBIN HOOD, CLARION, LIONEL,  
[and] ALKEN

*Rob.* O, are you here, my mistress?

*Mar.* Ay, my love!

*She [MARIAN] seeing him, runs to  
embrace him. He puts her back*

Where should I be but in my Robin's arms,  
The sphere which I delight in so to move?

*Rob.* What, 'the rude ranger,' and 'spied  
spy!' hand off,

<sup>1</sup> F. adds here, lines 23 and 30, the words *Ah!*  
and *O* to indicate a sigh.

<sup>2</sup> Angry.

<sup>3</sup> Drove.

<sup>4</sup> Fleeces.

You are 'for no such rustics.'

*Mar.* What means this,  
Thrice worthy Clarion, or wise Alken? know  
ye?

*Rob.* 'Las, no, not they: 'a poor sterved  
mutton's carcase  
Would better fit their palates than your  
venison.'

*Mar.* What riddle is this? unfold yourself,  
dear Robin.

*Rob.* You ha' not sent your venison hence  
by Scathlock, <sup>10</sup>  
To mother Maudlin?

*Mar.* I, to mother Maudlin!  
Will Scathlock say so?

*Rob.* Nay, we will all swear so.  
For all did hear it when you gave the charge  
so,

Both Clarion, Alken, Lionel, myself.

*Mar.* Good honest shepherds, masters of  
your flocks,  
Simple and virtuous men, no others' hire-  
lings;

Be not you made to speak against your con-  
science,

That which may soil the truth. I send the  
venison

Away by Scathlock, and to mother Maudlin!  
I came to shew it here to Mellifleur, <sup>20</sup>

I do confess; but Amie's falling ill  
Did put us off it: since, we employed our-  
selves

*SCATHLOCK enters*  
In comforting of her. O, here he is!  
Did I, sir, bid you bear away the venison  
To mother Maudlin?

*Scath.* Ay, gud faith, madam,  
Did you, and I ha' done it.

*Mar.* What ha' you done?

*Scath.* Obeyed your hests,<sup>1</sup> madam; done  
your commands.

*Mar.* Done my commands, dull groom!  
fetch it again,

Or kennel with the hounds. Are these the  
arts, <sup>[Weeps]</sup>

Robin, you read<sup>2</sup> your rude ones o' the  
wood, <sup>30</sup>

To countenance your quarrels and mistak-  
ings?

Or are the sports to entertain your friends  
Those formed jealousies?<sup>3</sup> ask of Mellifleur  
If I were ever from her, here, or Amie,  
Since I came in with them; or saw this  
Scathlock

<sup>1</sup> Behests. <sup>2</sup> Counsel. <sup>3</sup> Contrived of suspicion.



Since I related to you his tale o' the raven.

*Scath.* Ay, say you so!

*SCATHLOCK goes out*

*Mel.* She never left my side  
Since I came here, nor I hers.

*Cla.* This 's strange:  
Our best of senses were deceived, our eyes,  
then!

*Lio.* And ears too.

*Mar.* What you have concluded on,  
Make good, I pray you.

*Amie.* O my heart, my heart!

*Mar.* My heart it is, is wounded, pretty  
Amie;

Report not you your griefs: I'll tell for all.

*Mel.* Somebody is to blame, there is a  
fault.

*Mar.* Try if you can take rest: a little  
slumber

Will much refresh you, Amie.

[AMIE sleeps]

*Alken.* What's her grief?

*Mar.* She does not know: and therein she  
is happy.

## SCENE VI

*To them [enter] JOHN, MAUDLIN, and  
SCATHLOCK after*

*John.* Here's Mother Maudlin come to  
give you thanks,  
Madam, for some late gift she hath re-  
ceived—

Which she's not worthy of, she says, but  
crackes,<sup>1</sup>

And wonders of it; hops about the house,  
Transported with the joy. *She danceth*

*Maud.* Send me a stag,  
A whole stag, madam, and so fat a deer!  
So fairly hunted, and at such a time too,  
When all your friends were here!

*Rob.* Do you mark this, Clarion?  
Her own acknowledgment!

*Maud.* 'Twas such a bounty<sup>10</sup>  
And honor done to your poor beadswoman,<sup>2</sup>  
I know not how to owe<sup>3</sup> it, but to thank  
you;

And that I come to do: I shall go round,  
And giddy with the joy<sup>4</sup> of the good turn.

Look out, look out, gay folk about,  
And see me spin the ring I am in  
Of mirth and glee, with thanks for fee

<sup>1</sup> Talks idly.

<sup>2</sup> Pensioner.

<sup>3</sup> Acknowledge.

<sup>4</sup> F. toy.

The heart puts on, for th' venison  
My lady sent, which shall be spent  
In draughts of wine, to fume up fine<sup>20</sup>  
Into the brain, and down again  
Fall in a swoon, upo' the groun.

*She turns round till she falls*

*Rob.* Look to her, she is mad.

*Maud.* [rising] My son hath sent you  
A pot of strawberries gather'd i' the wood,  
(His hogs would else have rooted up, or  
trod);

With a choice dish of wildings<sup>1</sup> here to scald  
And mingle with your cream.

*Mar.* Thank you, good Maudlin,  
And thank your son. Go, bear 'hem in to  
Much,

Th' acater,<sup>2</sup> let him thank her. Surely,  
mother,

You were mistaken, or my woodmen more.<sup>30</sup>  
Or most myself, to send you all our store  
Of venison, hunted for ourselves this day:

You will not take it, mother, I dare say,  
If we'd entreat you, when you know our  
guests;

Red deer is head still of the forest feasts.

*Maud.* But I knaw ye, a right free-hearted  
lady,

Can spare it out of superfluity;  
I have departit<sup>3</sup> it 'mong my poor neigh-  
bors,

To speak your largess.

*Mar.* I not gave it, mother;  
You have done wrong then: I know how to  
place<sup>40</sup>

My gifts, and where; and when to find my  
seasons

To give, not throw away my courtesies.

*Maud.* Count you this thrown away?

*Mar.* What's ravished from me  
I count it worse, as stolen; I lose my thanks.  
But leave this quest: they fit not you nor  
me,

Maudlin, contentions of this quality.

*SCATHLOCK enters*

How now!

*Scath.* Your stag's returned upon my  
shoulders,  
He has found his way into the kitchen  
again

With his two legs; if now your cook can  
dress him.

<sup>1</sup> Crab-apples.

<sup>2</sup> Caterer.

<sup>3</sup> Distributed.



'Slid, I thought the swineherd would ha'  
beat me, <sup>60</sup>  
He look'd so big! <sup>1</sup> the sturdy karl, <sup>2</sup> lewd  
Lorell!

Mar. There, Scathlock, for thy pains;  
thou hast deserv'd it.

MARIAN gives him gold

Maud. Do you give a thing, and take a  
thing, madam?

Mar. No, Maudlin, 'you had imparted'  
to your neighbors';  
As much good do't them! I ha' done no  
wrong.

#### THE FIRST CHARM

Maud. *The spit stand still, no broches  
turn*

*Before the fire, but let it burn  
Both sides and hanches, till the  
whole*

*Converted be into one coal!*

Cla. What devil's pater noster <sup>4</sup> mumbles  
she? <sup>60</sup>

Alken. Stay, you will hear more of her  
witchery.

Maud. *The swilland<sup>5</sup> dropsy enter in  
The lazy cuke,<sup>6</sup> and swell his skin;  
And the old mortmal<sup>7</sup> on his shin  
Now prick, and itch, withouten  
blin.<sup>8</sup>*

Cla. Speak out, hag, we may hear your  
devil's matins.<sup>9</sup>

Maud. *The pain we call St. Anton's fire,<sup>10</sup>  
The gout, or what we can desire,  
To cramp a cuke, in every limb,  
Before they dine, yet, seize on  
him.* <sup>70</sup>

Alken. A foul ill spirit hath possessed  
her.

Amie [starting] O Karol, Karol! call him  
back again.

Lio. Her thoughts do work upon her in  
her slumber,

And may express some part of her disease.

Rob. Observe, and mark, but trouble not  
her ease.

Amie. O, O!

Mar. How is't, Amie?

Mel. Wherefore start you?

Amie. O Karol! he is fair and sweet.

Maud. What then?

Are there not flowers as sweet and fair as  
men?

The lily is fair, and rose is sweet.

Amie. Ay, so!

Let all the roses and the lilies go: <sup>80</sup>

Karol is only fair to me.

Mar. And why?

Amie. Alas, for Karol, Marian, I could  
die!

Karol, he singeth sweetly too.

Maud. What then?

Are there not birds sing sweeter far than  
men?

Amie. I grant the linnet, lark, and bull-  
finch sing,

But best the dear good angel <sup>1</sup> of the spring,  
The nightingale.

Maud. Then why, then why, alone,  
Should his notes please you?

Amie. I not long ago

Took a delight with wanton kids to play, <sup>90</sup>  
And sport with little lambs a summer's-day,  
And view their frisks: methought it was a  
sight

Of joy to see my two brave rams to fight!

Now Karol only all delight doth move,

All that is Karol, Karol I approve!

This very morning but, <sup>2</sup> I did bestow  
(It was a little 'gainst my will I know)

A single kiss upon the seely <sup>3</sup> swain,

And now I wish that very kiss again.

His lip is softer, sweeter than the rose,  
His mouth, and tongue, with dropping  
honey flows; <sup>100</sup>

The relish of it was a pleasing thing.

Maud. Yet, like the bees, it had a little  
sting.

Amie. And sunk, and sticks yet in my  
marrow deep;

And what doth hurt me, I now wish to keep.

Mar. Alas, how innocent her story is!

Amie. I do remember, Marian, I have oft  
With pleasure kissed my lambs and puppies  
soft;

And once a dainty fine roe-fawn I had,  
Of whose out-skipping bounds I was as glad  
As of my health; and him I oft would kiss;  
Yet had his no such sting or pain in this: <sup>111</sup>  
They never pricked or hurt my heart; and,  
for

<sup>1</sup> Messenger. <sup>2</sup> Only this morning. <sup>3</sup> Simple.

<sup>1</sup> Threatening.

<sup>2</sup> Churl.

<sup>3</sup> Distributed.

<sup>4</sup> Evil spell.

<sup>5</sup> Swelling.

<sup>6</sup> Cuckold.

<sup>7</sup> Gangrene.

<sup>8</sup> Cease.

<sup>9</sup> Witch's spell.

<sup>10</sup> Erysipelas.



They were so blunt and dull, I wish no more.

But this, that hurts and pricks, doth please;  
this sweet

Mingled with sour, I wish again to meet:  
And that delay, methinks, most tedious is,  
That keeps or hinders me of Karol's kiss.

*Mar.* We'll send for him, sweet Amie, to come to you.

*Maud.* But I will keep him off, if charms will do it.

*She goes murmuring out*

*Cla.* Do you mark the murmuring hag,  
how she doth mutter? 120

*Rob.* I like her not; and less her manners now.

*Alken.* She is a shrewd deformèd piece, I vow.

*Lio.* As crooked as her body.

*Rob.* I believe

She can take any shape, as Scathlock says.

*Alken.* She may deceive the sense, but really<sup>1</sup>

She cannot change herself.

*Rob.* Would I could see her  
Once more in Marian's form! for I am certain

Now, it was she abused us; as I think  
My Marian, and my love, now innocent:  
Which faith I seal unto her with this kiss, 130  
And call you all to witness of my penance. [Kisses MARIAN]

*Alken.* It was believed before, but now confirmed,

That we have seen the monster.

### SCENE VII

[Enter] to them FRIAR TUCK, JOHN, MUCH,  
[and] SCARLET

*Tuck.* Hear you how  
Poor Tom the cook is taken! <sup>2</sup> all his joints  
Do crack, as if his limbs were tied with points:<sup>3</sup>  
His whole frame slackens; and a kind of rack

Runs down along the spondils<sup>4</sup> of his back;  
A gout or cramp now seizeth on his head,  
Then falls into his feet; his knees are lead;  
And he can stir his either hand no more  
Than a dead stump, to his office, as before.

<sup>1</sup> Trisyllabic.  
<sup>2</sup> Bewitched.

<sup>3</sup> Laces.  
<sup>4</sup> Vertebrae.

*Alken.* He is bewitched.

*Cla.* This is an argument  
Both of her malice and her power, we see. 10

*Alken.* She must by some device restrained be,

Or she'll go far in mischief.

*Rob.* Advise how,  
Sage shepherd; we shall put it straight in practice.

*Alken.* Send forth your woodmen then into the walks,

Or let 'em prick<sup>1</sup> her footing hence; a witch  
Is sure a creature<sup>2</sup> of melancholy,  
And will be found or sitting in her fourm,<sup>3</sup>  
Or else, at relief,<sup>4</sup> like a hare.

*Cla.* You speak,  
Alken, as if you knew the sport of witch-hunting,  
Or starting of a hag.

*Enter GEORGE to the Huntsmen, who by themselves continue the Scene. The rest going off*

*Rob.* Go, sirs, about it, 20  
Take George, here, with you, he can help to find her;  
Leave Tuck and Much behind to dress the dinner,  
I' the cook's stead.

*Much.* We'll care to get that done.

*Rob.* Come, Marian, let's withdraw into the bower.

### SCENE VIII

JOHN, SCARLET, SCATHLOCK, GEORGE, ALKEN

*John.* Rare sport, I swear, this hunting of the witch  
Will make us.

*Scar.* Let's advise upon't like huntsmen.

*George.* An<sup>5</sup> we can spy her once, she is our own.

*Scath.* First, think which way she fourmeth, on what wind;  
Or north, or south.

*George.* For as the shepherd said,  
A witch is a kind of hare.<sup>6</sup>

*Scath.* And marks the weather,

<sup>1</sup> Trace, used of the hare.

<sup>2</sup> Trisyllable.

<sup>3</sup> Lair of a hare.

<sup>4</sup> Feeding.

<sup>5</sup> If.

<sup>6</sup> A popular belief of the time.



As the hare does.

*John.* Where shall we hope to find her?

*ALKEN returns*

*Alken.* I have asked leave to assist you,  
jolly huntsmen,  
If an old shepherd may be heard among  
you;  
Not jeered or laughed at.

*John.* Father, you will see <sup>10</sup>  
Robin Hood's household know more cour-  
tesy.

*Scath.* Who scorns at eld, peels off his  
own young hairs.

*Alken.* Ye say right well: know ye the  
witch's dell?

*Scath.* No more than I do know the walks  
of hell.

*Alken.* Within a gloomy dimble<sup>1</sup> she doth  
dwell,  
Down in a pit, o'ergrown with brakes and  
briars,

Close by the ruins of a shaken abbey,  
Torn with an earthquake down unto the  
ground,

'Mongst graves and grots, near an old  
charnel-house,  
Where you shall find her sitting in her  
fourm,<sup>2</sup> <sup>20</sup>

As fearful and melancholic as that  
She is about; with caterpillars' kells,<sup>3</sup>  
And knotty cob-webs, rounded in with  
spells.

Thence she steals forth to rélief<sup>4</sup> in the fogs,  
And rotten mists, upon the fens and bogs,  
Down to the drownèd lands of Lincolnshire;  
To make ewes cast their lambs, swine eat  
their farrow,

The housewives' tun<sup>5</sup> not work, nor the  
milk churn!

Writhe children's wrists, and suck their  
breath in sleep, <sup>25</sup>

Get vials of their blood! and where the sea  
Casts up his slimy ooze, search for a weed  
To open locks with,<sup>6</sup> and to rivet charms,  
Planted about her in the wicked feat<sup>7</sup>  
Of all her mischiefs, which are manifold.

<sup>1</sup> Dell.

<sup>2</sup> Lair.

<sup>3</sup> Webs like those of the tent-caterpillar, rather  
than the chrysalis.

<sup>4</sup> Feed.

<sup>5</sup> Cask for home-brewed beer.

<sup>6</sup> Scot, *Discovery of Witchcraft*, mentions such a  
weed, *Æthiopides*.

<sup>7</sup> Execution.

*John.* I wonder such a story could be told  
Of her dire deeds.

*George.* I thought a witch's banks<sup>1</sup>  
Had inclosed nothing but the merry pranks  
Of some old woman.

*Scar.* Yes, her malice more.

*Scath.* As it would quickly appear had we  
the store  
Of his collects.<sup>2</sup>

*George.* Ay, this gud learned man <sup>40</sup>  
Can speak her right.<sup>3</sup>

*Scar.* He knows her shifts and haunts.

*Alken.* And all her wiles and turns. The  
venomed plants  
Wherewith she kills! where the sad man-  
drake grows,

Whose groans are deathful; the dead-numb-  
ing night-shade,

The stupefying hemlock, adder's tongue,  
And martagan:<sup>4</sup> the shrieks of luckless<sup>5</sup>  
owls

We hear, and croaking night-crows in the  
air!

Green-bellied snakes, blue fire-drakes<sup>6</sup> in  
the sky,

And giddy flutter-mice with leather wings!  
The scaly beetles, with their habergeons,<sup>7</sup> <sup>50</sup>

That make a humming murmur as they fly!  
There in the stocks<sup>8</sup> of trees, white faies do  
dwell,

And span-long elves that dance about a  
pool,

With each a little changeling<sup>9</sup> in their arms!  
The airy spirits play with falling stars,

And mount the sphere of fire to kiss the  
moon!

While she sits reading by the glow-worm's  
light,

Or rotten wood, o'er which the worm hath  
crept,

The baneful schedule of her nocent<sup>10</sup> charms,  
And binding characters, through which she  
wounds <sup>60</sup>

Her puppets, the sigilla<sup>11</sup> of her witchcraft.  
All this I know, and I will find her for you;

<sup>1</sup> Limitations.

<sup>2</sup> Gatherings of knowledge.

<sup>3</sup> Speak truly of her.

<sup>4</sup> Turk's-cap lily.

<sup>5</sup> Bringing ill-luck.

<sup>6</sup> Dragons, rather comets than the will-o'-the-wisp.

<sup>7</sup> Coats of mail.

<sup>8</sup> Trunks.

<sup>9</sup> Stolen child exchanged for a fairy.

<sup>10</sup> Injurious.

<sup>11</sup> Small images.



And shew you her sitting in her fourm; I'll  
lay  
My hand upon her, make her throw her  
skut<sup>1</sup>

Along her back, when she doth start before  
us.

But you must give her law:<sup>2</sup> and you shall  
see her

Make twenty leaps and doubles; cross the  
paths,

And then squat down beside us.

*John.* Crafty crone!

I long to be at the sport, and to report it.

<sup>1</sup> Shed her hare's tail.    <sup>2</sup> A fair start.

*Scar.* We'll make this hunting of the witch  
as famous,

As any other blast of venery.<sup>1</sup>

*Scath.* Hang her, foul hag! she'll be a  
stinking chase.

I had rather ha' the hunting of her heir.<sup>2</sup>

*George.* If we could come to see her, cry,  
so ho!<sup>3</sup> once.

*Alken.* That I do promise, or I am no  
good hag-finer. [Exeunt]

<sup>1</sup> Species of hunting, recognized by a distinctive  
blast on the horn.

<sup>2</sup> Possibly a pun is intended, or the extirpation  
of her whole race, may be meant.

<sup>3</sup> The cry used on discovery of a hare.



## THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD ACT

Puck-Hairy discovers himself in the forest, and discourseth his offices, with their necessities, briefly; after which, Douce entering in the habit of Earine, is pursued by Karol; who (mistaking her at first to be his sister) questions her how she came by those garments. She answers, by her mother's gift. The Sad Shepherd coming in the while, she runs away affrighted, and leaves Karol suddenly; Æglamour thinking it to be Earine's ghost he saw, falls into a melancholic expression of his phant'sie to Karol, and questions him sadly about that point, which moves compassion in Karol of his mistake still. When Clarion and Lionel enter to call Karol to Amie, Karol reports to them Æglamour's passion, with much regret. Clarion resolves to seek him, Karol to return with Lionel. By the way, Douce and her mother (in the shape of Marian) meet them, and would divert them, affirming Amie to be recovered, which Lionel wondered at to be so soon. Robin Hood enters, they tell him the relation of the witch, thinking her to be Marian; Robin suspecting her to be Maudlin, lays hold of her girdle suddenly, but she striving to get free, they both run out,<sup>1</sup> and he returns with the belt broken. She following in her own shape, demanding it, but at a distance, as fearing to be seized upon again; and seeing she cannot recover it, falls into a rage, and cursing, resolving to trust to her old arts, which she calls her daughter<sup>2</sup> to assist in. The shepherds, content with this discovery, go home triumphing, make the relation to Marian. Amie is gladdened with the sight of Karol, etc. In the mean time, enters Lorel, with purpose to ravish Earine, and calling her forth to that lewd end, he by the hearing of Clarion's footing<sup>3</sup> is staid, and forced to commit her hastily to the tree again; where Clarion coming by, and hearing a voice singing, draws near unto it; but Æglamour hearing it also, and knowing it to be Earine's, falls into a superstitious commendation of it; as being an angel's, and in the air; when Clarion espies a hand put forth from the tree, and makes towards it, leaving Æglamour to his wild phant'sie, who quitteth the place: and Clarion beginning to court the hand, and make love to it, there ariseth a mist suddenly, which darkening all the place, Clarion loseth himself and the tree where Earine is inclosed, lamenting his misfortune, with the unknown nymph's misery. The air clearing, enters the witch, with her son and daughter, tells them how she had caused that late darkness, to free Lorel from surprisal,<sup>4</sup> and his prey from being rescued from him: bids him look to her, and lock her up more carefully, and follow her to assist a work she hath in hand of recovering her lost girdle; which she laments the loss of, with cursings, execrations, wishing confusion to their feast, and meeting; sends her son and daughter to gather certain simples, for her purpose, and bring them to her dell. This Puck hearing prevents, and shows her error still. The huntsmen having found her footing,<sup>5</sup> follow the tract,<sup>6</sup> and prick<sup>7</sup> after her. She gets to her dell, and takes her form.<sup>8</sup> Enter [the huntsmen]. Alken has spied her sitting with her spindle, threads and images. They are eager to seize her presently, but Alken persuades them to let her begin her charms, which they do. Her son and daughter come to her; the huntsmen are affrighted as they see her work go forward. And over hasty to apprehend her, she escapeth them all by the help and delusions of Puck.

<sup>1</sup> See below III, iv.

<sup>2</sup> The text differs from this and what immediately follows.

<sup>3</sup> Footsteps.

<sup>4</sup> Surprise.

<sup>5</sup> Footprints.

<sup>6</sup> Track.

<sup>7</sup> Hasten.

<sup>8</sup> Her accustomed place.



## ACT III, SCENE I

[*The Forest*][*Enter*] PUCK-HAIRY

*Puck.* The fiend hath much to do that keeps a school,  
 Or is the father of a family,  
 Or governs but a country academy:  
 His labors must be great, as are his cares,  
 To watch all turns, and cast how to prevent<sup>1</sup> them.  
 This dame of mine here, Maud, grows high in evil,  
 And thinks she does all, when 'tis I, her devil,  
 That both delude her, and must yet protect her.  
 She's confident in mischief, and presumes  
 The changing of her shape will still<sup>2</sup> secure her;  
 But that may fail, and divers hazards meet<sup>10</sup>  
 Of other consequence, which I must look to:  
 Not let her be surprised on the first catch.  
 I must go dance about the forest now,  
 And frisk<sup>3</sup> it like a goblin, till I find her.  
 Then will my service come worth acceptance,  
 When not expected of her; when the help  
 Meets the necessity, and both do kiss,  
 'Tis called the timing of a duty, this.

[*Exit*]

## SCENE II

[*Enter*] KAROL, DOUCE [*in the dress of* EARINE], to them ÆGLAMOUR

*Kar.* Sure, you are very like her! I conceived  
 You had been she, seeing you run afore me:  
 For such a suit she made her 'gainst this feast,  
 In all resemblance, or the very same;  
 I saw her in it; had she lived t' enjoy it,

<sup>1</sup> Watch all chances and plan how to anticipate them.<sup>2</sup> Always.<sup>3</sup> Frisk.

She had been there an acceptable guest  
 To Marian, and the gentle Robin Hood,  
 Who are the crown and ghirland<sup>1</sup> of the wood.

*Douce.* I cannot tell, my mother gave it me,

And bade me wear it.

*Kar.* Who, the wise, good woman,<sup>10</sup>  
 Old Maud of Papplewick?

*Douce.* Yes:—this sullen man  
 I cannot like him. I must take my leave.

*ÆGLAMOUR enters and DOUCE goes out*

*Æg.* What said she to you?

*Kar.* Who?

*Æg.* Earine.

I saw her talking with you, or her ghost;  
 For she indeed is drowned in old Trent's bottom.

Did she not tell who would ha' pulled her in,

And had her maidenhead upon the place,  
 The river's brim, the margin of the flood?

No ground is holy enough, (you know my meaning)

Lust is committed in kings' palaces,  
 And yet their majesty's not violated!

No words!

*Kar.* How sad and wild his thoughts are! gone?

*ÆGLAMOUR goes out but comes in again*

*Æg.* But she, as chaste as was her name,  
 Earine,

Died undeflowered: and now her sweet soul hovers

Here in the air above us, and doth haste  
 To get up to the moon and Mercury;  
 And whisper Venus in her orb; then spring

Up to old Saturn, and come down by Mars,

Consulting Jupiter, and seat herself  
 Just in the midst with Phœbus, tempering all

The jarring spheres, and giving to the world  
 Again his first and tuneful planeting.

O what an age will here be of new concords!  
 Delightful harmony! to rock old sages,  
 Twice infants, in the cradle o' speculation,  
 And throw a silence upon all the creatures!

*He goes out again but returns as soon as before*

<sup>1</sup> Old form of garland.



*Kar.* A cogitation of the highest rapture!  
*Æg.* The loudest seats, and most enraged  
 winds,  
 Shall lose their clangor; tempest shall grow  
 hoarse,  
 Loud thunder dumb, and every speece<sup>1</sup> of  
 storm,  
 Laid in the lap of listening nature, hushed<sup>40</sup>  
 To hear the changed chime of this eighth  
 sphere.  
 Take tent,<sup>2</sup> and hearken for it, lose it not.  
*ÆGLAMOUR departs*

## SCENE III

[*Enter*] CLARION, LIONEL, KAROL

*Cla.* O here is Karol! was not that the  
 Sad

Shepherd slipped from him?

*Lio.* Yes, I guess it was.  
 Who was that left you, Karol?

*Kar.* The lost<sup>3</sup> man;  
 Whom we shall never see himself again,  
 Or ours, I fear; he starts away from hand so,  
 And all the touches or soft strokes of reason  
 Ye can apply! no colt is so unbroken,  
 Or hawk yet half so haggard or unmann'd!<sup>4</sup>  
 He takes all toys that his wild phant'sie  
 proffers,  
 And flies away with them: he now conceives  
 That my lost sister, his Earine,<sup>11</sup>  
 Is lately turned a sphere amid the seven;  
 And reads a music-lecture to the planets!  
 And with this thought he's run to call 'hem  
 hearers.

*Cla.* Alas, this is a strained but innocent  
 phant'sie!

I'll follow him, and find him if I can:  
 Mean time, go you with Lionel, sweet  
 Karol:

He will acquaint you with an accident,<sup>5</sup>  
 Which much desires your presence on the  
 place. [Exit]

## SCENE IV

KAROL, LIONEL

*Kar.* What is it, Lionel, wherein I may  
 serve you?

Why do you so survey and circumscribe me,  
 As if you struck one eye into my breast,

<sup>1</sup> Species.

<sup>2</sup> Heed.

<sup>3</sup> F. last.

<sup>4</sup> Wild and untrained.

<sup>5</sup> Event, happening.

And with the other took my whole dimen-  
 sions?

*Lio.* I wish you had a window i' your  
 bosom,

Or i' your back, I might look thorough you,  
 And see your in-parts,<sup>1</sup> Karol, liver, heart;  
 For there the seat of Love is: whence the  
 boy,

The winged archer, hath shot home a shaft  
 Into my sister's breast, the innocent Amie,<sup>10</sup>  
 Who now cries out, upon her bed, on Karol,  
 Sweet-singing Karol, the delicious Karol,  
 That kiss'd her like a Cupid! In your eyes,  
 She says, his stand is, and between your lips  
 He runs forth his divisions<sup>2</sup> to her ears,  
 But will not 'bide there, less yourself do  
 bring him.

Go with me, Karol, and bestow a visit  
 In charity upon the afflicted maid,  
 Who pineth with the languor of your love.

[*Enter*] to them MAUD and DOUCE, but  
 MAUD appearing like MARIAN

*Maud.* Whither intend you? Amie is re-  
 covered,<sup>20</sup>  
 Feels no such grief as she complained of  
 lately.  
 This maiden hath been with her from her  
 mother  
 Maudlin, the cunning woman, who hath sent  
 her  
 Herbs for her head, and simples<sup>3</sup> of that  
 nature,  
 Have wrought upon her a miraculous cure;  
 Settled her brain to all our wish and won-  
 der.

*Lio.* So instantly! you know I now but  
 left her,  
 Possessed with such a fit almost to a  
 phrensie:

Yourself too feared her,<sup>4</sup> Marian, and did  
 urge

My haste to seek out Karol and to bring  
 him.<sup>30</sup>

*Maud.* I did so: but the skill of that wise  
 woman,

And her great charity of doing good,  
 Hath by the ready hand of this deft lass,  
 Her daughter, wrought effects beyond belief,  
 And to astonishment; we can but thank,

<sup>1</sup> Inward parts.

<sup>2</sup> Melodies.

<sup>3</sup> Herbs.

<sup>4</sup> Feared for her.



And praise, and be amazed, while we tell it.

*They go out*

*Lio.* 'Tis strange, that any art should so  
help nature  
In her extremes.

*Kar.* Then it appears most real,  
When th' other is deficient.

*Enter ROBIN HOOD*

*Rob.* Wherefore stay you  
Discoursing here, and haste not with your  
succors

To poor afflicted Amie, that so needs them?

*Lio.* She is recovered, well, your Marian  
told us

But now here: See, she is returned t' af-  
firm it.

*Enter MAUDLIN like MARIAN: cspying  
ROBIN HOOD would run out, but he  
stays her by the girdle, and runs in  
with her. He returns with the girdle  
broken and she in her own shape*

*Rob.* My Marian!

*Maud.* Robin Hood! is he here?

*Rob.* Stay;  
What was't you ha' told my friend?

*Maud.* Help, murder, help!  
You will not rob me, outlaw? thief, restore  
My belt that ye have broken!

*Rob.* Yes, come near.

*Maud.* Not i' your gripe.<sup>1</sup>

*Rob.* Was this the charmed circle,  
The copy<sup>2</sup> that so cozened and deceived us?  
I'll carry hence the trophy of your spoils: <sup>30</sup>  
My men shall hunt you too upon the  
start,<sup>3</sup>

And course<sup>4</sup> you soundly.

*Maud.* I shall make 'hem sport,  
And send some home without their legs or  
arms.

I'll teach 'hem to climb stiles, leap ditches,  
ponds,

And lie i' the waters, if they follow me.

<sup>1</sup> Grip.

<sup>2</sup> The impersonation.

<sup>3</sup> Without giving you a chance, usually accorded  
by the hunter.

<sup>4</sup> Chase.

*Rob.* Out, murmuring hag.

*[Exeunt all but MAUD]*

*Maud.* I must use all my powers,  
Lay all my wits to piecing of this loss.  
Things run unluckily: where's my Puck-  
Hairy?

## SCENE V

MAUD, PUCK

Hath he forsook me?

*Puck.* At your beck, madam.

*Maud.* O Puck, my goblin! I have lost  
my belt,  
The strong thief, Robin Outlaw, forced it  
from me.

*Puck.* They are other clouds and blacker  
threat you, dame;  
You must be wary, and pull in your sails,  
And yield unto the weather of the tempest.  
You think your power's infinite as your  
malice,  
And would do all your anger prompts you  
to;

But you must wait occasions, and obey  
them:  
Sail in an egg-shell, make a straw your  
mast,

A cobweb all your cloth,<sup>1</sup> and pass unseen,  
Till you have 'scaped the rocks that are  
about you.

*Maud.* What rocks about me?

*Puck.* I do love, madam,  
To shew you all your dangers,—when you  
are past 'hem!

Come, follow me, I'll once more be your  
pilot,

And you shall thank me. *[Exit]*

*Maud.* Lucky, my loved goblin!

*[As she is going out], LOREL meets her*  
Where are you gaang now?

*Lor.* Unto my tree,  
To see my maistress.

*Maud.* Gang thy gait, and try  
Thy turns with better luck, or hang thyself.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sail.

<sup>2</sup> Here the fragment ends.



# The Maides Tragedy.

AS IT HATH BEENE

diuers times Acted at the *Blacke-friers* by  
the KINGS Maiesties Seruants.



L O N D O N

Printed for *Richard Higgenbotham* and  
are to be sold at the Angell in PAVLS  
Church-yard. 1619.



822.3

S32T

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

05'48 310

1'48 205

08'18 757

8'19 278

27<sup>6</sup>/56 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65- B 12



There were seven quarto editions of *The Maid's Tragedy* before it was collected into the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher of 1679. They range from 1619 to 1661. The first is regarded as "corrupt and unauthorized." The second, that of 1622, offers the better text. In neither of these does the name of any author appear. On the title page of the third quarto, however, that of 1630, the play is attributed to "Beaumont and Fletcher" and it is often alluded to thereafter as theirs. This ascription has been universally accepted and confirmed by modern study of both authors. Information as to the early staging of *The Maid's Tragedy* is wanting. The title of the quarto declares "as it hath been divers times acted at the Blackfriars by the King's Majesty's servants," which places it after 1609 when the company resumed its lease of Blackfriars. Malone's date of 1610 can not be far wrong. Despite some parallels for the quarrel and reconciliation of Amintor and Melantius, and for the former's "duel" with Aspatia, variously described in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* and in Sidney's *Arcadia*, the source of *The Maid's Tragedy* has not been found. The plot is undoubtedly the invention of its ingenious authors. It is time to rescue this sound and wholesome old drama from the notion that it is decadent either morally or dramatically. To such as find in Amintor the dramatists' subserviency to the doctrine of the divine right of kings, a consideration of the personage, Melantius, the successful and applauded regicide, is respectfully suggested. As to the participancy of the two authors, Gayley,—*Beaumont, the Dramatist*, 1914,—in accord with tradition, recognizes in Beaumont the stronger hand. He limits Fletcher's part in this play to "three scenes and two half scenes," that is, II. 2; IV. 1, 1-200; V. 1, 1-10; the larger part of V. 2 (to the exit of Evadne); and V. 3. In this he is in substantial agreement with previous workers in this field.

Francis Beaumont, a gentleman of an excellent family devoted to the law, was born in 1584 and educated at Oxford and the Inner Temple. Through association with Ben Jonson in the literary Bohemian life illustrated in the meetings of the wits at the Mermaid Tavern, Beaumont became interested in the stage and soon formed his memorable association with Fletcher. However, Beaumont's career as a dramatist was short. He married a lady of fortune in 1613 and retiring to the country, died in 1616, a month before Shakespeare. Beaumont's most important play, believed now to have been unaided by Fletcher, is *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, a vigorous satirical burlesque of false romantic art. Beaumont is thought to have been the inspiring mind of these two plays of the text, in *King and No King* and some few others. (For Fletcher, see the prefatory note to *Philaster*.)

The best recent edition of Beaumont and Fletcher complete is that of A. Glover and A. R. Waller, 10 vols., 1905-1912.



# PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY

KING		DIAGORAS, a Servant	
LYSIPPUS, <i>Brother to the King</i>		ANTIPHILA }	<i>Waiting Gentlewomen to Aspatia</i>
AMINTOR, a noble Gentleman		OLYMPIAS }	
EVADNE, <i>Wife to Amintor</i>		DULA, a Lady	
MELANTIUS }	<i>Brothers to Evadne</i>	NIGHT }	
DIPHILUS }		CYNTHIA }	
ASPATIA, <i>troth-plight Wife to Amintor</i>		NEPTUNE }	<i>Maskers</i>
CALIANAX, an old humorous <sup>1</sup> Lord and <i>Father to Aspatia</i>		EOLUS }	
CLEON }	<i>Gentlemen</i>	[SEA GODS }	<i>Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, Attendants</i>
STRATO }			

<sup>1</sup> Humorsome.

SCENE: Rhodes, the Court]



# THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

## ACT I, SCENE I

[An Apartment in the Palace]

Enter CLEON, STRATO, LYSIPPUS, DIPHILUS

*Cle.* The rest are making ready, sir.

*Lys.* So let them;  
There's time enough.

*Diph.* You are the brother to the King,  
my lord;

We'll take your word.

*Lys.* Strato, thou hast some skill in  
poetry;

What think'st thou of a masque? will it be  
well?

*Stra.* As well as masques can be.

*Lys.* As masques can be!

*Stra.* Yes; they must commend their  
king, and speak in praise

Of the assembly, bless the bride and bride-  
groom

In person of some god; they're tied to rules  
Of flattery. <sup>11</sup>

*Cle.* See, good my lord, who is returned!

Enter MELANTIUS

*Lys.* Noble Melantius!

The land by me welcomes thy virtues  
home;

Thou that with blood abroad buy'st us our  
peace!

The breath of kings is like the breath of  
gods;

My brother wished thee here, and thou art  
here:

He will be too-too kind, and weary thee  
With often welcomes; but the time doth

give thee  
A welcome above his or all the world's. <sup>20</sup>

*Mel.* My lord, my thanks; but these  
scratched limbs of mine

Have spoke my love and truth unto my  
friends,

More than my tongue e'er could. My  
mind's the same

It ever was to you: where I find worth,  
I love the keeper till he let it go,  
And then I follow it.

*Diph.* Hail, worthy brother!  
He that rejoices not at your return

In safety is mine enemy for ever.

*Mel.* I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou  
art faulty:

I sent for thee to exercise thine arms <sup>30</sup>  
With me at Patria; thou cam'st not, Diphil-

lus;

'Twas ill.

*Diph.* My noble brother, my excuse  
Is my King's strict command,—which you,

my lord,

Can witness with me.

*Lys.* 'Tis most true, Melantius;  
He might not come till the solemnities

Of this great match were past.

*Diph.* Have you heard of it?

*Mel.* Yes, and have given cause to those  
that here

Envy my deeds abroad to call me game-  
some;

I have no other business here at Rhodes.

*Lys.* We have a masque to-night, and you  
must tread <sup>40</sup>

A soldier's measure.<sup>1</sup>

*Mel.* These soft and silken wars are not  
for me:

The music must be shrill and all confused  
That stirs my blood; and then I dance with  
arms.

But is Amintor wed?

*Diph.* This day.

*Mel.* All joys upon him! for he is my  
friend.

Wonder not that I call a man so young my  
friend:

His worth is great; valiant he is and tem-  
perate;

And one that never thinks his life his own,  
If his friend need it. When he was a boy, <sup>50</sup>

As oft as I returned (as, without boast,  
I brought home conquest), he would gaze

upon me

<sup>1</sup> A stately dance.



And view me round, to find in what one limb  
The virtue lay to do those things he heard;  
Then would he wish to see my sword, and  
feel

The quickness of the edge, and in his hand  
Weigh it: he oft would make me smile at  
this.

His youth did promise much, and his ripe  
years  
Will see it all performed.—

*Enter ASPATIA, passing by*

Hail, maid and wife!  
Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot, <sup>60</sup>  
That thou hast tied to-day, last till the  
hand

Of age undo it! may'st thou bring a race  
Unto Amintor, that may fill the world  
Successively with soldiers!

*Asp.* My hard fortunes  
Deserve not scorn, for I was never proud  
When they were good.

*Exit ASPATIA*

*Mel.* How's this?

*Lys.* You are mistaken, sir; she is not  
married.

*Mel.* You said Amintor was.

*Diph.* 'Tis true; but—

*Mel.* Pardon me; I did receive  
Letters at Patria from my Amintor, <sup>70</sup>  
That he should marry her.

*Diph.* And so it stood  
In all opinion long; but your arrival  
Made me imagine you had heard the  
change.

*Mel.* Who hath he taken then?

*Lys.* A lady, sir,  
That bears the light above her,<sup>1</sup> and strikes  
dead  
With flashes of her eye; the fair Evadne,  
Your virtuous sister.

*Mel.* Peace of heart betwixt them!  
But this is strange.

*Lys.* The King, my brother, did it  
To honor you; and these solemnities  
Are at his charge. <sup>80</sup>

*Mel.* 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am  
sad  
My speech bears so unfortunate a sound  
To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage  
Hid in her father's breast, Calianax,

<sup>1</sup> Surpasses her.

Bent long against me; and he should not  
think,

Could I but call it back, that I would take  
So base revenges,<sup>1</sup> as to scorn the state  
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still  
His greatness with the King?

*Lys.* Yes. But this lady  
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes <sup>90</sup>  
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods  
Are her delight; where, when she sees a  
bank  
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will  
tell

Her servants what a pretty place it were  
To bury lovers in; and make her maids  
Pluck 'em, and strow her over like a corse.<sup>2</sup>  
She carries with her an infectious grief,  
That strikes all her beholders: she will sing  
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath  
heard,

And sigh, and sing again; and when the  
rest <sup>100</sup>

Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,  
Tell mirthful tales in course,<sup>3</sup> that fill the  
room

With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,  
Bring forth a story of the silent death  
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief  
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,  
She'll send them weeping one by one away.

*Mel.* She has a brother under my com-  
mand,  
Like her; a face as womanish as hers;  
But with a spirit that hath much outgrown  
The number of his years.

*Enter AMINTOR*

*Cle.* My lord the bridegroom! <sup>110</sup>

*Mel.* I might run fiercely, not more  
hastily,  
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;  
My mouth is much too narrow for my  
heart;

I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;  
Thou art my friend, but my disordered  
speech  
Cuts off my love.

*Amin.* Thou art Melantius;  
All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,  
To thank the gods Melantius is returned  
In safety! Victory sits on his sword, <sup>120</sup>

<sup>1</sup> So base a revenge.

<sup>2</sup> Corpse.

<sup>3</sup> In turn.



As she was wont: may she build there and dwell;

And may thy armor be, as it hath been,  
Only thy valor and thine innocence!

What endless treasures would our enemies give,

That I might hold thee still<sup>1</sup> thus!

*Mel.* I am poor  
In words; but credit me, young man, thy mother

Could do no more but weep for joy to see thee

After long absence: all the wounds I gave  
Fetched not so much away, nor all the cries  
Of widowed mothers. But this is peace,<sup>130</sup>  
And that was war.

*Amin.* Pardon, thou holy god  
Of marriage-bed, and frown not, I am forced,  
In answer of such noble tears as those,  
To weep upon my wedding-day!

*Mel.* I fear thou art grown too fickle; for  
I hear

A lady mourns for thee; men say, to death;  
Forsaken of thee; on what terms<sup>2</sup> I know  
not.

*Amin.* She had my promise; but the King  
forbade it,

And made me make this worthy change, thy  
sister,<sup>139</sup>

Accompanied with graces [far] above her;  
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,  
And grow old in her arms.

*Mel.* Be prosperous!

*Enter Messenger*

*Mess.* My lord, the masquers rage for you.  
*Lys.* We are gone.—

Cleon, Strato, Diphilus!

*Amin.* We'll all attend you.—

[*Exeunt* LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO,  
DIPHILUS]

We shall trouble you  
With our solemnities.

*Mel.* Not so, Amintor:  
But if you laugh at my rude carriage  
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,  
When you come thither. Yet I have a mis-  
tress

To bring to your delights; rough though I  
am,<sup>140</sup>

I have a mistress, and she has a heart

<sup>1</sup> Ever.

<sup>2</sup> Under what circumstances.

She says; but, trust me, it is stone, no  
better;

There is no place that I can challenge in't.

But you stand still, and here my way lies.

*Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[*A Hall in the Palace, with a Gallery full  
of Spectators*]

*Enter CALIANAX with DIAGORAS*

*Cal.* Diagoras, look to the doors better,  
for shame! you let in all the world, and  
anon the King will rail at me. Why, very  
well said.<sup>1</sup> By Jove, the King will have the  
show i' th' court.

*Diag.* Why do you swear so, my lord?  
you know he'll have it here.

*Cal.* By this light, if he be wise, he will  
not.

*Diag.* And if he will not be wise, you<sup>10</sup>  
are forsworn.

*Cal.* One must sweat his heart out with  
swearing, and get thanks on no side. I'll be  
gone, look to't who will.

*Diag.* My lord, I shall never keep them  
out. Pray, stay; your looks will terrify  
them.

*Cal.* My looks terrify them, you cox-  
comby ass, you! I'll be judged by all the  
company whether thou hast not a worse<sup>20</sup>  
face than I.

*Diag.* I mean, because they know you and  
your office.

*Cal.* Office! I would I could put it off! I  
am sure I sweat quite through my office. I  
might have made room at my daughter's  
wedding: they ha' near killed her amongst  
them; and now I must do service for him  
that hath forsaken her. Serve that will!<sup>20</sup>

*Exit CALIANAX*

*Diag.* He's so humorous<sup>2</sup> since his daugh-  
ter was forsaken! (*Knock within*) Hark,  
hark! there, there! so, so! codes, codes!<sup>3</sup>  
What now?

*Mel.* (*within*) Open the door.

*Diag.* Who's there?

*Mel.* [*within*] Melantius.

<sup>1</sup> Done.

<sup>2</sup> Testy.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps an attenuated oath, *gods*.



*Diag.* I hope your lordship brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them.<sup>1</sup> [*Opens the door*]

*Enter MELANTIUS and a Lady*

*Mel.* None but this lady, sir. <sup>40</sup>

*Diag.* The ladies are all placed above, save those that come in the King's troop: the best of Rhodes sit there, and there's room.

*Mel.* I thank you, sir.—When I have seen you placed, madam, I must attend the King; but, the masque done, I'll wait on you again.

*Diag.* [*opening another door*] Stand back there!—Room for my lord Melantius! <sup>50</sup> (*Exeunt MELANTIUS, Lady, other door*)—Pray, bear back—this is no place for such youths and their trulls<sup>2</sup>—let the doors shut again.—No!—do your heads itch? I'll scratch them for you. [*Shuts the door*]—So, now thrust and hang. [*Knocking within*]—Again! who is't now?—I cannot blame my lord Calianax for going away: would he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser <sup>60</sup> heads<sup>3</sup> than his own in the twinkling of an eye.—What's the news now?

(*Within*) I pray you, can you help me to the speech of the master-cook?

*Diag.* If I open the door, I'll cook some of your calves-heads. Peace, rogues! [*Knocking within*]—Again! who is't?

*Mel.* (*within*) Melantius.

*Enter CALIANAX to MELANTIUS*

*Cal.* Let him not in.

*Diag.* O, my lord, a' must.—Make room <sup>70</sup> there for my lord! Is your lady placed?

*Mel.* Yes, sir, I thank you.—My lord Calianax, well met: Your causeless hate to me I hope is buried.

*Cal.* Yes, I do service for your sister here, That brings my own poor child to timeless<sup>4</sup> death:

She loves your friend Amintor; such another False-hearted lord as you.

*Mel.* You do me wrong,

<sup>1</sup> Turn them back.

<sup>2</sup> Wenches.

<sup>3</sup> The staff of office was actually so employed on occasion.

<sup>4</sup> Untimely.

A most unmanly one, and I am slow In taking vengeance; but be well advised. <sup>80</sup>

*Cal.* It may be so.—Who placed the lady there,

So near the presence of the King?

*Mel.* I did.

*Cal.* My lord, she must not sit there.

*Mel.* Why?

*Cal.* The place

Is kept for women of more worth.

*Mel.* More worth than she! It misbecomes your age

And place to be thus womanish: forbear! What you have spoke, I am content to think The palsy shook your tongue to.

*Cal.* Why, 'tis well:

If I stand here to place men's wenches—

*Mel.* I

Shall quite forget this place, thy age, my safety, <sup>90</sup>

And, through all, cut that poor sickly week Thou hast to live away from thee!

*Cal.* Nay, I know you can fight for your whore.

*Mel.* Bate me the King,<sup>1</sup> and, be he flesh and blood,

A' lies that says it! Thy mother at fifteen Was black and sinful to her

*Diag.* Good my lord—

*Mel.* Some god pluck threescore years from that fond<sup>2</sup> man,

That I may kill him, and not stain mine honor!

It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace <sup>95</sup> They shall be braved by such ignoble men, As, if the land were troubled, would with tears

And knees beg succor from 'em. Would the blood,

That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight, Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee

Apt to say less, or able to maintain, Should'st thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is nought

But a place privileged to do men wrong.

*Cal.* Ay, you may say your pleasure.

*Enter AMINTOR*

*Amin.* What vild<sup>3</sup> injury Has stirred my worthy friend, who is <sup>99</sup> slow <sup>100</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Excepting the King.

<sup>2</sup> Foolish.

<sup>3</sup> Vile.



To fight with words as he is quick of hand?

*Mel.* That heap of age, which I should  
reverence

If it were temperate; but testy years  
Are most contemptible.

*Amin.* Good sir, forbear.

*Cal.* There is just such another as your-  
self.

*Amin.* He will wrong you, or me, or any  
man,

And talk as if he had no life to lose,  
Since this our match. The King is coming  
in;

I would not for more wealth than I enjoy  
He should perceive you raging: he did  
hear

You were at difference now, which hastened  
him.

*Cal.* Make room there!

*Hautboys play within*

*Enter King, EVADNE, ASPATIA, Lords and  
Ladies*

*King.* Melantius, thou art welcome, and  
my love

Is with thee still: but this is not a place  
To brabble<sup>1</sup> in.—Calianax, join hands.

*Cal.* He shall not have mine hand.

*King.* This is no time  
To force you to 't. I do love you both:—  
Calianax, you look well to your office;—  
And you, Melantius, are welcome home.—  
Begin the masque.

*Mel.* Sister, I joy to see you and your  
choice;

You looked with my eyes when you took  
that man:

Be happy in him! *Recorders<sup>2</sup> [play]*

*Evad.* O, my dearest brother,  
Your presence is more joyful than this day  
Can be unto me!

### THE MASQUE<sup>3</sup>

*NIGHT rises in mists*

*Night.* Our reign is come; for in the  
quenching sea  
The sun is drowned, and with him fell the  
Day.

<sup>1</sup> Squabble.

<sup>2</sup> Flageolets.

<sup>3</sup> The masque within a play was no unusual  
feature.

Bright Cynthia, hear my voice! I am the  
Night,

For whom thou bear'st about thy borrowed  
light:

Appear! no longer thy pale visage shroud, <sup>140</sup>  
But strike thy silver horns quite through a  
cloud,

And send a beam upon my swarthy face,  
By which I may discover all the place  
And persons, and how many longing eyes  
Are come to wait on our solemnities.

*Enter CYNTHIA*

How dull and black am I! I could not  
find

This beauty<sup>1</sup> without thee, I am so blind:  
Methinks they show like to those eastern  
streaks,

That warn us hence before the morning  
breaks.

Back, my pale servant! for these eyes know  
how

To shoot far more and quicker rays than  
thou.

*Cynth.* Great queen, they be a troop for  
whom alone

One of my clearest moons I have put on;  
A troop, that looks as if thyself and I  
Had plucked our reins in and our whips laid  
by,

To gaze upon these mortals, that appear  
Brighter than we.

*Night.* Then let us keep 'em here;  
And never more our chariots drive away,  
But hold our places and outshine the Day.

*Cynth.* Great queen of shadows, you are  
pleased to speak

Of more than may be done: we may not  
break

The gods' decrees; but, when our time is  
come,

Must drive away, and give the Day our  
room.

Yet, whilst our reign lasts, let us stretch our  
power

To give our servants one contented hour,  
With such unwonted solemn grace and state,  
As may for ever after force them hate

Our brother's glorious beams, and wish the  
Night

Crowned with a thousand stars and our cold  
light:

<sup>1</sup> Of the assembled court ladies.



For almost all the world their service bend  
To Phœbus, and in vain my light I lend,  
Gazed on unto my setting from my rise  
Almost of none but of unquiet eyes.

*Night.* Then shine at full, fair queen, and  
by thy power  
Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour,  
Of nymphs and shepherds; let their songs  
discover,

Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover;  
Or, if thou woo't,<sup>1</sup> thine own Endymion  
From the sweet flowery bank he lies upon,  
On Latmus' brow, thy pale beams drawn  
away, 160

And of his long night let him make this day.

*Cynth.* Thou dream'st, dark queen; that  
fair boy was not mine,  
Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and  
wine

Have bred these bold tales: poets, when  
they rage,

Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age.  
But I will give a greater state and glory,

And raise to time a nobler memory  
Of what these lovers are.—Rise, rise, I say,  
Thou power of deeps, thy surges laid away,  
Neptune, great king of waters, and by me 180  
Be proud to be commanded!

#### NEPTUNE rises

*Nept.* Cynthia, see,  
Thy word hath fetched me hither: let me  
know

Why I ascend.

*Cynth.* Doth this majestic show  
Give thee no knowledge yet?

*Nept.* Yes, now I see  
Something intended, Cynthia, worthy thee.  
Go on; I'll be a helper.

*Cynth.* Hie thee, then,  
And charge the Wind fly from his rocky den,  
Let loose his subjects; only Boreas,  
Too foul for our intention, as he was,  
Still keep him fast chained: we must have  
none here 200

But vernal blasts and gentle winds appear,  
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad  
boughs sing

Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring;  
These are our music; next, thy watery race  
Bring on in couples; we are pleased to grace

<sup>1</sup> Would do it.

This noble night, each in their richest things  
Your own deeps or the broken vessel brings:  
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind  
And shine at full upon you.

*Nept.* Ho, the wind-  
Commanding Æolus!

#### Enter ÆOLUS out of a Rock

*Æol.* Great Neptune!

*Nept.* He. 210

*Æol.* What is thy will?

*Nept.* We do command thee free  
Favonius and thy milder winds, to wait  
Upon our Cynthia; but tie Boreas strait,<sup>1</sup>  
He's too rebellious.

*Æol.* I shall do it.

*Nept.* Do. [*Exit ÆOLUS*]

*Æol.* [*within.*] Great master of the flood  
and all below,  
Thy full command has taken. Ho, the  
Main!  
Neptune!

[*Re-enter ÆOLUS, followed by FAVONIUS  
and other Winds*]

*Nept.* Here.

*Æol.* Boreas has broke his chain,  
And, struggling with the rest, has got away.

*Nept.* Let him alone, I'll take him up at  
sea;  
I will not long be thence. Go once again, 220  
And call out of the bottoms of the main  
Blue Proteus<sup>2</sup> and the rest; charge them  
put on

Their greatest pearls, and the most spark-  
ling stone  
The beaten<sup>3</sup> rock breeds; tell this night is  
done

By me a solemn honor to the Moon:  
Fly, like a full sail.

*Æol.* I am gone. [*Exit*]

*Cynth.* Dark Night,  
Strike a full silence, do a thorough right  
To this great chorus, that our music may  
Touch high as heaven, and make the east  
break day

At midnight. 230  
*Music*

<sup>1</sup> At once.

<sup>2</sup> From the color of the sea.

<sup>3</sup> Beaten by the waves. Bullen explains, overlaid,  
embossed with gold.



## [FIRST] SONG

[During which PROTEUS and other Sea-deities enter]

Cynthia, to thy power and thee  
We obey.  
Joy to this great company!  
And no day  
Come to steal this night away,  
Till the rites of love are ended,  
And the lusty bridegroom say,  
Welcome, light, of all befriended!

Pace out, you watery powers below,  
Let your feet, 240  
Like the galleys when they row,  
Even beat:  
Let your unknown measures, set  
To the still winds, tell to all,  
That gods are come, immortal, great,  
To honor this great nuptial.

*The Measure*

## SECOND SONG

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we  
have done;  
The Day will come too soon:  
Young maids will cure thee, if thou steal'st  
away,  
And leav'st their losses open to the day: 250  
Stay, stay, and hide  
The blushes of the bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness  
cover  
The kisses of her lover;  
Stay, and confound her tears and her shrill  
cryings  
Her weak denials, vows, and often-dyings;  
Stay, and hide all:  
But help not, though she call.

[Another] measure

Nept. Great queen of us and heaven,  
hear what I bring  
To make this hour a full one.

Cynth. Speak, sea's king. 260

Nept. The tunes my Amphitrite joys to  
have,  
When she will dance upon the rising wave,

And court me as she sails. My Tritons,  
play  
Music to lay a storm! I'll lead the way.

*Measure*

[The Masquers dance which Neptune leads]

## [THIRD] SONG

To bed, to bed! Come, Hymen, lead  
the bride,  
And lay her by her husband's side;  
Bring in the virgins every one,  
That grieve to lie alone;  
That they may kiss while they may say a  
maid;  
To-morrow 'twill be other kissed and said.  
Hesperus, be long a-shining, 271  
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.

Æol. [within.] Ho, Neptune!

Nept. Æolus!

[Re-enter ÆOLUS]

Æol. The sea goes high,  
Boreas hath raised a storm: go and apply  
Thy trident; else, I prophesy, ere day  
Many a tall ship will be cast away.  
Descend with all the gods and all their  
power,  
To strike a calm. [Exit

Cynth. We thank you for this hour:  
My favor to you all. To gratulate  
So great a service, done at my desire, 280  
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher  
Than you have wished for; and no ebb shall  
dare

To let the Day see where your dwellings are.  
Now back unto your governments in haste,  
Lest your proud charge should swell above  
the waste,  
And win upon the island.

Nept. We obey.

NEPTUNE descends and the Sea-gods

Cynth. Hold up thy head, dead Night;  
see'st thou not Day?

The east begins to lighten: I must down,  
And give my brother place.

Night. O, I could frown  
To see the Day, the Day that flings his  
light 290

Upon my kingdom and contemns old Night!  
Let him go on and flame! I hope to see  
Another wild-fire in his axle-tree,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to Phaeton and his mad driving of the horses of the Sun.



And all fall drenched. But I forget; speak, queen:

The Day grows on; I must no more be seen.

*Cynth.* Heave up thy drowsy head again, and see

A greater light, a greater majesty,  
Between our sect<sup>1</sup> and us! whip up thy team:

The Day breaks here, and yon sun-flaring stream

Shot from the south.<sup>2</sup> Which way wilt thou go? say. 300

*Night.* I'll vanish into mists.

*Cynth.* I into Day. *Exeunt*

*Finis Masque*

*King.* Take lights there!—Ladies, get the bride to bed.—

We will not see you laid; good night, Amintor;

We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony:  
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.

If thou be'st noble, youth, get me a boy,  
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.

*Amin.* All happiness to you!

*King.* Good night, Melantius. *Exeunt*

ACT II, [SCENE I]

[*Ante-room to Evadne's Bedchamber*]

*Enter EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, and other Ladies*

*Dula.* Madam, shall we undress you for this fight?

The wars are nak'd that you must make to-night.

*Evad.* You are very merry, Dula.

*Dula.* I should be far merrier, madam, if it were with me As it is with you.

*Evad.* How's that?

*Dula.* That I might go To bed with him wi' th' credit that you do.

*Evad.* Why, how now, wench?

*Dula.* Come, ladies, will you help?

*Evad.* I am soon undone.<sup>3</sup>

*Dula.* And as soon done: 10

<sup>1</sup> A greater light and majesty than belongs to our sect or kind.

<sup>2</sup> There seems an incurable corruption here.

<sup>3</sup> Undressed, also ruined.

Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.

*Evad.* Art thou drunk, Dula?

*Dula.* Why, here's none but we.

*Evad.* Thou think'st belike there is no modesty

When we're alone.

*Dula.* Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.

*Evad.* You prick me, lady.

*1 Lady.* 'Tis against my will.

*Dula.* Anon you must endure more and lie still;

You're best to practise.

*Evad.* Sure, this wench is mad.

*Dula.* No, faith, this is a trick that I have had

Since I was fourteen.

*Evad.* 'Tis high time to leave it. 20

*Dula.* Nay, now I'll keep it till the trick leave me.

A dozen wanton words, put in your head,  
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.

*Evad.* Nay, faith, then take it.<sup>1</sup>

*Dula.* Take it, madam! where?

We all, I hope, will take it that are here.

*Evad.* Nay, then, I'll give you o'er.

*Dula.* So I will make

The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ache.

*Evad.* Wilt take my place to-night?

*Dula.* I'll hold your cards against any two I know.

*Evad.* What wilt thou do? 30

*Dula.* Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave play too.

*Evad.* Aspatia, take her part.

*Dula.* I will refuse it:  
She will pluck down a side;<sup>2</sup> she does not use it.

*Evad.* Why, do, I prithee.

*Dula.* You will find the play Quickly, because your head lies well that way.

*Evad.* I thank thee, Dula. Would thou couldst instil

Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!

Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell:

Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.

<sup>1</sup> This passage is made up of a series of plays upon words connected with games of cards.

<sup>2</sup> Lose the game.



*Dula.* She is in love: hang me, if I were  
so, 40

But I could run my country.<sup>1</sup> I love too  
To do those things that people in love do.

*Asp.* It were a timeless<sup>2</sup> smile should  
prove my cheek:

It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,  
When at the altar the religious priest  
Were pacifying the offended powers  
With sacrifice, than now. This should have  
been

My rite;<sup>3</sup> and all your hands have been  
employed

In giving me a spotless offering  
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now 50  
For you. Pardon, Evadne: would my worth  
Were great as yours, or that the King, or  
he,

Or both, thought so! Perhaps he found me  
worthless:

But till he did so, in these ears of mine,  
These credulous ears, he poured the sweetest  
words

That art or love could frame. If he were  
false,

Pardon it, heaven! and, if I did want  
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;  
For I have lost none that I had from you.

*Evad.* Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

*Asp.* Would I could! 60  
Then should I leave the cause.

*Evad.* See, if you have not spoiled all  
Dula's mirth!

*Asp.* Thou think'st thy heart hard; but, if  
thou be'st caught,

Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire  
Shot suddenly into thee.

*Dula.* That's not so good; let 'em shoot  
anything but fire, I fear 'em not.

*Asp.* Well, wench, thou may'st be taken.

*Evad.* Ladies, good night: I'll do the rest  
myself.

*Dula.* Nay, let your lord do some. 70

*Asp.* [singing] Lay a garland on my hearse  
Of the dismal yew—

*Evad.* That's one of your sad songs,  
madam.

*Asp.* Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

*Evad.* How is it, madam?

*Asp.* [singing]

*Lay a garland on my hearse  
Of the dismal yew;*

<sup>1</sup> Make things go. <sup>2</sup> Untimely. <sup>3</sup> Q1 right.

*Maidens, willow-branches bear;  
Say I died true.*

*My love was false, but I was firm 80  
From my hour of birth:*

*Upon my buried body lie  
Lightly, gentle earth!*

*Evad.* Fie on't, madam! the words are so  
strange, they are able to make one dream of  
hobgoblins.—

*I could never have the power—sing that,  
Dula.*

*Dula.* [singing]

*I could never have the power  
To love one above an hour, 90  
But my heart would prompt mine eye  
On some other man to fly.*

*Venus, fix mine eyes fast,  
Or, if not, give me all that I shall see at  
last!*

*Evad.* So, leave me now.

*Dula.* Nay, we must see you laid.

*Asp.* Madam, good night. May all the  
marriage-joys

That longing maids imagine in their beds  
Prove so unto you! May no discontent  
Grow 'twixt your love and you! but, if  
there do,

Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan;  
Teach you an artificial<sup>1</sup> way to grieve, 101  
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your  
lord

No worse than I: but, if you love so well,  
Alas, you may displease him! so did I.  
This is the last time you shall look on me.—  
Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,  
Come all and watch one night about my  
hearse;

Bring each a mournful story and a tear,  
To offer at it when I go to earth;  
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round; 110  
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier  
Be borne by virgins, that shall sing by  
course<sup>2</sup> !

The truth of maids and perjuries of men.

*Evad.* Alas, I pity thee. *Exit EVADNE*

*All.* Madam, good night.

*1 Lady.* Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.

*Dula.* Where's my lord?

<sup>1</sup> Artful.

<sup>2</sup> In turn.



*Enter AMINTOR*

1 *Lady*. Here, take this light.

*Dula*. You'll find her in the dark.

1 *Lady*. Your lady's scarce a-bed yet; you must help her.

*Asp*. Go, and be happy in your lady's love.

May all the wrongs that you have done to me

Be utterly forgotten in my death! 120

I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take  
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.—

[*Kisses AMINTOR*]

You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep

When I am laid in earth, though you yourself

Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself  
Into this willow-garland,<sup>1</sup> and am prouder  
That I was once your love, though now  
refused,

Than to have had another true to me.

So with my prayers I leave you, and must  
try

Some yet unpractised way to grieve and  
die. *Exit ASPATIA* 130

*Dula*. Come, ladies, will you go?

*All*. Good night, my lord.

*Amin*. Much happiness unto you all!

*Ladies exeunt*

I did that lady wrong. Methinks, I feel  
A grief shoot suddenly through all my  
veins;

Mine eyes rain: this is strange at such a  
time.

It was the King first moved me to't; but he  
Has not my will in keeping. Why do I  
Perplex myself thus? Something whispers  
me,

Go not to bed. My guilt is not so great  
As mine own conscience too sensible<sup>2</sup> 140  
Would make me think; I only brake a  
promise,

And 'twas the King that forced me.  
Timorous flesh,

Why shak'st thou so? Away, my idle fears!

*Enter EVADNE*

Yonder she is, the luster of whose eye  
Can blot away the sad remembrance

<sup>1</sup> Emblem of the deserted lover.

<sup>2</sup> Sensitive.

Of all these things.—O, my Evadne, spare  
That tender body; let it not take cold!  
The vapors of the night shall not fall here.  
To bed, my love: Hymen will punish us  
For being slack performers of his rites. 150  
Camest thou to call me?

*Evad*. No.

*Amin*. Come, come, my love,  
And let us lose ourselves to one another.  
Why art thou up so long?

*Evad*. I am not well.

*Amin*. To bed then; let me wind thee in  
these arms

Till I have banished sickness.

*Evad*. Good my lord,  
I cannot sleep.

*Amin*. Evadne, we will watch;<sup>1</sup>  
I mean no sleeping.

*Evad*. I'll not go to bed.

*Amin*. I prithee, do.

*Evad*. I will not for the world.

*Amin*. Why, my dear love?

*Evad*. Why! I have sworn I will not.

*Amin*. Sworn!

*Evad*. Ay,

*Amin*. How? sworn, Evadne! 160

*Evad*. Yes, sworn, Amintor; and will  
swear again,

If you will wish to hear me.

*Amin*. To whom have you sworn this?

*Evad*. If I should name him, the matter  
were not great.

*Amin*. Come, this is but the coyness of a  
bride.

*Evad*. The coyness of a bride!

*Amin*. How prettily  
That frown becomes thee!

*Evad*. Do you like it so?

*Amin*. Thou canst not dress thy face in  
such a look

But I shall like it.

*Evad*. What look likes<sup>2</sup> you best?

*Amin*. Why do you ask? 170

*Evad*. That I may show you one less  
pleasing to you.

*Amin*. How's that?

*Evad*. That I may show you one less  
pleasing to you.

*Amin*. I prithee, put thy jests in milder  
looks;

It shows as thou wert angry.

*Evad*. So perhaps

I am indeed.

<sup>1</sup> Wake.

<sup>2</sup> Pleases.



*Amin.* Why, who has done thee wrong?  
Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,  
Thy yet-unconquered self, I will revenge  
thee!

*Evad.* Now I shall try thy truth. If thou  
dost love me,  
Thou weigh'st not any thing compared with  
me: 180

Life, honor, joys eternal, all delights,  
This world can yield, or hopeful people  
feign,  
Or in the life to come, are light as air  
To a true lover when his lady frowns,  
And bids him *do this*. Wilt thou kill this  
man?

Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin  
Off from thy lips.

*Amin.* I wo' not swear, sweet love,  
Till I do know the cause.

*Evad.* I would thou wouldst.  
Why, it is thou that wrong'st me; I hate  
thee;

Thou should'st have killed thyself. 190

*Amin.* If I should know that, I should  
quickly kill

The man you hated.

*Evad.* Know it, then, and do't.

*Amin.* O, no! what look soe'er thou shalt  
put on

To try my faith, I shall not think thee  
false;

I cannot find one blemish in thy face,  
Where falsehood should abide. Leave, and  
to bed.

If you have sworn to any of the virgins  
That were your old companions to preserve  
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done  
Without this means.

*Evad.* A maidenhead, Amintor, 200  
At my years!

*Amin.* Sure she raves; this cannot be  
Her natural temper.—Shall I call thy  
maids?

Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee  
long,

Or else some fever rages in thy blood.

*Evad.* Neither, Amintor: think you I am  
mad,

Because I speak the truth?

*Amin.* Is this the truth?  
Will you not lie with me to-night?

*Evad.* To-night!  
You talk as if you thought I would here-  
after.

*Amin.* Hereafter! yes, I do.

*Evad.* You are deceived.  
Put off amazement, and with patience mark  
What I shall utter, for the oracle 211

Knows nothing truer: 'tis not for a night  
Or two that I forbear thy bed, but ever.

*Amin.* I dream. Awake, Amintor!

*Evad.* You hear right:  
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,  
And with my youthful blood warm their  
cold flesh,

Letting them curl themselves about my  
limbs,

Than sleep one night with thee. This is  
not feigned,

Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.

*Amin.* Is flesh so earthly to endure all  
this? 220

Are these the joys of marriage?—Hymen,  
keep

This story (that will make succeeding youth  
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears;

Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine

To after-ages: we will scorn thy laws,  
If thou no better bless them. Touch the  
heart

Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world  
Shall know this: not an altar then will  
smoke

In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons;

Then virtue shall inherit, and not blood. 230

If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,

Serving ourselves as other creatures do;

And never take note of the female more,

Nor of her issue. I do rage in vain;

She can but jest.—O, pardon me, my love!

So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,

That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear;

It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,

To be in doubt: confirm it with an oath,

If this be true.

*Evad.* Do you invent the form: 240

Let there be in it all the binding words

Devils and conjurers can put together,

And I will take it. I have sworn before,

And here by all things holy do again,

Never to be acquainted with thy bed!

Is your doubt over now?

*Amin.* I know too much; would I had  
doubted still! 1

Was ever such a marriage-night as this!

You powers above, if you did ever mean

<sup>1</sup> Ever.



Man should be used thus, you have thought  
a way 260

How he may bear himself, and save his  
honor:

Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes  
There is no mean, no moderate course to  
run;

I must live scorned, or be a murderer:  
Is there a third? Why is this night so  
calm?

Why does not heaven speak in thunder to  
us,

And drown her voice?

*Evad.* This rage will do no good

*Amin.* Evadne, hear me. Thou hast  
ta'en an oath,

But such a rash one, that to keep it were  
Worse than to swear it: call it back to  
thee; 280

Such vows as that never ascend the heaven;  
A tear or two will wash it quite away.

Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful  
youth,

If thou be pitiful! for, without boast,  
This land was proud of me: what lady was  
there,

That men called fair and virtuous in this  
isle,

That would have shunned my love? It is  
in thee

To make me hold this worth.—O, we vain  
men,

That trust out all our reputation  
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand 270  
Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;  
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth  
dwell

The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.  
Come, lead me from the bottom of despair  
To all the joys thou hast; I know thou  
wilt;

And make me careful lest the sudden change  
O'ercome my spirits.

*Evad.* When I call back this oath,  
The pains of hell environ me!

*Amin.* I sleep, and am too temperate.  
Come to bed!

Or by those hairs, which, if thou hadst a  
soul 280

Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to  
wear

About their arms—

*Evad.* Why, so perhaps they are.

*Amin.* I'll drag thee to my bed, and make  
thy tongue

Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh  
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!

*Evad.* I fear thee not: do what thou  
darest to me!

Every ill-sounding word or threatening look  
Thou showest to me will be revenged at  
full.

*Amin.* It will not sure, Evadne?

*Evad.* Do not you hazard that. 290

*Amin.* Ha' ye your champions?

*Evad.* Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I for-  
bear

To sleep with thee, because I have put on  
A maiden's strictness? Look upon these  
cheeks,

And thou shalt find the hot and rising  
blood

Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart  
There dwells as much desire and as much  
will

To put that wished act in practice as ever  
yet

Was known to woman; and they have been  
shown

Both. But it was the folly of thy youth 300  
To think this beauty, to what hand so'er

It shall be called, shall stoop<sup>1</sup> to any second.  
I do enjoy the best, and in that height

Have sworn to stand or die: you guess the  
man.

*Amin.* No; let me know the man that  
wrongs me so,

That I may cut his body into motes,  
And scatter it before the northern wind.

*Evad.* You dare not strike him.

*Amin.* Do not wrong me so:

Yes, if his body were a poisonous plant  
That it were death to touch, I have a soul  
Will throw me on him. 311

*Evad.* Why, 'tis the King.

*Amin.* The King!

*Evad.* What will you do now?

*Amin.* It is not the King!

*Evad.* What did he make this match for,  
dull Amintor?

*Amin.* O, thou hast named a word, that  
wipes away

All thoughts revengeful! In that sacred  
name,

'The King,' there lies a terror: what frail  
man

<sup>1</sup> As a hawk.



Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods  
Speak to him when they please: till when,  
let us

Suffer and wait. 320

*Evad.* Why should you fill yourself so full  
of heat,

And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.

*Amin.* What devil put it in thy fancy,  
then,

To marry me?

*Evad.* Alas, I must have one  
To father children, and to bear the name  
Of husband to me, that my sin may be  
More honorable!

*Amin.* What strange thing am I!

*Evad.* A miserable one; one that myself  
Am sorry for.

*Amin.* Why, show it then in this:  
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,  
Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall  
live 331

In after ages crossed in their desires,  
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good,  
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,  
To rid<sup>1</sup> a lingering wretch.

*Evad.* I must have one  
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;  
Else, by this night, I would! I pity thee.

*Amin.* These strange and sudden injuries  
have fallen

So thick upon me, that I lose all sense  
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not  
wronged; 340

Nor is it aught, if from the censuring world  
I can but hide it. Reputation,  
Thou art a word, no more!—But thou hast  
shown

An impudence so high, that to the world  
I fear thou wilt betray or shame thyself.

*Evad.* To cover shame, I took thee; never  
fear

That I would blaze<sup>2</sup> myself.

*Amin.* Nor let the King  
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine  
honor

Will thrust me into action: that<sup>3</sup> my flesh  
Could bear with patience. And it is some  
ease 350

To me in these extremes, that I knew this  
Before I touched thee; else, had all the sins  
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the King,

<sup>1</sup> Kill.

<sup>2</sup> Declare.

<sup>3</sup> That condition of affairs.

I had gone through 'em to his heart and  
thine.

I have left one desire: 'tis not his crown

Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve<sup>1</sup>

He has dishonored thee. Give me thy  
hand:

Be careful of thy credit, and sin close;<sup>2</sup>

'Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floor

I'll rest to-night, that morning visitors 360

May think we did as married people use:

And, prithee, smile upon me when they come,

And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been  
pleased

With what we did.

*Evad.* Fear not; I will do this.

*Amin.* Come, let us practise; and, as  
wantonly

As ever longing bride and bridegroom met,  
Let's laugh and enter here.

*Evad.* I am content

*Amin.* Down all the swellings of my  
troubled heart!

When we walk thus intertwined, let all eyes see  
If ever lovers better did agree. *Exeunt* 370

## [SCENE II]

[*An Apartment in the House of Calianax*]

*Enter ASPATIA, ANTIPHILA, and OLYMPIAS*

*Asp.* Away, you are not sad! force it no  
further.

Good gods, how well you look! Such a full  
color

Young bashful brides put on: sure, you are  
new married!

*Ant.* Yes, madam, to your grief.

*Asp.* Alas, poor wenches!

Go learn to love first; learn to lose your-  
selves;

Learn to be flattered, and believe and bless  
The double tongue that did it; make a faith

Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,  
Such as spake truth, and died in't; and,

like me,

Believe all faithful, and be miserable. 10

Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak,  
Olympias;

Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.

*Olym.* Never.

*Asp.* Nor you, Antiphila?

*Ant.* Nor I.

<sup>1</sup> Know.

<sup>2</sup> Secretly.



*Asp.* Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise;  
 At least be more than I was; and be sure  
 You credit any thing the light gives life to,  
 Before a man. Rather believe the sea  
 Weeps for the ruined merchant, when he roars;  
 Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,  
 When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun  
 Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,  
 When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,  
 (Forced by ill fate,) take to your maiden-bosoms  
 Two dead-cold aspics,<sup>1</sup> and of them make lovers:  
 They cannot flatter nor forswear; one kiss  
 Makes a long peace for all. But man.—  
 O, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls:  
 That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,  
 Shows a fine sorrow.—Mark, Antiphila;  
 Just such another was the nymph CEnone's,  
 When Paris brought home Helen.—Now, a tear;  
 And then thou art a piece expressing fully  
 The Carthage-queen, when from a cold sea-rock,  
 Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes  
 To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them,  
 Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear.—  
 Antiphila,  
 What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?  
 Here she would stand, till some more pitying god  
 Turned her to marble.—'Tis enough, my wench.—  
 Show me the piece of needlework you wrought.  
*Ant.* Of Ariadne,<sup>2</sup> madam?  
*Asp.* Yes, that piece.—  
 This should be Theseus; h'as a cozening<sup>3</sup> face.—  
 You meant him for a man?  
*Ant.* He was so, madam.  
*Asp.* Why, then, 'tis well enough.—Never look back;

<sup>1</sup> Asps.<sup>2</sup> Deserted by Theseus.    <sup>3</sup> Deceiving.

You have a full wind and a false heart, Theseus.—  
 Does not the story say, his keel was split,  
 Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other  
 Met with his vessel?  
*Ant.* Not as I remember.  
*Asp.* It should ha' been so. Could the gods know this,  
 And not, of all their number, raise a storm?  
 But they are all as evil. This false smile  
 Was well expressed; just such another caught me.—  
 You shall not go so.<sup>1</sup>—  
 Antiphila, in this place work a quicksand,  
 And over it a shallow smiling water,  
 And his ship ploughing it; and then a Fear;  
 Do that Fear to the life,<sup>2</sup> wench.  
*Ant.* 'Twill wrong the story.  
*Asp.* 'Twill make the story, wronged by wanton poets,  
 Live long and be believed. But where's the lady?  
*Ant.* There, madam.  
*Asp.* Fie, you have missed it here, Antiphila;  
 You are much mistaken, wench:  
 These colors are not dull and pale enough  
 To show a soul so full of misery  
 As this sad lady's was. Do it by me,  
 Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia;  
 And you shall find all true but the wild island.  
 Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,  
 Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,  
 Wild as that desert; and let all about me  
 Tell that I am forsaken. Do my face  
 (If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)  
 Thus, thus, Antiphila: strive to make me look  
 Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees  
 about me,  
 Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks  
 Groan with continual surges; and behind me,  
 Make all a desolation. See, see, wenches,  
 A miserable life<sup>3</sup> of this poor picture!  
*Olym.* Dear madam!  
*Asp.* I have done. Sit down; and let us

<sup>1</sup> Addressing the embroidered image of Theseus.<sup>2</sup> Q<sub>1</sub> reads *bravely*.<sup>3</sup> A miserable example in life.



Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point  
there.

Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden  
sadness

Give us new souls.

*Enter CALIANAX*

*Cal.* The King may do this, and he may  
not do it:

My child is wronged, disgraced.—Well, how  
now, huswives?

What, at your ease! is this a time to sit  
still?

Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I'll  
swinge you!

*Olym.* Nay, good my lord—

*Cal.* You'll lie down shortly. Get you  
in, and work!

What, are you grown so resty<sup>1</sup> you want  
heats?

We shall have some of the court-boys heat  
you shortly.

*Ant.* My lord, we do no more than we  
are charged:

It is the lady's pleasure we be thus;  
In grief she is forsaken.

*Cal.* There's a rogue too.  
A young dissembling slave!—Well, get you  
in.—

I'll have a bout with that boy.<sup>2</sup> 'Tis high  
time

Now to be valiant: I confess my youth  
Was never prone that way. What, made an  
ass!

A court-stale!<sup>3</sup> Well, I will be valiant,  
And beat some dozen of these whelps; I  
will!

And there's another of 'em, a trim cheat-  
ing soldier,<sup>4</sup>

I'll maul that rascal; h'as out-braved me  
twice:

But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant.—  
Go, get you in.—I'll take a course with all.

*Exeunt omnes*

### ACT III, [SCENE I]

[*Ante-room to Evadne's Bedchamber*]

*Enter CLEON, STRATO, and DIPHILUS*

*Cle.* Your sister is not up yet.

*Diph.* O, brides must take their morn-  
ing's rest; the night is troublesome.

<sup>1</sup> Restless.

<sup>2</sup> I.e. Amintor.

<sup>3</sup> A laughing-stock.

<sup>4</sup> Melantius.

*Stra.* But not tedious.

*Diph.* What odds, he has not my sister's  
maidenhead to-night?

*Stra.* None; it's odds against any bride-  
groom living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.

*Diph.* Y'are merry with my sister; you'll  
please to allow me the same freedom<sup>10</sup>  
with your mother.

*Stra.* She's at your service.

*Diph.* Then she's merry enough of her-  
self; she needs no tickling. Knock at the  
door.

*Stra.* We shall interrupt them.

*Diph.* No matter; they have the year be-  
fore them.—Good morrow, sister. Spare  
yourself to-day; the night will come again.

*Enter AMINTOR*

*Amin.* Who's there? my brother! I'm<sup>20</sup>  
no readier yet.<sup>1</sup> Your sister is but now up.

*Diph.* You look as you had lost your eyes  
to-night: I think you ha' not slept.

*Amin.* I'faith I have not.

*Diph.* You have done better, then.

*Amin.* We ventured for a boy; when he is  
twelve,  
A' shall command against the foes of  
Rhodes.

Shall we be merry?

*Stra.* You cannot; you want sleep.

*Amin.* 'Tis true;—(*aside*) but she,  
As if she had drunk Lethe, or had made<sup>30</sup>  
Even with heaven, did fetch so still a sleep,  
So sweet and sound—

*Diph.* What's that?

*Amin.* Your sister frets  
This morning, and does turn her eyes upon  
me,  
As people on their headsman. She does  
chafe,  
And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my  
cheeks!

She's in another world.

*Diph.* Then I had lost: I was about to  
lay

You had not got her maidenhead to-night.

*Amin.* [*aside*] Ha! does he not mock me?  
—Y'ad lost indeed;

I do not use<sup>2</sup> to bungle.

*Cle.* You do deserve her.

<sup>1</sup> No more fully dressed.

<sup>2</sup> I am not accustomed.



*Amin. (aside)* I laid my lips to hers, and  
that wild breath,  
That was so rude and rough to me last  
night,  
Was sweet as April. I'll be guilty too,  
If these be the effects.—

*Enter MELANTIUS*

*Mel.* Good day, Amintor; for to me the  
name  
Of brother is too distant: we are friends,  
And that is nearer

*Amin.* Dear Melantius!  
Let me behold thee.—Is it possible?

*Mel.* What sudden gaze is this?

*Amin.* 'Tis wondrous strange! <sup>80</sup>

*Mel.* Why does thine eye desire so strict  
a view

Of that it knows so well? There's nothing  
here

That is not thine.

*Amin.* I wonder much, Melantius,  
To see those noble looks, that make me  
think

How virtuous thou art: and, on the sudden,  
'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth  
and honor;

Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,  
And every ill. But—

*Mel.* Stay, stay, my friend;  
I fear this sound will not become our loves:  
No more embrace me.

*Amin.* O, mistake me not! <sup>90</sup>  
I know thee to be full of all those deeds  
That we frail men call good; but by the  
course

Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly  
changed

As are the winds; dissembling as the sea,  
That now wears brows as smooth as virgins'  
be,

Tempting the merchant to invade his face,  
And in an hour calls his billows up,  
And shoots 'em at the sun, destroying all  
'A carries on him.—(*aside*) O, how near am I  
To utter my sick thoughts!— <sup>70</sup>

*Mel.* But why, my friend, should I be so  
by nature?

*Amin.* I have wed thy sister, who hath  
virtuous thoughts  
Enough for one whole family; and it is  
strange

That you should feel no want.

*Mel.* Believe me, this is compliment too  
cunning for me.

*Diph.* What should I be then by the  
course of nature,  
They having both robbed me of so much  
virtue?

*Stra.* O, call the bride, my lord Amintor,  
That we may see her blush, and turn her  
eyes down:

It is the prettiest sport! <sup>80</sup>

*Amin.* Evadne!

*Evad. (within)* My lord?

*Amin.* Come forth, my love:  
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.

*Evad.* I am not ready<sup>1</sup> yet.

*Amin.* Enough, enough.

*Evad.* They'll mock me.

*Amin.* Faith, thou shalt come in.

*Enter EVADNE*

*Mel.* Good morrow, sister. He that un-  
derstands  
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you  
joy;

You have enough: take heed you be not  
proud.

*Diph.* O, sister, what have you done?

*Evad.* I done! why, what have I done?

*Stra.* My lord Amintor swears you are no  
maid now. <sup>90</sup>

*Evad.* Pish!

*Stra.* I'faith, he does.

*Evad.* I knew I should be mocked.

*Diph.* With a truth.

*Evad.* If 'twere to do again, in faith I  
would not marry.

*Amin. (aside)* Nor I, by heaven!—

*Diph.* Sister, Dula swears she heard you  
cry two rooms off.

*Evad.* Fie, how you talk! <sup>100</sup>

*Diph.* Let's see you walk, Evadne. By  
my troth y'are spoiled.

*Mel.* Amintor—

*Amin.* Ha!

*Mel.* Thou art sad.

*Amin.* Who, I? I thank you for that.  
Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?

*Mel.* How!

*Amin.* Prithee, let's.

*Mel.* Nay, that's too much the other <sup>110</sup>  
way.

<sup>1</sup> Dressed.



*Amin.* I'm so lightened with my happiness!—

How dost thou, love? kiss me.

*Evad.* I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.

*Amin.* Nothing but what becomes us.—  
Gentlemen,  
Would you had all such wives, and all the world,

That I might be no wonder! Y'are all sad:  
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,  
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.

*Mel.* 'Tis well you are so. 120

*Amin.* Well! how can I be other, when she looks thus?

Is there no music there? Let's dance.

*Mel.* Why, this is strange, Amintor!

*Amin.* I do not know myself; yet I could wish

My joy were less.

*Diph.* I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.

*Evad.* (*aside*) Amintor, hark.

*Amin.* What says my love? I must obey.—

*Evad.* You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceived.

*Cle.* My lord, the King is here. 130

*Enter King and LYSIPPUS*

*Amin.* Where?

*Stra.* And his brother.

*King.* Good morrow, all!—

Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee!—  
And, madam, you are altered since I saw you;

(I must salute you) you are now another's.  
How liked you your night's rest?

*Evad.* Ill, sir.

*Amin.* Indeed she took but little.

*Lys.* You'll let her take more, and 140  
thank her too, shortly.

*King.* Amintor, were thou truly honest till thou wert married?

*Amin.* Yes, sir.

*King.* Tell me, then, how shows the sport unto thee?

*Amin.* Why, well.

*King.* What did you do?

*Amin.* No more, nor less, than other couples use;

You know what 'tis; it has but a coarse name. 150

*King.* But, prithee, I should think, by her black eye,

And her red cheek, she would be quick and stirring

In this same business; ha?

*Amin.* I cannot tell;  
I ne'er tried other, sir; but I perceive  
She is as quick as you delivered.<sup>1</sup>

*King.* Well, you'll trust me then, Amintor,

To choose a wife for you again?

*Amin.* No, never, sir.

*King.* Why, like you this so ill?

*Amin.* So well I like her.  
For this I bow my knee in thanks to you, 160  
And unto heaven will pay my grateful tribute

Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out  
A long contented life together here,  
And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day:  
For which the thanks is yours. But if the powers

That rule us please to call her first away,  
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife

Worthy to take her room.

*King.* [*aside*] I do not like this.—  
All forbear the room, but you, Amintor,  
And your lady. [*Exeunt all but the King,*  
*AMINTOR, and EVADNE*] I have some  
speech with you, 170

That may concern your after living well.

*Amin.* [*aside*] 'A will not tell me that he lies with her?

If he do, something heavenly stay my heart.

For I shall be apt to thrust this arm of mine  
To acts unlawful!—

*King.* You will suffer me  
To talk with her, Amintor, and not have  
A jealous pang?

*Amin.* Sir, I dare trust my wife  
With whom she dares to talk, and not be  
jealous. [*Retires*]

*King.* How do you like Amintor?

*Evad.* As I did, sir.

*King.* How's that? 180

*Evad.* As one that, to fulfil your will and pleasure,

I have given leave to call me wife and love.

*King.* I see there is no lasting faith in sin;  
They that break word with heaven will  
break again

<sup>1</sup> As alive as you have said.



With all the world, and so dost thou with me.

*Evad.* How, sir?

*King.* This subtle woman's ignorance Will not excuse you: thou hast taken oaths, So great, methought they did not well become

A woman's mouth, that thou wouldst ne'er enjoy

A man but me.

*Evad.* I never did swear so; 100  
You do me wrong.

*King.* Day and night have heard it.

*Evad.* I swore indeed that I would never love

A man of lower place; but, if your fortune Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust

I would forsake you, and would bend to him That won your throne: I love with my ambition,

Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet Touched any other, leprosy light here Upon my face! which for your royalty I would not stain! 200

*King.* Why, thou dissemblest, and it is in me To punish thee.

*Evad.* Why, it is in me, then, Not to love you, which will more afflict Your body than your punishment can mine.

*King.* But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee.

*Evad.* I ha' not.

*King.* Impudence! he says himself so.

*Evad.* 'A lies.

*King.* 'A does not.

*Evad.* By this light, he does, Strangely and basely! and I'll prove it so: I did not only shun him for a night, 200  
But told him I would never close with him.

*King.* Speak lower; 'tis false.

*Evad.* I am no man To answer with a blow; or, if I were, You are the King. But urge me not; 'tis most true.

*King.* Do not I know the uncontrollèd thoughts That youth brings with him, when his blood is high

With expectation and desire of that He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit, Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain

As this our age hath known? What could he do,

If such a sudden speech had met his blood, But ruin thee for ever, if he had not killed thee? 221

He could not bear it thus: he is as we, Or any other wronged man.

*Evad.* It is dissembling,

*King.* Take him! farewell: henceforth I am thy foe;

And what disgraces I can blot thee with look for.

*Evad.* Stay, sir!—Amintor!—You shall hear.—Amintor!

*Amin.* What, my love?

*Evad.* Amintor, thou hast an ingenious<sup>1</sup> look,

And shouldst be virtuous: it amazeth me That thou canst make such base malicious lies! 230

*Amin.* What, my dear wife?

*Evad.* 'Dear wife!' I do despise thee. Why, nothing can be baser than to sow Dissension amongst lovers.

*Amin.* Lovers! who?

*Evad.* The King and me—

*Amin.* O, God!

*Evad.* Who should live long, and love without distaste,

Were it not for such pickthanks<sup>2</sup> as thyself. Did you lie with me? swear now, and be punished

In hell for this!

*Amin.* The faithless sin I made To fair Aspatia is not yet revenged; It follows me.—I will not lose a word 240  
To this vild<sup>3</sup> woman: but to you, my King, The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,

'Y' are a tyrant! and not so much to wrong An honest man thus, as to take a pride In talking with him of it.

*Evad.* Now, sir, see How loud this fellow lied!

*Amin.* You that can know to wrong, should know how men Must right themselves. What punishment is due

From me to him that shall abuse my bed? Is it not death? nor can that satisfy, 250  
Unless I show how nobly I have freed myself.

<sup>1</sup> Ingenious.

<sup>2</sup> Tale-bearers.

<sup>3</sup> Vile.



*King.* Draw not thy sword; thou knowest  
I cannot fear  
A subject's hand; but thou shalt feel the  
weight

Of this, if thou dost rage.

*Amin.* The weight of that!  
If you have any worth, for heaven's sake,  
think

I fear not swords; for, as you are mere man,  
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,  
As you dare think to do it. But there is  
Divinity about you,<sup>1</sup> that strikes dead  
My rising passions: as you are my king, <sup>260</sup>  
I fall before you, and present my sword  
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.  
Alas, I am nothing but a multitude  
Of walking griefs! Yet, should I murder  
you,

I might before the world take the excuse  
Of madness: for, compare my injuries,  
And they will well appear too sad a weight  
For reason to endure: but, fall I first  
Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous  
hand

Touch holy things! But why (I know not  
what <sup>270</sup>

I have to say), why did you choose out me  
To make thus wretched? there were thou-  
sands, fools

Easy to work on, and of state enough,  
Within the island.

*Evad.* I would not have a fool;  
It were no credit for me.

*Amin.* Worse and worse!  
Thou, that darest talk unto thy husband  
thus,

Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so,  
Resolve to be so still!—It is my fate  
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,  
To keep that little credit with the world.—  
But there were wise ones too; you might  
have ta'en <sup>281</sup>

Another.

*King.* No: for I believed thee honest,  
As thou wert valiant.

*Amin.* All the happiness  
Bestowed upon me turns into disgrace.  
Gods, take your honesty again, for I  
Am loaden with it!—Good my lord the  
King,

Be private in it.

*King.* Thou mayst live, Amintor,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Hamlet*, iv 5, 123.

Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this,  
And be a means that we may meet in secret.

*Amin.* A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast!

A bitter curse <sup>290</sup>

Seize me, if I forget not all respects  
That are religious, on another word  
Sounded like that; and through a sea of sins  
Will wade to my revenge, though I should  
call

Pains here and after life upon my soul!

*King.* Well, I am resolute<sup>1</sup> you lay not  
with her;

And so I leave you. *Exit KING*

*Evad.* You must needs be prating;  
And see what follows!

*Amin.* Prithee, vex me not:  
Leave me; I am afraid some sudden start  
Will pull a murther on me.

*Evad.* I am gone; <sup>300</sup>  
I love my life well. *Exit EVADNE*

*Amin.* I hate mine as much.  
This 'tis to break a troth! I should be glad,  
If all this tide of grief would make me mad.  
*Exit*

## [SCENE II]

[A Room in the Palace]

*Enter MELANTIUS*

*Mel.* I'll know the cause of all Amintor's  
griefs,  
Or friendship shall be idle.

*Enter CALIANAX*

*Cal.* O Melantius,  
My daughter will die!

*Mel.* Trust me, I am sorry:  
Would thou hadst ta'en her room!<sup>2</sup>

*Cal.* Thou art a slave,  
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous  
slave!

*Mel.* Take heed, old man; thou wilt be  
heard to rave,  
And lose thine offices.

*Cal.* I am valiant grown  
At all these years, and thou art but a slave!

*Mel.* Leave!  
Some company will come, and I respect <sup>10</sup>  
Thy years, not thee, so much, that I could  
wish

<sup>1</sup> Convinced.

<sup>2</sup> Taken her place.



To laugh at thee alone.

*Cal.* I'll spoil your mirth:  
I mean to fight with thee. There lie, my  
cloak.

This was my father's sword, and he durst  
fight.

Are you prepared?

*Mel.* Why wilt thou dote thyself  
Out of thy life? Hence, get thee to bed;  
Have careful looking-to, and eat warm  
things,  
And trouble not me: my head is full of  
thoughts

More weighty than thy life or death can be.

*Cal.* You have a name in war, where you  
stand safe

Amongst a multitude; but I will try  
What you dare do unto a weak old man  
In single fight. You'll give ground, I fear.  
Come draw.

*Mel.* I will not draw, unless thou pull'st  
thy death

Upon thee with a stroke. There's no one  
blow,

That thou canst give hath strength enough  
to kill me.

Tempt me not so far, then: the power of  
earth

Shall not redeem thee.—

*Cal.* [*aside*] I must let him alone;  
He's stout and able; and, to say the truth, <sup>so</sup>  
However I may set a face and talk,  
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,  
I kept my credit with a testy trick <sup>1</sup>  
I had 'mongst cowards, but durst never  
fight.—

*Mel.* I will not promise to preserve your  
life,

If you do stay.—

*Cal.* [*aside*] I would give half my land  
That I durst fight with that proud man a  
little:

If I had men to hold him, I would beat him  
Till he asked me mercy.—

*Mel.* Sir, will you be gone?—

*Cal.* [*aside*] I dare not stay; but I will go  
home, and beat

My servants all over for this. *Exit*

*Mel.* This old fellow haunts me.  
But the distracted carriage of mine Amintor  
Takes deeply on me.<sup>2</sup> I will find the cause:  
I fear his conscience cries, he wronged  
Aspatia.

<sup>1</sup> Trick of testiness.

<sup>2</sup> Deeply affects me.

*Enter AMINTOR*

*Amin.* [*aside*] Men's eyes are not so  
subtle to perceive

My inward misery: I bear my grief  
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched  
then?

For aught I know, all husbands are like me;  
And every one I talk with of his wife <sup>so</sup>  
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,  
As I am. Would I knew it! for the rareness  
Afflicts me now.

*Mel.* Amintor, we have not enjoyed our  
friendship of late; for we were wont to  
change our souls in talk.

*Amin.* Melantius, I can tell thee a good  
jest of Strato and a lady the last day.

*Mel.* How was't?

*Amin.* Why, such an odd one! <sup>so</sup>

*Mel.* I have longed to speak with you;  
not of an idle jest, that's forced, but of  
matter you are bound to utter to me.

*Amin.* What is that, my friend?

*Mel.* I have observed your words fall  
from your tongue

Wildly; and all your carriage  
Like one that strove to show his merry  
mood,

When he were ill-disposed: you were not  
wont

To put such scorn into your speech, or wear  
Upon your face ridiculous jollity. <sup>so</sup>

Some sadness sits here, which your cunning  
would

Cover o'er with smiles, and 'twill not be.  
What is it?

*Amin.* A sadness here, [Melantius!] what  
cause

Can fate provide for me to make me so?  
Am I not loved through all this isle? The  
King

Rains greatness on me. Have I not received  
A lady to my bed, that in her eye  
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender  
cheeks

Inevitable color,<sup>1</sup> in her heart

A prison for all virtue? Are not you, <sup>so</sup>  
Which is above all joys, my constant friend?

What sadness can I have? No; I am light,  
And feel the courses of my blood more  
warm

And stirring than they were. Faith, marry  
too;

<sup>1</sup> Irresistible.



And you will feel so unexpressed a joy  
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed  
Appear another.

*Mel.* You may shape, Amintor,  
Causes to cozen<sup>1</sup> the whole world withal,  
And yourself too; but 'tis not like a friend  
To hide your soul from me. 'Tis not your  
nature

To be thus idle: I have seen you stand  
As<sup>2</sup> you were blasted 'midst of all your  
mirth;

Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning  
joy

So coldly!—World, what do I here? a friend  
Is nothing. Heaven, I would ha' told that  
man

My secret sins! I'll search an unknown land,  
And there plant friendship; all is withered  
here.

Come with a compliment! I would have  
fought,

Or told my friend 'a lied, ere soothed<sup>3</sup> him  
so.

Out of my bosom! 100

*Amin.* But there is nothing.

*Mel.* Worse and worse! farewell:  
From this time have acquaintance, but no  
friend.

*Amin.* Melantius, stay: you shall know  
what that is.

*Mel.* See, how you played with friend-  
ship! be advised

How you give cause unto yourself to say  
You ha' lost a friend.

*Amin.* Forgive what I ha' done;  
For I am so o'ergone with injuries  
Unheard of, that I lose consideration  
Of what I ought to do,—O!—O!

*Mel.* Do not weep. What is't? 110  
May I once but know the man  
Hath turned my friend thus!

*Amin.* I had spoke at first,  
But that—

*Mel.* But what?

*Amin.* I held it most unfit  
For you to know. Faith, do not know it yet.

*Mel.* Thou see'st my love, that will keep  
company

With thee in tears; hide nothing, then, from  
me;

For when I know the cause of thy dis-  
temper,

With mine old armor I'll adorn myself,

<sup>1</sup> Deceive.

<sup>2</sup> As if.

<sup>3</sup> Deceived.

My resolution, and cut through thy foes,  
Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart 120  
As peaceable as spotless innocence.

What is it?

*Amin.* Why, 'tis this—it is too big  
To get out—let my tears make way awhile.

*Mel.* Punish me strangely, heaven, if he  
scape

Of life or fame, that brought this youth to  
this!

*Amin.* Your sister—

*Mel.* Well said.

*Amin.* You'll wish't unknown, when you  
have heard it.

*Mel.* No.

*Amin.* Is much to blame,  
And to the King has given her honor up, 130  
And lives in whoredom with him.

*Mel.* How is this?  
Thou art run mad with injury indeed;

Thou couldst not utter this else. Speak  
again;

For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.

*Amin.* She's wanton: I am loath to say, a  
whore,

Though it be true.

*Mel.* Speak yet again, before mine anger  
grow

Up beyond throwing down: what are thy  
griefs?

*Amin.* By all our friendship, these.

*Mel.* What, am I tame?  
After mine actions, shall the name of friend  
Blot all our family, and strike the brand 140  
Of whore upon my sister, unrevenged?

My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,  
With what unwillingness I go to scourge  
This railer, whom my folly hath called  
friend!—

I will not take thee basely: thy sword

[Draws his sword]

Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may  
whip

Thy rashness to repentance; draw thy  
sword!

*Amin.* Not on thee, did thine anger swell  
as high

As the wild surges. Thou shouldst do me  
ease 150

Here and eternally, if thy noble hand  
Would cut me from my sorrows.

*Mel.* This is base  
And fearful.<sup>1</sup> They that use to utter lies

<sup>1</sup> Timorous.



Provide not blows but words to qualify<sup>1</sup>  
The men they wronged. Thou hast a guilty  
cause.

*Amin.* Thou pleasest me; for so much  
more like this  
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,  
(Which is a passion easier to be borne,)  
And I shall then be happy.

*Mel.* Take, then, more  
To raise thine anger: 'tis mere cowardice<sup>100</sup>  
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee  
dead,

However. But if thou art so much pressed  
With guilt and fear as not to dare to fight,  
I'll make thy memory loathed, and fix a  
scandal

Upon thy name for ever.

*Amin.* [*drawing his sword*] Then I draw,  
As justly as our magistrates their swords  
To cut offenders off. I knew before  
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base  
in you

To urge a weighty secret from your friend,  
And then rage at it. I shall be at ease,<sup>170</sup>  
If I be killed; and, if you fall by me,  
I shall not long outlive you.

*Mel.* Stay awhile.—  
The name of friend is more than family,  
Or all the world besides: I was a fool.  
Thou searching human nature, that didst  
wake

To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,  
And thrusts me upon questions that will  
take

My sleep away! Would I had died, ere  
known

This sad dishonor!—Pardon me, my friend.  
[*Sheathes his sword*]

If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart;  
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand<sup>181</sup>  
To thine. Behold the power thou hast in  
me!

I do believe my sister is a whore,  
A leprous one. Put up thy sword, young  
man.

*Amin.* How should I bear it, then, she  
being so?

I fear, my friend, that you will lose me  
shortly; [Sheathes his sword]

And I shall do a foul act on myself  
Through these disgraces.

*Mel.* Better half the land  
Were buried quick<sup>2</sup> together. No, Amintor;

<sup>1</sup> Mollify.

<sup>2</sup> Alive.

Thou shalt have ease. O, this adulterous  
king,<sup>190</sup>  
That drew her to't; where got he the spirit  
To wrong me so?

*Amin.* What is it, then, to me,  
If it be wrong to you?

*Mel.* Why, not so much:  
The credit of our house is thrown away.  
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,  
And hurl him on this king: my honesty  
Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid  
point

I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the  
eyes

Of this proud man, and be too glittering  
For him to look on.<sup>200</sup>

*Amin.* I have quite undone my fame.

*Mel.* Dry up thy watery eyes,  
And cast a manly look upon my face;  
For nothing is so wild as I thy friend  
Till I have freed thee: still this swelling  
breast.

I go thus from thee, and will never cease  
My vengeance till I find thy heart at peace.

*Amin.* It must not be so. Stay. Mine  
eyes would tell

How loath I am to this; but, love and tears,  
Leave me awhile! for I have hazarded<sup>210</sup>  
All that this world calls happy.—Thou hast  
wrought

A secret from me, under name of friend,  
Which art could ne'er have found, nor tor-  
ture wrung

From out my bosom. Give it me again;  
For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies,  
Hid in the mortal'st part: invent a way  
To give it back.

*Mel.* Why would you have it back?  
I will to death pursue him with revenge.

*Amin.* Therefore I call it back from  
thee; for I know  
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in  
this,<sup>220</sup>

And shame me to posterity. Take to thy  
weapon. [Draws]

*Mel.* Hear thy friend, that bears more  
years than thou.

*Amin.* I will not hear: but draw, or I—  
*Mel.* Amintor!

*Amin.* Draw, then; for I am full as reso-  
lute

As fame and honor can enforce me be:  
I cannot linger. Draw!

*Mel.* I do. [*draws*] But is not



My share of credit equal with thine,  
If I do stir?

*Amin.* No; for it will be called  
Honor in thee to spill thy sister's blood,  
If she her birth abuse, and on the King <sup>230</sup>  
A brave revenge; but on me, that have  
walked

With patience in it, it will fix the name  
Of fearful<sup>1</sup> cuckold. O, that word! Be  
quick.

*Mel.* Then, join with me.

*Amin.* I dare not do a sin, or else I  
would.  
Be speedy.

*Mel.* Then, dare not fight with me; for  
that's a sin.—  
His grief distracts him.—Call thy thoughts  
again,

And to thyself pronounce the name of  
friend,  
And see what that will work. I will not  
fight. <sup>240</sup>

*Amin.* You must.

*Mel.* [*sheathing*] I will be killed first.  
Though my passions  
Offered the like to you, 'tis not this earth  
Shall buy my reason to it. Think awhile,  
For you are (I must weep when I speak  
that)

Almost beside yourself.

*Amin.* [*sheathing*] O, my soft temper!  
So many sweet words from thy sister's  
mouth,  
I am afraid would make me take her to  
Embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,  
And know not what I do. Yet have a care  
Of me in what thou dost.

*Mel.* Why, thinks my friend <sup>250</sup>  
I will forget his honor? or, to save  
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,  
And fear to touch the throne of majesty?

*Amin.* A curse will follow that; but rather  
live  
And suffer with me.

*Mel.* I will do what worth  
Shall bid me, and no more.

*Amin.* Faith, I am sick,  
And desperately, I hope; yet, leaning thus,  
I feel a kind of ease.

*Mel.* Come, take again  
Your mirth about you.

*Amin.* I shall never do't.

<sup>1</sup> Timorous.

*Mel.* I warrant you; look up; we'll walk  
together; <sup>260</sup>

Put thine arm here; all shall be well again.

*Amin.* Thy love (O, wretched!) ay, thy  
love, Melantius;

Why, I have nothing else.

*Mel.* Be merry, then.  
*Exeunt*

*Enter MELANTIUS again*

*Mel.* This worthy young man may do  
violence

Upon himself; but I have cherished him  
To my best power, and sent him smiling  
from me,

To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine  
edge;

My heart will never fail me.—

*Enter DIPHILUS*

Dipphilus!

Thou com'st as sent.<sup>1</sup>

*Diph.* Yonder has been such laughing.

*Mel.* Betwixt whom?

*Diph.* Why, our sister and the King; <sup>270</sup>  
I thought their spleens would break; they  
laughed us all

Out of the room.

*Mel.* They must weep, Dipphilus.

*Diph.* Must they?

*Mel.* They must.

Thou art my brother; and, if I did believe  
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it  
out,

Lie where it durst.

*Diph.* You should not; I would first  
Mangle myself and find it.

*Mel.* That was spoke  
According to our strain.<sup>2</sup> Come, join thy  
hands,

And swear a firmness to what project I  
Shall lay before thee.

*Diph.* You do wrong us both; <sup>280</sup>  
People hereafter shall not say, there passed  
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives  
And deaths together.

*Mel.* It is as nobly said as I would wish.  
Anon I'll tell you wonders: we are wronged.

*Diph.* But I will tell you now, we'll right  
ourselves.

*Mel.* Stay not: prepare the armor in my  
house;

<sup>1</sup> As if sent for.

<sup>2</sup> Stock, race.



And what friends you can draw unto our side,  
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.  
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it, haste!

*Exit* DIPHILUS

I hope my cause is just; I know my blood <sup>291</sup>  
Tells me it is; and I will credit it.  
To take revenge, and lose myself withal,  
Were idle; and to scape impossible,  
Without I had the fort, which (misery!)  
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy  
Calianax—but I must have it. See,

*Enter* CALIANAX

Where he comes shaking by me!—Good my lord,  
Forget your spleen to me; I never wronged you,  
But would have peace with every man.

*Cal.* 'Tis well; <sup>300</sup>  
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

*Mel.* Y'are touchy without all cause.

*Cal.* Do, mock me.

*Mel.* By mine honor, I speak truth.

*Cal.* Honor! where is't?

*Mel.* See, what starts you make  
Into your idle hatred to my love  
And freedom to you.  
I come with resolution to obtain  
A suit of you.

*Cal.* A suit of me!  
'Tis very like it should be granted, sir.

*Mel.* Nay, go not hence: <sup>320</sup>  
'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,  
And I would wish you, by the love you ought

To bear unto me, to deliver it  
Into my hands.

*Cal.* I am in hope thou art mad to talk to me thus.

*Mel.* But there is a reason to move you to it:  
I would kill the King, that wronged you  
and your daughter.

*Cal.* Out, traitor!

*Mel.* Nay, but stay: I cannot scape,  
The deed once done, without I have this fort.

*Cal.* And should I help thee? <sup>330</sup>  
Now thy treacherous mind betrays itself.

*Mel.* Come, delay me not;

Give me a sudden answer, or already  
Thy last is spoke! refuse not offered love,  
When it comes clad in secrets.

*Cal.* [*aside*] If I say  
I will not, he will kill me; I do see't  
Writ in his looks; and should I say I will,  
He'll run and tell the King.—I do not shun  
Your friendship, dear Melantius; but this  
cause

Is weighty: give me but an hour to think. <sup>340</sup>  
*Mel.* Take it.—(*aside*) I know this goes  
unto the King;

But I am armed.— *Exit* MELANTIUS

*Cal.* Methinks I feel myself  
But twenty now again. This fighting fool  
Wants policy: I shall revenge my girl,  
And make her red again. I pray my legs  
Will last that pace that I will carry them:  
I shall want breath before I find the King.  
*Exit*

## ACT IV, [SCENE I]

[*An Apartment of Evadne*]

*Enter* MELANTIUS, EVADNE and Ladies

*Mel.* Save you!

*Evad.* Save you, sweet brother!

*Mel.* In my blunt eye, methinks, you  
look, Evadne—

*Evad.* Come, you would make me blush.

*Mel.* I would, Evadne;  
I shall displease my ends else.

*Evad.* You shall, if you command me; I  
am bashful.

Come, sir, how do I look?

*Mel.* I would not have your women hear  
me

Break into commendation of you; 'tis not  
seemly.

*Evad.* Go wait me in the gallery.—

*Exeunt* Ladies

Now speak.

*Mel.* I'll lock your doors first.

*Evad.* Why? <sup>10</sup>

*Mel.* I will not have your gilded things,  
that dance

In visitation with their Milan skins,<sup>1</sup>

Choke up my business.

*Evad.* You are strangely disposed, sir.

*Mel.* Good madam, not to make you  
merry.

<sup>1</sup> Nares explains this as fine gloves made in Milan. Does it mean here delicate complexions?



*Evad.* No; if you praise me, 'twill make me sad.

*Mel.* Such a sad commendation I have for you.

*Evad.* Brother, the court hath made you witty,  
And learn to riddle.

*Mel.* I praise the court for't: has it learned<sup>1</sup> you nothing?

*Evad.* Me!

*Mel.* Ay, Evadne; thou art young and handsome,  
A lady of a sweet complexion,  
And such a flowing carriage,<sup>2</sup> that it cannot  
Choose but inflame a kingdom.

*Evad.* Gentle brother!

*Mel.* 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,  
To make me gentle.

*Evad.* How is this?

*Mel.* 'Tis base;  
And I could blush, at these years, thorough  
all  
My honored scars, to come to such a par-  
ley.

*Evad.* I understand ye not.

*Mel.* Ye dare not, fool!  
They that commit thy faults fly the remem-  
brance.

*Evad.* My faults, sir! I would have you  
know, I care not  
If they were written here, here in my fore-  
head.

*Mel.* Thy body is too little for the story,  
The lusts of which<sup>3</sup> would fill<sup>3</sup> another  
woman,  
Though she had twins within her.

*Evad.* This is saucy:  
Look you intrude no more; there lies your  
way.

*Mel.* Thou art my way, and I will tread  
upon thee,  
Till I find truth out.

*Evad.* What truth is that you look for?

*Mel.* Thy long-lost honor. Would the  
gods had set me  
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand  
One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me  
quickly,

Do it without enforcement, and take heed  
You swell me not above my temper.

*Evad.* How, sir!  
Where got you this report?

<sup>1</sup> Taught.

<sup>2</sup> Graceful bearing.

<sup>3</sup> Enflame.

*Mel.* Where there was people,  
In every place.

*Evad.* They and the seconds of it are base  
people:

Believe them not, they lied.

*Mel.* Do not play with mine anger, do  
not, wretch!

I come to know that desperate fool that  
drew thee

From thy fair life: be wise, and lay him  
open.

*Evad.* Unhand me, and learn manners!  
such another

Forgetfulness forfeits your life.

*Mel.* Quench me this mighty humor, and  
then tell me

Whose whore you are; for you are one, I  
know it.

Let all mine honors perish but I'll find him,  
Though he lie locked up in thy blood! Be  
sudden;

There is no facing it;<sup>1</sup> and be not flattered;  
The burnt air, when the Dog reigns,<sup>2</sup> is not  
fouler

Than thy contagious name, till thy repent-  
ance

(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sick-  
ness.

*Evad.* Begone! you are my brother;  
that's your safety.

*Mel.* I'll be a wolf first: 'tis, to be thy  
brother,

An infamy below the sin of coward.

I am as far from being part of thee

As thou art from thy virtue: seek a kindred  
'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat  
thy brother;

A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet?

*Evad.* If you stay here and rail thus, I  
shall tell you

I'll ha' you whipped. Get you to your com-  
mand,

And there preach to your sentinels, and tell  
them

What a brave man you are: I shall laugh  
at you.

*Mel.* Y'are grown a glorious whore!  
Where be your fighters?

What mortal fool durst raise thee to this  
daring,

And I alive! By my just sword, h'ad safer  
Bestrid a billow when the angry north

<sup>1</sup> Braging it out.

<sup>2</sup> The dog-star, Sirius.



Ploughs up the sea, or made heaven's fire  
his foe!

Work me no higher. Will you discover yet?

*Evad.* The fellow's mad. Sleep, and  
speak sense. 80

*Mel.* Force my sworn heart no further:  
I would save thee.

Your great maintainers are not here, they  
dare not:

Would they were all, and armed! I would  
speak loud;

Here's one should thunder to 'em! Will you  
tell me?—

Thou hast no hope to scape: he that dares  
most,

And damns away his soul to do thee service,  
Will sooner snatch meat from a hungry lion  
Than come to rescue thee; thou hast death  
about thee;—

He has undone thine honor, poisoned thy  
virtue,

And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker.<sup>1</sup> 90

*Evad.* Let me consider.

*Mel.* Do, whose child thou wert,  
Whose honor thou hast murdered, whose  
grave opened

And so pulled on the gods, that in their  
justice

They must restore him flesh again and life,  
And raise his dry bones to revenge this  
scandal.

*Evad.* The gods are not of my mind;  
they had better

Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth; they'll  
stink here.

*Mel.* Do you raise mirth out of my easi-  
ness?

Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,  
[*Draws his sword*]

That make men women! Speak, you whore,  
speak truth, 100

Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,  
This sword shall be thy lover! tell, or I'll  
kill thee;

And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt de-  
serve it.

*Evad.* You will not murder me?

*Mel.* No; 'tis a justice, and a noble one,  
To put the light out of such base offenders.

*Evad.* Help!

*Mel.* By thy foul self, no human help  
shall help thee,

<sup>1</sup> A dog-rose; degenerate of its kind.

If thou criest! When I have killed thee, as  
I

Have vowed to do if thou confess not,  
naked, 110

As thou hast left thine honor, will I leave  
thee;

That on thy branded flesh the world may  
read

Thy black shame and my justice. Wilt thou  
bend yet?

*Evad.* Yes.

*Mel.* Up, and begin your story.

*Evad.* O, I  
Am miserable!

*Mel.* 'Tis true, thou art. Speak  
truth still.

*Evad.* I have offended: noble sir, forgive  
me!

*Mel.* With what secure slave?

*Evad.* Do not ask me, sir;  
Mine own remembrance is a misery  
Too mighty for me.

*Mel.* Do not fall back again; my sword's  
unsheathèd yet. 120

*Evad.* What shall I do?

*Mel.* Be true, and make your fault less.

*Evad.* I dare not tell.

*Mel.* Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing  
thee.

*Evad.* Will you forgive me, then?

*Mel.* Stay; I must ask mine honor first.  
I have too much foolish nature in me:  
speak.

*Evad.* Is there none else here?

*Mel.* None but a fearful<sup>1</sup> conscience;  
that's too many. Who is't?

*Evad.* O, hear me gently! It was the  
King.

*Mel.* No more. My worthy father's and  
my services 130  
Are liberally rewarded! King, I thank  
thee!

For all my dangers and my wounds thou  
hast paid me

In my own metal: these are soldiers'  
thanks!—

How long have you lived thus, Evadne?

*Evad.* Too long.

*Mel.* Too late you find it. Can you be  
sorry?

*Evad.* Would I were half as blameless!

*Mel.* Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade  
again.

<sup>1</sup> Cowardly.



*Evad.* First to my grave.

*Mel.* Would gods thou hadst been so blest!

Dost thou not hate this King now? prithee hate him:

Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee, curse him; 140

Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him To thy just wishes. Yet I fear, *Evadne*, You had rather play your game out.

*Evad.* No; I feel Too many sad confusions here, to let in Any loose flame hereafter.

*Mel.* Dost thou not feel, amongst all those, one brave anger, That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm To kill this base King?

*Evad.* All the gods forbid it!

*Mel.* No, all the gods require it; they are Dishonored in him. 150

*Evad.* 'Tis too fearful.

*Mel.* Y'are valiant in his bed, and bold enough

To be a stale whore, and have your madam's name

Discourse for grooms and pages; and hereafter,

When his cool majesty hath laid you by, To be at pension with some needy sir

For meat and coarser clothes: thus far you know

No fear. Come, you shall kill him.

*Evad.* Good sir!

*Mel.* An 'twere to kiss him dead, thou'dst smother him:

Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know 160

What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself

Found out with every finger, made the shame

Of all successions, and in this great ruin Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?

Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to help me,

When I shall call thee to it; or, by all Holy in heaven and earth, thou shalt not live

To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!

Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hands,

And, both to heaven held up, swear, by that wealth 170

This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,

To let his foul soul out.

*Evad.* Here I swear it; [*Kneels*] And, all you spirits of abused ladies, Help me in this performance!

*Mel.* [*Raising her*] Enough. This must be known to none

But you and I,<sup>1</sup> *Evadne*; not to your lord, Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow Dares step as far into a worthy action

As the most daring, ay, as far as justice. Ask me not why. Farewell. *Exit* 180

*Evad.* Would I could say so to my black disgrace!

O, where have I been all this time? how friended,

That I should lose myself thus desperately, And none for pity show me how I wandered?

There is not in the compass of the light A more unhappy creature: sure, I am monstrous;

For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,

Would dare<sup>2</sup> a woman. O, my loaded soul, Be not so cruel to me; choke not up The way to my repentance!

*Enter AMINTOR*

O, my lord! 190

*Amin.* How now?

*Evad.* My much-abused lord! [*Kneels*]

*Amin.* This cannot be!

*Evad.* I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;

The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,

Though I appear with all my faults.

*Amin.* Stand up.

This is a new way to beget more sorrow: Heaven knows I have too many. Do not mock me:

Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,

Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap, Like a hand-wolf,<sup>3</sup> into my natural wildness, And do an outrage: prithee, do not mock me. 200

*Evad.* My whole life is so leprous, it infects

<sup>1</sup> A common confusion.

<sup>2</sup> Daunt.

<sup>3</sup> Tame wolf.



All my repentance. I would buy your  
pardon,  
Though at the highest set,<sup>1</sup> even with my  
life:

That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice  
For what I have committed.

*Amin.* Sure, I dazzle:

There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,  
That knows no god more mighty than her  
mischiefs.

Thou dost still worse, still number on thy  
faults,

To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe  
There's any seed of virtue in that woman <sup>210</sup>  
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin  
Known, and so known as thine is? O

Evadne,

Would there were any safety in thy sex,  
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,  
And credit thy repentance! but I must not:  
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,  
To that strange misbelief of all the world  
And all things that are in it, that I fear  
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,  
Only remembering that I grieve.

*Evad.* My lord, <sup>220</sup>

Give me your griefs: you are an innocent,  
A soul as white as heaven; let not my sins  
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here  
To shadow by dissembling with my tears,  
(As all say women can,) or to make less  
What my hot will hath done, which heaven  
and you

Know to be tougher than the hand of time  
Can cut from man's remembrance; no, I do  
not;

I do appear the same, the same Evadne,  
Dressed in the shames I lived in, the same  
monster. <sup>230</sup>

But these are names of honor to what I am;  
I do present myself the foulest creature,  
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despised of  
men,

Lerna<sup>2</sup> e'er bred or Nilus. I am hell,  
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light  
into me,

The beams of your forgiveness; I am soul-  
sick,

And wither with the fear of one condemned,  
Till I have got your pardon.

*Amin.* Rise, Evadne.

<sup>1</sup> Stake.

<sup>2</sup> A marsh, the haunt of Hydra, the monster slain  
by Hercules.

Those heavenly powers that put this good  
into thee <sup>230</sup>

Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:  
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,  
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.

Mock not the powers above, that can and  
dare

Give thee a great example of their justice  
To all ensuing eyes,<sup>1</sup> if thou play'st  
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.<sup>2</sup>

*Evad.* I have done nothing good to win  
belief,

My life hath been so faithless. All the  
creatures,

Made for heaven's honors, have their ends,  
and good ones

All but the cozening crocodiles, false  
women: <sup>230</sup>

They reign here like those plagues, those  
killing sores,

Men pray against; and when they die, like  
tales

Ill told and unbelieved, they pass away,  
And go to dust forgotten. But, my lord,  
Those short days I shall number to my rest  
(As many must not see me) shall, though  
too late,

Though in my evening, yet perceive a will,  
Since I can do no good, because a woman,  
Reach constantly at something that is near  
it:

I will redeem one minute of my age, <sup>240</sup>  
Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep,  
Till I am water.

*Amin.* I am now dissolved;  
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou  
hast,

Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.  
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,  
Before that devil-king tempted thy frailty,  
Sure thou hadst made a star. Give me thy  
hand:

From this time I will know thee; and, as far  
As honor gives me leave, be thy Amintor.  
When we meet next, I will salute thee  
fairly, <sup>250</sup>

And pray the gods to give thee happy days:  
My charity shall go along with thee,  
Though my embraces must be far from thee.  
I should ha' killed thee, but this sweet  
repentance

<sup>1</sup> Eyes which follow thee; some emend *ages*.

<sup>2</sup> If you palter with repentance which is the best  
sacrifice you can make.



Locks up my vengeance; for which thus I  
kiss thee—

The last kiss we must take: and would to  
heaven

The holy priest that gave our hands to-  
gether

Had given us equal virtues! Go, Evadne;  
The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care  
My honor falls no farther: I am well,  
then. 280

*Evad.* All the dear joys here, and above  
hereafter,  
Crown thy fair soul! Thus I take leave,  
my lord;

And never shall you see the foul Evadne,  
Till she have tried all honored means, that  
may

Set her in rest and wash her stains away.

*Exeunt [severally]*

[SCENE II]

[A Hall in the Palace]

*Banquet [spread]. Enter KING and  
CALIANAX. Hautboys play within.*

*King.* I cannot tell how I should credit  
this

From you, that are his enemy.

*Cal.* I am sure  
He said it to me; and I'll justify it  
What way he dares oppose—but<sup>1</sup> with my  
sword.

*King.* But did he break, without all cir-  
cumstance,  
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,  
To kill me, and then scape?

*Cal.* If he deny it,  
I'll make him blush:

*King.* It sounds incredibly.

*Cal.* Ay, so does every thing I say of late.

*King.* Not so, Calianax.

*Cal.* Yes, I should sit <sup>10</sup>  
Mute whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts  
your throat.

*King.* Well, I will try him; and, if this be  
true,

I'll pawn my life I'll find it; if 't be false,  
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,  
You shall hereafter dote in your own house,  
Not in the court.

*Cal.* Why, if it be a lie,

<sup>1</sup> Except.

Mine ears are false, for I'll be sworn I heard  
it.

Old men are good for nothing: you were  
best

Put me to death for hearing, and free him  
For meaning it. You would a trusted me <sup>20</sup>  
Once, but the time is altered.

*King.* And will still,  
Where I may do with justice to the world:  
You have no witness.

*Cal.* Yes, myself.

*King.* No more,  
I mean, there were that heard it.

*Cal.* How? no more!  
Would you have more? why, am not I  
enough

To hang a thousand rogues?

*King.* But so you may  
Hang honest men too, if you please.

*Cal.* I may!  
'Tis like I will do so: there are a hundred  
Will swear it for a need too, if I say it—

*King.* Such witnesses we need not.

*Cal.* And 'tis hard <sup>30</sup>  
If my word cannot hang a boisterous knave.

*King.* Enough.—Where's Strato?

*Enter STRATO*

*Stra.* Sir?

*King.* Why, where's all the company?  
Call Amintor in;

*Evadne.* Where's my brother, and Melan-  
tius?

Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all  
That are without there.— *Exit STRATO*

If he should desire  
The combat of you, 'tis not in the power  
Of all our laws to hinder it, unless  
We mean to quit 'em.<sup>1</sup>

*Cal.* Why, if you do think <sup>40</sup>  
'Tis fit an old man and a councillor  
To fight for for what he says, then you may  
grant it.

*Enter AMINTOR, EVADNE, MELANTIUS,  
DIPHILUS, [LYSIPPUS], CLEON, STRATO,  
and DIAGORAS*

*King.* Come, sirs!—Amintor, thou art yet  
a bridegroom,  
And I will use thee so; thou shalt sit  
down.—

*Evadne, sit;—and you, Amintor, too;*

<sup>1</sup> Abandon them.



This banquet is for you, sir.—Who has brought

A merry tale about him, to raise laughter  
Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?

Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,  
When I desire 'em not.

*Stra.* 'Tis my ill luck, sir, so to spend them, then.

*King.* Reach me a bowl of wine.—Melantius, thou

Art sad.

*Mel.* I should be, sir, the merriest here,  
But I ha' ne'er a story of mine own  
Worth telling at this time.

*King.* Give me the wine.—  
Melantius, I am now considering  
How easy 'twere for any man we trust  
To poison one of us in such a bowl.

*Mel.* I think it were not hard, sir, for a knave.

*Cal.* [*aside*] Such as you are.

*King.* I' faith, 'twere easy. It becomes us well

To get plain-dealing men about ourselves,  
Such as you all are here.—Amintor, to thee;  
And to thy fair Evadne! [*Drinks*]

*Mel.* [*apart to CAL.*] Have you thought  
Of this, Calianax?

*Cal.* Yes, marry, have I.

*Mel.* And what's your resolution?

*Cal.* Ye shall have it,  
Soundly, I warrant you.

*King.* Reach to Amintor, Strato.

*Amin.* Here, my love;  
[*Drinks, and then hands  
the cup to EVADNE*]

This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set  
Blushes upon thy cheeks; and, till thou dost

A fault, 'twere pity.

*King.* Yet I wonder much  
Of the strange desperation of these men,  
That dare attempt such acts here in our  
state:

He could not scape that did it.

*Mel.* Were he known, impossible.

*King.* It would be known, Melantius.

*Mel.* It ought to be. If he got then away,  
He must wear all our lives upon his sword:  
He need not fly the island; he must leave  
No one alive.

*King.* No; I should think no man

Could kill me, and scape clear, but that old man.

*Cal.* But I! heaven bless me! I should  
I, my liege?

*King.* I do not think thou wouldst; but  
yet thou mightst,  
For thou hast in thy hands the means to  
scape,

By keeping of the fort.—He has, Melantius,  
And he has kept it well.

*Mel.* From cobwebs, sir,  
'Tis clean swept: I can find no other art  
In keeping of it now: 'twas ne'er besieged  
Since he commanded.

*Cal.* I shall be sure  
Of your good word: but I have kept it safe  
From such as you.

*Mel.* Keep your ill temper in: <sup>91</sup>  
I speak no malice; had my brother kept it,  
I should ha' said as much.

*King.* You are not merry.  
Brother, drink wine. Sit you all still.—  
Calianax, [*Aside*]

I cannot trust this: I have thrown out  
words,  
That would have fetched warm blood upon  
the cheeks

Of guilty men, and he is never moved;  
He knows no such thing.

*Cal.* Impudence may scape,  
When feeble virtue is accused.

*King.* 'A must,  
If he were guilty, feel an alteration <sup>100</sup>  
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:  
You see he does not.

*Cal.* Let him hang himself:  
What care I what he does? this he did say.

*King.* Melantius, you can easily conceive  
What I have meant; for men that are in  
fault

Can subtly apprehend when others aim  
At what they do amiss: but I forgive  
Freely before this man: heaven do so too!  
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame  
Of telling it. Let it be so no more. <sup>110</sup>

*Cal.* Why, this is very fine!

*Mel.* I cannot tell  
What 'tis you mean; but I am apt enough  
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault.  
But let me know it: happily <sup>1</sup> 'tis nought  
But misconception; and, where I am clear,  
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,  
Much less of you.

<sup>1</sup> Happly.



*King.* Nay, if you stand so stiff,  
I shall call back my mercy.

*Mel.* I want smoothness  
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime  
I never knew. 120

*King.* Not to instruct your knowledge,  
but to show you  
My ears are every where; you meant to kill  
me,  
And get the fort to scape.

*Mel.* Pardon me, sir;  
My bluntness will be pardoned. You pre-  
serve

A race of idle people here about you,  
Facers<sup>1</sup> and talkers, to defame the worth  
Of those that do things worthy. The man  
that uttered this

Had perished without food, be't who it will,  
But for this arm, that fenced him from the  
foe:

And if I thought you gave a faith to this, 130  
The plainness of my nature would speak  
more.

Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)  
To kill him that spake this.

*Cal.* [*aside*] Ay, that will be  
The end of all: then I am fairly paid  
For all my care and service.—

*Mel.* That old man,  
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I  
(Though I will never match my hate so low)  
Have no good thought, would yet, I think,  
excuse me,

And swear he thought me wronged in this.

*Cal.* Who, I?  
Thou shameless fellow! didst thou not speak  
to me 140

Of it thyself?

*Mel.* O, then, it came from him!

*Cal.* From me! who should it come from  
but from me?

*Mel.* Nay, I believe your malice is  
enough:

But I ha' lost my anger.—Sir, I hope  
You are well satisfied.

*King.* Lysippus, cheer  
Amintor and his lady: there's no sound  
Comes from you; I will come and do't  
myself.

*Amin.* You have done already, sir, for  
me, I thank you.

*King.* Melantius, I do credit this from  
him,

<sup>1</sup> Braggart; old edd. read *eaters*.

How slight soe'er you make't.

*Mel.* 'Tis strange you should. 150

*Cal.* 'Tis strange 'a should believe an old  
man's word,

That never lied in's life!

*Mel.* I talk not to thee.—  
Shall the wild words of this distempered  
man,

Frantic with age and sorrow, make a breach  
Betwixt your majesty and me? 'Twas  
wrong

To hearken to him; but to credit him,  
As much at least as I have power to bear.  
But pardon me—whilst I speak only truth,  
I may commend myself—I have bestowed  
My careless blood<sup>1</sup> with you, and should be  
loath 160

To think an action that would make me  
lose

That and my thanks too. When I was a  
boy,

I thrust myself into my country's cause,  
And did a deed that plucked five years from  
time,

And styled me man then. And for you, my  
King,

Your subjects all have fed by virtue of  
My arm: this sword of mine hath ploughed  
the ground,

And reaped the fruit in peace;  
And you yourself have lived at home in  
ease.

So terrible I grew, that without swords 170  
My name hath fetched you conquest: and  
my heart

And limbs are still the same; my will as  
great

To do you service. Let me not be paid  
With such a strange distrust.

*King.* Melantius,  
I held it great injustice to believe  
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did,  
I do not; let that satisfy.—What, struck  
With sadness all? More wine!

*Cal.* A few fine words  
Have overthrown my truth. Ah, th'art a  
villain!

*Mel.* Why, thou wert better let me have  
the fort: [*Aside*] 180

Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever;  
There shall no credit lie upon thy words:  
Think better, and deliver it.

<sup>1</sup> Blood in the shedding of which I have been  
careless.



*Cal.* My liege,  
He's at me now again to do it.—Speak;  
Deny it, if thou canst.—Examine him  
Whilst he is hot, for, if he cool again,  
He will forswear it.

*King.* This is lunacy,  
I hope, Melantius.

*Mel.* He hath lost himself  
Much, since his daughter missed the hap-  
piness  
My sister gained; and, though he call me  
foe, 190  
I pity him.

*Cal.* Pity! a pox upon you!

*Mel.* Mark his disordered words: and at  
the masque  
Diagoras knows he raged and railed at me,  
And called a lady 'whore,' so innocent  
She understood him not. But it becomes  
Both you and me too to forgive distraction:  
Pardon him, as I do.

*Cal.* I'll not speak for thee,  
For all thy cunning.—If you will be safe,  
Chop off his head; for there was never  
known  
So impudent a rascal.

*King.* Some, that love him, 200  
Get him to bed. Why, pity should not let  
Age make itself contemptible; we must be  
All old. Have him away.

*Mel.* Calianax,  
The King believes you: come, you shall go  
home,  
And rest; you ha' done well. [*Aside*].—  
You'll give it up,  
When I have used you thus a month, I  
hope.—

*Cal.* Now, now, 'tis plain, sir; he does  
move me still:  
He says, he knows I'll give him up the fort,  
When he has used me thus a month. I am  
mad,  
Am I not, still?

*All.* Ha, ha, ha! 210

*Cal.* I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus.  
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there,  
That has no virtue in him, (all's in his  
sword)

Before me? Do but take his weapons from  
him,

And he's an ass; and I am a very fool,  
Both with him and without him, as you use  
me.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*King.* 'Tis well, Calianax: but if you use  
This once again, I shall entreat some other  
To see your offices be well discharged.— 220  
Be merry, gentlemen.—It grows somewhat  
late.—

Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.

*Amin.* Yes, sir.

*King.* And you, Evadne.—Let me take  
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe  
Thou art, as thou deservest to be, my friend  
Still and for ever.—Good Calianax,  
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself.

*Exeunt omnes. Manent*  
*MELANTIUS and CALIANAX*

*Cal.* Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now,  
I hope;  
I could not be thus else.—How darest thou  
stay

Alone with me, knowing how thou hast  
used me? 230

*Mel.* You cannot blast me with your  
tongue, and that's  
The strongest part you have about you.

*Cal.* 1  
Do look for some great punishment for this;  
For I begin to forget all my hate,  
And take't unkindly that mine enemy  
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.

*Mel.* I shall melt too, if you begin to take  
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt.

*Cal.* Thou'lt anger me again. Thou  
wretched rogue,  
Meant me no hurt! disgrace me with the  
King! 240

Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,  
Is it? I prithee, what dost thou call hurt?

*Mel.* To poison men, because they love  
me not;  
To call the credit of men's wives in ques-  
tion;

To murder children betwixt me and land; 1  
This is all hurt.

*Cal.* All this thou think'st is sport;  
For mine is worse: but use thy will with  
me;

For betwixt grief and anger I could cry.

*Mel.* Be wise, then, and be safe; thou  
may'st revenge.

*Cal.* Ay, o' the King: I would revenge of  
thee. 2 250

*Mel.* That you must plot yourself.

*Cal.* I am a fine plotter

<sup>1</sup> Who stand as heirs.

<sup>2</sup> I would be revenged on thee.



*Mel.* The short is, I will hold thee with  
the King  
In this perplexity, till peevishness  
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy  
grave:  
But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,  
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,  
And bear thee over dangers: thou shalt  
hold  
Thy wonted state.

*Cal.* If I should tell the King,  
Canst thou deny't again?

*Mel.* Try, and believe.

*Cal.* Nay, then, thou canst bring any  
thing about. 290

Melantius, thou shalt have the fort.

*Mel.* Why, well.  
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand  
Shall right us both. Give me thy aged  
breast  
To compass.

*Cal.* Nay, I do not love thee yet;  
I cannot well endure to look on thee;  
And if I thought it were a courtesy,  
Thou shouldst not have it. But I am dis-  
graced;

My offices are to be ta'en away;  
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,  
I do believe the King would take it from  
me, 290

And give it thee, things are so strangely  
carried.  
Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the King shall  
know

There was some such thing in't I told him  
of,

And that I was an honest man.

*Mel.* He'll buy  
That knowledge very dearly.—

*Enter DIPHILUS*

Diphilus,

What news with thee?

*Diph.* This were a night indeed  
To do it in: the King hath sent for her.

*Mel.* She shall perform it, then.—Go,  
Diphilus,  
And take from this good man, my worthy  
friend.

The fort, he'll give it thee.

*Diph.* Ha' you got that? 290

*Cal.* Art thou of the same breed? canst  
thou deny  
This to the King too?

*Diph.* With a confidence  
As great as his.

*Cal.* Faith, like enough.

*Mel.* Away, and use him kindly.

*Cal.* Touch not me;  
I hate the whole strain.<sup>1</sup> If thou follow me  
A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;  
And hang yourselves.

*Mel.* Begone.

*Diph.* He's finely wrought.

*Exeunt CALIANAX and DIPHILUS*

*Mel.* This is a night, spite of astronomers,<sup>2</sup>  
To do the deed in. I will wash the stain 280  
That rests upon our house off with his blood.

*Enter AMINTOR*

*Amin.* Melantius, now assist me: if thou  
be'st  
That which thou say'st, assist me. I have  
lost

All my distempers, and have found a rage  
So pleasing! Help me.

*Mel.* [*Aside.*] Who can see him thus,  
And not swear vengeance?—What's the  
matter, friend?

*Amin.* Out with thy sword; and, hand in  
hand with me,  
Rush to the chamber of this hated King,  
And sink him with the weight of all his sins  
To hell for ever.

*Mel.* 'Twere a rash attempt,  
Not to be done with safety. Let your  
reason 300  
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.

*Amin.* If thou refusest me in these ex-  
tremes,  
Thou art no friend. He sent for her to me;  
By heaven, to me, myself! and I must tell  
ye,  
I love her as a stranger: there is worth  
In that vild<sup>3</sup> woman, worthy things, Melan-  
tius;

And she repents. I'll do't myself alone,  
Though I be slain. Farewell.

*Mel.* He'll overthrow  
My whole design with madness.—Amintor,  
Think what thou dost: I dare as much as  
valor; 310

But 'tis the King, the King, the King,  
Amintor,

With whom thou fightest!—[*Aside*] I know  
he's honest,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Stock, family.

<sup>2</sup> Astrologers.

<sup>3</sup> Vile.

<sup>4</sup> Loyal.



And this will work with him.—

*Amin.* I cannot tell  
What thou hast said; but thou hast charmed  
my sword  
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here,  
Defenceless.

*Mel.* I will take it up for thee.

*Amin.* What wild beast is uncollected<sup>1</sup>  
man!

The thing that we call honor bears us all  
Headlong unto sin, and yet itself is nothing.

*Mel.* Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!

*Amin.* Just like my fortunes. I was run  
to that

I purposed to have chid thee for. Some  
plot,

I did distrust, thou hadst against the King,  
By that old fellow's carriage. But take  
heed;

There's not the least limb growing to a king  
But carries thunder in it.

*Mel.* I have none  
Against him.

*Amin.* Why, come, then; and still  
remember

We may not think revenge.

*Mel.* I will remember.  
*Exeunt*

## ACT V, [SCENE II]

[A Room in the Palace]

*Enter EVADNE and a GENTLEMAN*

*Evad.* Sir, is the King a-bed?

*Gent.* Madam, an hour ago.

*Evad.* Give me the key, then; and let  
none be near;

'Tis the King's pleasure.

*Gent.* I understand you, madam; would  
'twere mine!

I must not wish good rest unto your lady-  
ship.

*Evad.* You talk, you talk.

*Gent.* 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the  
King

Will wake, and then, methinks—

*Evad.* Saving your imagination, pray,  
good night, sir.

*Gent.* A good night be it, then, and a long  
one, madam.

I am gone.

*Exit*

<sup>1</sup> Uncontrolled by reason.

*Evad.* The night grows horrible; and all  
about me

Like my black purpose. [*Draws a curtain  
disclosing*] the KING *abed*. O, the con-  
science

Of a lost virtue, whither wilt thou pull me?  
To what things dismal as the depth of hell  
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare  
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be  
flesh,

If she have blood, and can fear. 'Tis a  
daring

Above that desperate fool's that left his  
peace,

And went to sea to fight: 'tis so many sins,  
An age cannot repent 'em; and so great,  
The gods want mercy for. Yet I must  
through 'em:

I have begun a slaughter on my honor,  
And I must end it there.—'A sleeps. O God,  
Why give you peace to this untemperate  
beast,

That hath so long transgressed you? I  
must kill him,

And I will do it bravely: the mere joy  
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not  
Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps—that were  
To rock him to another world; my ven-  
geance

Shall take him waking, and then lay before  
him

The number of his wrongs and punishments:  
I'll shape his sins like Furies, till I waken  
His evil angel, his sick conscience,  
And then I'll strike him dead. King, by  
your leave;

*Ties his arms to the bed*

I dare not trust your strength; your grace  
and I

Must grapple upon even terms no more.  
So, if he rail me not from my resolution,  
I shall be strong enough.—

My lord the King!—My lord!—'A sleeps,  
As if he meant to wake no more.—My  
lord!—

Is he not dead already? Sir! my lord!

*King.* Who's that?

*Evad.* O, you sleep soundly, sir!

*King.* My dear Evadne,  
I have been dreaming of thee: come to bed.

*Evad.* I am come at length, sir; but how  
welcome?

*King.* What pretty new device is this,  
Evdadne?



What, do you tie me to you? By my love,  
This is a quaint one.\* Come, my dear, and  
kiss me;

I'll be thy Mars; to bed, my queen of  
love: 60

Let us be caught together, that the gods  
may see

And envy our embraces.

*Evad.* Stay, sir, stay;  
You are too hot, and I have brought you  
physic

To temper your high veins.

*King.* Prithee, to bed, then; let me take  
it warm;

There thou shalt know the state of my body  
better.

*Evad.* I know you have a surfeited foul  
body;

And you must bleed. [*Draws a dagger*]

*King.* Bleed!

*Evad.* Ay, you shall bleed. Lie still; and,  
if the devil,

Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This  
steel 60

Comes to redeem the honor that you stole,  
*King*, my fair name; which nothing but thy  
death

Can answer to the world.

*King.* How's this, *Evadne*?

*Evad.* I am not she; nor bear I in this  
breast

So much cold spirit to be called a woman:

I am a tiger; I am any thing

'That knows not pity. Stir not: if thou  
dost,

I'll take thee unprepared, thy fears upon  
thee,

That make thy sins look double, and so send  
thee

(By my revenge, I will!) to look those  
torments 70

Prepared for such black souls.

*King.* Thou dost not mean this; 'tis im-  
possible;

Thou art too sweet and gentle.

*Evad.* No, I am not:

I am as foul as thou art, and can number

As many such hells here. I was once fair,

Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose

More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou,  
foul canker,<sup>1</sup>

(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world  
of virtue,

<sup>1</sup> Canker-worm.

Till your cursed court and you (hell bless  
you for't)

With your temptations on temptations 80  
Made me give up mine honor; for which,

*King*,

I am come to kill thee.

*King.* No!

*Evad.* I am.

*King.* Thou art not!

I prithee speak not these things: thou art  
gentle,

And wert not meant thus rugged.

*Evad.* Peace, and hear me.

Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for  
mercy

To those above us; by whose lights I vow  
Those blessed fires<sup>1</sup> that shot to see our  
sin,

If thy hot soul had substance with thy  
blood,

I would kill that too; which, being past my  
steel,

My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shame-  
less villain; 90

A thing out of the overcharge of nature,  
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague  
Upon weak catching<sup>2</sup> women; such a tyrant,  
That for his lust would sell away his sub-  
jects,

Ay, all his heaven hereafter!

*King.* Hear, *Evadne*,

Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy  
*King*.

*Evad.* Thou art my shame! Lie still;  
there's none about you,

Within your cries; all promises of safety  
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou  
foul man,

Thus I begin my vengeance! *Stabs him*

*King.* Hold, *Evadne*! 100

I do command thee hold!

*Evad.* I do not mean, sir,  
To part so fairly with you; we must change  
More of these love-tricks yet.

*King.* What bloody villain  
Provoked thee to this murder?

*Evad.* Thou, thou monster

*King.* O!

*Evad.* Thou kept'st me brave<sup>3</sup> at court,  
and whored me, *King*;

<sup>1</sup> Shooting stars.

<sup>2</sup> Susceptible.

<sup>3</sup> Handsomely dressed and attended.



Then married me to a young noble gentle-  
man,  
And whored me still.

*King.* Evadne, pity me!

*Evad.* Hell take me, then! This for my  
lord Amintor. 109

This for my noble brother! and this stroke  
For the most wronged of women! *Kills him*

*King.* O! I die.

*Evad.* Die all our faults together! I for-  
give thee. *Exit.*

*Enter two of the Bedchamber*

1 *Gent.* Come, now she's gone, let's enter;  
the King expects it, and will be angry.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis a fine wench; we'll have a  
snap at her one of these nights, as she goes  
from him.

1 *Gent.* Content. How quickly he had  
done with her! I see kings can do no more  
that way than other mortal people. 120

2 *Gent.* How fast he is! I cannot hear  
him breathe.

1 *Gent.* Either the tapers give a feeble  
light,  
Or he looks very pale.

2 *Gent.* And so he does:  
Pray heaven he be well! let's look.—Alas!  
He's stiff, wounded, and dead! Treason,  
treason!

1 *Gent.* Run forth and call.

2 *Gent.* Treason, treason! *Exit*

1 *Gent.* This will be laid on us: who can  
believe

A woman could do this? 130

*Enter CLEON and LYSIPPUS*

*Cleon.* How now! where's the traitor?

1 *Gent.* Fled, fled away; but there her  
woeful act  
Lies still.

*Cleon.* Her act! a woman!

*Lys.* Where's the body?

1 *Gent.* There.

*Lys.* Farewell, thou worthy man! There  
were two bonds  
That tied our loves, a brother and a king  
The least of which might fetch a flood of  
tears;  
But such the misery of greatness is,  
They have no time to mourn; then, pardon  
me!

*Enter STRATO*

Sirs, which way went she?

*Stra.* Never follow her; 140

For she, alas! was but the instrument.

News is now brought in, that Melantius  
Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall,  
And with a loud voice calls those few that  
pass

At this dead time of night, delivering  
The innocence of this act.

*Lys.* Gentlemen, I am your King.

*Stra.* We do acknowledge it.

*Lys.* I would I were not! Follow, all;  
for this

Must have a sudden stop. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[Before the Citadel]

*Enter MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, and CALIANAX,*  
*on the wall*

*Mel.* If the dull people can believe I am  
armed,

(Be constant, Diphilus,) now we have time  
Either to bring our banished honors home,  
Or create new ones in our ends.

*Diph.* I fear not;  
My spirit lies not that way.—Courage,  
Calianax!

*Cal.* Would I had any! you should  
quickly know it.

*Mel.* Speak to the people; thou art  
eloquent.

*Cal.* 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the  
gallows:

You were born to be my end; the devil  
take you!

Now must I hang for company. 'Tis  
strange, 150

I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

*Enter LYSIPPUS, DIAGORAS, CLEON, STRATO,*  
*and Guard*

*Lys.* See where he stands, as boldly con-  
fident

As if he had his full command about him!

*Stra.* He looks as if he had the better  
cause, sir;

Under your gracious pardon, let me speak it.  
Though he be mighty-spirited, and forward



To all great things, to all things of that danger

Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certainly

I do believe him noble, and this action  
Rather pulled on than sought: his mind  
was ever

As worthy as his hand.

*Lys.* 'Tis my fear too.  
Heaven forgive all!—Summon him, lord  
Cleon.

*Cle.* Ho, from the walls there!

*Mel.* Worthy Cleon, welcome:  
We could a wished you here, lord; you are  
honest.

*Cal.* [*aside*] Well, thou art as flattering a  
knave, though I dare not tell thee so—

*Lys.* Melantius!

*Mel.* Sir?

*Lys.* I am sorry that we meet thus; our  
old love  
Never required such distance. Pray to  
heaven,

You have not left yourself, and sought this  
safety

More out of fear than honor! You have  
lost

A noble master; which your faith, Melan-  
tius,

Some think might have preserved: yet you  
know best.

*Cal.* [*aside*] When time was<sup>1</sup> I was mad!  
Some that dares fight,  
I hope will pay this rascal.

*Mel.* Royal young man, those tears look  
lovely on thee:

Had they been shed for a deserving one,  
They had been lasting monuments. Thy  
brother,

Whilst he was good, I called him King, and  
served him

With that strong faith, that most unwearied  
valor,

Pulled people from the farthest sun to seek  
him,

And beg his friendship: I was then his  
soldier.

But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace  
me,

And brand my noble actions with his lust,  
(That never-cured dishonor of my sister,  
Base stain of whore, and, which is worse,  
The joy to make it still so,) like myself,

<sup>1</sup> Once upon a time.

Thus I have flung him off with my alle-  
giance;

And stand here mine own justice, to re-  
venge

What I have suffered in him, and this old  
man

Wronged almost to lunacy.

*Cal.* Who, I?

You would draw me in. I have had no  
wrong;

I do disclaim ye all.

*Mel.* The short is this.

'Tis no ambition to lift up myself

Urgeth me thus; I do desire again

To be a subject, so I may be free:

If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild  
This goodly town. Be speedy, and be wise,  
In a reply.

*Stra.* Be sudden, sir, to tie

All up again. What's done is past recall,  
And past you to revenge; and there are  
thousands

That wait for such a troubled hour as this.  
Throw him the blank.<sup>1</sup>

*Lys.* Melantius, write in that thy choice:  
My seal is at it.

[*Throws MELANTIUS the paper*]

*Mel.* It was our honors drew us to this  
act,

Not gain; and we will only work our  
pardons.

*Cal.* Put my name in too.

*Diph.* You disclaimed us all, but now,  
Calianax.

*Cal.* That is all one;

I'll not be hanged hereafter by a trick:  
I'll have it in.

*Mel.* You shall, you shall.—

Come to the back gate, and we'll call you  
King,

And give you up the fort.

*Lys.*

Away, away!

*Exeunt omnes*

### [SCENE III]

[*Ante-room to Amintor's Apartments*]

*Enter ASPATIA, in man's apparel [and with  
artificial scars on her face]*

*Asp.* This is my fatal hour. Heaven may  
forgive

<sup>1</sup> Carte blanche.



My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid  
Griefs on me that will never let me rest,  
And put a woman's heart into my breast.  
It is more honor for you that I die;  
For she that can endure the misery  
That I have on me, and be patient too,  
May live and laugh at all that you can do.

*Enter Servant*

God save you, sir!

*Ser.* And you, sir! What's your business?

*Asp.* With you, sir, now; to do me the  
fair office 10

To help me to your lord.

*Ser.* What, would you serve him?

*Asp.* I'll do him any service; but, to  
haste,<sup>1</sup>

For my affairs are earnest, I desire  
To speak with him.

*Ser.* Sir, because you are in such haste,  
I would be loath

Delay you longer: you can not.

*Asp.* It shall become you, though, to tell  
your lord.

*Ser.* Sir, he will speak with nobody;  
But in particular,<sup>2</sup> I have in charge,<sup>3</sup>  
About no weighty matters.

*Asp.* This is most strange. 20  
Art thou gold-proof? there's for thee; help  
me to him. [Gives money]

*Ser.* Pray be not angry, sir: I'll do my  
best. Exit

*Asp.* How stubbornly this fellow answered  
me!

There is a vild dishonest trick in man,  
More than in woman. All the men I meet  
Appear thus to me, are harsh and rude,  
And have a subtilty in every thing,  
Which love could never know; but we  
fond<sup>4</sup> women

Harbor the easiest and the smoothest  
thoughts,

And think all shall go so. It is unjust 30  
That men and women should be matched  
together.

*Enter AMINTOR and his Man*

*Amin.* Where is he?

*Ser.* There, my lord.

*Amin.* What would you, sir?

<sup>1</sup> Make haste.

<sup>2</sup> Especially.

<sup>3</sup> I have been charged.

<sup>4</sup> Foolish.

*Asp.* Please it your lordship to command  
your man

Out of the room, I shall deliver things  
Worthy your hearing.

*Amin.* Leave us. [Exit Servant]

*Asp.* (*aside*) O, that that shape  
Should bury falsehood in it!—

*Amin.* Now your will, sir.

*Asp.* When you know me, my lord, you  
needs must guess

My business; and I am not hard to know;  
For, till the chance of war marked this  
smooth face

With these few blemishes, people would call  
me 40

My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,  
I am brother to the wronged Aspatia.

*Amin.* The wronged Aspatia! would thou  
were so too

Unto the wronged Amintor! Let me kiss  
[Kisses her hand]

That hand of thine, in honor that I bear  
Unto the wronged Aspatia. Here I stand  
That did it. Would he could not! Gentle  
youth,

Leave me; for there is something in thy  
looks

That calls my sins in a most hideous form  
Into my mind; and I have grief enough 50  
Without thy help.

*Asp.* I would I could with credit!  
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen  
My sister till this hour I now arrived:  
She sent for me to see her marriage;  
A woeful one! but they that are above  
Have ends in every thing. She used few  
words,

But yet enough to make me understand  
The baseness of the injuries you did her.  
That little training I have had is war:  
I may behave myself rudely in peace; 60  
I would not, though. I shall not need to  
tell you,

I am but young, and would be loath to lose  
Honor, that is not easily gained again.  
Fairly I mean to deal: the age is strict  
For single combats; and we shall be  
stopped,

If it be published. If you like your sword,  
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,  
Change; for the ground is this, and this the  
time,

To end our difference.

*Amin.*

[Draws]

Charitable youth,



If thou be'st such, think not I will maintain  
So strange a wrong: and, for thy sister's  
sake,

Know, that I could not think that desperate  
thing

I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world,  
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,  
I am I know not what. If I have aught  
That may content thee, take it, and begone,  
For death is not so terrible as thou;  
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.

*Asp.* Thus, she swore,  
Thou wouldst behave thyself, and give me  
words

That would fetch tears into mine eyes; and  
so

Thou dost indeed. But yet she bade me  
watch,

Lest I were cozened, and be sure to fight  
Ere I returned.

*Amin.* That must not be with me.  
For her I'll die directly; but against her  
Will never hazard it.

*Asp.* You must be urged:  
I do not deal uncivilly with those  
That dare to fight; but such a one as you  
Must be used thus. *She strikes him*

*Amin.* I prithee, youth, take heed.  
Thy sister is a thing to me so much  
Above mine honor, that I can endure<sup>90</sup>  
All this—Good gods! a blow I can endure;  
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless<sup>1</sup>  
death

Upon thyself.

*Asp.* Thou art some prating fellow;  
One that hath studied out a trick to talk,  
And move soft-hearted people; to be kicked,  
*She kicks him*

Thus to be kicked.—(aside) Why should he  
be so slow

In giving me my death?

*Amin.* A man can bear  
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me,  
then?

I would endure yet, if I could. Now show  
[Draws]

The spirit thou pretendest, and understand  
Thou hast no hour to live.

*They fight, [ASPATIA is wounded]*

What dost thou mean?<sup>101</sup>

Thou canst not fight: the blows thou  
mak'st at me

Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee,

<sup>1</sup> Untimely.

Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon  
thy breast,

Alas, defenceless!

*Asp.* I have got enough,  
And my desire. There is no place so fit  
For me to die as here. [Falls]

*Enter EVADNE, her hands bloody, with a  
knife*

*Evad.* Amintor, I am loaden with events,  
That fly to make thee happy; I have joys,  
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,  
And settle thee in thy free state again. <sup>111</sup>  
It is Evadne still that follows thee,  
But not her mischiefs.

*Amin.* Thou canst not fool me to believe  
again;  
But thou hast looks and things so full of  
news,

That I am stayed.

*Evad.* Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze;  
Let thine eyes loose, and speak. Am I not  
fair?

Looks not Evadne beauteous with these  
rites now?

Were those hours half so lovely in thine  
eyes <sup>120</sup>

When our hands met before the holy man?  
I was too foul within to look fair then:  
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

*Amin.* There is presage of some important  
thing

About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue  
hath lost:

Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a  
knife.

*Evad.* In this consists thy happiness and  
mine:

Joy to Amintor! for the King is dead.

*Amin.* Those have most power to hurt us,  
that we love;

We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.  
Why, thou hast raised up mischief to his  
height, <sup>131</sup>

And found one to out-name<sup>1</sup> thy other  
faults;

Thou hast no intermission of thy sins  
But all thy life is a continued ill:

Black is thy color now, disease thy nature.  
'Joy to Amintor!' Thou hast touched a life,  
The very name of which had power to chain

<sup>1</sup> Surpass.



Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

*Evad.* 'Tis done; and, since I could not find a way

To met thy love so clear as through this life,

140

I cannot now repent it.

*Amin.* Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,

To bid me love this woman and forgive, I think I should fall out with them. Behold,

Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,

Sent by a violent fate to fetch his death From my slow hand! And, to augment my woe,

You now are present, stained with a king's blood

Violently shed. This keeps night here, And throws an unknown wilderness about me.

150

*Asp.* O, O, O!

*Amin.* No more; pursue me not.

*Evad.* Forgive me, then, And take me to thy bed: we may not part.

*Amin.* Forbear, be wise, and let my rage go this way.

*Evad.* 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.

*Amin.* Take heed; It will return with me.

*Evad.* If it must be, I shall not fear to meet it: take me home.

*Amin.* Thou monster of cruelty, forbear!

*Evad.* For heaven's sake, look more calm: thine eyes are sharper Than thou canst make thy sword.

[Kneels]

*Amin.* Away, away! Thy knees are more to me than violence; I am worse than sick to see knees follow me For that I must not grant. For heaven's sake, stand.

*Evad.* Receive me, then.

*Amin.* I dare not stay thy language: In midst of all my anger and my grief, Thou dost awake something that troubles me,

And says, I loved thee once. I dare not stay;

There is no end of woman's reasoning.

Leaves her

*Evad.* [rising] Amintor, thou shalt love me now again:

Go; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever!

170

*Evadne*, whom thou hatest, will die for thee.

Kills herself

*Amin.* I have a little human nature yet, That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.

Returns

*Evad.* Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.

O, I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste.

She dies

*Asp.* O, O, O!

*Amin.* This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel

A stark affrighted motion in my blood; My soul grows weary of her house, and I All over am a trouble to myself.

180

There is some hidden power in these dead things,

That calls my flesh unto 'em; I am cold: Be resolute, and bear 'em company.

There's something yet, which I am loath to leave:

There's man enough in me to meet the fears That death can bring; and yet would it were done!

I can find nothing in the whole discourse Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way; Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act, The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up; I have not such another fault to answer:

190

Though she may justly arm herself with scorn

And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,

When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow:

I will not leave this act unsatisfied, If all that's left in me can answer it.

*Asp.* Was it a dream? there stands Amintor still;

Or I dream still.

*Amin.* How dost thou? speak; receive my love and help.

Thy blood climbs up to his old place again; There's hope of thy recovery.

201

*Asp.* Did you not name Aspatia?

*Amin.* I did.

*Asp.* And talked of tears and sorrow unto her?

*Amin.* 'Tis true; and, till these happy signs in thee

<sup>1</sup> Stands conspicuous.



Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.

*Asp.* Thou art there already, and these wounds are hers:

Those threats I brought with me sought not revenge,

But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand:

I am Aspatia yet.

*Amin.* Dare my soul ever look abroad again? 210

*Asp.* I shall sure live, Amintor; I am well;

A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

*Amin.* The world wants lines to excuse thy loss;

Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.

*Asp.* Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;

My strength begins to disobey my will.

How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain live

Now, if I could: wouldst thou have loved me, then?

*Amin.* Alas,

All that I am's not worth a hair from thee! 220

*Asp.* Give my thine hand; mine hands grope up and down,

And cannot find thee; I am wondrous sick: Have I thy hand, Amintor?

*Amin.* Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.

*Asp.* I do believe thee better than my sense.

O, I must go! farewell! *Dies*

*Amin.* She swoons.<sup>1</sup>—Aspatia!—Help! for God's sake, water,

Such as may chain life ever to this frame!—Aspatia, speak!—What, no help yet? I

fool;

I'll chafe her temples. Yet there's nothing stirs: 230

Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls, And let her answer me!—Aspatia, speak!—

I have heard, if there be any life, but bow The body thus, and it will show itself.

O, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.

Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,

I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,

<sup>1</sup> Swoons.

You heavenly powers, and lend forth some few years

The blessèd soul to this fair seat again! 239

No comfort comes; the gods deny me too.

I'll bow the body once again.—Aspatia!—

The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong

Myself, so long to lose her company.

Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love!

[Wounds]<sup>1</sup> himself

*Enter Servant*

*Ser.* This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new king come to him: I must tell him he is entering.—O God!—Help, help!

*Enter* LYSIPPUS, MELANTIUS, CALIANAX, CLEON, DIPHILUS, and STRATO

*Lys.* Where's Amintor?

*Ser.* O, there, there!

*Lys.* How strange is this! 250

*Cal.* What should we do here?

*Mel.* These deaths are such acquainted things with me,

That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand

Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your tears!

This is Amintor: heart, he was my friend;

Melt! now it flows.—Amintor, give a word

To call me to thee.

*Amin.* O!

*Mel.* Melantius calls his friend Amintor, O,

Thy arms are kinder to me than thy tongue! 260

Speak, speak!

*Amin.* What?

*Mel.* That little word was worth all the sounds

That ever I shall hear again.

*Diph.* O, brother, Here lies your sister slain! you lose yourself

In sorrow there.

*Mel.* Why, Diphilus, it is

A thing to laugh at, in respect of this:

Here was my sister, father, brother, son;

All that I had.—Speak once again; what youth

Lies slain there by thee?

*Amin.*

'Tis Aspatia. 270

<sup>1</sup> Old edd. *Kills*.



My last is said. Let me give up my soul  
Into thy bosom. [Dies]

*Cal.* What's that? what's that? Aspatia!

*Mel.* I never did

Repent the greatness of my heart till now;  
It will not burst at need.

*Cal.* My daughter dead here too! And  
you have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I  
ne'er knew any but direct crying.

*Mel.* I am a prattler: but no more.

[Offers to stab himself]

*Diph.*

Hold, brother! 280

*Lys.* Stop him.

*Diph.* Fie, how unmanly was this offer in  
you!

Does this become our strain? <sup>1</sup>

*Cal.* I know not what the matter is, but  
I am grown very kind, and am friends with  
you all now. You have given me that

<sup>1</sup> Stock.

among you will kill me quickly; but I'll go  
home, and live as long as I can. [Exit]

*Mel.* His spirit is but poor that can be  
kept

From death for want of weapons. 290

Is not my hands a weapon good enough

To stop my breath? or, if you tie down  
those,

I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,

Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that

That may preserve life! This I swear to  
keep.

*Lys.* Look to him, though, and bear those  
bodies in.

May this a fair example be to me,

To rule with temper; for on lustful kings

Unlooked-for sudden deaths from God are  
sent;

But cursed is he that is their instrument. 300

[Exeunt]



# PHILASTER.

OR,

Loue lies a Bleeding.

*As it hath beene diuerse times Acted,*  
at the Globe, and Blacke-Friers, by  
*his Majesties Seruants.*

Written by { *Francis Beaumont.* }  
                  and                                 } *Gent.*  
                  { *John Fletcher.* }

The second Impression, corrected, and  
amended.

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LONDON,

Printed for THOMAS WALKLEY, and are to  
be solde at his shoppe, at the signe of the  
Eagle and Childe, in *Brittaines Burse.*

1622.



822.3

S32T

Schelling: Typical

12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

25'43 310

25'48 205

28'18 757

8'19 278

27'6 1360

17'6 12



An imperfect text of *Philaster* was printed in quarto in 1620. At the beginning and end it differs wholly from subsequent texts. A second quarto, that of 1622, supplies the best text, and has been substantially followed here. Five other editions succeeded up to the inclusion of this tragicomedy in the folio of 1679. An allusion to *Philaster* under the sub-title, *Love Lies a-Bleeding*, in *The Scourge of Folly* by John Davies of Hereford, which was registered in October, 1610, discloses the popularity of the play at that date, and fixes the writing of it as somewhat earlier, possibly 1608 or 1609. The collaboration of Beaumont and Fletcher is here at its happiest, a collaboration which despite the assignments of trustworthy scholarship to certain definite passages, must have extended into the very fabric of the play, its plot and characterization. A source for the story of *Philaster* has not yet yielded to the diligent search of scholars, and the play may be confidently ascribed to the authors' inventiveness, however, certain similarities have been discerned between it and the tale of "Felismena and Don Felix" in the *Diana* of Montemayor and Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*. Whether this last preceded or followed *Philaster* is a matter of surmise as indeterminable as it is futile. There can be no question of the fact that it was the popularity of *Philaster* which gave, to the drama of England at least, a new species of play, tragicomedy. Gayley assigns to Fletcher I. 1 (from the King's entry, line 100 to the end of the scene, a revision and enlargement of Beaumont's original sketch; II, 2 (from *Enter Megra*); II, 4 (from *Megra above*); V. 3; and V. 4, besides, as Thorndike expresses it "traces *passim*."

John Fletcher, the son of the Bishop of London, was born in 1579 and educated at Cambridge. Left nothing by his father, who had fallen into disgrace, except his books, Fletcher turned to the writing of plays for a livelihood, and alone, in collaboration with Beaumont especially and with Massinger and others later, he contributed a goodly number of plays to the stage. A notable early effort of Fletcher's is his poetical pastoral, *The Faithful Shepherdess*. His facility and his diversity within well defined limits are striking qualities of Fletcher. He is strong in romantic tragedy such as *Valentinian* or *Bonduca*, happy in tragicomedy of the type of *Philaster*, and ready and versatile in comedy, whether that of manners or of romantic type.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY

THE KING	An old Wanton Lady, or Crone
PHILASTER, <i>Heir to the Crown</i>	Another Lady, attending the Princess
PHARAMOND, <i>Prince of Spain</i>	EUPHRASIA, <i>Daughter of Dion, but disguised like a Page and called Bellario</i>
DION, <i>a Lord</i>	An Old Captain
CLEREMONT } <i>Noble Gentlemen, his</i>	Five Citizens
THRASILINE } <i>Associates</i>	A Country Fellow
ARETHUSA, <i>the King's Daughter</i>	Two Woodmen
GALATEA, <i>a wise, modest Lady, attending the Princess</i>	The King's Guard and Train
MEGRA, <i>a lascivious Lady</i>	

The Scene being in Sicily.



# PHILASTER

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

## ACT I, SCENE I

[*The Presence Chamber in the Palace*]

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE

*Cle.* Here's nor lords nor ladies.

*Dion.* Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the King to attend here: besides, it was boldly published, that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desired to attend and hear.

*Cle.* Can you guess the cause?

*Dion.* Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir and be our sovereign. <sup>10</sup>

*Thra.* Many, that will seem to know much, say she looks not on him like a maid in love.

*Dion.* Faith, sir, the multitude, that seldom know any thing but their own opinions, speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolved to be ruled.

*Cle.* Sir, it is thought, with her he shall <sup>20</sup> enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

*Dion.* Sir, it is without controversy so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labor for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind and lamenting his injuries.

*Cle.* Who, Philaster? <sup>30</sup>

*Dion.* Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

*Cle.* Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty. <sup>40</sup>

*Dion.* Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to inquire after state-news.

But the King, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster; at which the city was in arms, not to be charmed down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased and without a guard; at which they threw their hats and their <sup>50</sup> arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance: which wise men say is the cause the King labors to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with.

Enter GALATEA, a Lady, and MEGRA

*Thra.* See, the ladies! What's the first?

*Dion.* A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

*Cle.* The second?

*Dion.* She is one that may stand still <sup>60</sup> discreetly enough, and ill-favoredly dance her measure; simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

*Cle.* The last?

*Dion.* Faith, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes; she'll cog<sup>1</sup> and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break. Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonor <sup>70</sup> advanced beyond Hercules' Pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body by making experiment upon it for the good of the commonwealth.

*Cle.* She's a profitable member.

*Meg.* Peace, if you love me: you shall see these gentlemen stand their ground and not court us.

*Gal.* What if they should? <sup>80</sup>

*Lady.* What if they should!

*Meg.* Nay, let her alone.—What if they should! why, if they should, I say they were never abroad: what foreigner would do so? it writes them directly untravelled.

*Gal.* Why, what if they be?

<sup>1</sup> Cheat.



*Lady.* What if they be?

*Meg.* Good madam, let her go on.—What if they be! why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a <sup>so</sup> judicious lady, nor make a leg<sup>1</sup> nor say 'excuse me.'

*Gal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Meg.* Do you laugh, madam?

*Dion.* Your desires upon you, ladies!

*Meg.* Then you must sit beside us.

*Dion.* I shall sit near you then, lady.

*Meg.* Near me, perhaps: but there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow. <sup>100</sup>

*Lady.* Methinks he's not so strange; <sup>2</sup> he would quickly be acquainted.

*Thra.* Peace, the King!

*Enter King, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, and Train*

*King.* To give a stronger testimony of love

Than sickly promises (which commonly  
In princes find both birth and burial  
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy  
sir,

To make your fair endearments to our  
daughter,

And worthy services known to our subjects,  
Now loved and wondered at; next, our in-  
tent <sup>110</sup>

To plant you deeply our immediate heir  
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this  
lady,

(The best part of your life, as you confirm  
me,

And I believe,) though her few years and  
sex

Yet teach her nothing but her fears and  
blushes,

Desires without desire, discourse and knowl-  
edge

Only of what herself is to herself,  
Make her feel moderate health; and when  
she sleeps,

In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams:  
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts, <sup>120</sup>

That must mould up a virgin, are put on  
To show her so, as borrowed ornaments,

To speak her perfect love to you, or add  
An artificial shadow to her nature—

No, sir; I boldly dare proclaim her yet no  
woman.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bow.

<sup>2</sup> Odd, also foreign.

<sup>3</sup> A maid.

But woo her still, and think her modesty  
A sweeter mistress than the offered language  
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye  
Speaks common loves and comforts to her  
servants.<sup>1</sup>

Last, noble son (for so I now must call  
you), <sup>130</sup>

What I have done thus public, is not only  
To add a comfort in particular

To you or me, but all; and to confirm  
The nobles and the gentry of these king-  
doms

By oath to your succession, which shall be  
Within this month at most.

*Thra.* This will be hardly done.

*Cle.* It must be ill done, if it be done.

*Dion.* When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half  
done,

Whilst so brave a gentleman is wronged and  
flung off. <sup>140</sup>

*Thra.* I fear.

*Cle.* Who does not?

*Dion.* I fear not for myself, and yet I fear  
too:

Well, we shall see. We shall see. No more.

*Pha.* Kissing your white hand, mistress,  
I take leave

To thank your royal father; and thus far  
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,  
Great King, and these your subjects, mine  
that must be,

(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,  
And so deserving I dare speak myself,) <sup>150</sup>

To what a person, of what eminence,  
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,

Manners and virtues, you would wed your  
kingdoms;

You in me have your wishes. O! this coun-  
try!

By more than all the gods, I hold it happy;  
Happy in their dear memories that have  
been

Kings great and good; happy in yours that  
is;

And from you (as a chronicle to keep  
Your noble name from eating age) do I

Opine myself most happy. Gentlemen, <sup>160</sup>  
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,

There shall be nothing to make up a king-  
dom

Mighty, and flourishing, defencèd, feared,  
Equal to be commanded and obeyed,

<sup>1</sup> Suitors.



But through the travails of my life I'll find  
it,  
And tie it to this country. By all the gods!  
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,  
That every man shall be his prince himself  
And his own law—yet I his prince and law.  
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self <sup>170</sup>  
(Dear in the choice of him whose name and  
luster  
Must make you more and mightier) let me  
say,  
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet  
princess,  
You shall enjoy a man of men to be  
Your servant; you shall make him yours,  
for whom  
Great queens must die.

*Thra.* Miraculous!

*Cle.* This speech calls him Spaniard, being  
nothing but a large inventory of his own  
commendations. <sup>180</sup>

*Dion.* I wonder what's his price; for cer-  
tainly  
He'll sell himself, he has so praised his  
shape.  
But here comes one more worthy those  
large speeches,  
Than the large speaker of them.

*Enter PHILASTER*

Let me be swallowed quick,<sup>1</sup> if I can find,  
In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues,  
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,  
He shall be constable. By this sun,  
He'll ne'er make king, unless it be of trifles,  
In my poor judgment. <sup>190</sup>

*Phi.* Right noble sir, as low as my obedi-  
ence,  
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,  
I beg your favor.

*King.* Rise; you have it, sir.

*Dion.* Mark but the King, how pale he  
looks, he fears!

O, this same whoreson conscience, how it  
jades us!

*King.* Speak your intents, sir.

*Phi.* Shall I speak 'em freely?

He still<sup>2</sup> my royal sovereign.

*King.* As a subject,  
We give you freedom.

*Dion.* Now it heats.

*Phi.* Then thus I turn

<sup>1</sup> Alive.

<sup>2</sup> Ever.

My language to you, prince; you, foreign  
man!

Ne'er stare nor put on wonder, for you  
must

Endure me, and you shall. This earth you  
tread upon

(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair  
princess,)

By my dead father (O, I had a father,  
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left  
To your inheritance, and I up and living—  
Having myself about me and my sword,  
The souls of all my name and memories,  
These arms and some few friends beside the  
gods— <sup>210</sup>

To part so calmly with it, and sit still  
And say, 'I might have been.' I tell thee,  
Pharamond,

When thou art king, look I be dead and  
rotten,

And my name ashes, as I: for, hear me,  
Pharamond!

This very ground thou goest on, this fat  
earth,

My father's friends made fertile with their  
faiths,

Before that day of shame shall gape and  
swallow

Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,  
Into her hidden bowels; prince, it shall; <sup>210</sup>  
By the just gods, it shall!

*Pha.* He's mad; beyond cure, mad.

*Dion.* Here's a fellow has some fire in's  
veins:

The outlandish<sup>1</sup> prince looks like a tooth-  
drawer.<sup>2</sup>

*Phi.* Sir prince of popinjays, I'll make it  
well appear

To you I am not mad.

*King.* You displease us:

You are too bold.

*Phi.* No, sir, I am too tame,  
Too much a turtle,<sup>3</sup> a thing born without  
passion,

A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud  
sails over,

And makes nothing.

*King.* I do not fancy this.

Call our physicians: sure, he's somewhat  
tainted.

*Thra.* I do not think 'twill prove so. <sup>220</sup>

*Dion.* H'as given him a general purge al-  
ready,

<sup>1</sup> Foreign.

<sup>2</sup> Proverbially, mean. <sup>3</sup> Dove.



For all the right he has; and now he means  
To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen:  
By heaven, I'll run his hazard,  
Although I run my name out of the  
kingdom!

*Cle.* Peace, we are all one soul.

*Pha.* What you have seen in me to stir  
offence,  
I cannot find, unless it be this lady,  
Offered into mine arms with the succession;  
Which I must keep, (though it hath pleased  
your fury <sup>210</sup>  
To mutiny within you,) without disputing  
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge  
Whose branch you are: the King will leave  
it me.  
And I dare make it mine. You have your  
answer.

*Phi.* If thou wert sole inheritor to him  
That made the world his,<sup>1</sup> and couldst see  
no sun  
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Phar-  
amond  
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,  
And ringed amongst the choicest of his  
friends  
(Such as would blush to talk such serious  
follies, <sup>220</sup>  
Or back such bellied<sup>2</sup> commendations),  
And from this presence, spite of all these  
bugs,<sup>3</sup>

You should hear further from me.

*King.* Sir, you wrong the prince;  
I gave you not this freedom to brave our  
best friends:  
You deserve our frown. Go to;<sup>4</sup> be better  
tempered.

*Phi.* It must be, sir, when I am nobler  
used.

*Gal.* Ladies,  
This would have been a pattern of suc-  
cession,<sup>5</sup>

Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,  
He is the worthiest the true name of man <sup>230</sup>  
This day within my knowledge.

*Meg.* I cannot tell what you may call  
your knowledge;  
But the other is the man set in my eye:  
O, 'tis a prince of wax!<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Alexander the Great.

<sup>2</sup> Swollen.

<sup>3</sup> Bugaboos.

<sup>4</sup> Equal to come now.

<sup>5</sup> A pattern to his successors.

<sup>6</sup> A perfect prince.

*Gal.* A dog it is.

*King.* Philaster, tell me  
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

*Phi.* If you had my eyes, sir, and suf-  
ferance,

My griefs upon you and my broken for-  
tunes,

My wants great, and now nought but hopes  
and fears

My wrongs would make ill riddles to be  
laughed at. <sup>240</sup>

Dare you be still my king, and right me  
not?

*King.* Give me your wrongs in private.

*Phi.* Take them,  
And ease me of a load<sup>1</sup> would bow strong  
Atlas. *They whisper*

*Cle.* He dares not stand the shock.

*Dion.* I cannot blame him; there's danger  
in't. Every man in this age has not a soul  
of crystal, for all men to read their actions  
through: men's hearts and faces are so far  
asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do  
but view yon stranger well, and you <sup>250</sup>  
shall see a fever through all his bravery,<sup>2</sup>  
and feel him shake like a true truant:<sup>3</sup> if he  
give not back his crown again upon the  
report of an elder-gun, I have no augury.

*King.* Go to;

Be more yourself, as you respect our favor;  
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you  
know,

That y'are, and shall be, at our pleasure,  
what fashion we

Will put upon you. Smooth your brow, or  
by the gods—

*Phi.* I am dead, sir; y'are my fate. It  
was not I <sup>260</sup>

Said, I was wronged: I carry all about me  
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak  
fortunes.

Who dares in all this presence speak, (that  
is

But man of flesh, and may be mortal,) tell  
me,

I do not most entirely love this prince,  
And honor his full virtues!

*King.* Sure, he's possessed.

*Phi.* Yes, with my father's spirit. It's  
here, O King,

A dangerous spirit! now he tells me, King,

<sup>1</sup> That would.

<sup>2</sup> Haughty pose.

<sup>3</sup> Qq. read tenant.



I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,  
And whispers to me, these are all my sub-  
jects. 800

'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but  
dives

Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes  
That kneel and do me service, cry me king:  
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,  
And will undo me.—[To PHA.]—Noble sir,  
your hand;

I am your servant.

*King.* Away! I do not like this:  
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you  
Both of your life and spirit. For this time  
I pardon your wild speech, without so much  
As your imprisonment. 210

*Exeunt King, PHARAMOND,  
ARETHUSA, [and Train]*

*Dion.* I thank you, sir! you dare not for  
the people.

*Gal.* Ladies, what think you now of this  
brave fellow?

*Meg.* A pretty talking fellow, hot at  
hand.<sup>1</sup> But eye yon stranger: is he not a  
fine complete gentleman? O, these stran-  
gers, I do affect<sup>2</sup> them strangely! they do  
the rarest home-things<sup>3</sup> and please the full-  
est! As I live, I could love all the nation  
over and over for his sake.

*Gal.* Gods comfort your poor head- 320  
piece, lady! 'tis a weak one, and had need  
of a night-cap. *Exeunt Ladies*

*Dion.* See, how his fancy labors! Has he  
not

Spoke home and bravely? what a dangerous  
train

Did he give fire to! how he shook the King,  
Made his soul melt within him, and his  
blood

Run into whey! it stood upon his brow  
Like a cold winter dew.

*Phi.* Gentlemen,  
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:  
You stand, methinks, like men that would  
be courtiers 330

If I could well be flattered at a price,  
Not to undo your children. Y'are all  
honest:

Go, get you home again, and make your  
country

A virtuous court, to which your great ones  
may,

In their diseased age, retire and live recluse.

*Cle.* How do you, worthy sir?

*Phi.* Well, very well;

And so well that, if the King please you, I  
find

I may live many years.

*Dion.* The King must please,  
Whilst we know what you are and who  
you are,

Your wrongs and virtues. Shrink not,  
worthy sir, 340

But add your father to you; in whose name  
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up  
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,  
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell  
high,

And so begirt the dens of these male-  
dragons,<sup>1</sup>

That, through the strongest safety, they  
shall beg

For mercy at your sword's point.

*Phi.* Friends, no more;  
Our ears may be corrupted; 'tis an age  
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you  
love me?

*Thra.* Do we love heaven and honor? 350

*Phi.* My lord Dion, you had  
A virtuous gentlewoman<sup>2</sup> called you father;  
Is she yet alive?

*Dion.* Most honored sir, she is;  
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,  
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

*Enter a Lady*

*Phi.* Is it to me,  
Or any of these gentlemen, you come?

*Lady.* To you, brave lord; the princess  
would entreat

Your present company.

*Phi.* The princess send for me! you are  
mistaken. 360

*Lady.* If you be called Philaster, 'tis to  
you.

*Phi.* Kiss her fair hand, and say I will  
attend her. *[Exit Lady]*

*Dion.* Do you know what you do?

*Phi.* Yes; go to see a woman.

*Cle.* But do you weigh the danger you  
are in?

*Phi.* Danger in a sweet face!

<sup>1</sup> Probably evil dragons. <sup>2</sup> Who called.

<sup>1</sup> For the immediate moment.

<sup>2</sup> Like.

<sup>3</sup> Things that thrust home.



By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman!

*Thra.* But are you sure it was the princess sent?

It may be some foul train<sup>1</sup> to catch your life.

*Phi.* I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble. 370

Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red

And white friends in her cheeks may steal my soul out;

There's all the danger in't: but, be what may,

Her single<sup>2</sup> name hath armed me.

*Exit* PHILASTER

*Dion.* Go on,

And be as truly happy as th'art fearless!—

Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,

Lest the King prove false.

*Exeunt* Gentlemen

### [SCENE II]

[*Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace*]

*Enter* ARETHUSA and a Lady

*Are.* Comes he not?

*Lady.* Madam?

*Are.* Will Philaster come?

*Lady.* Dear madam, you were wont to credit me at first.

*Are.* But didst thou tell me so?

I am forgetful, and my woman's strength Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow About my marriage, that these under-things Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.

How looked he when he told thee he would come?

*Lady.* Why, well. 10

*Are.* And not a little fearful?

*Lady.* Fear, madam! sure, he knows not what it is.

*Are.* You are all of his faction; the whole court

Is bold in praise of him; whilst I May live neglected, and do noble things, As fools in strife throw gold into the sea, Drowned in the doing. But, I know he fears.

*Lady.* Fear, madam! methought, his looks hid more

<sup>1</sup> Plot, lure.

<sup>2</sup> Merely.

Of love than fear.

*Are.* Of love! to whom? to you?

Did you deliver those plain words I sent, 20 With such a winning gesture and quick look That you have caught him?

*Lady.* Madam, I mean to you.

*Are.* Of love to me! alas, thy ignorance Lets thee not see the crosses of our births! Nature, that loves not to be questioned Why she did this or that, but has her ends, And knows she does well, never gave the world

Two things so opposite, so contrary, As he and I am: if a bowl of blood, Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee, 30

A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me!

*Lady.* Madam, I think I hear him.

*Are.* Bring him in. [*Exit* Lady]

You gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,

Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is, To make the passion of a feeble maid The way unto your justice, I obey. 40

[*Re*]-enter [*Lady with*] PHILASTER

*Lady.* Here is my lord Philaster.

*Are.* O, 'tis well.

Withdraw yourself. [*Exit* Lady]

*Phi.* Madam, your messenger

Made me believe you wished to speak with me.

*Are.* 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such 40

I have to say, and do so ill beseem The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,

And yet am loath to speak them. Have you known

That I have aught detracted from your worth?

Have I in person wronged you? or have set My baser instruments<sup>1</sup> to throw disgrace Upon your virtues?

*Phi.* Never, madam, you.

*Are.* Why, then, should you, in such a public place,

Injure a princess, and a scandal lay Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great, 50 Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

<sup>1</sup> Servants.



*Phi.* Madam, this truth which I shall speak will be  
Foolish: but, for your fair and virtuous self,  
I could afford myself to have no right  
To any thing you wished.

*Are.* Philaster, know,  
I must enjoy these kingdoms.

*Phi.* Madam, both?

*Are.* Both, or I die: by heaven, I die,  
Philaster,  
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

*Phi.* I would do much to save that noble  
life:

Yet would be loath to have posterity<sup>80</sup>  
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave  
His right unto a scepter and a crown  
To save a lady's longing.

*Are.* Nay then, hear:  
I must and will have them, and more—

*Phi.* What more?

*Are.* Or lose that little life the gods pre-  
pared  
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

*Phi.* Madam what more?

*Are.* Turn then, away thy face.

*Phi.* No.

*Are.* Do.

*Phi.* I can endure it. Turn away my  
face!<sup>70</sup>

I never yet saw enemy that looked  
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself  
As great a basilisk<sup>1</sup> as he; or spake  
So horrible, but that I thought my tongue  
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;  
Nor beast that I could turn from: shall I  
then

Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,  
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my  
life;

Why, I will give it you; for it is of me  
A thing so loathed, and unto you that ask<sup>80</sup>  
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:  
If you entreat, I will unmovedly hear.

*Are.* Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy  
looks.

*Phi.* I do.

*Are.* Then know, I must have them  
and thee.

*Phi.* And me?

*Are.* Thy love; without which  
all the land

Discovered yet will serve me for no use  
But to be buried in.

<sup>1</sup> A fabled creature that kills with a look.

*Phi.* Is't possible?

*Are.* With it, it were too little to bestow  
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike  
me dead,  
(Which, know, it may,) I have unripped my<sup>90</sup>  
breast.

*Phi.* Madam, you are too full of noble  
thoughts,

To lay a train for this contemnèd life,  
Which you may have for asking: to suspect  
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love  
you!

By all my hopes, I do, above my life!  
But how this passion should proceed from  
you

So violently, would amaze a man  
That would be jealous.<sup>1</sup>

*Are.* Another soul into my body shot  
Could not have filled me with more strength  
and spirit<sup>100</sup>

Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty  
time

In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods,  
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our  
love

Will be the nobler and the better blest,  
In that the secret justice of the gods  
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;  
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall be-  
twixt us.

And we should part without it.

*Phi.* 'Twill be ill

I should abide here long.

*Are.* 'Tis true; and worse

You should come often. How shall we de-  
vise<sup>110</sup>

To hold intelligence that our true loves,  
On any new occasion, may agree  
What path is best to tread?

*Phi.* I have a boy,

Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,  
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the  
buck,

I found him sitting by a fountain's side,  
Of which he borrowed some to quench his  
thirst,

And paid the nymph again as much in tears.  
A garland lay him by, made by himself  
Of many several flowers bred in the vale,<sup>120</sup>  
Stuck in that mystic order that the rare-  
ness

Delighted me: but ever when he turned  
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,

<sup>1</sup> Suspicious.



As if he meant to make 'em grow again.  
 Seeing such pretty helpless innocence  
 Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story:  
 He told me that his parents gentle died,  
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,  
 Which gave him roots; and of the crystal  
     springs,  
 Which did not stop their courses; and the  
     sun, 130  
 Which still,<sup>1</sup> he thanked him, yielded him  
     his light.  
 Then took he up his garland, and did show  
 What every flower, as country-people hold,  
 Did signify, and how all, ordered thus,  
 Expressed his grief; and, to my thoughts,  
     did read  
 The prettiest lecture of his country-art  
 That could be wished: so that methought I  
     could  
 Have studied it. I gladly entertained<sup>2</sup>  
 Him, who was glad to follow; and have got  
 The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest  
     boy 140  
 That ever master kept. Him will I send  
 To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

*Enter Lady*

*Are.* 'Tis well; no more.  
*Lady.* Madam, the prince is come to do  
     his service.  
*Are.* What will you do, Philaster, with  
     yourself?  
*Phi.* Why, that which all the gods have  
     pointed out for me.  
*Are.* Dear, hide thyself. —  
 Bring in the prince. [Exit Lady]  
*Phi.* Hide me from Pharamond!  
 When thunder speaks, which is the voice of  
     God, 150  
 Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;  
 And shall a stranger-prince have leave to  
     brag  
 Unto a foreign nation, that he made  
 Philaster hide himself?  
*Are.* He cannot know it.  
*Phi.* Though it should sleep for ever to  
     the world,  
 It is a simple sin to hide myself,  
 Which will for ever on my conscience lie.  
*Are.* Then, good Philaster, give him scope  
     and way  
 In what he says; for he is apt to speak

<sup>1</sup> Ever.

<sup>2</sup> Engaged.

What you are loath to hear: for my sake,  
     do. 160  
*Phi.* I will.  
  
[Re]-enter [Lady with] PHARAMOND  
  
*Pha.* My princely mistress, as true lovers  
     ought,  
 I come to kiss these fair hands, and to  
     show, [Exit Lady]  
 In outward ceremonies, the dear love  
 Writ in my heart.  
*Phi.* If I shall have an answer no di-  
     rectlier,  
 I am gone.  
*Pha.* To what would he have answer?  
*Are.* To his claim unto the kingdom.  
*Pha.* Sirrah, I forbare you before the  
     King— 170  
*Phi.* Good sir, do so still: I would not  
     talk with you.  
*Pha.* But now the time is fitter: do but  
     offer  
 To make mention of right to any kingdom,  
 Though it be scarce habitable.—  
*Phi.* Good sir, let me go.  
*Pha.* And by the gods—  
*Phi.* Peace, Pharamond! if thou—  
*Are.* Leave us, Philaster.  
*Phi.* I have done  
*Pha.* You are gone! by heaven I'll fetch  
     you back.  
*Phi.* You shall not need.  
*Pha.* What now?  
*Phi.* Know, Pharamond,  
 I loathe to brawl with such a blast as thou,  
 Who art nought but a valiant voice; but if  
 Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall  
     say, 180  
 'Thou wert,' and not lament it.  
*Pha.* Do you slight  
 My greatness so, and in the chamber of  
 The princess?  
*Phi.* It is a place to which I must con-  
     fess  
 I owe a reverence; but were't the church,  
 Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,  
 Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill  
     thee:  
 And for your greatness, know, sir, I can  
     grasp  
 You and your greatness thus, thus into  
     nothing. 190



Give not a word, not a word back! Fare-  
well. *Exit PHI.*

*Pha.* 'Tis an odd fellow, madam; we must  
stop

His mouth with some office when we are  
married.

*Are.* You were best make him your con-  
troller.

*Pha.* I think he would discharge it well.  
But, madam,

I hope our hearts are knit; but yet so slow  
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be  
long

Before our hands be so. If then you please,  
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait  
For dreaming form, but take a little stolen  
Delights, and so prevent<sup>1</sup> our joys to  
come. <sup>201</sup>

*Are.* If you dare speak such thoughts,  
I must withdraw in honor. *Exit ARE.*

*Pha.* The constitution of my body will  
never hold out till the wedding; I must  
seek elsewhere. *Exit PHA.*

## ACT II, SCENE I

[*An Apartment in the Palace*]

*Enter PHILASTER and BELLARIO*

*Phi.* And thou shalt find her honorable,  
boy;

Full of regard unto thy tender youth,  
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,  
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,  
Ay, or deserve.

*Bel.* Sir, you did take me up  
When I was nothing; and only yet am some-  
thing

By being yours. You trusted me unknown;  
And that which you were apt to construe<sup>2</sup>  
A simple innocence in me, perhaps  
Might have been craft, the cunning of a  
boy <sup>10</sup>

Hardened in lies and theft: yet ventured  
you

To part my miseries and me; for which,  
I never can expect to serve a lady  
That bears more honor in her breast than  
you.

*Phi.* But, boy, it will prefer<sup>3</sup> thee. Thou  
art young,  
And bear'st a childish overflowing love

<sup>1</sup> Anticipate.

<sup>2</sup> Construe.

<sup>3</sup> Advance.

To them that clap thy cheeks and speak  
thee fair yet;

But when thy judgment comes to rule those  
passions,

Thou wilt remember best those careful  
friends

That placed thee in the noblest way of life.  
She is a princess I prefer thee to. <sup>21</sup>

*Bel.* In that small time that I have seen  
the world,

I never knew a man hasty to part  
With a servant he thought trusty: I re-  
member,

My father would prefer the boys he kept  
To greater men than he: but did it not  
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

*Phi.* Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at  
all

In thy behavior.

*Bel.* Sir, if I have made  
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth: <sup>30</sup>  
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;  
Age and experience will adorn my mind  
With larger knowledge; and if I have done  
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope  
For once. What master holds so strict a  
hand

Over his boy, that he will part with him  
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,  
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,  
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.

*Phi.* Thy love doth plead so prettily to  
stay, <sup>40</sup>

That, trust me, I could weep to part with  
thee.

Alas, I do not turn thee off! thou knowest  
It is my business that doth call thee hence;  
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st  
with me.

Think so, and 'tis so: and when time is full,  
That thou hast well discharged this heavy  
trust,

Laid on so weak a one, I will again  
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will!  
Nay, weep not, gentle boy. 'Tis more than  
time

Thou didst attend the princess.

*Bel.* I am gone. <sup>50</sup>  
But since I am to part with you, my lord,  
And none knows whether I shall live to do  
More service for you, take this little  
prayer:

Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your  
designs!



May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;

And heaven hate those you curse, though I be one! *Exit*

*Phi.* The love of boys unto their lords is strange;

I have read wonders of it: yet this boy  
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks  
And speech) would out-do story. I may see

A day to pay him for his loyalty. *Exit*

### [SCENE II]

[A Gallery in the Palace]

*Enter PHARAMOND*

*Pha.* Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother<sup>1</sup> sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest<sup>2</sup> now, I were in a fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and, in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. O, for our country ladies!<sup>3</sup>

*Enter GALATEA*

Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her. Madam!

*Gal.* Your grace! 11

*Pha.* Shall I not be a trouble?

*Gal.* Not to me, sir.

*Pha.* Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand—

*Gal.* You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old glove.

If you will talk at distance, I am for you:  
But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag;

These two I bar;

And then, I think, I shall have sense enough

To answer all the weighty apophthegms  
Your royal blood shall manage. 20

*Pha.* Dear lady, can you love?

*Gal.* Dear, prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it was given

<sup>1</sup> Lady in charge of the maids of honor.

<sup>2</sup> Chaste.

<sup>3</sup> Of my own country.

for. This wire<sup>1</sup> mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting; and, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand<sup>2</sup> behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.

*Pha.* You mistake me, lady.

[*Gal.*] Lord, I do so: would you or I could help it!

*Pha.* Do ladies of this country use to give No more respect to men of my full being?

*Gal.* Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white wine brewed with carduus;<sup>3</sup> then fast till supper; about eight you may eat: use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller:<sup>4</sup> but, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy,<sup>5</sup> fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey; they are all duller of the vital spirits.

*Pha.* Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

*Gal.* 'Tis very true, sir; I talk of you. 20

*Pha.* [*Aside.*] This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite: she's a Danaë, and must be courted in a shower of gold.—Madam, look here; all these, and more than—

*Gal.* What have you there, my lord? gold! now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play<sup>6</sup> with the pages: you could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, 20 my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you. [*Takes gold*]

*Pha.* Lady, lady!

*Gal.* She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money.<sup>7</sup>—

[*Aside*] Yet for all this I'll match ye.

*Exit GAL. behind the hangings*

*Pha.* If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camp-hire-constitutions<sup>8</sup> as this would call the golden age again in question, and teach the

<sup>1</sup> Support of the head-dress.

<sup>2</sup> Record of indebtedness.

<sup>3</sup> A cordial.

<sup>4</sup> Cross-bow.

<sup>5</sup> Blood-letting.

<sup>6</sup> Game.

<sup>7</sup> Silver, i.e. is cheaper game.

<sup>8</sup> Cold natures.



old way for every ill-faced husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that would breed, let all consider.

*Enter MEGRA*

Here's another: if she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on.—Many fair mornings, lady!

*Meg.* As many mornings bring as many days,

Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace!

*Pha.* She gives good words yet; sure this wench is free.—<sup>80</sup>

If your more serious business do not call you,

Let me hold quarter with<sup>1</sup> you; we'll talk an hour

Out quickly.

*Meg.* What would your grace talk of?

*Pha.* Of some such pretty subject as yourself:

I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;  
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

*Meg.* Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,  
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough,

Or my glass wrongs me.<sup>90</sup>

*Pha.* O, they are two twinned cherries dyed in blushes

Which those fair suns above with their bright beams

Reflect upon and ripen! Sweetest beauty,  
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste

Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,

And taste and live.

*Meg.* O, delicate sweet prince!  
She that hath snow enough about her heart  
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,

May be a nun without probation.—Sir,  
You have in such neat poetry gathered a kiss,<sup>100</sup>

That if I had but five lines of that number,  
Such pretty begging blanks,<sup>2</sup> I should commend

Your forehead or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

*Pha.* Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam.

*Meg.* I shall, I shall.

*Pha.* By my life, but you shall not; I'll prompt you first. [*Kisses her*] Can you do it now?

*Meg.* Methinks 'tis easy, now you ha' done't before me;

But yet should I stick at it— [*Kisses him*]

*Pha.* Stick till to-morrow; I'll ne'er part you, sweetest. But we lose time:

Can you love me? 110

*Meg.* Love you, my lord! how would you have me love you?

*Pha.* I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory; this is all: love me, and lie with me.

*Meg.* Was it 'lie with you,' that you said? 'tis impossible.

*Pha.* Not to a willing mind, that will endeavor: if I do not teach you to do it as easily in one night as you'll go to bed, I'll <sup>120</sup>lose my royal blood for't.

*Meg.* Why, prince, you have a lady of your own  
That yet wants teaching.

*Pha.* I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures<sup>1</sup> than teach her any thing belonging to the function. She's afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

*Meg.* By mine honor, that's a foul fault indeed; 130  
But time and your good help will wear it out, sir.

*Pha.* And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the school master, and leap a dairy-maid.

*Meg.* Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

*Pha.* Out upon her! she's as cold of her favor as an apoplex: she sailed by but now.

*Meg.* And how do you hold her wit, sir?

*Pha.* I hold her wit? The strength of <sup>141</sup>all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?

<sup>1</sup> Dances.

<sup>1</sup> Talk, negotiate.

<sup>2</sup> Blank verses.



*Meg.* Whither?

*Pha.* To your bed. If you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnoblest wrong. <sup>150</sup>

*Meg.* I dare not, prince, I dare not.

*Pha.* Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal: give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful;

Speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this,

And with it me: soon I will visit you.

*Meg.* My lord,

My chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night, <sup>160</sup>

I'll find some means to slip into your lodging:

Till when—

*Pha.* Till when, this and my heart go with thee! *Excunt several ways*

*Re-enter GALATEA, from behind the hangings*

*Gal.* O, thou pernicious petticoat-prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: and, Lady Towsabel, I'll fit you for't. *Exit GAL.*

### [SCENE III]

*[Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace]*

*Enter ARETHUSA and a Lady*

*Are.* Where's the boy?

*Lady.* Within, madam.

*Are.* Gave you him gold to buy him clothes?

*Lady.* I did.

*Are.* And has he done't?

*Lady.* Yes, madam.

*Are.* 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not?

Asked you his name?

*Lady.* No, madam.

*Enter GALATEA*

*Are.* O, you are welcome. What good news? <sup>10</sup>

*Gal.* As good as any one can tell your grace,

That says, she has done that you would have wished.

*Are.* Hast thou discovered?

*Gal.* I have strained a point of modesty for you.

*Are.* I prithee, how?

*Gal.* In listening after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry; your prince, brave Pharamond, <sup>20</sup> was so hot on't!

*Are.* With whom?

*Gal.* Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.

*Are.* O, when, and where?

*Gal.* To-night, his lodging.

*Are.* Run thyself into the presence; mingle there again

With other ladies; leave the rest to me.—  
*[Exit GALATEA]*

If Destiny (to whom we dare not say, 'Why thou didst this?') have not declared it so, <sup>30</sup>

In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters Were never altered yet), this match shall break.—

Where's the boy?

*Lady.* Here, madam.

*Enter BELLARIO*

*Are.* Sir,

You are sad to change your service; is't not so?

*Bel.* Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you,

To do him service.

*Are.* Thou disclaim'st in me.<sup>1</sup>

Tell me thy name.

*Bel.* Bellario.

*Are.* Thou canst sing and play? <sup>40</sup>

*Bel.* If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

*Are.* Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know?

Hadst thou a curst<sup>2</sup> master when thou went'st to school?

Thou art not capable of other grief; Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be

When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,

<sup>1</sup> Thou disclaimest me in thy service.

<sup>2</sup> Cross.



Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,

And builds himself caves, to abide in them.  
Come, sir, tell me truly, doth your lord love me?

*Bel.* Love, madam! I know not what it is.

*Are.* Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?

Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me

As if he wished me well?

*Bel.* If it be love  
To forget all respect of his own friends  
With thinking of your face; if it be love  
To sit cross-armed and sigh away the day,  
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud

And hastily as men i' the streets do fire;  
If it be love to weep himself away  
When he but hears of any lady dead  
Or killed, because it might have been your chance;

If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),  
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,

As others drop a bead, be to be in love,  
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

*Are.* O, y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie

For your lord's credit! but thou know'st a lie

That bears this sound is welcomer to me  
Than any truth that says he loves me not.  
Lead the way, boy.—Do you attend me too.—

'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus.  
Away! *Exeunt*

#### [SCENE IV]

[Before Pharamond's Lodging in the Court of the Palace]

*Enter* DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE,  
MEGRA, and GALATEA

*Dion.* Come, ladies, shall we talk a round?  
As men

Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour  
After supper: 'tis their exercise.

*Gal.* 'Tis late.

*Meg.* 'Tis all  
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

*Gal.* I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find

The way to your own lodging with 'em to-night.

*Enter* PHARAMOND

*Thra.* The prince!

*Pha.* Not a-bed, ladies? y'are good sitters-up:

What think you of a pleasant dream, to last Till morning?

*Meg.* I should choose, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

*Enter* ARETHUSA and BELLARIO

*Are.* 'Tis well, my lord; y'are courting of these ladies.—

Is't not late, gentlemen?

*Cle.* Yes, madam.

*Are.* Wait you there.

*Meg.* [Aside] She's jealous, as I live.—  
Look you, my lord,

The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.

*Pha.* His form is angel-like.

*Meg.* Why, this is he that must, when you are wed,

Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with  
His hand and voice binding your thoughts in sleep;

The princess does provide him for you and for herself.

*Pha.* I find no music in these boys.

*Meg.* Nor I:

They can do little, and that small they do,  
They have not wit to hide.

*Dion.* Serves he the princess?

*Thra.* Yes.

*Dion.* 'Tis a sweet boy: how brave<sup>1</sup> she keeps him!

*Pha.* Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck

To-morrow morning ere y' ave done your dreams.

*Meg.* All happiness attend your grace!  
[Exit PHARAMOND] Gentlemen, good rest.—

Come, shall we to-bed?

*Gal.* Yes.—All good night.

*Dion.* May your dreams be true to you!—  
*Exeunt* GALATEA and MEGRA

What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The King

<sup>1</sup> Handsomely dressed.



Is up still: see, he comes; a guard along  
With him.

*Enter King, ARETHUSA, and Guard*

*King.* Look your intelligence be true.

*Are.* Upon my life, it is: and I do hope  
Your highness will not tie me to a man<sup>40</sup>  
That in the heat of wooing throws me off,  
And takes another.

*Dion.* What should this mean?

*King.* If it be true,  
That lady had been better have<sup>1</sup> embraced  
Cureless diseases. Get you to your rest:  
You shall be righted.

*Exeunt ARETHUSA and BELLARIO*

—Gentlemen, draw near;

We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond  
Come to his lodging?

*Dion.* I saw him enter there.

*King.* Haste, some of you, and cunningly  
discover<sup>50</sup>

If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit DION*]

*Cle.* Sir,

She parted hence but now, with other ladies.

*King.* If she be there, we shall not need  
to make

A vain discovery of our suspicion.—

You gods, I see that who unrighteously  
Holds wealth or state from others shall be  
cursed

In that which meaner men are blessed  
withal:

Ages to come shall know no male of him  
Left to inherit, and his name shall be<sup>60</sup>  
Blotted from earth; if he have any child,  
It shall be crossly matched; the gods them-  
selves

Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and  
her.

Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin

I have committed, let it not fall

Upon this understanding child of mine!

She has not broke your laws. But how can  
I

Look to be heard of gods that must be just,  
Praying upon the ground I hold by  
wrong?<sup>60</sup>

[*Re-*]enter DION

*Dion.* Sir, I have asked, and her women  
swear she is within; but they, I think, are  
bawds. I told 'em, I must speak with her;

<sup>1</sup> A familiar idiom.

they laughed, and said, their lady lay  
speechless. I said, my business was impor-  
tant; they said, their lady was about it. I  
grew hot, and cried, my business was a  
matter that concerned life and death; they  
answered, so was sleeping, at which their  
lady was. I urged again, she had scarce  
time to be so since last I saw her; they<sup>80</sup>  
smiled again, and seemed to instruct me  
that sleeping was nothing but lying down  
and winking.<sup>1</sup> Answers more direct I could  
not get; in short, sir, I think she is not  
there.

*King.* 'Tis then no time to dally.—You o'  
the guard,

Wait at the back door of the prince's  
lodging,

And see that none pass thence, upon your  
lives.— [*Exeunt Guard*]

Knock, gentlemen; knock loud; louder yet.  
What, has their pleasure taken off their<sup>90</sup>  
hearing?—

I'll break your meditations.—Knock again.—  
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having  
this

Larum by him.—Once more.—Pharamond!  
prince! PHARAMOND above

*Pha.* What saucy groom knocks at this  
dead of night?

Where be our waiters?<sup>2</sup> By my vexèd  
soul,

He meets his death that meets me, for his  
boldness.

*King.* Prince, prince, you wrong your  
thoughts; we are your friends:

Come down.

*Pha.* The King!

*King.* The same, sir. Come down, sir:  
We have cause of present counsel with you.

*Pha.* If your grace please to use me, I'll  
attend you<sup>100</sup>

To your chamber.

[*Enter*] PHARAMOND below

*King.* No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make  
bold with yours.

*Pha.* I have some private reasons to my-  
self

Makes me unmannerly, and say, you can-  
not.—

Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must  
come

<sup>1</sup> Closing the eyes.

<sup>2</sup> Attendants.



Through my life that comes here.

*King.* Sir, be resolved<sup>1</sup> I must and will come.—Enter!

*Pha.* I will not be dishonored:

He that enters enters upon his death.

Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,  
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber<sup>111</sup>

At these unseasoned hours.

*King.* Why do you

Chafe yourself so? you are not wronged nor shall be;

Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause  
To ourself known.—Enter, I say.

*Pha.* I say, no.

[Enter] MEGRA above

*Meg.* Let 'em enter, prince, let 'em enter;  
I am up and ready:<sup>2</sup> I know their business;

'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honor

They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.—

You have your business, gentlemen; I lay  
here.<sup>120</sup>

O, my lord the King, this is not noble in  
you

To make public the weakness of a woman!

*King.* Come down.

*Meg.* I dare, my lord. Your whootings  
and your clamors,

Your private whispers and your broad fleer-  
ings,

Can no more vex my soul than this base  
carriage:<sup>3</sup>

But I have vengeance yet in store for some.  
Shall, in the most contempt you can have  
of me,

Be joy and nourishment.

*King.* Will you come down?

*Meg.* Yes, to laugh at your worst; but I  
shall wring you,<sup>130</sup>

If my skill fail me not. [Exit above]

*King.* Sir, I must dearly chide you for  
this looseness;

You have wronged a worthy lady: but, no  
more.—

Conduct him to my lodging and to bed.

[Exeunt PHARAMOND and Attendants]

*Cle.* Get him another wench, and you  
bring him to bed indeed.

*Dion.* 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a  
stage

Or two, to breath himself, without a war-  
rant.

If his gear<sup>1</sup> hold, that lodgings be searched  
thus,

Pray God we may lie with our own wives in  
safety,

That they be not by some trick of state  
mistaken!<sup>140</sup>

Enter with MEGRA [below]

*King.* Now, lady of honor, where's your  
honor now?

No man can fit your palate but the prince:  
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness, thou  
piece

Made by a painter and a 'pothecary,  
Thou troubled sea of lust, thou wilderness  
Inhabited by wild thoughts, thou sworn  
cloud

Of infection, thou ripe mine of all diseases,  
Thou all-sin, all-hell, and last all-devils,  
tell me,

Had you none to pull on with your cour-  
tesies

But he that must be mine, and wrong my  
daughter?<sup>150</sup>

By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,  
And all the court, shall hoot thee through  
the court,

Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,  
And sear thy name with candles upon walls!  
Do you laugh, lady Venus?

*Meg.* Faith, sir, you must pardon me;  
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.  
If you do this, O King! nay, if you dare do  
it,

By all those gods you swore by, and as many  
More of my own, I will have fellows, and  
such<sup>160</sup>

Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth!  
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand  
by me

On walls, and sung in ballads, anything:  
Urge me no more; I know her and her  
haunts,

Her lays,<sup>2</sup> leaps, and outlays, and will dis-  
cover all;

Nay, will dishonor her. I know the boy  
She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;  
Know what she does with him, where, and  
when.

Come, sir, you put me to a woman's mad-  
ness,

<sup>1</sup> Matter.

<sup>2</sup> Deceits.

<sup>1</sup> Assured.

<sup>2</sup> Dressed.

<sup>3</sup> Conduct.



The glory of a fury; and if I do not  
Do it to the height—

*King.* What boy is this she raves at?

*Meg.* Alas! good-minded prince, you know  
not these things!

I am loath to reveal 'em. Keep this  
fault,

As you would keep your health from the  
hot air

Of the corrupted people, or, by heaven,  
I will not fall alone. What I have known  
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues  
Shall speak it as they do the language they  
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set  
it,

Like a prodigious star,<sup>1</sup> for all to gaze at, <sup>180</sup>  
And so high and glowing, that other king-  
doms far and foreign

Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, till  
they find

No tongue to make it more, nor no more  
people;

And then behold the fall of your fair  
princess!

*King.* Has she a boy?

*Cle.* So please your grace, I have seen a  
boy wait on her,

A fair boy.

*King.* Go, get you to your quarter:  
For this time I will study to forget you.

*Meg.* Do you study to forget me, and I'll  
study

To forget you. <sup>190</sup>

*Exeunt King, MEGRA, and Guard*

*Cle.* Why, here's a male spirit fit for  
Hercules. If ever there be Nine Worthies of  
Women, this wench shall ride astride and be  
their captain.

*Dion.* Sure, she has a garrison of devils  
in her tongue, she uttered such balls of  
wildfire: she has so nettled the King, that  
all the doctors in the country will scarce  
cure him. That boy was a strange-found-  
out antidote to cure her infection; that <sup>200</sup>  
boy, that princess' boy; that brave, chaste,  
virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-  
spoken boy! All these considered, can make  
nothing else,—but there I leave you, gentle-  
men.

*Thra.* Nay, we'll go wander with you.

*Exeunt*

<sup>1</sup> A comet.

## ACT III, SCENE I

[*The Court of the Palace*]

*Enter CLEREMONT, DION, and THRASILINE*

*Cle.* Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.

*Dion.* Ay; and 'tis the gods  
That raised this punishment, to scourge the  
King

With his own issue. Is it not a shame  
For us that should write noble in the land,  
For us that should be freemen, to behold  
A man that is the bravery of his age,  
Philaster, pressed down from his royal right  
By this regardless<sup>1</sup> King? and only look  
And see the scepter ready to be cast <sup>10</sup>  
Into the hands of that lascivious lady  
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now  
to be married

To yon strange prince, who, but that people  
please

To let him be a prince, is born a slave  
In that which should be his most noble part,  
His mind?

*Thra.* That man that would not stir  
with you

To aid Philaster, let the gods forget  
That such a creature walks upon the earth!

*Cle.* Philaster is too backward in't him-  
self,

The gentry do await it, and the people, <sup>20</sup>  
Against their nature,<sup>2</sup> are all bent for him,  
And like a field of standing corn, that's  
moved

With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one  
way.

*Dion.* The only cause that draws Philaster  
back

From this attempt is the fair princess' love,  
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

*Thra.* Perhaps he'll not believe it.

*Dion.* Why, gentlemen, 'tis without ques-  
tion so.

*Cle.* Ay, 'tis past speech, she lives dis-  
honestly;

But how shall we, if he be curious,<sup>3</sup> work <sup>30</sup>  
Upon his faith?

*Thra.* We all are satisfied within our-  
selves.

*Dion.* Since it is true, and tends to his  
own good,

<sup>1</sup> Neglectful.

<sup>2</sup> Contrary to the usual disposition of the mob.

<sup>3</sup> Demand evidence.



I'll make this new report to be my knowledge;

I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.

*Cle.* It will be best.

*Thra.* 'Twill move him.

*Dion.* Here he comes.

*Enter PHILASTER*

Good morrow to your honor: we have spent  
Some time in seeking you.

*Phi.* My worthy friends,  
You that can keep your memories to know  
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown <sup>40</sup>  
On men disgraced for virtue, a good day  
Attend you all! What service may I do  
Worthy your acceptation?

*Dion.* My good lord,  
We come to urge that virtue, which we  
know  
Lives in your breast, forth. Rise, and make  
a head: <sup>1</sup>

The nobles and the people are all dulled  
With this usurping King; and not a man,  
That ever heard the word, or knew such a  
thing

As virtue, but will second your attempts.

*Phi.* How honorable is this love in you <sup>50</sup>  
To me that have deserved none! Know, my  
friends,

(You, that were born to shame your poor  
Philaster

With too much courtesy,) I could afford  
To melt myself in thanks; but my designs  
Are not yet ripe: suffice it, that ere long  
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time  
Is short of what I would.

*Dion.* The time is fuller, sir, than you  
expect;  
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be  
reached

By violence may now be caught. As for the <sup>60</sup>  
King,

You know the people have long hated him;  
But now the princess whom they loved—

*Phi.* Why, what of her?

*Dion.* Is loathed as much as he.

*Phi.* By what strange means?

*Dion.* She's known a whore.

*Phi.* Thou liest!

*Dion.* My lord—

*Phi.* Thou liest,

*Offers to draw, and is held*

And thou shalt feel it! I had thought thy  
mind

Had been of honor. Thus to rob a lady  
Of her good name, is an infectious sin  
Not to be pardoned: be it false as hell,  
'Twill never be redeemed, if it be sown  
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase <sup>70</sup>  
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,  
That I may cut off falsehood whilst it  
springs!

Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man  
That utters this, and I will scale them all,  
And from the utmost top fall on his neck  
Like thunder from a cloud.

*Dion.* This is most strange:  
Sure he does love her.

*Phi.* I do love fair truth:  
She is my mistress,<sup>1</sup> and who injures her  
Draws vengeance from me, sirs. Let go  
my arms.

*Thra.* Nay, good my lord, be patient. <sup>80</sup>

*Cle.* Sir, remember this is your honored  
friend,

That comes to do his service, and will show  
you

Why he uttered this.

*Phi.* I ask you pardon, sir;  
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:  
Should I have heard dishonor spoke of you,  
Behind your back, untruly, I had been  
As much distempered and enraged as now.

*Dion.* But this, my lord, is truth.

*Phi.* O, say not so! Good sir, forbear to  
say so;

'Tis then truth that womankind is false: <sup>90</sup>  
Urge it no more; it is impossible.

Why should you think the princess light?

*Dion.* Why, she was taken at it.

*Phi.* 'Tis false! by heaven, 'tis false! it  
cannot be!

Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for God's love,  
speak!

Is't possible? can women all be damned?

*Dion.* Why, no, my lord.

*Phi.* Why, then, it cannot be.

*Dion.* And she was taken with her boy.

*Phi.* What boy?

*Dion.* A page, a boy that serves her.

*Phi.* O, good gods!

A little boy?

*Dion.* Ay; know you him, my lord?

*Phi.* Hell and sin know him!—Sir, you  
are deceived. <sup>101</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Betrothed.

<sup>1</sup> Raise a rebellion.



I'll reason it a little coldly with you:  
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,  
That knows not yet desire? she would have  
one

Should meet her thoughts and know the sin  
he acts,

Which is the great delight of wickedness.

You are abused,<sup>1</sup> and so is she, and I.

*Dion.* How you, my lord?

*Phi.* Why, all the world's abused  
In an unjust report.

*Dion.* O, noble sir, your virtues  
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of  
woman! 110

In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.

*Phi.* Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly  
from my rage!

Would thou hadst ta'en devils engendering  
plagues,

When thou did'st take them! Hide thee  
from mine eyes!

Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy  
breast,

When thou didst take them; or been  
strucken dumb

For ever; that this foul deed might have  
slept

In silence!

*Thra.* Have you known him so ill-  
tempered?

*Cle.* Never before.

*Phi.* The winds, that are let loose  
From the four several corners of the earth,  
And spread themselves all over sea and  
land, 121

Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a  
sword

To run me thorough?

*Dion.* Why, my lord, are you so moved  
at this?

*Phi.* When any fall from virtue, I am  
distract;<sup>2</sup>

I have an interest in't.

*Dion.* But, good my lord, recall yourself,  
and think

What's best to be done.

*Phi.* I thank you; I will do it:  
Please you to leave me; I'll consider of it.  
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth, 130  
And give you answer.

*Dion.* All the gods direct you  
The readiest way!

*Thra.* He was extreme impatient.

<sup>1</sup> Deceived.

<sup>2</sup> Distracted.

*Cle.* It was his virtue and his noble mind.  
*Exeunt* DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE

*Phi.* I had forgot to ask him where he  
took them;

I'll follow him. O, that I had a sea  
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!  
More circumstances will but fan this fire:  
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom  
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis  
done;

And he that tells me this is honorable, 140  
As far from lies as she is far from truth.

O, that, like beasts, we could not grieve  
ourselves

With that we see not! Bulls and rams will  
fight

To keep their females, standing in their  
sight;

But take 'em from them, and you take at  
once

Their spleens away; and they will fall again  
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;  
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet  
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep:  
But miserable man—

*Enter* BELLARIO

See, see, you gods, 150  
He walks still; and the face you let him  
wear

When he was innocent is still the same,  
Not blasted! Is this justice? do you mean  
To intrap mortality, that you allow  
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now  
Think he is guilty.

*Bel.* Health to you, my lord!  
The princess doth commend her love, her  
life,

And this, unto you. Gives a letter

*Phi.* O, Bellario,  
Now I perceive she loves me! she does  
show it

In loving thee, my boy: she has made thee  
brave. 160

*Bel.* My lord, she has attired me past my  
wish,

Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,  
Though far unfit for me who do attend.

*Phi.* Thou art grown courtly, boy.—O, let  
all women,

That love black deeds, learn to dissemble  
here,

Here, by this paper! She does write to me



As if her heart were mines of adamant  
To all the world besides; but, unto me,  
A maiden-snow that melted with my  
looks.—

Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use  
thee? 170

For I shall guess her love to me by that.

*Bel.* Scarce like her servant, but as if I  
were

Something allied to her, or had preserved  
Her life three times by my fidelity;  
As mothers fond do use their only sons,  
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,  
For whom my life should pay if he met  
harm,

So she does use me.

*Phi.* Why, this is wondrous well:  
But what kind language does she feed thee  
with?

*Bel.* Why, she does tell me she will trust  
my youth 180

With all her loving secrets, and does call me  
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more  
For leaving you; she'll see my services  
Regarded: and such words of that soft  
strain,

That I am nearer weeping when she ends  
Than ere she spake.

*Phi.* This is much better still.

*Bel.* Are you not ill, my lord?

*Phi.* Ill! no, Bellario.

*Bel.* Methinks your words

Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,  
Nor is there in your looks that quietness 190  
That I was wont to see.

*Phi.* Thou art deceived, boy:  
And she strokes thy head?

*Bel.* Yes.

*Phi.* And she does clap thy cheeks?

*Bel.* She does, my lord.

*Phi.* And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!

*Bel.* How, my lord?

*Phi.* She kisses thee?

*Bel.* Never, my lord, by heaven!

*Phi.* That's strange: I know she does.

*Bel.* No, by my life!

*Phi.* Why, then, she does not love me.

Come, she does.

I bade her do it; I charged her, by all  
charms

Of love between us, by the hope of peace  
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights  
Naked as to her bed; I took her oath 201

Thou should'st enjoy her. Tell me, gentle  
boy,

Is she not paralleless? is not her breath  
Sweet as Arabian winds when fruits are  
ripe?

Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?  
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?

*Bel.* Ay, now I see why my disturbed  
thoughts

Were so perplexed: when first I went to her,  
My heart held augury. You are abused;  
Some villain has abused you: I do see 210  
Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his  
head

That put this to you! 'tis some subtle  
train<sup>1</sup>

To bring that noble frame of yours to  
nought.

*Phi.* Thou think'st I will be angry with  
thee. Come,

Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her  
more

Than I love happiness, and placed thee  
there

To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.  
Hast thou discovered? is she fallen to lust,  
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort  
to me.

*Bel.* My lord, you did mistake the boy  
you sent: 220

Had she the lust of sparrows or of goats,  
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,  
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid  
Her base desires: but what I came to know  
As servant to her, I would not reveal,  
To make my life last ages.

*Phi.* O my heart!  
This is a salve worse than the main  
disease.—

Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the  
least

That dwells within thee, or will rip thy  
heart

To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain  
As I do now thy face.

*Bel.* Why, so you do. 231  
She is (for aught I know), by all the gods,  
As chaste as ice! but were she foul as hell,  
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,  
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of  
brass,

Should draw it from me.

*Phi.*

Then it is no time

<sup>1</sup> Plot.



To dally with thee; I will take thy life,  
For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.

*Bel.* If you do hate, you could not curse  
me worse;

The gods have not a punishment in store <sup>240</sup>  
Greater for me than is your hate.

*Phi.* Fie, fie,

So young and so dissembling! Tell me when  
And where thou didst enjoy her, or let  
plagues

Fall upon me, if I destroy thee not!

[*Draws his sword*]

*Bel.* Heaven knows I never did; and  
when I lie

To save my life, may I live long and  
loathed!

Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,  
I'll love those pieces you have cut away  
Better than those that grow, and kiss those  
limbs

Because you made 'em so.

*Phi.* Fear'st thou not death? <sup>250</sup>  
Can boys condemn that?

*Bel.* O, what boy is he  
Can be content to live to be a man,  
That sees the best of men thus passionate,  
Thus without reason?

*Phi.* O, but thou dost not know  
What 'tis to die.

*Bel.* Yes, I do know, my lord:  
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;  
A quiet resting from all jealousy,  
A thing we all pursue; I know, besides,  
It is but giving over of a game  
That must be lost.

*Phi.* But there are pains, false boy, <sup>260</sup>  
For perjured souls: think but on those, and  
then

Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

*Bel.* May they fall all upon me whilst I  
live,

If I be perjured, or have ever thought  
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,  
Send me to suffer in those punishments  
You speak of; kill me!

*Phi.* O, what should I do?  
Why, who can but believe him? he does  
swear

So earnestly, that if it were not true,  
The gods would not endure him. Rise,  
Bellario:

Thy protestations are so deep, and thou  
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,

That, though I know 'em false as were my  
hopes,

I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert  
To blame to injure me, for I must love  
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon  
Thy tender youth; a love from me to thee  
Is firm, whate'er thou dost: it troubles me  
That I have called the blood out of thy  
cheeks,

That did so well become thee. But, good  
boy,

Let me not see thee more: something is  
done

That will distract me, that will make me  
mad,

If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,  
Let me not see thee.

*Bel.* I will fly as far  
As there is morning, ere I give distaste  
To that most honored mind. But through  
these tears,

Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see  
A world of treason practised upon you,  
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore!  
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me  
dead,

And after find me loyal, let there be  
A tear shed from you in my memory,  
And I shall rest in peace. *Exit BEL.*

*Phi.* Blessing be with thee,  
Whatever thou deservest!—O, where shall I  
Go bathe this body? Nature too unkind;  
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!  
*Exit PHI.*

## [SCENE II]

[*Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace*]

*Enter ARETHUSA*

*Are.* I marvel my boy comes not back  
again:

But that I know my love will question him  
Over and over,—how I slept, waked, talked,  
How I remembered him when his dear name  
Was last spoke, and how when I sighed,  
wept, sung,

And ten thousand such,—I should be **al**gry  
at his stay.

*Enter KING*

*King.* What, at your meditations! Who  
attends you?



*Are.* None but my single self: I need no guard;

I do no wrong, nor fear none

*King.* Tell me, have you not a boy?

*Are.* Yes, sir. <sup>10</sup>

*King.* What kind of boy?

*Are.* A page, a waiting-boy.

*King.* A handsome boy?

*Are.* I think he be not ugly, sir: Well qualified and dutiful I know him; I took him not for beauty.

*King.* He speaks and sings and plays?

*Are.* Yes, sir.

*King.* About eighteen?

*Are.* I never asked his age.

*King.* Is he full of service?

*Are.* By your pardon, why do you ask?

*King.* Put him away.

*Are.* Sir!

*King.* Put him away, I say. H'as done you that good service shames me to speak of. <sup>20</sup>

*Are.* Good sir, let me understand you.

*King.* If you fear me, Show it in duty; put away that boy.

*Are.* Let me have reason for it, sir, and then

Your will is my command.

*King.* Do you not blush to ask it? Cast him off,

Or I shall do the same to you. Y'are one Shame with me, and so near unto myself, That, by my life, I dare not tell myself What you, myself, have done.

*Are.* What have I done, my lord?

*King.* 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn: <sup>30</sup>

The common people speak it well already; They need no grammar. Understand me well;

There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off.

And suddenly: do it! Farewell. *Exit*

*Are.* Where may a maiden live securely free,

Keeping her honor fair? Not with the living;

They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams, And make 'em truths; they draw a nourishment

Out of defamings grow upon disgraces; And, when they see a virtue fortified <sup>40</sup>

Strongly above the battery of their tongues,

O, how they cast <sup>1</sup> to sink it! and, defeated, (Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments

Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,

And the cold marble melt.

*Enter PHILASTER*

*Phi.* Peace to your fairest thoughts, my dearest mistress!

*Are.* O my dearest servant <sup>2</sup> I have a war within me!

*Phi.* He must be more than man that makes these crystals

Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause? And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness, <sup>60</sup>

Your creature, made again from what I was And newly-spirited, I'll right your honor.

*Are.* O my best love, that boy!

*Phi.* What boy?

*Are.* The pretty boy you gave me—

*Phi.* What of him?

*Are.* Must be no more mine.

*Phi.* Why?

*Are.* They are jealous of him.

*Phi.* Jealous! who?

*Are.* The King.

*Phi.* [*aside*] O, my misfortune! Then 'tis no idle jealousy.<sup>3</sup>—Let him go.

*Are.* O, cruel!

Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell you <sup>60</sup>

How much I loved you? who shall swear it to you,

And weep the tears I send? who shall now bring you

Letters, rings, bracelets? lose his health in service?

Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?

Who shall now sing your crying elegies, And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures, And make them mourn? who shall take up his lute,

And touch it till he crown a silent sleep Upon my eye-lids, making me dream, and cry,

'O my dear, dear Philaster!'

*Phi.* [*aside*]

O my heart! <sup>70</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Devise.

<sup>2</sup> Accepted suitor, lover.

<sup>3</sup> Suspicion.



Would he had broken thee, that made me know

This lady was not loyal!—Mistress,  
Forget the boy; I'll get thee a far better.

*Are.* O, never, never such a boy again  
As my Bellario!

*Phi.* 'Tis but your fond affection.

*Are.* With thee, my boy, farewell for ever  
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith,  
And all desire to do well for itself!  
Let all that shall succeed thee for thy wrongs

Sell and betray chaste love! 80

*Phi.* And all this passion for a boy?

*Are.* He was your boy, and you put him to me,  
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.

*Phi.* O thou forgetful woman!

*Are.* How, my lord?

*Phi.* False Arethusa!

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,  
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,  
And do thus.

*Are.* Do what, sir? would you sleep?

*Phi.* For ever, Arethusa. O you gods,  
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood 90  
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?  
Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty

Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken  
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,  
And laughed upon it, made it but a mirth,  
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,  
Under this tyrant King, that languishing  
Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners?

Do I

Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length

Under a woman's falsehood? O, that boy, 100  
That cursèd boy! None but a villain boy  
To ease your lust?

*Are.* Nay, then, I am betrayed:  
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.  
O, I am wretched!

*Phi.* Now you may take that little right  
I have

To this poor kingdom: give it to your joy;  
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,  
Where never womankind durst set her foot  
For<sup>1</sup> bursting with her poisons, must I seek,  
And live to curse you: 110

<sup>1</sup> For fear of.

There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts

What woman is, and help to save them from you;

How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts

More hell than hell has; how your tongues,  
like scorpions,<sup>1</sup>

Both heal and poison; how your thoughts  
are woven

With thousand changes in one subtle web,  
And worn so by you; how that foolish man,  
That reads the story of a woman's face

And dies believing it, is lost for ever;  
How all the good you have is but a shadow,  
I' the morning with you, and at night behind you 120

Past and forgotten; how your vows are  
frosts,

Fast<sup>2</sup> for a night, and with the next sun  
gone;

How you are being taken all together,  
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,  
That love cannot distinguish. These sad  
texts,

Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of  
you.

So, farewell all my woe, all my delight!

*Exit PHI.*

*Are.* Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me  
dead!

What way have I deserved this? Make my  
breast 130

Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,  
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought  
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn  
her eyes,

To find out constancy?

*Enter BELLARIO*

Save me, how black  
And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now!  
O thou dissembler, that, before thou spakest,  
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies  
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou  
May glory in the ashes of a maid  
Fooled by her passion; but the conquest is  
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away! 140  
Let my command force thee to that which  
shame

Would do without it. If thou understood'st

<sup>1</sup> The old belief was that scorpions "laid to their own wounds," cure them.

<sup>2</sup> Lasting.



The loathed office thou hast undergone,  
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps  
of hills,

Lest men should dig and find thee.

*Bel.* O, what god,  
Angry with men, hath sent this strange  
disease

Into the noblest minds! Madam, this grief  
You add unto me is no more than drops  
To seas, for which they are not seen to  
swell; 150

My lord hath struck his anger through my  
heart,

And let out all the hope of future joys.  
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,  
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!  
I durst not run away in honesty  
From such a lady, like a boy that stole  
Or made some grievous fault. The power of  
gods

Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time  
Reveal the truth to your abusèd lord  
And mine, that he may know your worth;  
whilst I 100

Go seek out some forgotten place to die!  
*Exit BEL.*

*Are.* Peace guide thee! Thou hast over-  
thrown me once;  
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,  
Thou, or another villain with thy looks,  
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,  
My hair dishevelled, through the fiery  
streets.

*Enter a Lady*

*Lady.* Madam, the King would hunt, and  
calls for you  
With earnestness.

*Are.* I am in tune to hunt!  
Diana, if thou canst rage<sup>1</sup> with a maid  
As with a man,<sup>2</sup> let me discover thee 170  
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,  
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,  
And have my story written in my wounds!  
*Exeunt*

## ACT IV, SCENE I

*[Before the Palace]*

*Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, GALA-  
TEA, MEGRA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASI-  
LINE, and Attendants*

*King.* What, are the hounds before and  
all the woodmen,

<sup>1</sup> Become enraged with. <sup>2</sup> Actaeon.

Our horses ready and our bows bent?

*Dion.* All, sir.

*King.* Y'are cloudy, sir: come, we have  
forgotten [To PHARAMOND]

Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy  
Upon your spirit; here's none dare utter it.

*Dion.* He looks like an old surfeited stal-  
lion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse.  
See how he sinks! The wench has shot him  
between wind and water,<sup>1</sup> and, I hope,  
sprung a leak. 10

*Thra.* He needs no teaching, he strikes  
sure enough: his greatest fault is, he hunts  
too much in the purlieus; would he would  
leave off poaching!

*Dion.* And for his horn, h'as left it at the  
lodge where he lay late. O, he's a precious  
limehound!<sup>2</sup> turn him loose upon the pur-  
suit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him  
up i' the slip. When my fox-bitch Beauty  
grows proud, I'll borrow him. 20

*King.* Is your boy turned away?

*Are.* You did command, sir, and I obeyed  
you.

*King.* 'Tis well done. Hark ye further.  
[They talk apart]

*Cle.* Is't possible this fellow should re-  
pent? methinks, that were not noble in  
him; and yet he looks like a mortified mem-  
ber, as if he had a sick man's salve<sup>3</sup> in's  
mouth. If a worse man had done this fault  
now, some physical<sup>4</sup> justice or other 30  
would presently (without the help of an  
almanac<sup>5</sup>) have opened the obstructions of  
his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

*Dion.* See, how modestly yon lady looks,  
as if she came from churching with her  
neighbor! Why, what a devil can a man  
see in her face but that she's honest!<sup>6</sup>

*Thra.* Faith, no great matter to speak of;  
a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils  
her coat;<sup>7</sup> but he must be a cunning 40  
herald that finds it.

*Dion.* See how they muster one another!  
O, there's a rank regiment where the devil  
carries the colors and his dam drum-major!  
now the world and the flesh come behind  
with the carriage.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mortally.

<sup>2</sup> Hunting dog.

<sup>3</sup> There was a religious book called *The Sick Man's  
Salve*, 1561.

<sup>4</sup> Acting as physic.

<sup>5</sup> Which prescribed as to blood-letting.

<sup>6</sup> Chaste.

<sup>7</sup> Coat of arms, a star meant a younger branch.

<sup>8</sup> Luggage.



*Cle.* Sure this lady has a good turn done her against her will; before she was common talk, now none dare say cantharides<sup>1</sup> can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, <sup>20</sup> willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and dog-days. O, if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these licenses! <sup>30</sup>

*King.* To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[A Forest]

*Enter two Woodmen*<sup>2</sup>

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodged the deer?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shoots?

2 *Wood.* The princess.

1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.

2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger-prince.

1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone- <sup>10</sup> bow<sup>3</sup> for me. I never loved his beyond-sea-ship since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings.<sup>4</sup> He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets;<sup>5</sup> marry, his steward would have the velvet-head<sup>6</sup> into the bargain, to turf<sup>7</sup> his hat withal. I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristram;<sup>8</sup> for, if you be remembered, he forsook the stag once to <sup>20</sup> strike a rascal<sup>9</sup> miching<sup>10</sup> in a meadow, and her he killed in the eye. Who shoots else?

2 *Wood.* The lady Galatea.

<sup>1</sup> Spanish fly, a provocative.

<sup>2</sup> Huntsmen.

<sup>3</sup> A crossbow shooting stones.

<sup>4</sup> Assay or slitting of the deer which Pharamond shirked to save the fee.

<sup>5</sup> A choice part.

<sup>6</sup> In allusion to the new horns covered with down.

<sup>7</sup> Cover.

<sup>8</sup> A tried hunter.

<sup>9</sup> A deer in unfit condition.

<sup>10</sup> Stealing away.

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by the gods, they say she's honest; and whether that be a fault or no, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more; Megra. <sup>30</sup>

1 *Wood.* That's a firker,<sup>1</sup> i' faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds as a hunting saddle, and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable),<sup>2</sup> and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well and she pays well. Hark! let's go. <sup>40</sup>

*Exeunt*

*Enter PHILASTER*

*Phi.* O, that I had been nourished<sup>3</sup> in these woods

With milk of goats and acorns, and not known

The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains

Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave, Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed, Might have been shut together in one shed; And then had taken me some mountain-girl,

Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks

Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my bed

With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts, <sup>50</sup>

Our neighbors, and have borne at her big breasts,

My large coarse issue! This had been a life Free from vexation.

*Enter BELLARIO*

\* *Bel.* O wicked men! An innocent may walk safe among beasts; Nothing assaults me here. See, my grievèd lord Sits as his soul were searching out a way To leave his body!—Pardon me, that must Break thy last commandment; for I must speak:

<sup>1</sup> A rouser.

<sup>2</sup> Suitacle.

<sup>3</sup> Nurtured.



You that are grieved can pity; hear, my lord!

*Phi.* Is there a creature yet so miserable, That I can pity?

*Bel.* O my noble lord,  
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,  
According to your bounty (if my service  
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve  
To keep that little piece I hold of life  
From cold and hunger!

*Phi.* Is it thou? begone!  
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou  
wear'st,  
And feed thyself with them.

*Bel.* Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them!

The silly country-people think 'tis treason  
To touch such gay things.

*Phi.* Now, by the gods, this is  
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.  
Th'art fallen again to thy dissembling trade:  
How shouldst thou think to cozen me  
again?

Remains there yet a plague untried for me?  
Even so thou wep'st, and looked'st, and  
spok'st, when first  
I took thee up.

Curse on the time! If thy commanding  
tears

Can work on any other, use thy art;  
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou  
take?

That I may shun thee, for thine eyes are  
poison

To mine, and I am loath to grow in rage:  
This way, or that way?

*Bel.* Any will serve; but I will choose to  
have

That path in chase that leads unto my  
grave.

*Enter DION, and the two Woodmen*

*Dion.* This is the strangest sudden  
chance!—You, woodman!

1 *Wood.* My lord Dion?

*Dion.* Saw you a lady come this way on a  
sable horse studded with stars of white?

2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

*Dion.* Yes. Rode she to the wood or to  
the plain?

2 *Wood.* Faith, my lord, we saw none.

*Dion.* Pox of your questions then!—

*Exeunt Woodmen*

*Enter CLEREMONT*

What, is she found?

*Cle.* Nor will be, I think.

*Dion.* Let him seek his daughter himself.  
She cannot stray about a little necessary  
natural business, but the whole court must  
be in arms: when she has done, we shall  
have peace.

*Cle.* There's already a thousand fatherless  
tales amongst us. Some say, her horse ran  
away with her; some, a wolf pursued her;  
others, 'twas a plot to kill her, and that  
armed men were seen in the wood: but  
questionless she rode away willingly.

*Enter King and THRASILINE*

*King.* Where is she?

*Cle.* Sir, I cannot tell.

*King.* How's that?

Answer me so again!

*Cle.* Sir, shall I lie?

*King.* Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell  
me that.

I say again, where is she? Mutter not!—

Sir, speak you; where is she?

*Dion.* Sir, I do not know.

*King.* Speak that again so boldly, and, by  
heaven,

It is thy last!—You, fellows, answer me;

Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your  
king:

I wish to see my daughter; show her me;  
I do command you all, as you are subjects,  
To show her me! What! am I not your  
king?

If ay, then am I not to be obeyed?

*Dion.* Yes, if you command things pos-  
sible and honest.

*King.* Things possible and honest! Hear  
me, thou—

Thou traitor, that darest confine thy king  
to things

Possible and honest! show her me,

Or, let me perish, if I cover not

All Sicily with blood!

*Dion.* Faith, I cannot,

Unless you tell me where she is.

*King.* You have betrayed me; you have  
let me lose

The jewel of my life. Go, bring her me,

And set her here before me: 'tis the King



Will have it so; whose breath can still the  
winds,  
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling  
sea,  
And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can  
it not?

*Dion.* No.

*King.* No! cannot the breath of kings  
do this?

*Dion.* No; nor smell sweet itself, if once  
the lungs  
Be but corrupted.

*King.* Is it so? Take heed!

*Dion.* Sir, take you heed how you dare  
the powers  
That must be just.

*King.* Alas, what are we kings!  
Why do you gods place us above the rest,  
To be served, flattered, and adored, till we  
Believe we hold within our hands your  
thunder,  
And when we come to try the power we  
have,

There's not a leaf shakes at our threaten-  
ings?

I have sinned, 'tis true, and here stand to be  
punished;

Yet would not thus be punished: let me  
choose

My way, and lay it on!

*Dion.* He articles<sup>1</sup> with the gods. Would  
somebody would draw bonds for the per-  
formance of covenants betwixt them!

*Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, and MEGRA*

*King.* What, is she found?

*Pha.* No; we have ta'en her horse;  
He galloped empty by. There's some  
treason.

You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;  
Why left you her?

*Gal.* She did command me.

*King.* Command! you should not.

*Gal.* 'Twould ill become my fortunes and  
my birth  
To disobey the daughter of my King.

*King.* Y'are all cunning to obey us for  
our hurt;

But I will have her.

*Pha.* If I have her not,  
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily!

<sup>1</sup> Makes an agreement.

*Dion.* What, will he carry it to Spain in's  
pocket?

*Pha.* I will not leave one man alive, but  
the King,

A cook, and a tailor.

*Dion.* Yes, you may do well to spare your  
lady-bedfellow; and her you may keep for  
a spawner.

*King.* I see the injuries I have done must  
be revenged.

*Dion.* Sir, this is not the way to find her  
out.

*King.* Run all, disperse yourselves. The  
man that finds her,  
Or (if she be killed) the traitor, I'll make  
him great.

*Dion.* I know some would give five thou-  
sand pounds to find her.

*Pha.* Come, let us seek.

*King.* Each man a several way; here I  
myself.

*Dion.* Come, gentlemen, we here.

*Cle.* Lady, you must go search too.

*Meg.* I had rather be searched myself.

*Exeunt omnes*

### [SCENE III]

*[Another part of the Forest]*

*Enter ARETHUSA*

*Are.* Where am I now? Feet, find me out  
a way,

Without the counsel of my troubled head:  
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,  
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits,  
and floods.

Heaven, I hope, will ease me: I am sick.

*[Sits down]*

*Enter BELLARIO*

*Bel.* *[aside]* Yonder's my lady. God  
knows I want nothing,

Because I do not wish to live; yet I  
Will try her charity.—O hear, you have  
plenty,

From that flowing store drop some on dry  
ground.—See,

The lively red is gone to guard her heart! <sup>10</sup>  
I fear she faints.—Madam? look up!—She  
breathes not.—

Open once more those rosy twins, and send



Unto my lord your latest farewell!—O, she stirs.—

How is it, Madam? speak comfort.

*Are.* 'Tis not gently done,  
To put me in a miserable life,  
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;  
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

*Enter PHILASTER*

*Phi.* I am to blame to be so much in rage:

I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard  
This killing truth. I will be temperate  
In speaking, and as just in hearing.—

O, monstrous! Tempt me not, you gods!  
good gods,

Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that  
has a heart,

But he must ease it here!

*Bel.* My lord, help, help the princess.

*Are.* I am well; forbear.

*Phi.* Let me love lightning, let me be  
embraced

And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes  
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues  
Of hell-bred women! Some good god look  
down,

And shrink these veins up; stick me here a  
stone,

Lasting to ages, in the memory

Of this damnèd act!—Hear me, you wicked  
ones!

You have put hills of fire into this breast,  
Not to be quenched with tears; for which  
may guilt

Sit on your bosoms! at your meals and beds  
Despair await you! What, before my face?  
Poison of asps between your lips! diseases  
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,  
And throw it on you!

*Are.* Dear Philaster, leave<sup>1</sup>  
To be enraged, and hear me.

*Phi.* I have done;  
Forgive my passion. Not the calmèd sea,  
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,  
Is less disturbed than I: I'll make you  
know 't.

Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,  
[Offers his drawn sword]  
And search how temperate a heart I have;  
Then you and this your boy may live and  
reign

<sup>1</sup> Cease.

In lust without control.—Wilt thou, Bellario?

I prithee, kill me: thou art poor, and may'st  
Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am  
dead,

Thy way were freer.—Am I raging now?

If I were mad, I should desire to live.

Sirs,<sup>1</sup> feel my pulse, whether you have  
known

A man in a more equal tune to die?

*Bel.* Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps mad-  
man's time!

So does your tongue.

*Phi.* You will not kill me, then?

*Are.* Kill you!

*Bel.* Not for the world.

*Phi.* I blame not thee,  
Bellario: thou hast done but that which  
gods

Would have transformed themselves to do.  
Begone,

Leave me without reply; this is the last  
Of all our meetings.—*Exit BELLARIO.* Kill  
me with this sword;

Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two  
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,  
Or suffer.

*Are.* If my fortune be so good to let me  
fall

Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.  
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,  
No jealousies in the other world; no ill  
there?

*Phi.* No.

*Are.* Show me, then, the way.

*Phi.* Then guide my feeble hand,  
You that have power to do it, for I must  
Perform a piece of justice!—If your youth  
Have any way offended heaven, let prayers  
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

*Are.* I am prepared.

*Enter a Country-Fellow*

*C. Fell.* I'll see the King, if he be in the  
forest; I have hunted him these two hours;  
if I should come home and not see him,  
my sisters would laugh at me. I can see  
nothing but people better horsed than my-  
self, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing  
but shouting. These kings had need of good  
brains; this whooping is able to put a mean

<sup>1</sup> Often used to women as well as men.



man<sup>1</sup> out of his wits.—There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman I think!

*Phi.* Are you at peace?

*Are.* With heaven and earth.

*Phi.* May they  
Divide thy soul and body! 100

*Wounds her*

*C. Fell.* Hold, dastard! strike a woman! Th'art a craven, I warrant thee: thou wouldst be loath to play half a dozen venies at wasters<sup>2</sup> with a good fellow for a broken head.

*Phi.* Leave us, good friend.

*Are.* What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself

Upon our private sports, our recreations?

*C. Fell.* God 'uds me,<sup>3</sup> I understand you not; but I know the rogue has hurt you. 100

*Phi.* Pursue thy own affairs: it will be ill To multiply blood upon my head; which thou

Wilt force me to.

*C. Fell.* I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman.

*Phi.* Slave, take what thou deservest!

*They fight*

*Are.* Heaven guard my lord!

*C. Fell.* O, do you breathe?

*Phi.* I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:

The gods take part against me; could this boor

Have held me thus else? I must shift for life, 110

Though I do loathe it. I would find a course

To lose it rather by my will than force.

*Exit PHI.*

*C. Fell.* I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come and kiss me now.

*Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, and Woodmen*

*Pha.* What art thou?

*C. Fell.* Almost killed I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

*Pha.* The princess, gentlemen!—Where's the wound, madam!

<sup>1</sup> A common man.

<sup>2</sup> Bouts with cudgels.

<sup>3</sup> Judge me.

Is it dangerous?

*Are.* He has not hurt me.

*C. Fell.* By God, she lies; h'as hurt her in the breast; 120

Look else.

*Pha.* O sacred spring of innocent blood!

*Dion.* 'Tis above wonder! who should dare this?

*Are.* I felt it not.

*Pha.* Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

*C. Fell.* Is it the princess?

*Dion.* Ay.

*C. Fell.* Then I have seen something yet.

*Pha.* But who has hurt her?

*C. Fell.* I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

*Pha.* Madam, who did it?

*Are.* Some dishonest wretch;

Alas, I know him not, and do forgive him!

*C. Fell.* He's hurt too; he cannot go 130  
far; I made my father's old fox<sup>1</sup> fly about his ears.

*Pha.* How will you have me kill him?

*Are.* Not at all; 'tis some distracted fellow.

*Pha.* By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut, and bring him all to you in my hat.

*Are.* Nay, good sir,

If you do take him, bring him quick<sup>2</sup> to me,

And I will study for a punishment 140  
Great as his fault.

*Pha.* I will.

*Are.* But swear.

*Pha.* By all my love, I will!—  
Woodmen, conduct the princess to the King,

And bear that wounded fellow to dressing.—  
Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

*Exeunt [on one side] PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE; [exit on the other,] ARETHUSA [attended by the] First Woodman*

*C. Fell.* I pray you, friend, let me see the King.

*2 Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.

*C. Fell.* If I get clear of this, I'll go see no more gay sights. 150

<sup>1</sup> Sword.

<sup>2</sup> Alive.



## [SCENE IV]

[Another part of the Forest]

*Enter* BELLARIO

*Bel.* A heaviness near death sits on my  
brow,  
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle  
bank,  
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,  
[Lies down]

Let me unworthy press you: I could wish  
I rather were a corse strewed o'er with you  
Than quick above you. Dullness shuts  
mine eyes,  
And I am giddy: O, that I could take  
So sound a sleep that I might never wake!  
[Sleeps]

*Enter* PHILASTER

*Phi.* I have done ill; my conscience calls  
me false,  
To strike at her that would not strike at me.  
When I did fight, methought I heard her  
pray  
The gods to guard me. She may be abused,  
And I a loathèd villain: if she be,  
She will conceal who hurt her. He has  
wounds  
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.  
Who's this? Bellario sleeping! If thou be'st  
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep  
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou  
hast wronged,

So broken.—Hark! I am pursued. You  
 gods,  
 I'll take this offered means of my escape: <sup>20</sup>  
 They have no mark to know me but my  
 blood,  
 If she be true; if false, let mischief light  
 On all the world at once! Sword, print my  
 wounds  
 Upon this sleeping boy! I ha' none, I think,  
 Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.

*Bel.* O, death, I hope, is come! Blest be that hand!

It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!  
*Phi.* I have caught myself; *PHI. falls*  
 The loss of blood hath stayed my flight.  
 Here, here,

Is he that struck thee: take thy full re-  
venge;

Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death;

I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless  
hand

Wounded the princess; tell my followers  
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying  
me,

And I will second thee; get a reward.

*Bel.* Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself!  
*Phi.* How's this?

Wouldst thou I should be safe?

*Bel.* Else were it vain  
For me to live. These little wounds I have  
Ha' not bled much: reach me that noble  
hand;

I'll help to cover you.

*Phi.* Art thou then true to me? 40

*Bel.* Or let me perish loathed! Come, my good lord,

Creep in amongst those bushes: who does  
know

But that the gods may save your much-loved breath?

*Phi.* Then I shall die for grief, if not for this.

That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?

*Bel.* Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear  
'em come.

[PHILASTER *creeps into a bush*]

[Voices] *within.* Follow, follow, follow!  
that way they went.

*Bel.* With my own wounds I'll bloody my  
own sword.

I need not counterfeit to fall; heaven knows  
That I can stand no longer. *Falls* 50

*Enter* PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE

*Pha.* To this place we have tracked him  
by his blood.

*Cle.* Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.

*Dion.* Stay, sir! what are you?

*Bel.* A wretched creature, wounded in these woods

By beasts: relieve me, if your names be  
men.

Or I shall perish.

*Dion.* This is he, my lord,  
Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'tis the boy,  
That wicked boy, that served her.



*Pha.* O thou damned in thy creation!  
What cause couldst thou shape to hurt the  
princess? 60

*Bel.* Then I am betrayed.

*Dion.* Betrayed! no, apprehended.

*Bel.* I confess,  
(Urge it no more) that, big with evil  
thoughts

I set upon her, and did make my aim  
Her death. For charity let fall at once  
The punishment you mean, and do not load  
This weary flesh with tortures.

*Pha.* I will know  
Who hired thee to this deed.

*Bel.* Mine own revenge.

*Pha.* Revenge! for what?

*Bel.* It pleased her to receive  
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes  
ebbed, 70  
That men strid o'er them careless, she did  
shower

Her welcome graces on me, and did swell  
My fortunes till they overflowed their  
banks,

Threatening the men that crossed 'em;  
when, as swift

As storms arise at sea, she turned her eyes  
To burning suns upon me, and did dry  
The streams she had bestowed, leaving me  
worse

And more contemned than other little  
brooks,

Because I had been great. In short, I knew  
I could not live, and therefore did desire 80  
To die revenged.

*Pha.* If tortures can be found  
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel  
The utmost rigor.

*Cle.* Help to lead him hence,  
*PHILASTER creeps out of a bush*

*Phi.* Turn back, you ravishers of inno-  
cence!

Know ye the price of that you bear away  
So rudely?

*Pha.* Who's that?

*Dion.* 'Tis the lord Philaster.

*Phi.* 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in  
one,

The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl  
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh  
down

That virtue. It was I that hurt the  
princess. 90

Place me, some god, upon a pyramis<sup>1</sup>  
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice  
Loud as your thunder to me, that from  
thence

I may discourse to all the under-world  
The worth that dwells in him!

*Pha.* How's this?

*Bel.* My lord, some man  
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

*Phi.* Leave these untimely courtesies,  
Bellario.

*Bel.* Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead  
me on?

*Phi.* By all the oaths that men ought  
most to keep, 100

And gods do punish most when men do  
break,

He touched her not.—Take heed, Bellario,  
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast  
shown

With perjury.—By all that's good, 'twas I!  
You know she stood betwixt me and my  
right.

*Pha.* Thy own tongue be thy judge!

*Cle.* It was Philaster.

*Dion.* Is't not a brave boy?

Well, sirs, I fear me we were all deceived.

*Phi.* Have I no friend here?

*Dion.* Yes.

*Phi.* Then show it: some  
Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer. 110  
Would you have tears shed for you when  
you die?

Then lay me gently on his neck, that there  
I may weep floods and breathe forth my  
spirit.

'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold  
[Embraces BEL.]

Locked in the heart of earth, can buy away  
This arm-full from me: this had been a  
ransom

To have redeemed the great Augustus  
Cæsar,

Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,  
More stony than these mountains, can you  
see

Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut  
your flesh 120

To stop his life? to bind whose bitter  
wounds,

Queens ought to tear their hair, and with  
their tears

<sup>1</sup> Pyramid.



Bathe 'em.—Forgive me, thou that art the  
wealth  
Of poor Philaster!

*Enter King, ARETHUSA, and Guard*

*King.* Is the villain ta'en?

*Pha.* Sir, here be two confess the deed;  
but sure

It was Philaster.

*Phi.* Question it no more; it was.

*King.* The fellow that did fight with him  
will tell us

That.

*Are.* Aye me! I know he will.

*King.* Did not you know him?

*Are.* Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

*Phi.* I was so. O my stars, that I should  
live still!— 130

*King.* Thou ambitious fool,  
Thou that hast laid a train for thy own  
life!—

Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.

Bear them to prison.

*Are.* Sir, they did plot together to take  
hence

This harmless life; should it pass unre-  
venged,

I should to earth go weeping; grant me,  
then,

By all the love a father bears his child,  
Their custodies, and that I may appoint  
Their tortures and their deaths. 140

*Dion.* Death!

Soft; our law will not reach that for this  
fault.

*King.* 'Tis granted; take 'em to you with  
a guard.—

Come, princely Pharamond, this business  
past,

We may with more security go on

To your intended match.—

*Exit KING and PHAR.*

*Cle.* I pray that this action lose not  
Philaster the hearts of the people.

*Dion.* Fear it not; their over-wise heads  
will think it but a trick. *Exeunt omnes* 150

## ACT V, SCENE I

[*Before the Palace*]

*Enter DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE*

*Thra.* Has the King sent for him to  
death?

*Dion.* Yes; but the King must know 'tis  
not in his power to war with heaven.

*Cle.* We linger time: the King sent for  
Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.

*Thra.* Are all his wounds well?

*Dion.* All; they were but scratches; but  
the loss of blood made him faint.

*Cle.* We dally, gentlemen. 10

*Thra.* Away!

*Dion.* We'll scuffle hard before he perish.  
*Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

[*A Prison*]

*Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, and BELLARIO*

*Are.* Nay, faith, Philaster, grieve not; we  
are well.

*Bel.* Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are  
wondrous well.

*Phi.* O Arethusa, O Bellario, leave to be  
kind!

I shall be shut from heaven, as now from  
earth,

If you continue so. I am a man

False to a pair of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore: can it bear us all?

Forgive, and leave me. But the King hath  
sent

To call me to my death: O, show it me,  
And then forget me! and for thee, my boy,  
I shall deliver words will mollify 11

The hearts of beasts to spare thy innocence.

*Bel.* Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing  
Worthy your noble thoughts! 'tis not a life,  
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.

Should I outlive you, I should then outlive  
Virtue and honor; and when that day comes,  
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,  
May I live spotted for my perjury,  
And waste my limbs to nothing!

*Are.* And I (the woeful'st maid that ever  
was

Forced with my hands to bring my lord to  
death)

Do by the honor of a virgin swear

To tell<sup>1</sup> no hours beyond it!

*Phi.* Make me not hated so.

*Are.* Come from this prison all joyful to  
our deaths!

*Phi.* People will tear me, when they find  
you true

<sup>1</sup> Count.



To such a wretch as I; I shall die loathed.  
 Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I  
 For ever sleep forgotten with my faults: 30  
 Every just servant, every maid in love,  
 Will have a piece of me, if you be true.

*Are.* My dear lord, say not so.

*Bel.* A piece of you! He was not born of woman that can cut it  
 And look on.

*Phi.* Take me in tears betwixt you,  
 For my heart will break with shame and  
 sorrow.

*Are.* Why, 'tis well.

*Bel.* Lament no more.

*Phi.* Why, what would you have done  
 If you had wronged me basely, and had  
 found

Your life no price compared to mine? for  
 love, sirs, 40

Deal with me truly.

*Bel.* 'Twas mistaken, sir.

*Phi.* Why, if it were?

*Bel.* Then, sir, we would have asked  
 Your pardon.

*Phi.* And have hope to enjoy it?

*Are.* Enjoy it! ay.

*Phi.* Would you indeed? be plain.

*Bel.* We would, my lord.

*Phi.* Forgive me, then.

*Are.* So, so.

*Bel.* 'Tis as it should be now.

*Phi.* Lead to my death.  
*Exeunt*

### [SCENE III]

[A State-room in the Palace]

*Enter King, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE*

*King.* Gentlemen, who saw the prince?

*Cle.* So please you, sir, he's gone to see  
 the city

And the new platform, with some gentlemen  
 Attending on him.

*King.* Is the princess ready  
 To bring her prisoner out?

*Thra.* She waits your grace.

*King.* Tell her we stay.—

*Exit THRASILINE*

*Dion.* [aside] King, you may be de-  
 ceived yet:

The head you aim at cost more setting on  
 Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off;

Like a wild overflow, that soops before him  
 A golden stack, and with it shakes down  
 bridges, 10

Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose  
 cable-roots

Held out a thousand storms, a thousand  
 thunders,

And, so made mightier, takes whole villages  
 Upon his back, and in that heat of pride

Charges strong towns, towers, castles,  
 palaces,

And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,  
 Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,  
 That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,  
 In thy red ruins.

*Enter ARETHUSA, PHILASTER, BELLARIO in a  
 robe and garland, [and THRASILINE]*

*King.* How now? what masque is this? 20

*Bel.* Right royal sir, I should

Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,  
 But having lost my best airs with my  
 fortunes,

And wanting a celestial harp to strike  
 This blessed union on, thus in glad story  
 I give you all. These two fair cedar-  
 branches

The noblest of the mountain where they  
 grew,

Straightest and tallest, under whose still  
 shades

The worthier beasts have made their lairs,  
 and slept

Free from the fervor of the Sirian star<sup>1</sup> 30  
 And the fell thunder-stroke, free from the  
 clouds,

When they were big with humor, and de-  
 livered,

In thousand spouts their issues to the earth;  
 O, there was none but silent quiet there!

Till never-pleased Fortune shot up shrubs,  
 Base under-brambles, to divorce these  
 branches;

And for a while they did so, and did reign  
 Over the mountain, and choke up his beauty  
 With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till  
 the sun

Scorched them even to the roots and dried  
 them there: 40

And now a gentle gale hath blown again,  
 That made these branches meet and twine  
 together,

<sup>1</sup> The dog star, supposed to bring heat.



Never to be unarmed. The god that sings  
His holy numbers over marriage-beds  
Hath knit their noble hearts; and here they  
stand

Your children, mighty King: and I have  
done.

*King.* How, how?

*Are.* Sir, if you love it in plain truth,  
(For now there is no masquing in't,) this  
gentleman,

The prisoner that you gave me, is become  
My keeper, and through all the bitter  
throes

Your jealousies<sup>1</sup> and his ill fate have  
wrought him,

Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length  
Arrived here my dear husband.

*King.* Your dear husband!—  
Call in the Captain of the Citadel.—  
There you shall keep your wedding. I'll  
provide

A masque shall make your Hymen turn his  
saffron<sup>2</sup>

Into a sullen coat, and sing sad requiems  
To your departing souls;  
Blood shall put out your torches; and, in-  
stead

Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,  
An ax shall hang like a prodigious meteor,<sup>3</sup>  
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear,  
you gods!

From this time do I shake all title off  
Of father to this woman, this base woman;  
And what there is of vengeance in a lion  
Chafed among dogs or robbed of his dear  
young,

The same, enforced more terrible, more  
mighty,

Expect from me!

*Are.* Sir, by that little life I have left to  
swear by,  
There's nothing that can stir me from my-  
self.

What I have done, I have done without  
repentance;

For death can be no bugbear unto me,  
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.

*Dion.* [aside] Sweet peace upon thy soul,  
thou worthy maid,

Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll ex-  
cuse thee,

Or be thy prologue.—

*Phi.*

Sir, let me speak next;  
And let my dying words be better with you  
Than my dull living actions. If you aim  
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,  
Y' are a tyrant and a savage monster,<sup>80</sup>  
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,  
As you are living; all your better deeds  
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;  
No chronicle shall speak you, though your  
own,

But for the shame of men. No monument,  
Though high and big as Pelion, shall be able  
To cover this base murder: make it rich  
With brass, with purest gold and shining  
jasper,

Like the Pyramides; lay on epitaphs  
Such as make great men gods; my little  
marble

That only clothes my ashes, not my faults,  
Shall far outshine it. And for after-issues,  
Think not so madly of the heavenly wis-  
doms,

That they will give you more for your mad  
rage

To cut off, unless it be some snake, or some-  
thing

Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle  
you.

Remember my father, King! there was a  
fault,

But I forgive it: let that sin persuade you  
To love this lady; if you have a soul,  
Think, save her, and be savèd. For myself,  
I have so long expected this glad hour,<sup>101</sup>  
So languished under you, and daily withered,  
That, by the gods, it is a joy to die;  
I find a recreation in't.

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mess.* Where's the King?

*King.* Here.

*Mess.* Get you to your strength,  
And rescue the Prince Pharamond from  
danger;

He's taken prisoner by the citizens,  
Fearing<sup>1</sup> the lord Philaster.

*Dion.* [aside] O brave followers!  
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!  
Now, my brave valiant foremen, show your  
weapons

In honor of your mistresses!

<sup>1</sup> Fearing for.

<sup>1</sup> Suspicions.

<sup>2</sup> The color sacred to Hymen.



*Enter another Messenger*

*2nd Mess.* Arm, arm, arm, arm! ..

*King.* A thousand devils take 'em!

*Dion.* [aside] A thousand blessings on 'em!—

*2nd Mess.* Arm, O King! The city is in mutiny,

Led by an old grey ruffin, who comes on  
In rescue of the lord Philaster.

*King.* Away to the citadel!—

[*Exeunt ARE., PHI., BEL., guarded*]

I'll see them safe,

And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard

And all the gentlemen give strong attendance. 120

[*Exeunt all except DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE*]

*Cle.* The city up! this was above our wishes.

*Dion.* Ay, and the marriage too. By my life

This noble lady has deceived us all.

A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,  
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honor!

O, I could beat myself! or do you beat me,  
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.

*Cle.* No, no, 'twill but lose time.

*Dion.* You say true. Are your swords sharp?—Well, my dear countrymen what-ye-lacks,<sup>1</sup> if you continue and fall not 131  
back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all-to-be-praised and sung in sonnets, and bawled in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troul you in *sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

*Thra.* What, if a toy<sup>2</sup> take 'em i' the heels now, and they run all away, and cry, 'the devil take the hindmost'? 140

*Dion.* Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse<sup>3</sup> him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly among them, and be speeding! May they have murrains<sup>4</sup> reign to keep the gentlemen at home unbound in easy frieze!<sup>5</sup> may the moths branch<sup>6</sup> their velvets, and their silks

<sup>1</sup> Shopkeepers, so-called from their cry to passers-by.

<sup>2</sup> Whim.

<sup>3</sup> Pickle.

<sup>4</sup> Plagues.

<sup>5</sup> Coarse wool.

<sup>6</sup> Eat patterns in.

only be worn before sore eyes!<sup>1</sup> may their false lights<sup>2</sup> undo 'em, and discover presses,<sup>3</sup> holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, 150  
and make them shop-rid! may they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! may they have many children, and none like the father! may they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unless it be the goatish Latin<sup>4</sup> they write in their bonds—and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

*Enter the KING*

*King.* Now the vengeance of all the 160  
gods confound them! How they swarm together! what a hum they raise!—Devils choke your wild throats!—If a man had need to use their valors, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: they will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me and call me tyrant. O, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster! 170  
speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him. O, my wits, my wits! [*Exit CLEREMONT*]

*Dion.* [aside] O my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this; nay, you shall cozen<sup>5</sup> me, and I'll thank you, and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you<sup>6</sup> every long vacation a brace of foremen,<sup>7</sup> that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.— 180

*King.* What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

*Dion.* [aside] Why, sir, they'll flay him, and make church-buckets<sup>8</sup> on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce,<sup>9</sup> and hang him up for a sign.—

*Re-enter CLEREMONT with PHILASTER*

*King.* O worthy sir, forgive me! do not make

Your miseries and my faults meet together,  
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,

<sup>1</sup> As flaps for sore eyes.

<sup>2</sup> Tradesman's devices for showing goods to advantage.

<sup>3</sup> Creases.

<sup>4</sup> Base law Latin.

<sup>5</sup> Cheat.

<sup>6</sup> Fatten for you.

<sup>7</sup> Geese.

<sup>8</sup> Leather fire buckets.

<sup>9</sup> Skull.



Still sound amongst diseases. I have  
 wronged you; <sup>100</sup>  
 And though I find it last, and beaten to it,  
 Let first your goodness know it. Calm the  
 people,  
 And be what you were born to: take your  
 love,  
 And with her my repentance, all my wishes  
 And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart  
 speaks this;  
 And if the least fall from me not performed,  
 May I be struck with thunder!

*Phi.* <sup>100</sup> Mighty sir,  
 I will not do your greatness so much wrong,  
 As not to make your word truth. Free the  
 princess  
 And the poor boy, and let me stand the  
 shock <sup>200</sup>  
 Of this mad sea-breach, which I'll either  
 turn,  
 Or perish with it.

*King.* Let your own word free them.

*Phi.* Then thus I take my leave, kissing  
 your hand,  
 And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,  
 And be not moved, sir: I shall bring you  
 peace  
 Or never bring myself back.

*King.* All the gods go with thee.

*Exeunt omnes*

#### [SCENE IV]

[A Street]

*Enter an old Captain and Citizens with  
 PHARAMOND*

*Cap.* Come, my brave myrmidons, let us  
 fall on.  
 Let your caps swarm, my boys, and your  
 nimble tongues  
 Forget your mother gibberish of 'what do  
 you lack,'  
 And set your mouths ope, children, till your  
 palates  
 Fall frightened half a fathom past the cure  
 Of bay-salt and gross pepper, and then cry  
 'Philaster, brave Philaster!' Let Philaster,  
 Be deeper in request, my ding-dongs,<sup>1</sup>  
 My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Good fellows.

<sup>2</sup> Apprentices were bound by indentures and their  
 weapon was a club.

Than your cold water camlets,<sup>1</sup> or your  
 paintings <sup>10</sup>  
 Spitted with copper.<sup>2</sup> Let not your hasty  
 siks,  
 Or your branched<sup>3</sup> cloth of bodkin,<sup>4</sup> or your  
 tissues,  
 Dearly belovèd of spiced cake and custard,  
 You Robin Hoods, Scarlets, and Johns, tie  
 your affections  
 In darkness to your shops. No, dainty  
 duckers,<sup>5</sup>  
 Up with your three-piled spirits, your  
 wrought valours.<sup>6</sup>  
 And let your uncut cholers<sup>7</sup> make the King  
 feel

The measure of your mightiness. Philaster!  
 Cry, my rose-nobles,<sup>8</sup> cry!

*All.* Philaster! Philaster!

*Cap.* How do you like this, my lord-  
 prince? <sup>20</sup>

These are mad boys, I tell you; these are  
 things

That will not strike their top-sails to a  
 foist,<sup>9</sup>

And let a man of war, an argosy,  
 Hull and cry cockles.<sup>10</sup>

*Pha.* Why, you rude slave, do you know  
 what you do?

*Cap.* My pretty prince of puppets, we do  
 know;

And give your greatness warning that you  
 talk

No more such bug's-words,<sup>11</sup> or that  
 soldered<sup>12</sup> crown

Shall be scratched with a musket.<sup>13</sup> Dear  
 prince Pippin,

Down with your noble blood, or, as I live, <sup>30</sup>  
 I'll have you coddled.<sup>14</sup>—Let him loose, my  
 spirits:

Make us a round ring with your bills,<sup>15</sup> my  
 Hectors,

And let us see what this trim man dares do.

<sup>1</sup> A watered stuff of silk and hair.

<sup>2</sup> Stitched with copper.

<sup>3</sup> Embroidered.

<sup>4</sup> A rich stuff of gold and silk.

<sup>5</sup> Bowers and scrapers.

<sup>6</sup> Three-piled was the best valures or velvet.

<sup>7</sup> Angers and also collars.

<sup>8</sup> A coin worth about a dollar and a half, stamped  
 with the rose.

<sup>9</sup> A small vessel.

<sup>10</sup> Lie in harbor and carry on small trade.

<sup>11</sup> "Big talk."

<sup>12</sup> Mended.

<sup>13</sup> A weapon, also a sparrow-hawk.

<sup>14</sup> Stewed.

<sup>15</sup> Halberds.



Now, sir, have at you! here I lie;  
And with this swashing blow (do you see,  
sweet prince?)

I could hulk<sup>1</sup> your grace, and hang you up  
cross-legged,

Like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with  
this wiper.<sup>2</sup>

*Pha.* You will not see me murdered,  
wicked villains?

*1st Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have  
not seen one  
For a great while.

*Cap.* He would have weapons, would  
he?

Give him a broadside,<sup>3</sup> my brave boys, with  
your pikes;

Branch<sup>4</sup> me his skin in flowers like a satin,  
And between every flower a mortal cut.—

Your royalty shall ravel!<sup>5</sup>—Jag him, gentle-  
men;

I'll have him cut to the kell,<sup>6</sup> then down the  
seams.

O for a whip to make him galloon-laces.<sup>7</sup>

I'll have a coach-whip.

*Pha.* O, spare me, gentlemen!

*Cap.* Hold, hold;

The man begins to fear and know himself;  
He shall for this time only be seeled up,<sup>8</sup>

With a feather through his nose, that he  
may only

See heaven, and think whither he is going.

Nay, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim  
you:

You would be king!

Thou tender heir apparent to a church-a-le,<sup>9</sup>

Thou slight prince of single sarcenet,<sup>10</sup>

Thou royal ring-tail,<sup>11</sup> fit to fly at nothing

But poor men's poultry, and have every  
boy

Beat thee from that too with his bread and  
butter!

*Pha.* Gods keep me from these hell-  
hounds!

*1st Cit.* Shall's geld him, captain?

*Cap.* No, you shall spare his dowcets, my  
dear donzels,<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Disembowel.

<sup>2</sup> A rod for cleaning a gun.

<sup>3</sup> Spank him with the flat of your halberd.

<sup>4</sup> Embroider.

<sup>5</sup> Be unraveled.

<sup>6</sup> "The caul about the hart's paunch."

<sup>7</sup> Tape.

<sup>8</sup> Like a hawk the eyes of which were thus treated.

<sup>9</sup> A trivial festivity.

<sup>10</sup> Thin, inferior silk.

<sup>11</sup> Kite, incapable of training.

<sup>12</sup> Squires.

As you respect the ladies, let them flourish:  
The curses of a longing woman kill  
As speedy as a plague, boys.

*1st Cit.* I'll have a leg, that's certain.

*2nd Cit.* I'll have an arm.

*3rd Cit.* I'll have his nose, and at mine  
own charge build

A college and clap't upon the gate.<sup>1</sup>

*4th Cit.* I'll have his little gut to string a  
kit<sup>2</sup> with:

For certainly a royal gut will sound like  
silver.

*Pha.* Would they were in thy belly, and  
I past

My pain once!

*5th Cit.* Good captain, let me have his  
liver to feed ferrets.

*Cap.* Who will have parcels else? speak.

*Pha.* Good gods, consider me! I shall be  
tortured.

*1st Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trim-  
ming of your two-hand sword,  
And let me have his skin to make false  
scabbards.

*2nd Cit.* He had no horns, sir, had he?

*Cap.* No, sir, he's a pollard:<sup>3</sup>

What wouldst thou do with horns?

*2nd Cit.* O, if he had had,  
I would have made rare hafts<sup>4</sup> and whistles  
of 'em;

But his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall  
serve me.

#### Enter PHILASTER

*All.* Long live Philaster, the brave Prince  
Philaster!

*Phi.* I thank you, gentlemen. But why  
are these  
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach  
your hands  
Uncivil trades?

*Cap.* My royal Rosicleer,<sup>5</sup>  
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy  
roarers;<sup>6</sup>

And when thy noble body is in durance,  
Thus do we clap our musty murrions<sup>7</sup> on,  
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to Brazenose College, Oxford.

<sup>2</sup> Cittern.

<sup>3</sup> A hornless beast.

<sup>4</sup> Handles.

<sup>5</sup> A hero of *The Mirror of Knighthood*, a popular  
romance.

<sup>6</sup> Roisterers.

<sup>7</sup> Helmets.



Thou Mars of men? is the King sociable, <sup>90</sup>  
And bids thee live? art thou above thy  
foemen,

And free as Phœbus? speak. If not, this  
stand <sup>1</sup>

Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt, and  
run

Even to the lees of honor.

*Phi.* Hold, and be satisfied: I am myself;  
Free as my thoughts are: by the gods, I  
am!

*Cap.* Art thou the dainty darling of the  
King?

Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?

Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets <sup>2</sup>  
Kiss their gummed golls, <sup>3</sup> and cry 'We are  
your servants?' <sup>100</sup>

Is the court navigable, and the presence  
stuck

With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy  
castle,

And this man sleeps.

*Phi.* I am what I desire to be, your  
friend;

I am what I was born to be, your prince.

*Pha.* Sir, there is some humanity in you;  
You have a noble soul: forget my name,  
And know my misery: set me safe aboard  
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,  
I'll quit this land for ever. There is  
nothing,— <sup>110</sup>

Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness  
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,  
The worst company of the worst men, mad-  
ness, age,

To be as many creatures as a woman,  
And do as all they do, nay, to despair,—  
But I would rather make it a new nature,  
And live with all those, than endure one  
hour

Amongst these wild dogs.

*Phi.* I do pity you.—Friends, discharge  
your fears;

Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you <sup>120</sup>  
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

*3rd Cit.* Good sir, take heed he does not  
hurt you;

He's a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.

*Cap.* Prince, by your leave, I'll have a  
surcingle, <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Set out, as a stand of ale.

<sup>2</sup> Respected officers in authority.

<sup>3</sup> Perfumed hands.

<sup>4</sup> Trapping.

And make <sup>1</sup> you like a hawk. *He strives.* <sup>2</sup>

*Phi.* Away, away, there is no danger in  
him:

Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off!  
Look you, friends, how gently he leads!

Upon my word,  
He's tame enough, he needs no further  
watching.

Good my friends, go to your houses, <sup>130</sup>  
And by me have your pardons and my love;  
And know there shall be nothing in my  
power

You may deserve, but you shall have your  
wishes:

To give you more thanks, were to flatter  
you.

Continue still <sup>3</sup> your love; and, for an  
earnest,

Drink this. *[Gives money]*

*All.* Long mayst thou live, brave prince,  
brave prince, brave prince!

*Exeunt PHI. and PHA.*

*Cap.* Go thy ways, thou art the king of  
courtesy!

Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come,  
And every man trace to his house again, <sup>140</sup>  
And hang his pewter up; then to the tavern,  
And bring your wives in muffs. We will  
have music;

And the red grape shall make us dance and  
rise, boys. *Exeunt*

## [SCENE VI]

*[An Apartment in the Palace]*

*Enter King, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA,  
DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, BELLARIO,  
and Attendants*

*King.* Is it appeased?

*Dion.* Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,  
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster  
Brings on the prince himself.

*King.* Kind gentleman!

I will not break the least word I have given  
In promise to him: I have heaped a world  
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope  
To wash away.

*Enter PHILASTER and PHARAMOND*

*Cle.* My lord is come.  
*King.* My son!

<sup>1</sup> Train. F. reads *male*.

<sup>2</sup> Q2 reads *stirs*.

<sup>3</sup> Ever.



Blest be the time that I have leave to call  
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine  
arms,

Methinks I have a salve unto my breast  
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams  
of grief

That I have wronged thee, and as much of  
joy

That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:  
Let them appease thee. Take thy right;  
take her;

She is thy right too; and forget to urge  
My vexèd soul with that I did before.

*Phi.* Sir, it is blotted from my memory,  
Past and forgotten.—For you, prince of  
Spain,

Whom I have thus redeemed, you have full  
leave

To make an honorable voyage home.  
And if you would go furnished to your realm  
With fair provision, I do see a lady,  
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:  
How like you this piece?

*Meg.* Sir, he likes it well  
For he hath tried it, and hath found it worth  
His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed;  
I know your meaning. I am not the first  
That nature taught to seek a fellow forth;  
Can shame remain perpetually in me,  
And not in others? or have princes salves  
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

*Phi.* What mean you?

*Meg.* You must get another ship,  
To bear the princess and her boy together.

*Dion.* How now!

*Meg.* Others took me, and I took her and  
him

At that all women may be ta'en some time:  
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure  
Weather and wind alike.

*King.* Clear thou thyself, or know not me  
for father.

*Are.* This earth, how false it is! What  
means is left for me  
To clear myself? It lies in your belief:  
My lords, believe me; and let all things else  
Struggle together to dishonor me.

*Bel.* O, stop your ears, great King, that I  
may speak

As freedom would! then I will call this lady  
As base as are her actions. Hear me, sir;  
Believe your heated blood when it rebels  
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

*Meg.* By this good light, he bears it hand-  
somerly.

*Phi.* This lady! I will sooner trust the  
wind

With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,  
Than her with any thing. Believe her not.  
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,  
I would outlive 'em? Honor cannot take  
Revenge on you; then what were to be  
known

But death?

*King.* Forget her, sir, since all is knit  
Between us. But I must request of you  
One favor, and will sadly be denied.<sup>1</sup>

*Phi.* Command, whate'er it be.

*King.* Swear to be true  
To what you promise.

*Phi.* By the powers above,  
Let it not be the death of her or him,  
And it is granted!

*King.* Bear away that boy  
To torture: I will have her cleared or buried.

*Phi.* O, let me call my word back, worthy  
sir!

Ask something else: bury my life and right  
In one poor grave; but do not take away  
My life and fame at once.

*King.* Away with him! It stands irrev-  
ocable.

*Phi.* Turn all your eyes on me: here  
stands a man,  
The falsest and the basest of this world.

Set swords against this breast, some honest  
man,

For I have lived till I am pitièd!  
My former deeds were hateful; but this last  
Is pitiful, for I unwillingly  
Have given the dear preserver of my life  
Unto his torture. Is it in the power  
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?

*Offers to stab himself*

*Are.* Dear sir, be patient yet! O, stay  
that hand!

*King.* Sirs, strip that boy.

*Dion.* Come, sir; your tender flesh  
Will try your constancy.

*Bel.* O, kill me, gentlemen!

*Dion.* No.—Help, sirs.

*Bel.* Will you torture me?

*King.* Haste there;  
Why stay you?

*Bel.* Then I shall not break my vow,  
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

<sup>1</sup> Shall be sorry to be denied.



*King.* How's that? will he confess?

*Dion.* Sir, so he says.

*King.* Speak then.

*Bel.* Great king, if you command  
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,  
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the  
thoughts

My youth hath known; and stranger things  
than these

You hear not often.

*King.* Walk aside with him. <sup>90</sup>

[*DION and BELLARIO walk apart*]

*Dion.* Why speak'st thou not?

*Bel.* Know you this face, my lord?

*Dion.* No.

*Bel.* Have you not seen it, nor the like?

*Dion.* Yes, I have seen the like, but  
readily

I know not where.

*Bel.* I have been often told  
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,  
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me  
They that would flatter my bad face would  
swear

There was such strange resemblance, that we  
two

Could not be known asunder, dressed alike.

*Dion.* By heaven, and so there is!

*Bel.* For her fair sake, <sup>100</sup>

Who now doth spend the spring-time of her  
life

In holy pilgrimage, move to the King,

That I may scape this torture.

*Dion.* But thou speak'st  
As like Euphrasia as thou dost look.

How came it to thy knowledge that she  
lives

In pilgrimage?

*Bel.* I know it not, my lord;  
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe  
it.

*Dion.* O, my shame! is't possible? Draw  
near,  
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,  
Or else her murderer? <sup>1</sup> where wert thou  
born? <sup>110</sup>

*Bel.* In Syracuse.

*Dion.* What's thy name?

*Bel.* Euphrasia.

*Dion.* O, 'tis just, 'tis she!  
Now I do know thee. O, that thou hadst  
died,

<sup>1</sup> An old superstition that a murderer might assume the appearance of his victim.

And I had never seen thee nor my shame!  
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of  
mine

E'er call thee daughter more?

*Bel.* Would I had died indeed! I wish it  
too:

And so I must have done by vow, ere pub-  
lished

What I have told, but that there was no  
means

To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this, <sup>120</sup>

The princess is all clear.

*King.* What, have you done?

*Dion.* All is discovered.

*Phi.* Why then hold you me?

*He offers to stab himself*

All is discovered! Pray you, let me go.

*King.* Stay him.

*Are.* What is discovered?

*Dion.* Why, my shame

It is a woman: let her speak the rest.

*Phi.* How? that again!

*Dion.* It is a woman.

*Phi.* Blessed be you powers that favor  
innocence!

*King.* Lay hold upon that lady.

[*MEGRA is seized*]

*Phi.* It is a woman, sir!—Hark, gentle-  
men,

It is a woman!—Arethusa, take <sup>130</sup>

My soul into thy breast, that would be gone

With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,

And virtuous still to ages, in despite

Of malice.

*King.* Speak you, where lies his shame?

*Bel.* I am his daughter.

*Phi.* The gods are just.

*Dion.* I dare accuse none; but, before you  
two,

The virtue of our age, I bend my knee

For mercy.

*Phi.* Take it freely; for I know,  
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly  
done, <sup>140</sup>

'Twas meant well.

*Are.* And for me,

I have a power to pardon sins, as oft

As any man has power to wrong me.

*Cle.* Noble and worthy!

*Phi.* But, Bellario,

(For I must call thee still so,) tell me why

Thou didst conceal thy sex. It was a fault

A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds



Of truth outweighed it: all these jealousies<sup>1</sup>  
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered

What now we know.

*Bel.* My father oft would speak<sup>155</sup>  
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow  
More and more apprehensive,<sup>2</sup> I did thirst  
To see the man so praised. But yet all this  
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost  
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,  
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,  
I thought (but it was you), enter our gates:  
My blood flew out and back again, as fast  
As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in  
Like breath: then was I called away in haste  
To entertain you. Never was a man,<sup>161</sup>  
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a scepter,  
raised

So high in thoughts as I: you left a kiss  
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep  
From you for ever: I did hear you talk,  
Far above singing. After you were gone,  
I grew acquainted with my heart, and  
searched

What stirred it so: alas, I found it love!  
Yet far from lust; for, could I but have  
lived

In presence of you, I had had my end:<sup>170</sup>  
For this I did delude my noble father  
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself

In habit of a boy; and, for<sup>3</sup> I knew  
My birth no match for you, I was past hope  
Of having you; and, understanding well  
That when I made discovery of my sex  
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,  
By all the most religious things a maid  
Could call together, never to be known,  
Whilst there was hope to hide me from  
men's eyes,<sup>180</sup>

For other than I seemed, that I might ever  
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,  
Where first you took me up.

*King.* Search out a match  
Within our kingdom, where and when thou  
wilt,

And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself  
Wilt well deserve him.

<sup>1</sup> Suspicions. <sup>2</sup> To understand. <sup>3</sup> Because.

*Bel.* Never, sir, will I  
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:  
But, if I may have leave to serve the  
princess,  
To see the virtues of her lord and her,  
I shall have hope to live.

*Are.* I, Philaster,<sup>190</sup>  
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady  
Dressed like a page to serve you; nor will I  
Suspect her living here.—Come, live with  
me;

Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,  
Cursed be the wife that hates her!

*Phi.* I grieve such virtue should be laid  
in earth  
Without an heir.—Hear me, my royal  
father:

Wrong not the freedom of our souls so  
much,

To think to take revenge of that base  
woman;

Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free<sup>200</sup>  
As she was born, saving from shame and  
sin.

*King.* Set her at liberty.—But leave the  
court;

This is no place for such.—You, Pharamond,  
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home  
Worthy so great a prince. When you come  
there,

Remember 'twas your faults that lost you  
her,

And not my purposed will.

*Pha.* I do confess,  
Renowned sir.

*King.* Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy,  
Philaster,  
This kingdom, which is yours, and, after me,  
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on  
you!<sup>211</sup>

All happy hours be at your marriage joys,  
That you may grow yourselves over all  
lands,

And live to see your plenteous branches  
spring

Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn  
By this to rule the passions of their blood;  
For what heaven wills can never be with-  
stood.

*Exeunt omnes*



# RVLE A WIFE

And have a Wife

*A COMOEY.*

ACTED BY HIS  
*Majesties Servants.*

---

Written by  
JOHN FLETCHER  
*Gent.*

---



OXFORD,  
Printed by LEONARD LICHFIELD  
*Printer to the University.*  
ANNO 1640.



*Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* was licensed for performance in 1624, one year before the death of Fletcher; and printed in quarto in 1640. As the first folio of "Beaumont and Fletcher" of 1647 confined itself to plays attributed to these authors, not hitherto in print, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* was not included; but it appeared in the second folio, of 1679, which gathered up as nearly as possible all of these authors' plays. *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* was staged at earliest some six or seven years after the death of Beaumont. He could have had no part in it. Aside from this, this comedy is wholly in Fletcher's mature manner, exhibiting alike his ease and fluency and his happy characterization and dramatic verve. This is one of several plays in which Fletcher drew on Spanish fiction, here "El Casamiento Engañoso," one of the *Exemplary Novels* of Cervantes, which supplied the story of the Copper Captain and his gulling. The main plot with the admirable title are Fletcher's own. The text follows that of the quarto, from which the folio differs little, and not, of course, without attention to the many competent editors of Fletcher.

This play is one of a score of Fletcher's comedies which vary from realistic scenes of London life, such as *Wit at Several Weapons* and *Monsieur Thomas* to similar themes in foreign setting, *The Wild Goose Chase* or *The Tamer Tamed*, and romantic comedies like *The Pilgrim* and *The Chance*. Fletcher, in comedies such as these last mentioned and that of the text, was the first to lay under contribution the rich sources of Spanish fiction for the English stage.



[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

JUAN DE CASTRO, *a Colonel*  
MICHAEL PEREZ, *the Copper Captain*  
A SERVANT OF MICHAEL  
ESTIFANIA  
DONNA CLARA  
SANCHIO } *Officers in the Army*  
ALONZO }  
THREE OLD LADIES

[CACAFOGO, a rich Usurer]  
ALTEA, *Servant to Margarita*  
LEON, *Brother to Altea*  
MARGARITA, *an Heiress*  
MAID, BOY, OLD WOMAN  
THE DUKE of MEDINA *and Attendants*  
LORENZO, *a Servant*  
A COACHMAN

THE SCENE: Valladolid, and a Country-House near it.]



## PROLOGUE

Pleasure attend ye! and about ye sit  
The springs of mirth, fancy, delight, and wit,  
To stir you up! Do not your looks let fall,  
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,  
Because this day w' are Spaniards all again,  
The story of our play, and our scene Spain:  
The errors too, do not for this cause hate;  
Now we present their wit and not their state.  
Nor, ladies, be not angry, if you see  
A young fresh beauty, wanton, and too free, 10  
Seek to abuse her<sup>1</sup> husband; still 'tis Spain;  
No such gross errors in your kingdom reign:  
W' are vestals all, and though we blow the fire,  
We seldom make it flame up to desire;  
Take no example neither to begin,  
For some by precedent delight to sin;  
Nor blame the poet if he slip aside  
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.  
But hold your fans close, and then smile at ease;  
A cruel scene did never lady please. 20  
Nor, gentlemen, pray be not you displeased,  
Though we present some men fooled, some diseased,  
Some drunk, some mad: We mean not you, you're free:  
We tax no further than our comedy;  
You are our friends; sit noble then, and see!

<sup>1</sup> Q. *your*.



# RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE

JOHN FLETCHER

## ACT I, SCENE I

[Valladolid. The Lodgings of Juan de Castro]

Enter JUAN DE CASTRO and MICHAEL PEREZ

*Perez.* Are your companies full, colonel?

*Juan.* No, not yet, sir;  
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.  
How rises your command?

*Perez.* We pick up still,  
And, as our monies hold out, we have men  
come:

About that time I think we shall be full too.  
Many young gallants go.

*Juan.* And unexperienced:  
The wars are dainty dreams to young hot  
spirits;

Time and experience will allay those visions.  
We have strange things to fill our numbers:  
There's one Don Leon, a strange goodly  
fellow,

Recommended to me from some noble  
friends,

For my alferez;<sup>1</sup> had you but seen his per-  
son,

And what a giant's promise it protesteth!

*Perez.* I have heard of him, and that he  
hath served before too.

*Juan.* But no harm done, nor never  
meant, Don Michael,  
That came to my ears yet. Ask him a ques-  
tion,

He blushes like a girl, and answers little,<sup>20</sup>  
To the point less; he wears a sword, a good  
one,

And good clothes too; he's whole-skinned,  
has no hurt yet;

Good promising hopes; I never yet heard  
certainly

Of any gentleman that saw him angry.

*Perez.* Preserve him; he'll conclude a  
peace if need be.

Many as strong as he will go along with us,  
That swear as valiantly as heart can wish,

Their mouth charged with six oaths at once,  
and whole ones,  
That make the drunken Dutch creep into  
mole-hills.

*Juan.* 'Tis true, such we must look for.  
But, Michael Perez,

When heard you of Donna Margarita, the  
great heiress?

*Perez.* I hear every hour of her, though I  
never saw her;

She is the main discourse. Noble Don Juan  
de Castro,

How happy were that man could catch this  
wench up,

And live at ease! She's fair and young, and  
wealthy,

Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too

In all her entertainments, as men report.

*Juan.* But she is proud, sir, that I know  
for certain,

And that comes seldom without wanton-  
ness:

He that shall marry her, must have a rare  
hand.

*Perez.* Would I were married! I would  
find that wisdom

With a light rein to rule my wife. If ever  
woman

Of the most subtlest mould went beyond  
me,

I'd give the boys leave to hoot me out o'  
th' parish.

Enter a Servant

*Serv.* Sir,

There be two gentlewomen attend to speak  
with you.

*Juan.* Wait on 'em in.

*Perez.* Are they two handsome women?

*Serv.* They seem so, very handsome; but  
they're veiled, sir.

*Perez.* Thou puttest sugar in my mouth;  
how it melts with me!

I love a sweet young wench.

*Juan.* Wait on them in, I say.

Exit Serv.

<sup>1</sup> Ensign.



*Perez.* Don Juan!

*Juan.* How you itch, Michael! how you burnish?

Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones yet?

Do your eyes glow now?

*Perez.* There be two.

*Juan.* Say honest;

What shame have you then?

*Perez.* I would fain see that: 60

I have been i' th' Indies twice, and have seen strange things;

But, two honest women!—One I read of once.

*Juan.* Pr'ythee, be modest.

*Perez.* I'll be anything!

*Enter* Servant, ESTIFANIA and DONNA CLARA veiled

*Juan.* You're welcome, ladies.

*Perez.* Both hooded! I like 'em well though,

They come not for advice in law sure hither!

May be they'd learn to raise the pike; I am for 'em.

They are very modest; 'tis a fine prelude. [Aside]

*Juan.* With me, or with this gentleman, would you speak, lady? 70

*Clara.* With you, sir, as I guess; Juan de Castro. [Unveils]

*Perez.* Her curtain opens; she's a pretty gentlewoman.

*Juan.* I am the man, and shall be bound to fortune,

I may do any service to your beauties.

*Clara.* Captain, I hear you're marching down to Flanders,

To serve the Catholic king.

*Juan.* I am, sweet lady.

*Clara.* I have a kinsman, and a noble friend,

Employed in those wars; may be, sir, you know him;

Don Campusano, captain of carbines, 80  
To whom I would request your nobleness  
To give this poor remembrance.

[Gives] a letter

*Juan.* I shall do it;

I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.

*Clara.* Something in private.

*Juan.* Step aside: I'll serve thee.

*Ex[eunt]* JUAN and CLARA

*Perez.* Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.

*Estif.* Sir, you must pardon me:

Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories,

And keep suspect off from their chastities, 90  
Had need wear thicker veils.

*Perez.* I am no blaster of a lady's beauty,  
Nor bold intruder on her special favors;  
I know how tender reputation is,  
And with what guards it ought to be preserved, lady;

You may to me.

*Estif.* You must excuse me, signior;  
I come not here to sell myself.

*Perez.* As I am a gentleman!  
By th' honor of a soldier! 100

*Estif.* I believe you;  
I pray you be civil; I believe you'd see me,  
And, when you've seen me, I believe you'll like me;

But in a strange place, to a stranger too,  
As if I came on purpose to betray you!  
Indeed, I will not.

*Perez.* I shall love you dearly;  
And 'tis a sin to fling away affection:  
I have no mistress, no desire to honor  
Any but you.—Will not this oyster open? 110  
[Aside]

I know not, you have struck me with your modesty—

She will draw sure—[aside]—so deep, and taken from me

All the desire I might bestow on others—  
Quickly, before they come!

*Estif.* Indeed, I dare not:  
But, since I see you're so desirous, sir,  
To view a poor face that can merit nothing  
But your repentance—

*Perez.* It must needs be excellent.

*Estif.* And with what honesty you ask it of me; 120

When I am gone let your man follow me,  
And view what house I enter; thither come;  
For there I dare be bold to appear open,  
And, as I like your virtuous carriage, then  
I shall be able to give welcome to you—

*Enter* JUAN, CLA[RA and] a Servant

She hath done her business; I must take my leave, sir.



*Perez.* I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank ye, lady:  
My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant.<sup>1</sup>—

*Sirrah,* come near; hark! [*Whispers*]

*Serv.* I shall do it faithfully. *Exit* 130

*Juan.* You will command me no more services?

*Clara.* To be careful of your noble health, dear sir,  
That I may ever honor you.

*Juan.* I thank you,  
And kiss your hands.—Wait on the ladies down there!

*Exeunt Ladies and Servant*

*Perez.* You had the honor to see the face that came to you?

*Juan.* And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, Don Michael?

*Perez.* Mine was i' th' eclipse, and had a cloud drawn over it;  
But, I believe, well, and I hope 'tis handsome;

She had a hand would stir a holy hermit. 140

*Juan.* You know none of 'em?

*Perez.* No.

*Juan.* Then I do, captain;  
But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't.—

Sit close, Don Perez, or your worship's caught:

I fear a fly.<sup>2</sup> [*Aside*]

*Perez.* Were those she brought love-letters?

*Juan.* A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders.

Yours was very modest, methought.

*Perez.* Some young unmanaged thing: 150  
But I may live to see—

*Juan.* 'Tis worth experience.  
Let's walk abroad, and view our companies. *Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

[*The Street*]

*Enter SANCHIO and ALONZO*

*Sanc.* What, are you for the wars, Alonzo?

*Alon.* It may be ay,  
It may be no; e'en as the humor takes me.  
If I find peace among the female creatures,  
And easy entertainment, I'll stay at home;

<sup>1</sup> Suitor.

<sup>2</sup> A bait.

I'm not so far obliged yet to long marches  
And mouldy biscuits, to run mad for honor.  
When you are all gone, I have my choice  
before me.

*Sanc.* Of which hospital thou'lt sweat in.  
Wilt thou never  
Leave whoring? 10

*Alon.* There is less danger in't than gunning, Sanchio:

Though we be shot sometimes, the shot's not mortal;

Besides, it breaks no limbs.

*Sanc.* But it disables 'em; dost thou see how thou pull'st

Thy legs after thee, as they hung by points?<sup>1</sup>

*Alon.* Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on wooden ones;

Serve bravely for a billet to support me.

*Sanc.* Fie, fie! 'tis base.

*Alon.* Dost thou count it base to suffer? Suffer abundantly? 'tis the crown of honor. 20

You think it nothing to lie twenty days Under a surgeon's hands, that has no mercy.

*Sanc.* As thou hast done, I am sure. But I perceive now

Why you desire to stay; the Orient<sup>2</sup> heiress, The Margarita, sir!

*Alon.* I would I had her.

*Sanc.* They say she will marry.

*Alon.* Yes, I think she will.

*Sanc.* And marry suddenly, as report goes, too!

She fears her youth will not hold out, Alonzo. 30

*Alon.* I would I had the sheathing on't.

*Sanc.* They say too

She has a greedy eye, that must be fed With more than one man's meat.

*Alon.* 'Would she were mine!

I would cater for her well enough. But, Sanchio,

There be too many great men that adore her;

Princes, and princes' fellows, that claim privilege.

*Sanc.* Yet those stand off i' th' way of marriage,

To be tied to a man's pleasure is a second labor.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Braces.

<sup>2</sup> Suitable epithet for Margarita, a pearl, and a rich one.

<sup>3</sup> Another kind of labor, not a pleasure.



*Alon.* She has bought a brave house here in town.

*Sanc.* I have heard so.

*Alon.* If she convert it now to pious uses, And bid poor gentlemen welcome!

*Sanc.* When comes she to it?

*Alon.* Within these two days; she's i' th' country yet, And keeps the noblest house!

*Sanc.* Then there's some hope of her. Wilt thou go my way?

*Alon.* No, no, I must leave you, And repair to an old gentlewoman That has credit with her, that can speak a good word.

*Sanc.* Send thee good fortune! but make thy body sound first.

*Alon.* I am a soldier, and too sound a body Becomes me not. Farewell, Sanchio!

*Exeunt*

### [SCENE III]

[*The Same*]

*Enter a Servant of MICHAEL PEREZ*

*Serv.* 'Tis this or that house, or I've lost mine aim; They are both fair buildings. She walked plaguy fast;

*Ent[er] ESTIF[ANIA]*

And hereabouts I lost her.—Stay! that's she, 'Tis very she. She makes me a low court'sy. Let me note the place; the street I well remember.

*Exit [ESTIFANIA into a house]*

She's in again. Certain some noble lady: How happy should I be if she love my master!

A wondrous goodly house; here are brave lodgings,

And I shall sleep now like an emperor, And eat abundantly. I thank my fortune! I'll back with speed, and bring him happy tidings.

*Exit*

### [SCENE IV]

[*The Country. An Apartment in the Villa of Margarita*]

*Enter three old Ladies*

1 *Lady.* What should it mean, that in such haste we're sent for?

2 *Lady.* Belike the lady Margaret has some business

She'd break to us in private.

3 *Lady.* It should seem so.

'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.

2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, I warrant ye,

For a young woman of her years: 'Tis pity To load her tender age with too much virtue.

3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away with.

*Enter ALTEA*

*Altea.* Good morrow, ladies!

10

*All.* Morrow, my good madam!

1 *Lady.* How does the sweet young beauty, Lady Margaret?

2 *Lady.* Has she slept well after her walk last night?

1 *Lady.* Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

*Altea.* All's well.

She's very well; she sent for you thus suddenly,

To give her counsel in a business That much concerns her.

2 *Lady.* She does well and wisely, To ask the counsel of the ancient'st, madam; Our years have run through many things she knows not.

11

*Altea.* She would fain marry.

1 *Lady.* 'Tis a proper calling, And well beseems her years. Who would she yoke with?

*Altea.* That's left to argue on. I pray come in,

And break your fast; drink a good cup or two,

To strengthen your understandings; then she'll tell ye.

2 *Lady.* And good wine breeds good counsel; we'll yield to ye.

*Exeunt*

### [SCENE V]

[*Valladolid. The Street*]

*Enter JUAN DE CASTRO and LEON*

*Juan.* Have you seen any service?

*Leon.* Yes.

*Juan.* Where?



*Leon.* Everywhere.

*Juan.* What office bore you?

*Leon.* None; I was not worthy.

*Juan.* What captains know you?

*Leon.* None; they were above me.

*Juan.* Were you never hurt?

*Leon.* Not that I well remember,  
But once I stole a hen, and then they beat  
me.

Pray ask me no long questions; I have an  
ill memory.

*Juan.* This is an ass.—Did you never  
draw your sword yet?

*Leon.* Not to do any harm, I thank  
heaven for't.

*Juan.* Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?

*Leon.* No, I ran away,  
For I had ne'er no money to redeem me.

*Juan.* Can you endure a drum?

*Leon.* It makes my head ache.

*Juan.* Are you not valiant when you're  
drunk? 20

*Leon.* I think not;

But I am loving, sir.

*Juan.* What a lump is this man!—

Was your father wise?

*Leon.* Too wise for me, I'm sure;  
For he gave all he had to my younger  
brother.

*Juan.* That was no foolish part, I'll bear  
you witness.

Canst thou lie with a woman?

*Leon.* I think I could make shift, sir;  
But I am bashful. 30

*Juan.* In the night?

*Leon.* I know not;  
Darkness indeed may do some good upon  
me.

*Juan.* Why art thou sent to me to be  
my officer,  
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st  
not fight?

*Leon.* There be more officers of my  
opinion,  
Or I am cozened, sir; men that talk more  
too.

*Juan.* How wilt thou 'scape a bullet?

*Leon.* Why, by chance;  
They aim at honorable men; alas, I am  
none, sir. 40

*Juan.* This fellow has some doubts in's  
talk, that strike me;  
He cannot be all fool.—

*Ent[er] ALONZO*

Welcome, Alonzo!

*Alon.* What have you got there? Temper-  
ance into  
Your company? the spirit of peace? we shall  
have wars  
By the ounce then.—

*Ent[er] CACA[FOGO]*

O, here's another pumpion;<sup>1</sup>  
Let him loose for luck sake, the crammed  
son

Of a starved usurer, Cacafofo,  
Both their brains buttered cannot make two  
spoonfuls. 50

*Cac.* My father's dead; I am a man of  
war too.

Monies, demesnes; I have ships at sea too,  
captains.

*Juan.* Take heed o' th' Hollanders; your  
ships may leak else.

*Cac.* I scorn the Hollanders; they are my  
drunkards.

*Alon.* Put up your gold, sir; I will borrow  
it else.

*Cac.* I'm satisfied, you shall not.—Come  
out; I know thee;  
Meet mine anger instantly!

*Leon.* I never wronged ye.

*Cac.* Thou hast wronged mine honor;  
Thou look'dst upon my mistress thrice las-  
civiously; 60

I'll make it good.

*Juan.* Do not heat yourself; you will  
surfeit.<sup>2</sup>

*Cac.* Thou wan'st<sup>3</sup> my money too, with a  
pair of base bones,  
In whom there was no truth; for which I  
beat thee,  
I beat thee much; now I will hurt thee dan-  
gerously;

This shall provoke thee. *He strikes [him]*

*Alon.* You struck too low by a foot, sir.

*Juan.* You must get a ladder when you'd  
beat this fellow.

*Leon.* I cannot chuse but kick again; pray  
pardon me! [Kicks him]

*Cac.* Had'st thou not asked my pardon,  
I had killed thee. 70

<sup>1</sup> Pumpkin, country fellow.

<sup>2</sup> Fall ill.

<sup>3</sup> Won't.



I leave thee as a thing despised! *Beso las manos a vuestra señoría!*

*Exit CACA.*

*Alon.* You have 'scaped by miracle, there is not, in all Spain,

A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake.

*Leon.* I see he's hasty; and I would give him leave

To beat me soundly, if he would take my bond.

*Juan.* What shall I do with this fellow?

*Alon.* Turn him off:

He will infect the camp with cowardice, If he go with thee.

*Juan.* About some week hence, sir, 80  
If I can hit upon no abler officer,  
You shall hear from me.

*Leon.* I desire no better. *Ereunt*

### [SCENE VI]

[A Splendid Apartment in Margarita's Town House]

*Enter ESTIFANIA and PEREZ*

*Perez.* You have made me now too bountiful amends, lady,  
For your strict carriage when you saw me first.

These beauties were not meant to be concealed;

It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object;  
I could now chide you, but it shall be thus. [Kisses her]

No other anger ever touch your sweetness!

*Estif.* You appear to me so honest and so civil,

Without a blush, sir, I dare bid you welcome.

*Perez.* Now let me ask your name.

*Estif.* 'Tis Estifania: 10  
The heir of this poor place.

*Perez.* Poor, do you call it?  
There's nothing that I cast mine eyes upon,  
But shews both rich and admirable; all the rooms

Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here;  
The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious!

Is all that plate your own, too?

*Estif.* 'Tis but little,  
Only for present use; I have more and richer.

When need shall call, or friends compel me use it. 20

The suits you see of all the upper chambers  
Are those that commonly adorn the house:  
I think I have, besides, as fair as Sevil,  
Or any town in Spain can parallel.

*Perez.* [aside] Now if she be not married,  
I have some hopes.—

Are you a maid?

*Estif.* You make me blush to answer;  
I ever was accounted so to this hour,  
And that's the reason that I live retired, sir.

*Perez.* Then would I counsel you to marry presently, 30  
—If I can get her, I am made for ever—

[Aside]

For every year you lose, you lose a beauty;  
A husband now, an honest, careful husband,  
Were such a comfort! Will you walk above stairs?

*Estif.* This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter far, sir;  
Above there are day-beds, and such temptations

I dare not trust, sir.—

*Perez.* She is excellent wise withal too.— [Aside]

*Estif.* You named a husband; I am not so strict, sir,

Nor tied unto a virgin's solitariness, 40  
But if an honest, and a noble one,  
Rich, and a soldier (for so I have vowed he shall be)

Were offered me, I think I should accept him;

But, above all, he must love.

*Perez.* He were base else.—  
There's comfort ministered in the word soldier.

How sweetly should I live! [Aside]

*Estif.* I am not so ignorant,  
But that I know well how to be commanded,  
And how again to make myself obeyed, sir.  
I waste but little, I have gathered much; 50  
My rial<sup>1</sup> not the less worth, when 'tis spent,  
If spent by my direction; to please my husband,

I hold it as indifferent in my duty,  
To be his maid i' th' kitchen, or his cook,  
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.

*Perez.* Sweet, rich, and provident! now fortune stick to me!— [Aside]  
I am a soldier, and a bachelor, lady;

<sup>1</sup> A small silver coin.



And such a wife as you I could love infinitely;

They that use many words, some are deceitful:

I long to be a husband, and a good one;  
For 'tis most certain I shall make a precedent

For all that follow me to love their ladies.  
I'm young, you see, able I'd have you think too;

If't please you know, try me, before you take me.

'Tis true, I shall not meet in equal wealth with you;

But jewels, chains, such as the war has given me,

A thousand ducats I dare presume on  
In ready gold (now as your care may handle it)

As rich clothes too as any he bears arms, lady!

*Estif.* You are a true gentleman, and fair,  
I see by ye:

And such a man I'd rather take—

*Perez.* 'Pray do so!

I'll have a priest o' th' sudden.

*Estif.* And as suddenly  
You will repent too.

*Perez.* I'll be hanged or drown'd first,  
By this, and this, and this kiss!

[Kisses her]

*Estif.* You are a flatterer;  
But I must say there was something when  
I saw you first,  
In that most noble face that stirred my fancy.

*Perez.* I'll stir it better ere you sleep,  
sweet lady.

I'll send for all my trunks, and give up all  
to ye,

Into your own dispose, before I bed ye;  
And then sweet wench—

*Estif.* You have the art to cozen me.

*Exeunt*

## ACT II, SCENE I

[The Country. An Apartment in the Villa of Margarita]

*Enter MARGARITA, two Ladies and ALTEA*

*Marg.* Sit down, and give me your opinions seriously.

1 *Lady.* You say you have a mind to marry, lady?

*Marg.* 'Tis true, I have, for to preserve my credit;

Yet not so much for that as for my state, ladies;

Conceive me right, there lies the main o' th' question:

Credit I can redeem, money will imp<sup>1</sup> it;

But when my money's gone, when the law shall

Seize that, and for incontinency strip me of all?

1 *Lady.* D've find your body so malicious that way?

*Marg.* I find it as all bodies are that are young and lusty,

Lazy, and high fed; I desire my pleasure,  
And pleasure I must have.

2 *Lady.* 'Tis fit you should have;  
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary,  
As necessary as meat to a young lady;  
Sleep cannot nourish more.

1 *Lady.* But might not all this be, and keep you single?

You take away variety in marriage,  
The abundance of the pleasure you are barred then;

Is't not abundance that you aim at?

*Marg.* Yes;

Why was I made a woman?

2 *Lady.* And every day a new?

*Marg.* Why fair and young, but to use it?

1 *Lady.* You are still i' th' right; why would you marry then?

*Altea.* Because a husband stops all doubts in this point,

And clears all passages.

2 *Lady.* What husband mean ye?

*Altea.* A husband of an easy faith, a fool,  
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure;

One, though he see himself become a monster,

Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.<sup>2</sup>

2 *Lady.* You grant there may be such a man.

1 *Lady.* Yes, marry;  
But how to bring 'em to this rare perfection?

<sup>1</sup> Mend it.

<sup>2</sup> The maker of the monster.



2 *Lady*. They must be chosen so; things  
of no honor,  
Nor outward honesty.

*Marg*. No, 'tis no matter;  
I care not what they are, so they be lusty.

2 *Lady*. Methinks now, a rich lawyer;  
some such fellow, 40  
That carries credit and a face of awe,  
But lies with nothing but his clients' business.

*Marg*. No, there's no trusting them: they  
are too subtle;  
The law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.

1 *Lady*. Then, some grave governor,  
Some man of honor, yet an easy man.

*Marg*. If he have honor I'm undone; I'll  
none such:  
I'll have a lusty man; honor will cloy me.

*Altea*. 'Tis fit you should, lady;  
And to that end, with search, and wit, and  
labor, 50  
I have found one out, a right one and a  
perfect;

He is made as strong as brass, is of brave  
years too,  
And doughty of complexion.

*Marg*. Is he a gentleman?

*Altea*. Yes, and a soldier; as gentle as  
you would wish him;  
A good fellow, wears good clothes.

*Marg*. Those I'll allow him;  
They are for my credit. Does he understand  
But little?

*Altea*. Very little. 60

*Marg*. 'Tis the better.  
Have not the wars bred him up to anger?

*Altea*. No;  
He will not quarrel with a dog that bites  
him;

Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.

*Marg*. [He] has no capacity what honor  
is?

For that's the soldier's god.

*Altea*. Honor's a thing too subtile for his  
wisdom;

If honor lie in eating, he's right honorable.

*Marg*. Is he so goodly a man, d'ye say? 70

*Altea*. As you shall see, lady;  
But, to all this, he's but a trunk.

*Marg*. I would have him so,

I shall add branches to him to adorn him.  
Go, find me out this man, and let me see  
him;

If he be that motion<sup>1</sup> that you tell me of,  
And make no more noise, I shall entertain  
him.

Let him be here.

*Altea*. He shall attend your ladyship.

*Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

[*Valladolid. The Lodgings of Don Juan*]

*Enter JUAN, ALONZO and PEREZ*

*Juan*. Why, thou art not married indeed?

*Perez*. No, no; pray think so.

Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning,  
Not worth a lady's eye!

*Alon*. Wouldst thou steal a fortune,  
And make none of all thy friends acquainted  
with it,  
Nor bid us to thy wedding?

*Perez*. No, indeed!

There was no wisdom in't, to bid an artist,  
An old seducer, to a female banquet! 10  
I can cut up my pie without your instructions.

*Juan*. Was it the wench i' th' veil?

*Perez*. Basta!<sup>2</sup> 'twas she;

The prettiest rogue that e'er you looked  
upon,  
The loving'st thief!

*Juan*. And is she rich withal too?

*Perez*. A mine, a mine! there is no end of  
wealth, colonel.

I am an ass, a bashful fool! Pr'ythee, colonel,

How do thy companies fill now?

*Juan*. You are merry, sir; 20

You intend a safer war at home, belike now?

*Perez*. I do not think I shall fight much  
this year, colonel;

I find myself given to my ease a little.

I care not if I sell my foolish company;

They are things of hazard.

*Alon*. How it angers me, [Aside]

This fellow at first sight should win a lady,  
A rich young wench; and I, that have consumed

<sup>1</sup> The puppet.

<sup>2</sup> Enough.



My time and art in searching out their subtleties,

Like a fooled alchemist, blow up my hopes still!—

When shall we come to thy house and be freely merry?

*Perez.* When I have managed her a little more;

I have a house to entertain an army.

*Alon.* If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come to thee.

*Perez.* But where they'll get entertainment is the point, signior;

I beat no drum.

*Alon.* You need none but her tabor.

*Perez.* May be I'll march, after a month or two

To get me a fresh stomach.<sup>1</sup> I find, colonel, A wantonness in wealth, methinks I agree not with;

'Tis such a trouble to be married too, And have a thousand things of great importance,

Jewels, and plates<sup>2</sup> and fooleries, molest me; To have a man's brains whimsied with his wealth!

Before, I walk'd contentedly.

*Enter Servant*

*Serv.* My Mistress, sir, is sick, because you are absent;

She mourns, and will not eat.

*Perez.* Alas, my jewel!

Come, I'll go with thee.—Gentlemen, your fair leaves!

You see I am tied a little to my yoke; 50  
Pray pardon me! 'would ye had both such loving wives!

*Juan.* I thank you

*Ex[eunt] PEREZ [and] Serv[ant]*

For your old boots!—Never be blank, Alonzo,

Because this fellow has oustript thy fortune! Tell me ten days hence what he is, and how The gracious state of matrimony stands with him.

Come, let's to dinner. When Margarita comes,

We'll visit both; it may be then your fortune. *Exeunt*

[SCENE III]

[*The Country. An Apartment in Margarita's Villa*]

*Ent[er] MARGARITA, ALTEA [and] the Ladies*

*Marg.* Is he come?

*Altea.* Yes, madam; [he] has been here this half hour.

I have questioned him of all that you can ask him,

And find him as fit as you had made the man:

He'll make the goodliest shadow for iniquity!

*Marg.* Have ye searched him, ladies?

*Omnes.* He's a man at all points, a likely man!

*Marg.* Call him in, Altea.

[*Exit ALTEA, and re-enters with LEON*]

A man of a good presence!—Pray you come this way,—

Of a lusty body: Is his mind so tame? 10

*Altea.* Pray ye question him; and if you find him not

Fit for your purpose, shake him off; there's no harm done.

*Marg.* Can you love a young lady?—How he blushes!

*Altea.* Leave twirling of your hat, [and] hold you head up,

And speak to th' lady.

*Leon.* Yes, I think I can;

I must be taught; I know not what it means, madam.

*Marg.* You shall be taught. And can you, when she pleases,

Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?

You shall have men and horses to attend ye, And money in your purse. 21

*Leon.* Yes, I love riding;

And when I am from home I am so merry!

*Marg.* Be as merry as you will. Can you as handsomely,

When you are sent for back, come with obedience,

And do your duty to the lady loves you?

*Leon.* Yes, sure, I shall.

*Marg.* And when you see her friends here, Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain Their servants in the cellar, and be busied, 30

<sup>1</sup> Courage.

<sup>2</sup> Coins.



And hold your peace, whate'er you see or hear of?

*Leon.* 'Twere fit I were hanged else.

*Marg.* Let me try your kisses.

[*Kisses him*]

How the fool shakes!—I will not eat you, sir.—

Beshrew my heart, he kisses wondrous manly!—

Can you do anything else?

*Leon.* Indeed, I know not;

But if your ladyship will please to instruct me,

Sure I shall learn.

*Marg.* You shall then be instructed. 40

If I should be this lady that affects you,

Nay, say I marry you—

*Altea.* Hark to the lady.

*Marg.* What money have you?

*Leon.* None, madam, nor friends.

I would do anything to serve your ladyship.

*Marg.* You must not look to be my master, sir,

Nor talk i' th' house as though you wore the breeches;

No, nor command in anything.

*Leon.* I will not; 50

Alas, I am not able; I have no wit, madam.

*Marg.* Nor do not labor to arrive at any; 'Twill spoil your head. I take ye upon charity,

And like a servant you must be unto me;

As I behold your duty I shall love ye,

And, as you observe me, I may chance lie with ye,

Can you mark these?

*Leon.* Yes, indeed, forsooth.

*Marg.* There is one thing,

That if I take you in, I put ye from me, 60

Utterly from me; you must not be saucy,

No, nor at any time familiar with me;

Searce know me, when I call ye not.

*Leon.* I will not.

Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently.

*Marg.* Nor must not now.

*Leon.* I'll be a dog to please ye.

*Marg.* Indeed, you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye.

*Leon.* I were to blame else.

*Marg.* Kiss me again.—A strong fellow! 70

There is a vigor in his lips:—If you see me

Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, sir,

You must not start, nor be offended.

*Leon.* No,

If you kiss a thousand I shall be contented; It will the better teach me how to please ye!

*Altea.* I told ye, madam!

*Marg.* 'Tis the man I wished for.—

The less you speak—

*Leon.* I'll never speak again, madam, 80

But when you charge me; then I'll speak softly too.

*Marg.* Get me a priest; I'll wed him instantly.—

But when you are married, sir, you must wait upon me,

And see you observe my laws.

*Leon.* Else you shall hang me.

*Marg.* I'll give ye better clothes when you deserve 'em.—

Come in, and serve for witnesses.

*Omnes.* We shall, madam.

*Marg.* And then away to th' city presently;

I'll to my new house and new company. 90

[*Exit with Ladies*]

*Leon.* A thousand crowns are thine; and I am a made man.

*Altea.* Do not break out too soon!

*Leon.* I know my time, wench.

*Exeunt*

#### [SCENE IV]

[*Valladolid. A Room in Margarita's House*]

*Enter CLARA and ESTIFANIA, with a paper*

*Clara.* What, have you caught him?

*Estif.* Yes.

*Clara.* And do you find him

A man of those hopes that you aimed at?

*Estif.* Yes, too;

And the most kind man, and the ablest also To give a wife content! He's sound as old wine,

And to his soundness rises on the palate;

And there's the man! I find him rich too,

*Clara.*

*Clara.* Hast thou married him? 10

*Estif.* What, dost thou think I fish without a bait, wench?

I bob for fools? He is mine own, I have him.

I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;

And, as I cast it, so I caught him daintily,



And all he has I have stowed at my devotion.

*Clara.* Does thy lady know this? She's coming now to town,  
Now to live here in this house.

*Estif.* Let her come;  
She shall be welcome, I am prepared for her;  
She is mad sure if she be angry at my fortune,  
For what I have made bold.

*Clara.* Dost thou not love him?

*Estif.* Yes, entirely well,  
As long as there he stays, and looks no further

Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him,

And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen<sup>1</sup> him.

[A lady-tamer he, and reads men warnings,]<sup>2</sup>

How to decline their wives and curb their manners,

To put a stern and strong rein to their natures;

And holds he is an ass not worth acquaintance,

That cannot mould a devil to obedience.  
I owe him a good turn for these opinions,  
And, as I find his temper, I may pay him.

*Enter PEREZ*

O, here he is; now you shall see a kind man.

*Perez.* My Estifania! shall we to dinner, lamb?

I know thou stay'st for me.

*Estif.* I cannot eat else.

*Perez.* I never enter, but methinks a paradise

Appears about me.

*Estif.* You are welcome to it, sir.

*Perez.* I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain, wench;

Methinks the richest too. We'll eat i' the garden,

In one o' th' arbors, (there 'tis cool and pleasant,)

And have our wine cold in the running fountain.

Who's that?

<sup>1</sup> Cheat.

<sup>2</sup> This line has been inserted by modern editors to supply a clear omission.

*Estif.* A friend of mine, sir.

*Perez.* Of what breeding?

*Estif.* A gentlewoman, sir.

*Perez.* What business has she?

Is she a learned woman i' th' mathematics?  
Can she tell fortunes?

*Estif.* More than I know, sir.

*Perez.* Or has she e'er a letter from a kinswoman,

That must be delivered in my absence, wife?

Or comes she from the doctor to salute you,  
And learn your health? She looks not like a confessor.

*Estif.* What need all this? why are you troubled, sir?

What do you suspect? she cannot cuckold you;

She is a woman, sir, a very woman.

*Perez.* Your very woman may do very well, sir,

Toward the matter; for, though she cannot perform it

In her own person, she may do it by proxy:  
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

*Estif.* Cry ye mercy, husband! you are jealous then,

And happily<sup>1</sup> suspect me?

*Perez.* No, indeed, wife.

*Estif.* Methinks you should not till you have more cause,

And clearer too. I am sure you have heard say, husband,

A woman forced will free herself through iron;

A happy, calm, and good wife, discontented,

May be taught tricks.

*Perez.* No, no, I do but jest with you.

*Estif.* To-morrow, friend, I'll see you.

*Clara.* I shall leave you

Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with you.

*Exit. Knock[ing within]*

*Estif.* Why, where's this girl? Who's at the door?

*Perez.* Who knocks there?

Is't for the king you come, you knock so boisterously?

Look to the door.

*Enter MAID*

*Maid [apart to ESTIF.]* My lady! as I live, mistress, my lady's come!

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps.



She's at the door; I peeped through, and I  
saw her,

And a stately company of ladies with her.

*Estif.* This was a week too soon; but I  
must meet with her,

And set a new wheel going, and a subtile  
one,

Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am  
ruined.

*Perez.* What are they at door?

*Estif.* Such, my Michael,  
As you may bless the day they entered  
here;

Such for our good!

*Perez.* 'Tis well.

*Estif.* Nay, 'twill be better  
If you will let me but dispose the business,  
And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me:  
What have I now to do but to advance  
your fortune?

*Perez.* Do; I dare trust thee. I am  
ashamed I am angry;  
I find thee a wise young wife.

*Estif.* [apart] I'll wise your worship  
Before I leave you!—Pray you walk by,  
and say nothing,  
Only salute them,<sup>1</sup> and leave the rest to  
me, sir:

I was born to make you a man. [Exit] <sup>100</sup>

*Perez.* The rogue speaks heartily;  
Her good will colors in her cheeks; I am  
born to love her.

I must be gentler to these tender natures;  
A soldier's rude harsh words befit not ladies,  
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to  
our officers.

I'll give her way, for 'tis for me she works  
now;

I am husband, heir, and all she has.

*Enter* MARG[ARITA,] ESTIF[ANIA,] LEON,  
ALTEA, and Ladies

Who are these? what flanting<sup>2</sup> things? A  
woman

Of rare presence! excellent fair! This is too  
big <sup>100</sup>

For a bawdy-house, too open-seated too.

*Estif.* My husband, lady!

*Marg.* You have gained a proper<sup>3</sup> man.

*Perez.* Whate'er I am, I am your servant,  
lady. *Kisses* ESTIF.

<sup>1</sup> Q, him.

<sup>2</sup> Flaunting.

<sup>3</sup> Handsome.

*Estif.* [apart to PEREZ] Sir, be ruled now,  
and I shall make ye rich:

This is my cousin; that gentleman dotes on  
her,

Even to death; see how he observes her.

*Perez.* She is a goodly woman.

*Estif.* She's a mirror,

But she is poor; she were for a prince's side  
else.

This house she has brought him to, as to  
her own, <sup>120</sup>

And presuming upon me, and upon my  
courtesy,—

(Conceive me short),—he knows not but  
she's wealthy:

Or, if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,  
He's so far gone.

*Perez.* Forward. She has a rare face.

*Estif.* This we must carry with discretion,  
husband,

And yield unto her for four days.

*Perez.* Yield our house up,

Our goods, and wealth?

*Estif.* All this is but in seeming, <sup>130</sup>  
To milk the lover on. D'you see this  
writing?

Two hundred pound a-year, when they are  
married,

Has she sealed to for our good: The time's  
unfit now;

I'll shew it you to-morrow.

*Perez.* All the house?

*Estif.* All, all, and we'll remove too, to  
confirm him;

They'll into th' country suddenly again

After they are matched, and then she'll open  
to him.

*Perez.* The whole possession, wife? Look  
what you do.

A part o' th' house—

*Estif.* No, no, they shall have all,

And take their pleasure too; 'tis for our  
'vantage.

Why, what's four days? Had you a sister,  
sir,

A niece or mistress, that required this cour-  
tesy,

And should I make a scruple to do you  
good?

*Perez.* If easily it would come back—

*Estif.* I swear, sir,

As easily as it came on. Is it not pity



To let<sup>1</sup> such a gentlewoman for a little help?

You give away no house. 150

*Perez.* Clear but that question.

*Estif.* I'll put the writings into your hand.

*Perez.* Well then.

*Estif.* And you shall keep them safe.

*Perez.* I'm satisfied.

'Would I had the wench so too.

*Estif.* When she has married him,  
So infinite his love is linked unto her,  
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,  
May have heaven knows what. 160

*Perez.* I'll remove the goods straight,  
And take some poor house by; 'tis but for  
four days.

*Estif.* I have a poor old friend; there we'll  
be.

*Perez.* 'Tis well then.

*Estif.* Go handsome off, and leave the  
house clear.

*Perez.* Well.

*Estif.* That little stuff we'll use shall fol-  
low after,  
And a boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are  
made both!

*Exit PER[EZ]*

*Marg.* Come, let's go in. Are all the  
rooms kept sweet, wench?

*Estif.* They're sweet and neat. 170

*Marg.* Why, where's your husband?

*Estif.* Gone, madam.

When you come to your own, he must give  
place, lady.

*Marg.* Well, send you joy! You would  
not let me know't,  
Yet I shall not forget ye.

*Estif.* Thank your ladyship! *Exeunt*

### ACT III, SCENE I

[An Apartment in Margarita's House]

*Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, and Boy*

*Altea.* Are you at ease now? is your heart  
at rest,

Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,  
To keep the scorching world's opinion  
From your fair credit?

*Marg.* I'm at peace, Altea:  
If he continue but the same he shews,  
And be a master of that ignorance

<sup>1</sup> Hinder.

He outwardly professes, I am happy.  
The pleasure I shall live in, and the  
freedom,

Without the squint-eye of the law upon me,  
Or prating liberty of tongues, that envy! 11

*Altea.* You are a made woman.

*Marg.* But if he should prove now  
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,  
One read in knavery, and brought up in the  
art

Of villainy concealed?

*Altea.* 'My life, an innocent.

*Marg.* That's it I aim at,  
That's it I hope too; then I'm sure I rule  
him;

For innocents are like obedient children 20  
Brought up under a hard mother-in-law, a  
cruel,

Who being not used to breakfasts and colla-  
tions,

When they have coarse bread offered 'em,  
are thankful,

And take it for a favor too. Are the rooms  
Made ready to entertain my friends?

I long to dance now, and to be wanton;  
Let me have a song. Is the great couch up  
The Duke of Medina sent?

*Altea.* 'Tis up and ready.

*Marg.* And day-beds in all chambers? 30

*Altea.* In all, lady;

Your house is nothing now but various  
pleasures;

The gallants begin to gaze too.

*Marg.* Let 'em gaze on;

I was brought up a courtier, high and happy,  
And company is my delight, and courtship,  
And handsome servants at my will. Where's  
my good husband?

Where does he wait?

*Altea.* He knows his distance, madam;  
I warrant you he's busy in the cellar, 40  
Amongst his fellow-servants, or asleep,  
'Till your command awake him.

*Marg.* 'Tis well, Altea;  
It should be so; my ward I must preserve  
him.—

*Enter LEON [and Servant]*

Who sent for him? how dare he come un-  
called for?

His bonnet on too!

*Altea.* Sure he sees you not.

*Marg.* How scornfully he looks!

*Leon.* Are all the chambers



Decked and adorned thus for my lady's pleasure?<sup>50</sup>

New hangings every hour for entertainment,  
And new plate bought, new jewels, to give luster?

*Serv.* They are, and yet there must be more and richer;

It is her will.

*Leon.* Hum. Is it so? 'tis excellent.  
It is her will, too, to have feasts and banquets,  
Revels, and masques?

*Serv.* She ever loved 'em dearly,  
And we shall have the bravest house kept now, sir!

I must not call ye master (she has warned me)<sup>60</sup>

Nor must not put my hat off to ye.

*Leon.* 'Tis no fashion;  
What though I be her husband, I am your fellow.

I may cut first?

*Serv.* That's as you shall deserve, sir.

*Leon.* And when I lie with her—

*Serv.* May be I'll light ye;  
On the same point you may do me that service.

*Enter 1 Lady*

*1 Lady.* Madam, the Duke Medina, with some captains,  
Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,<sup>70</sup>  
And their best services.

*Marg.* They shall be welcome.  
See all be ready in the noblest fashion,  
The house perfumed. Now I shall take my pleasure,  
And not my neighbor Justice maunder at me.—

Go, get your best clothes on; but, till I call ye,

Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentlewomen,

And behave yourself cleanly, sir; 'tis for my credit.

*Enter 2 Lady*

*2 Lady.* Madam, the lady Julia—

*Leon.* That's a bawd, [Apart]<sup>80</sup>  
A three-piled<sup>1</sup> bawd, bawd-major to the army.

*2 Lady.* Has brought her coach to wait upon your ladyship,  
And to be informed if you will take the air this morning.

*Leon.* The neat air of her nunnery.

*Marg.* Tell her, no;

I' th' afternoon I'll call on her.

*2 Lady.* I will, madam. *Exit*

*Marg.* Why are not you gone to prepare yourself?

May be you shall be sewer<sup>1</sup> to the first course.—

A portly presence!—Altea, he looks lean; <sup>80</sup>  
'Tis a wash<sup>2</sup> knave, he will not keep his flesh well.

*Altea.* A willing, madam, one that needs no spurring.

*Leon.* 'Faith, madam, in my little understanding,

You had better entertain your honest neighbors,

Your friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,

And give a worthy mention of your bounty.

*Marg.* How now? what's this?

*Leon.* 'Tis only to persuade ye:

Courtiers are but tickle things to deal withal,

A kind of marchpane<sup>3</sup> men, that will not last, madam; <sup>100</sup>

An egg and pepper goes further than their potions,

And in a well-built body, a poor parsnip will play his prize above their strong potables.<sup>4</sup>

*Marg.* The fellow's mad!

*Leon.* He that shall counsel ladies,  
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,

Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.

*Altea.* He breaks out modestly. [Apart]

*Leon.* Pray you be not angry;

My indiscretion has made bold to tell ye <sup>110</sup>  
What you'll find true.

*Marg.* Thou dar'st not talk?

*Leon.* Not much, madam:

You have a tie upon your servant's tongue;  
He dares not be so bold as reason bids him;  
'Twere fit there was a stronger<sup>5</sup> on your temper.

<sup>1</sup> Cup-bearer.

<sup>2</sup> Washy, weak.

<sup>3</sup> Sweetmeat.

<sup>4</sup> Drinks.

<sup>5</sup> I.e., tie.

<sup>1</sup> Velvet of the best quality was so called. The allusion is to her excellence in her trade, and perhaps to the material of her gown.



Ne'er look so stern upon me; I am your husband,  
 But what are husbands? Read the new world's wonders,  
 Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,  
 And you will scarce find such deformities; <sup>120</sup>  
 They are shadows to conceal your venial virtues,  
 Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions,  
 Balls<sup>1</sup> that lie by you, to wash out your stains,  
 And bills nailed up with horn<sup>2</sup> before your stories,  
 To rent out lust.<sup>3</sup>

*Marg.* Do you hear him talk?

*Leon.* I have done, madam;  
 An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver;  
 Shortly I shall be such; then I'll speak wonders?

'Till when, I tie myself to my obedience.

*Exit*

*Marg.* First, I'll untie myself! Did you mark the gentleman, <sup>131</sup>

How boldly and how saucily he talked,  
 And how unlike the lump I took him for,  
 The piece of ignorant dough? He stood up to me,

And mated<sup>4</sup> my commands! this was your providence,<sup>5</sup>

Your wisdom, to elect<sup>6</sup> this gentleman,  
 Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge!

What think you now?

*Altea.* I think him an ass still;  
 This boldness some of your people have blown into him, <sup>140</sup>

This wisdom too, with strong wine; 'tis a tyrant,

And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.

*Marg.* I'll have my cellar locked, no school<sup>7</sup> kept there,

Nor no discovery.<sup>8</sup> I'll turn my drunkards,  
 Such as are understanding in their draughts,  
 And dispute learnedly the *whys* and *wherefores*,

To grass immediately; I'll keep all fools,

Sober or drunk, still<sup>1</sup> fools, that shall know<sup>2</sup> nothing,

Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience;

And such a hand I'll keep over this husband! <sup>150</sup>

*Altea.* He will fall again; my life, he cries by this time;

Keep him from drink; he has a high constitution.

*Ent[er] LEON*

*Leon.* Shall I wear my new suit, madam?

*Marg.* No, your old clothes,  
 And get you into the country presently,<sup>3</sup>  
 And see my hawks well trained; you shall have victuals,

Such as are fit for saucy palates, sir,  
 And lodgings with the hinds; <sup>4</sup> it is too good too.

*Altea.* Good madam, be not so rough with repentance:

You see how he's come round again. <sup>160</sup>

*Marg.* I see not what I expect to see.

*Leon.* You shall see, madam, if it shall please your ladyship—

*Altea.* He's humbled;  
 Forgive, good lady.

*Marg.* Well, go get you handsome,  
 And let me hear no more.

*Leon.* [*aside*] Have you yet no feeling?  
 I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud lady! *Exit*

*Marg.* See you preserve him thus, upon my favor;

You know his temper, tie him to the grindstone; <sup>170</sup>

The next rebellion I'll be rid of him.

I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me,  
 Dispute my life. Come in, and see all handsome.

*Altea* [*aside*] I hope to see you so too;  
 I've wrought ill else. *Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

[*A Room in a mean Hovel*]

*Enter PEREZ*

*Perez.* Shall I never return to mine own house again?

<sup>1</sup> Always.

<sup>2</sup> Supply *that*.

<sup>3</sup> At once.

<sup>4</sup> Laborers.

<sup>1</sup> Soap balls.

<sup>2</sup> Advertisements covered with transparent horn like A.B.C. cards.

<sup>3</sup> Q and F read *last*.

<sup>4</sup> Checkmated.

<sup>5</sup> Foresight.

<sup>6</sup> Select.

<sup>7</sup> Concourse.

<sup>8</sup> Exploration.



We are lodged here in the miserablest dog-hole,  
 A conjuror's circle gives content above it;  
 A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it:  
 We have a bed no bigger than a basket,  
 And there we lie like butter clapt together,  
 And sweat ourselves to sauce immediately.  
 The fumes are infinite inhabit here too,  
 And to that so thick, they cut like marmalade;<sup>1</sup>  
 So various too, they'll pose a gold-finder!<sup>2</sup> 10  
 Never return to mine own paradise?—  
 Why, wife, I say! why, Estifania!  
*Estif.*—*within.*—I am going, presently.  
*Perez.* Make haste, good jewel!  
 I'm like the people that live in the sweet islands:<sup>3</sup>  
 I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here;  
 My lungs are rotten with the damps that rise,  
 And I cough nothing now but stinks of all sorts.  
 The inhabitants we have are two starved rats  
 (For they are not able to maintain a cat here),<sup>4</sup> 20  
 And those appear as fearful as two devils;  
 They have eat a map of the whole world up already,  
 And if we stay a night, we are gone for company.  
 There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,  
 Dried in this brick-kiln, and she sits i' the chimney,  
 (Which is but three tiles, raised like a house of cards),  
 The true proportion of an old smoked sibyl;  
 There is a young thing too, that nature meant  
 For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster;  
 She has a husk about her like a chestnut 30  
 With laziness and living under the line here;  
 And these two make a hollow sound together,  
 Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.

<sup>1</sup> Marmalade.<sup>2</sup> Puzzle a magician.<sup>3</sup> The West Indies that produce sugar.<sup>4</sup> Old edd. read *hill*.*Ent[er] ESTIFANIA*

Mercy, deliver me!—O, are you come, wife?  
 Shall we be free again?

*Estif.* I am now going.

And you shall presently to your own house, sir:

The remembrance of this small vexation  
 Will be argument of mirth for ever.

By that time you have said your orisons, 40  
 And broke your fast, I shall be back, and ready

To usher you to your old content, your freedom.

*Perez.* Break my neck rather! Is there any thing here to eat

But one another, like a race of cannibals?  
 A piece of buttered wall you think is excellent!

Let's have our house again immediately;  
 And pray you take heed unto the furniture,  
 None be embezzled!

*Estif.* Not a pin, I warrant you.

*Perez.* And let 'em instantly depart. 50

*Estif.* They shall both,

(There's reason in all courtesies) they must both,

For by this time I know she has acquainted him,

And has provided too; she sent me word, sir,  
 And will give over gratefully unto you.

*Perez.* I'll walk i' th' church-yard;

The dead cannot offend more than these living,

An hour hence I'll expect ye.

*Estif.* I'll not fail, sir.

*Perez.* And do you hear, let's have a handsome dinner, 60

And see all things be decent as they have been,

And let me have a strong bath to restore me!

I stink like a stall-fish,<sup>1</sup> shambles, or an oil-shop.

*Estif.* You shall have all—[*Aside*] (which some interpret nothing.)—

I'll send ye people for the trunks afore-hand,  
 And for the stuff.

*Perez.* Let 'em be known and honest;  
 And do my service to your niece.

*Estif.* I shall, sir;

But if I come not at my hour, come thither,

<sup>1</sup> Fish-stall.



That they may give you thanks for your  
fair courtesy. 71

And pray ye be brave, for my sake!

*Perez.* I observe ye. *Exeunt*

[SCENE III]

[*The Street*]

*Enter* JUAN DE CASTRO, SANCHIO, and  
CACAFOGO

*Sanc.* Thou art very brave.

*Cac.* I have reason; I have money.

*Sanc.* Is money reason?

*Cac.* Yes, and rhyme<sup>1</sup> too, captain.

If ye have no money, ye're an ass.

*Sanc.* I thank you.

*Cac.* Ye have manners;<sup>2</sup> ever thank him  
that has money.

*Sanc.* Wilt thou lend me any?

*Cac.* Not a farthing, captain;  
Captains are casual things. 10

*Sanc.* Why, so are all men;  
Thou shalt have my bond.

*Cac.* Nor bonds nor fetters, captain:  
My money is mine own; I make no doubt  
on't.

*Juan.* What dost thou do with it?

*Cac.* Put it to pious uses,  
Buy wine and wenches, and undo young  
coxcombs

That would undo me.

*Juan.* Are those hospitals?

*Cac.* I first provide to fill my hospitals 20  
With creatures of mine own, that I know  
wretched,

And then I build; those are more bound to  
pray for me:

Besides, I keep the inheritance in my name  
still.

*Juan.* A provident charity! Are you for  
the wars, sir?

*Cac.* I am not poor enough to be a  
soldier,

Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet:  
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.

*Juan.* Ye have said wisely.

*Cac.* Had you but my money,  
You would swear it, colonel; I'd rather drill  
at home 30

A hundred thousand crowns, and with more  
honor,

Than exercise ten thousand fools with  
nothing:

A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their  
fingers.

*Sanc.* A right state usurer; why dost thou  
not marry,

And live a reverend justice?

*Cac.* Is't not nobler

To command a reverend justice, than to be  
one?

And for a wife, what need I marry, captain,  
When every courteous fool that owes me  
money,

Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury?

*Juan.* Wilt thou go to dinner with us? 40

*Cac.* I will go,

And view the pearl of Spain, the orient fair  
one,

The rich one too, and I will be respected;

I bear my patent here: I will talk to her;

And when your captainships shall stand  
aloof,

And pick your noses, I will pick the purse  
Of her affection.

*Juan.* The duke dines there to-day, too,  
The Duke of Medina. 50

*Cac.* Let the king dine there,

He owes me money, and so far's my  
creature;

And certainly I may make bold with mine  
own, captain.

*Sanc.* Thou wilt eat monstrously.

*Cac.* Like a true-born Spaniard;

Eat as I were in England, where the beef  
grows!

And I will drink abundantly, and then

Talk you as wantonly as Ovid did,

To stir the intellectuals of the ladies;

I learnt it of my father's amorous scrivener.

*Juan.* If we should play now, you must  
supply me. 60

*Cac.* You must pawn a horse-troop

And then have at ye, colonel!

*Sanc.* Come, let's go.

This rascal will make rare sport! how the  
ladies

Will laugh him! <sup>1</sup>

*Juan.* If I light on him,

I'll make his purse sweat too.

*Cac.* Will you lead, gentlemen? *Exeunt*

<sup>1</sup> At him: but we say "laugh him to scorn."

<sup>1</sup> Q. reads *ruine*.

<sup>2</sup> Q. meaner.



## [SCENE IV]

[*The Street before the mean Hovel*]*Enter PEREZ, an Old Woman, and Maid*

*Perez.* Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand ye,  
And tune your pipe a little higher, lady;  
I'll hold ye fast. Rub! how came my trunks open?

And my goods gone? what picklock spirit—

*Old Wom.* Ha! what would you have?

*Perez.* My goods again; how came my trunks all open?

*Old Wom.* Are your trunks open?

*Perez.* Yes, and clothes gone,  
And chains and jewels!—How she smells like hung beef!<sup>1</sup>—

The palsy and picklocks!—Fie, how she belches

The spirit of garlic!

*Old Wom.* Where's your gentlewoman?

The young fair woman?

*Perez.* What's that to my question!  
She is my wife, and gone about my business.

*Maid.* Is she your wife, sir?

*Perez.* Yes, sir: is that wonder?  
Is the name of wife unknown here?

*Old Wom.* Is she truly,  
Truly your wife?

*Perez.* I think so, for I married her,  
It was no vision, sure!

*Maid.* She has the keys, sir.

*Perez.* I know she has; but who has all my goods, spirit?

*Old Wom.* If you be married to that gentlewoman,  
You are a wretched man; she has twenty husbands.

*Maid.* She tells you true.

*Old Wom.* And she has cozened all, sir.

*Perez.* The devil she has!—I had a fair house with her,  
That stands hard by, and furnished royally.

*Old Wom.* You are cozened too; 'tis none of hers, good gentleman!

It is a lady's.—What's the lady's name, wench?

*Maid.* The lady Margarita; she was her servant,

And kept the house, but going from her, sir,  
For some lewd tricks she played—

<sup>1</sup> Dried beef.

*Perez.* Plague o' the devil!  
Am I, i' th' full meridian of my wisdom,  
Cheated by a stale quean?—What kind of lady

Is that that owes<sup>1</sup> the house?

*Old Wom.* A young sweet lady.

*Perez.* Of a low stature?

*Old Wom.* She's indeed but little,  
But she is wondrous fair,

*Perez.* I feel I'm cozened;  
Now I am sensible I am undone!

This is the very woman sure, that cousin,  
She told me would entreat but for four days,  
To make the house hers: I am entreated sweetly!

*Maid.* When she went out this morning,  
(that I saw, sir,)

She had two women at the door attending,  
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em;

But what they were—I heard your trunks to open,

If they be yours.

*Perez.* They were mine while they were laden,  
But now they've cast their calves, they're not worth owning.

Was she her mistress, say you?

*Old Wom.* Her own mistress,  
Her very mistress, sir, and all you saw  
About and in that house was hers.

*Perez.* No plate,  
No jewels, nor no hangings?

*Maid.* Not a farthing;  
She's poor, sir, a poor shifting thing!

*Perez.* No money?

*Old Wom.* Abominable poor, as poor as we are,

Money as rare to her, unless she steal it.  
But for one civil gown her lady gave her,  
She may go bare, good gentlewoman!

*Perez.* I am mad now!  
I think I am as poor as she; I'm wide<sup>2</sup> else.  
One civil suit I have left too, and that's all,

And if she steal that, she must flay me for it.—

Where does she use?<sup>3</sup>

*Old Wom.* You may find truth as soon:  
Alas, a thousand concealed corners, sir, she lurks in;

<sup>1</sup> Owns.

<sup>2</sup> Mistaken.

<sup>3</sup> Where does she usually stay?



And here she gets a fleece, and there another,  
And lives in mists and smokes where none  
can find her.

*Perez.* Is she a whore too?

*Old Wom.* Little better, gentleman:

I dare not say she is so, sir, because she is  
yours, sir; <sup>80</sup>

But these five years she has firked<sup>1</sup> a pretty  
living,

Until she came to serve.—I fear he will  
knock

My brains out for lying. *[Apart]*

*Perez.* She has served me faithfully;

A whore and thief? two excellent moral  
learnings,

In one she-saint! I hope to see her legend.<sup>2</sup>

Have I been feared for my discoveries,<sup>3</sup>

And courted by all women to conceal 'em?

Have I so long studied the art of this sex,

And read the warnings to young gentlemen?

Have I professed to tame the pride of  
ladies, <sup>91</sup>

And make 'em bear all tests, and am I  
tricked now?

Caught in mine own noose?—Here's a  
royal<sup>4</sup> left yet;

There's for your lodging and your meat for  
this week!

A silk-worm lives at a more plentiful  
ordinary,

And sleeps in a sweeter box. Farewell,  
great-grandmother!

If I do find you were an accessory,  
( 'Tis but the cutting off two smoky minutes)

I'll hang ye presently.

*Old Wom.* And I deserve it. <sup>100</sup>

I tell but truth.

*Perez.* Nor I, I am an ass, mother!<sup>5</sup>

*Exeunt*

### [SCENE V]

*[A Hall in the Town-house of Margarita]*

*Enter the Duke MEDINA, JUAN DE CASTRO,  
ALONZO, SANCHIO, CACAFOGO, [and]  
Attendants*

*Duke.* A goodly house!

*Juan.* And richly furnished too, sir.

<sup>1</sup> Contrived.

<sup>2</sup> Equals read her obituary.

<sup>3</sup> Keeness in seeing things.

<sup>4</sup> Real, "a Spanish sixpence."

<sup>5</sup> Nor do I tell anything but truth when I say I  
am an ass.

*Alon.* Hung wantonly!—I like that  
preparation;

It stirs the blood unto a hopeful banquet,  
And intimates the mistress free and jovial.

I love a house where pleasure prepares  
welcome.

*Duke.* Now, Cacafo, how like you this  
mansion?

'Twere a brave pawn.<sup>1</sup>

*Cac.* I shall be master of it;

'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide  
and spacious, <sup>10</sup>

Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.

I'll tell you when I taste the wine, my lord,

And take the height of her table with my  
stomach,<sup>2</sup>

How my affections stand to the young lady.

*Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, Ladies and  
Servants*

*Marg.* All welcome to your grace, and to  
these soldiers!

You honor my poor house with your fair  
presence,

Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here,  
sir,

I do beseech your grace command; they  
are yours;

Your servant but preserves 'em to delight  
you.

*Duke.* I thank you, lady! I am bold to  
visit you, <sup>20</sup>

Once more to bless mine eyes with your  
sweet beauty.

'T has been a long night since you left the  
court,

For till I saw you now, no day broke to me.

*Marg.* Bring in the duke's meat!

*Sanc.* She's most excellent.

*Juan.* Most admirable fair as e'er I looked  
on;

I had rather command her than my regi-  
ment.

*Cac.* I'll have a fling; 'tis but a thousand  
ducats,

Which I can cozen up<sup>3</sup> again in ten days,  
And some few jewels, to justify my knavery.

Say, I should marry her? she'll get more  
money <sup>31</sup>

Than all my usury, put my knavery to it.  
She appears the most infallible way of pur-  
chase.

<sup>1</sup> Pledge.

<sup>2</sup> Appetite.

<sup>3</sup> Gain by cheating.



I could wish her a size or two stronger for  
the encounter,  
For I am like a lion where I lay hold;  
But these lambs will endure a plaguy load,  
And never bleat neither; that, sir,<sup>1</sup> Time  
has taught us.—

I am so virtuous now, I cannot speak to  
her;  
The arrant'st shamefaced ass!—I broil away  
too.

*Enter LEON*

*Marg.* Why, where's this dinner? 40

*Leon.* 'Tis not ready, madam,  
Nor shall not be until I know the guests  
too;

Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.

*Juan.* Is not this my alferéz?<sup>2</sup> He looks  
another thing?

Are miracles afoot again?

*Marg.* Why, sirrah!

Why, sirrah, you!

*Leon.* I hear you, saucy woman;  
And as you are my wife, command your  
absence!

And know your duty; 'tis the crown of  
modesty. 50

*Duke.* Your wife!

*Leon.* Yes, good my lord, I am her hus-  
band;

And 'pray take notice that I claim that  
honor,

And will maintain it.

*Cac.* If thou be'st her husband,  
I am determined thou shalt be my cuckold;  
I'll be thy faithful friend.

*Leon.* Peace, dirt and dunghill!  
I will not lose mine anger on a rascal;  
Provoke me more, I will beat thy blown  
body 60

Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis-ball.

*Alon.* This is miraculous!

*Sanc.* Is this the fellow  
That had the patience to become a fool,  
A flirted<sup>3</sup> fool, and on a sudden break  
(As if he would shew a wonder to the world)  
Both into bravery, and fortune too?

I much admire the man; I am astonished.

*Marg.* I'll be divorced immediately.

*Leon.* You shall not; 70  
You shall not have so much will to be  
wicked.

I am more tender of your honor, lady,  
And of your age. You took me for a  
shadow,

You took me to gloss over your discredit,  
To be your fool; you had thought you had  
found a coxcomb:

I am innocent of any foul dishonor I mean  
to ye;

Only I will be known to be your lord now,  
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

*Marg.* I do command ye from me, thou  
poor fellow,

Thou cozened<sup>1</sup> fool!

*Leon.* Thou cozened fool? 'Tis not so,  
I will not be commanded: I am above ye!  
You may divorce me from your favor, lady,  
But from your state you never shall; I'll  
hold that,

And hold it to my use; the law allows it!  
And then maintain your wantonness; I'll  
wink at it.

*Marg.* Am I braved thus in mine own  
house?

*Leon.* 'Tis mine, madam;  
You are deceived, I am lord of it; I rule it,  
And all that's in't. You have nothing to do  
here, madam, 80

But as a servant to sweep clean the lodgings,  
And at my further will to do me service;  
And so I'll keep it.

*Marg.* As you love me, give way!

*Leon.* It shall be better,<sup>2</sup> I will give none,  
madam:

I stand upon the ground of mine own honor,  
And will maintain it. You shall know me  
now

To be an understanding, feeling man,  
And sensible of what a woman aims at,  
A young proud woman, that has will to sail  
with; 100

An itching woman, that her blood provokes  
too.

I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,  
The master of this little piece of mischief!  
And I will put a spell about your feet, lady;  
They shall not wander but where I give way  
now.

*Duke.* Is this the fellow that the people  
pointed at,

For the mere sign of man, the walking  
image?

He speaks wondrous highly.

<sup>1</sup> Cacafoغو imagines himself addressing someone.

<sup>2</sup> Ensign.

<sup>3</sup> Flaunted.

<sup>1</sup> Cheated.

<sup>2</sup> It shall be better than my giving way.



*Leon.* As a husband ought, sir,  
In his own house; and it becomes me well  
too. 110

I think your grace would grieve, if you were  
put to it,  
To have a wife or servant of your own,  
(For wives are reckoned in the rank of  
servants)

Under your own roof to command you.

*Juan.* Brave!

A strange conversion! Thou shalt lead in  
chief now.

*Duke.* Is there no difference betwixt her  
and you, sir?

*Leon.* Not now, [my] lord; my fortune  
makes me even;

And, as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.

*Marg.* Get me my coach! 120

*Leon.* Let me see who dares get it  
Till I command; I'll make him draw your  
coach too,

And eat your coach (which will be hard  
diet)

That executes your will. Or, take your  
coach, lady;

I give you liberty; and take your people,  
Which I turn off, and take your will abroad  
with you;

Take all these freely, but take me no more;  
And so farewell!

*Duke.* Nay, sir, you shall not carry it  
[Draws]

So bravely off; you shall not wrong a lady 130  
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear  
it:

We stand not by as bawds to your brave  
fury,

To see a lady weep.

*Leon.* They are tears of anger,  
(I beseech ye note 'em) not worth pity;  
Wrung from her rage, because her will pre-  
vails not;

(She would swoond<sup>1</sup> now, if she could not  
cry)

Else they were excellent, and I should grieve  
too;

But falling thus, they shew nor sweet, nor  
orient.

Put up, my lord; this is oppression, 140  
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,  
The law to lend her hand, the king to right  
me;

<sup>1</sup> Swoon.

All which shall understand how you pro-  
voke me.

In mine own house to brave me! is this  
princely?

Then to my guard; and if I spare your  
grace, [Draws]

And do not make this place your monument,  
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behavior,—  
(I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye)—  
Mercy, forsake me!

*Juan.* Hold, fair sir, I beseech you! 150  
The gentleman but pleads his own right  
nobly.

*Leon.* He that dares strike against the  
husband's freedom,  
The husband's curse stick to him, a tamed  
cuckold!

His wife be fair and young, but most dis-  
honest,

Most impudent, and have no feeling of it,  
No conscience to reclaim her from a  
monster!

Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,  
And at one instant kill both name and  
honor!

Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,  
Nor find no earth that's base enough to  
bury him! 160

Now, sir, fall on! I am ready to oppose  
you.

*Duke.* I have better thought. I pray, sir,  
use your wife well.

*Leon.* Mine own humanity will teach me  
that, sir.—

And now you are all welcome, all, and we'll  
to dinner:

This is my wedding-day.

*Duke.* I'll cross your joy yet. [Aside]

*Juan.* I have seen a miracle! hold thine  
own, soldier!

Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer  
women.

*Sanc.* [He] has beaten all my loose  
thoughts out of me,

As if he had threshed 'em out o' the husk. 170

*Enter PEREZ*

*Perez.* 'Save ye!

Which is the lady of the house?

*Leon.* That's she, sir;

That pretty lady, if you'd speak with her.

*Juan.* Don Michael, Leon; another darer  
come?



*Perez.* Pray do not know me; I am full of business:  
When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.—  
It is the woman.—Good madam, tell me truly,  
Had you a maid called Estifania?  
*Marg.* Yes, truly, had I. 180  
*Perez.* Was she a maid, do you think?  
*Marg.* I dare not swear for her;  
For she had but a scant fame.  
*Perez.* Was she your kinswoman?  
*Marg.* Not that I ever knew. Now I look better,  
I think you married her: Give you much joy, sir.  
You may reclaim her; 'twas a wild young girl.  
*Perez.* Give me a halter!—Is not this house mine, madam?  
Was not she owner of it? 'Pray speak truly!  
*Marg.* No, certainly; I'm sure my money paid for it; 190  
And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, sir.  
*Perez.* The hangings and the plate too?  
*Marg.* All are mine, sir,  
And every thing you see about the building:  
She only kept my house when I was absent,  
And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.  
*Sanc.* What a devil ails he?  
*Juan.* [He]'s possessed, I'll assure you.  
*Perez.* Where is your maid?  
*Marg.* Do not you know that have her?  
She is yours now; why should I look after her? 201  
Since that first hour I came, I never saw her.  
*Perez.* I saw her later; 'would the devil had had her!  
It is all true, I find; a wild-fire take her!  
*Juan.* Is thy wife with child, Don Michael? thy excellent wife?  
Art thou a man yet?  
*Alon.* When shall we come and visit thee?  
*Sanc.* And eat some rare fruit? thou hast admirable orchards.  
You are so jealous now! pox o' your jealousy,  
How scurvily you look! 210  
*Perez.* Prithee leave fooling;  
I'm in no humor now to fool and prattle.—  
Did she ne'er play the wag with you?  
*Marg.* Yes, many times,  
So often that I was ashamed to keep her;

But I forgave her, sir, in hope she would mend still,  
And had not you o' th' instant married her, I had put her off.

*Perez.* I thank ye; I am blest still! <sup>1</sup>  
Which way soe'er I turn, I am a made man;  
Miserably gulled beyond recovery. 221

*Juan.* You'll stay and dine?

*Perez.* Certain I cannot, captain.  
Hark in thine ear; I am the arrant'st puppy,  
The miserablest ass! But I must leave ye;  
I am in haste, in haste!—Bless you, good madam;

And you <sup>2</sup> prove as good as my wife! *Exit*

*Leon.* Will you  
Come near, sir? will your grace but honor me,

And taste our dinner? you are nobly welcome. 230

All anger's past, I hope, and I shall serve ye.

*Juan.* Thou art the stock of men, and I admire thee. *Exeunt*

## ACT IV, SCENE I

[The Street]

*Enter PEREZ*

*Perez.* I'll go to a conjuror but I'll find this polecat  
This pilfering whore! A plague of veils, I cry,  
And covers for the impudences of women!  
Their sanctity in show will deceive devils.—

*Enter ESTIFANIA, with a Casket*

It is my evil angel; let me bless me!

*Estif.* 'Tis he; I'm caught; I must stand to it stoutly,  
And shew no shake of fear; I see he's angry,  
Vexed at the uttermost!

*Perez.* My worthy wife,  
I have been looking of <sup>3</sup> your modesty 240  
All the town over.

*Estif.* My most noble husband,  
I am glad I have found ye; for in truth I'm weary,  
Weary and lame, with looking out your lordship.

*Perez.* I've been in bawdy-houses.

*Estif.* I believe you,

<sup>1</sup> Forever.

<sup>2</sup> May you.

<sup>3</sup> For.



And very lately too.

*Perez.* 'Pray ye pardon me;—  
To seek your ladyship. I have been in  
cellars,

In private cellars, where the thirsty bawds<sup>30</sup>  
Hear your confessions: I have been at plays,  
To look you out amongst the youthful  
actors:

At puppet-shows (you are mistress of the  
motions!):<sup>1</sup>

At gossipings I hearkened after you,  
But amongst those confusions of lewd  
tongues

There's no distinguishing beyond a Babel:  
I was amongst the nuns, because you sing  
well;

But they say yours are bawdy songs, they  
mourn for ye:

And last I went to church to seek you out;  
'Tis so long since you were there, they have  
forgot you.<sup>30</sup>

*Estif.* You have had a pretty progress;  
I'll tell mine now.

To look you out; I went to twenty taverns—

*Perez.* And are you sober?

*Estif.* Yes, I reel not yet, sir.—  
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em  
soldiers;

There I had great hope to find you dis-  
guised too:

From hence to th' dicing-house; there I  
found quarrels

Needless and senseless, swords, and pots,  
and candlesticks,

Tables and stools, and all in one confusion,  
And no man knew his friend: I left this  
chaos,<sup>40</sup>

And to the surgeon's<sup>2</sup> went; he willed  
me stay,

'For,' says he learnedly, 'if he be tippled,  
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear  
of him;

If he be mad he quarrels, then he comes  
too."

I sought you where no safe thing would  
have ventured,

Amongst diseases base and vile, vile women,  
For I remembered your old Roman axiom,  
The more the danger, still the more the  
honor!

Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,

<sup>1</sup> Motion was the Elizabethan word for a puppet-  
show. There is a play here on the word.

<sup>2</sup> Surgeons.

You were too proud to pray: And here I've  
found you.<sup>50</sup>

*Perez.* She bears up bravely, and the  
rogue is witty;

But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.—

[*Aside*]

Here leave we off our wanton languages,  
And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.

Why am I cozened?

*Estif.* Why am I abused?

*Perez.* Thou most vile, base, abominable—

*Estif.* Captain!

*Perez.* Thou stinking, over-stewed, poor  
pocky—

*Estif.* Captain!<sup>60</sup>

*Perez.* D'ye echo me?

*Estif.* Yes, sir, and go before ye,  
And around about ye! Why do you rail  
at me

For that that was your own sin, your own  
knavery?

*Perez.* And brave me too?

*Estif.* You had best now draw your sword,  
captain!

Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain!  
Upon your wife, O most renowned captain!

*Perez.* A plague upon thee! answer me  
directly?

Why didst thou marry me?<sup>70</sup>

*Estif.* To be my husband;

I had thought you had had infinite, but I'm  
cozened.

*Perez.* Why didst thou flatter me, and  
shew me wonders?

A house and riches, when they are but  
shadows,

Shadows to me?

*Estif.* Why did you work on me

(It was but my part to requite you, sir!)

With your strong soldier's wit, and swore  
you would bring me

So much in chains, so much in jewels, hus-  
band,

So much in right rich clothes?<sup>80</sup>

*Perez.* Thou hast 'em, rascal;

I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,  
And thou hast opened 'em, and sold my  
treasure.

*Estif.* Sir, there's your treasure; sell it to  
a tinker

To mend old kettles: Is this noble usage?  
Let all the world view here the captain's  
treasure!



A man would think now, these were worthy matters. *[Opens the casket]*

Here's a shoeing-horn-chain gilt over,—how it scenteth!

Worse than the mouldy dirty heel it served for:

And here's another of a lesser value, <sup>90</sup>  
So little I would shame to tie my dog in't!  
These are my jointure! Blush, and save a labor,

Or these else will blush for you.

*Perez.* A fire subtle ye!

Are ye so crafty?

*Estif.* Here's a goodly jewel;  
Did you not win this at Goletta, captain?  
Or took it in the field from some brave bashaw? <sup>1</sup>

How it sparkles—like an old lady's eyes!  
And fills each room with light—like a close lantern! <sup>100</sup>

This would do rarely in an abbey window,  
To cozen pilgrims.

*Perez.* Pr'ythee leave prating.

*Estif.* And here's a chain of whittings' eyes for pearls;

A mussel-monger <sup>2</sup> would have made a better.

*Perez.* Nay, pr'ythee, wife, my clothes, my clothes!

*Estif.* I'll tell you;

Your clothes are parallels to these, all counterfeit.

Put these and them on, you're a man of copper,

A kind of candlestick; these you thought, my husband, <sup>110</sup>

To have cozened me withal, but I am quit with you.

*Perez.* Is there no house then, nor no grounds about it?

No plate, nor hangings?

*Estif.* There are none, sweet husband;  
Shadow for shadow is an equal justice.  
Can you rail now? 'Pray put your fury up, sir,

And speak great words; you are a soldier; thunder!

*Perez.* I will speak little; I have played the fool,

And so I am rewarded.

*Estif.* You have spoke well, sir; <sup>120</sup>  
And now I see you are so conformable,  
I'll heighten you again: Go to your house,

<sup>1</sup> Pasha.

<sup>2</sup> A maker of shell jewelry.

They are packing to be gone; you must sup there;

I'll meet you, and bring clothes, and clean shirts after,

And all things shall be well.—I'll colt <sup>1</sup> you once more, *[Aside]*

And teach you to bring copper!

*Perez.* Tell me one thing,

I do beseech thee, tell me, tell me truth, wife;

(However, I forgive thee) art thou honest? The beldame swore— <sup>130</sup>

*Estif.* I bid her tell you so, sir;

It was my plot. Alas, my credulous husband!

The lady told you too—

*Perez.* Most strange things of thee.

*Estif.* Still 'twas my way, and all to try your sufferance:

And she denied the house?

*Perez.* She knew me not,  
No, nor no title that I had.

*Estif.* 'Twas well carried.

No more; I'm right and straight. <sup>140</sup>

*Perez.* I would believe thee,  
But heaven knows how my heart is. Will you follow me?

*Estif.* I'll be there straight.

*Perez.* I am fooled, yet dare not find it.

*Exit PEREZ*

*Estif.* Go, silly fool! thou may'st be a good soldier

In open field, but for our private service  
Thou art an ass; I'll make thee so, or miss else.—

*Ent[er] CAC[AFOGO]*

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,

And tickle daintily, I have lost my end else.—

May I crave your leave, sir? <sup>150</sup>

*Cac.* Pr'ythee be answered, thou shalt crave no leave;

I am in my meditations; do not vex me;  
A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruised thing,

That people had compassion on, it looked so;

The next, Sir Palmerin: Here's fine proportion!

An ass, and then an elephant; sweet justice!

<sup>1</sup> Cheat.



There's no way left to come at her now;  
no craving;

If money could come near, yet I would pay  
him;

I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,  
And money may do much! a thousand  
ducats? 160

'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.

*Estif.* 'Pray you hear me.

*Cac.* I know thou hast some wedding ring  
to pawn now,

Of silver, and gilt, with a blind posy<sup>1</sup> in't,  
'Love and a mill-horse should go round  
together,'

Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's  
chain:

I'll none of 'em.—I would she did but know  
me,

Or would this fellow had but use of money,  
That I might come in any way!

*Estif.* I am gone, sir; 170

And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye,  
The Lady Margarita—

*Cac.* Stay, I pr'ythee;

What is thy will? I turn me wholly to ye,  
And talk now till thy tongue ache; I will  
hear ye.

*Estif.* She would entreat you, sir!

*Cac.* She shall command, sir!

Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet gentle-  
woman;

Do not forget thyself.

*Estif.* She does command then 180

This courtesy, because she knows you are  
noble—

*Cac.* Your mistress, by the way?

*Estif.* My natural mistress—

Upon these jewels, sir—they're fair and  
rich,

And, view 'em right—

*Cac.* To doubt 'em is an heresy.

*Estif.* A thousand ducats; 'tis upon neces-  
sity

Of present use; her husband, sir, is stub-  
born.

*Cac.* Long may he be so!

*Estif.* She desires withal 190

A better knowledge of your parts and  
person;

And, when you please to do her so much  
honor—

*Cac.* Come, let's despatch.

*Estif.* In troth I've heard her say, sir,

<sup>1</sup> Inscription on the inner side of a ring.

Of a fat man, she has not seen a sweeter.  
But in this business, sir —

*Cac.* Let's do it first,  
And then dispute; the lady's use may long  
for't.

*Estif.* All secrecy she would desire; she  
told me

How wise you are. 200

*Cac.* We are not wise to talk thus!  
Carry her the gold; I'll look her out a jewel  
Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee an-  
other.

Come, pr'ythee come, I long to serve thy  
lady,

Long monstrously!—Now, valor, I shall  
meet ye,

You that dare dukes!

*Estif.* [*aside*] Green goose, you are now  
in sippets.<sup>1</sup> Exeunt

## [SCENE II]

[*Another Street*]

*Enter the DUKE, SANCHIO, JUAN, [and]  
ALONZO*

*Duke.* He shall not have his will, I shall  
prevent him;

I have a toy here that will turn the tide,  
And suddenly, and strangely. Here, Don  
Juan,

Do you present it to him.

[*Gives him a paper*]

*Juan.* I am commanded. Exit

*Duke.* A fellow founded out of charity,  
And moulded to the height, condemn his  
maker,

Curb the free hand that framed him? This  
must not be.

*Sanc.* That such an oyster-shell should  
hold a pearl,

And of so rare a price, in prison! Was she  
made 10

To be the matter of her own undoing,

To let a slovenly unwieldy fellow,

Unruly and self-willed, dispose her beauties?  
We suffer all, sir, in this sad eclipse;

She should shine where she might shew like  
herself,

An absolute sweetness, to comfort those<sup>2</sup>  
admire her,

<sup>1</sup> In small pieces.

<sup>2</sup> Supply *that*.



And shed her beams upon her friends. We  
are gulled all,  
And all the world will grumble at your  
patience,  
If she be ravished<sup>1</sup> thus.

*Duke.* Ne'er fear it, Sanchio,  
We'll have her free again, and move at court  
In her clear orb. But one sweet handsome-  
ness

To bless this part of Spain, and have that  
slubbered!<sup>2</sup>

*Alon.* 'Tis every good man's cause, and  
we must stir in it.

*Duke.* I'll warrant he shall be glad to  
please us,  
And glad to share too: We shall hear anon  
A new song from him; let's attend a little.  
*Exeunt*

### [SCENE III]

[*An Apartment in Margarita's House*]

*Ent[er] LEON, and JUAN with a Commission*

*Leon.* Colonel,<sup>3</sup> I am bound to you for  
this nobleness.  
I should have been your officer, 'tis true, sir;  
(And a proud man I should have been to  
have served you)  
It has pleased the king, out of his bound-  
less favors,  
To make me your companion; this commis-  
sion  
Gives me a troop of horse.

*Juan.* I rejoice at it,  
And am a glad man we shall gain your com-  
pany;  
I am sure the king knows you are newly  
married,  
And out of that respect gives you more  
time, sir.

*Leon.* Within four days I am gone, so he  
commands me,  
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it;  
The time grows shorter still. Are your  
goods ready?

*Juan.* They are aboard.

*Leon.* Who waits there?

<sup>1</sup> Snatched away.

<sup>2</sup> Spoiled.

<sup>3</sup> Coronel, the older form is used at times in this play.

*Enter Servant*

*Lor. Sir.*

*Leon.* D'ye hear, ho!

Go, carry this unto your mistress, sir,  
And let her see how much the king has  
honored me;

Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier.  
*Exit [Servant]*

[*Lorenzo*]

*Enter LORENZO*

*Lor. Sir.*

[*Leon.*] Go, take down all the hangings,  
And pack up all my clothes, my plate and  
jewels,

And all the furniture that's portable.—  
Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary  
We keep a handsome port, for the king's  
honor.—

And, do you hear, let all your lady's ward-  
robe  
Be safely placed in trunks; they must go  
along too.

*Lor.* Whither must they go, sir?

*Leon.* To the wars, Lorenzo,  
And you and all; I will not leave a turn-  
spit,  
That has one dram of spleen against a  
Dutchman.

*Lor.* Why then, St. Jaques, hey! you've  
made us all, sir;

And, if we leave ye—Does my lady go too?

*Leon.* The stuff must go to-morrow to-  
wards the sea, sir;

All, all must go.

*Lor.* Why, Pedro, Vasco, Diego!

Come, help me; come, come, boys; solda-  
does,<sup>1</sup> comrades!

We'll flay these beer-bellied rogues; come  
away quickly!

*Juan.* He has taken a brave way to save  
his honor,

And cross the duke; now I shall love him  
dearly.

By the life of credit, thou art a noble gentle-  
man!

*Enter MARGARITA, led by two Ladies*

*Leon.* Why, how now, wife? what, sick at  
my preferment?

This is not kindly done.

*Marg.* No sooner love ye,  
Love ye entirely, sir, brought to consider

<sup>1</sup> Soldiers.



The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,  
But lose you instantly, be divorced from you?

This is a cruelty: I'll to the king, 60  
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,  
Two minds so nearly mixed.

*Leon.* By no means, sweetheart!

*Marg.* If he were married but four days,  
as I am—

*Leon.* He would hang himself the fifth, or  
fly his country. [Aside]

*Marg.* He would make it treason for that  
tongue that durst

But talk of war, or anything to vex him.  
You shall not go.

*Leon.* Indeed I must, sweet wife.

What, shall I lose the king for a few kisses?  
We'll have enough. 61

*Marg.* I'll to the duke my cousin,  
He shall to th' king.

*Leon.* He did me this great office,  
I thank his grace for't; should I pray him  
now

To undo't again? Fie, 'twere a base dis-  
credit.

*Marg.* 'Would I were able, sir, to bear  
you company;  
How willing should I be then, and how  
merry!

I will not live alone.

*Leon.* Be in peace; you shall not. 70  
*Knock within*

*Marg.* What knocking's this? Oh, heaven,  
my head! why rascals!  
I think the war's begun i' th' house already.

*Leon.* The preparation is; they're taking  
down

And packing up the hangings, plate and  
jewels,

And all those furnitures that shall befit me  
When I lie in garrison.

*Enter Coachman*

*Coachman.* Must the coach go too, sir?

*Leon.* How will your lady pass to th' sea  
else easily?

We shall find shipping for't there to trans-  
port it.

*Marg.* I go? alas! 80

*Leon.* I'll have a main care of ye;  
I know ye are sickly; he shall drive the  
easier,

And all accommodation shall attend ye.

*Marg.* Would I were able!

*Leon.* Come, I warrant ye;

Am not I with ye, sweet?—Are her clothes  
packed up,

And all her linens?—Give your maids direc-  
tion;

You know my time's but short, and I am  
commanded.

*Marg.* Let me have a nurse,  
And all such necessary people with me, 80  
And an easy bark!

*Leon.* It shall not trot, I warrant you;  
Curvet it may sometimes.

*Marg.* I am with child, sir.

*Leon.* At four days' warning? this is  
something speedy.

Do you conceive, as our jennets do, with a  
west wind?

My heir will be an arrant fleet one, lady;  
I'll swear you were a maid when I first  
lay with you.

*Marg.* Pray, do not swear; I thought I  
was a maid too;

But we may both be cozened in that point,  
sir. 100

*Leon.* In such a strait point, sure I could  
not err, madam.

*Juan.* This is another tenderness to try  
him; [Apart]

Fetch her up now.

*Marg.* You must provide a cradle,  
And what a trouble's that!

*Leon.* The sea shall rock it,  
'Tis the best nurse; 'twill roar and rock to-  
gether;

A swinging storm will sing you such a  
lullaby!

*Marg.* Faith, let me stay, I shall but  
shame you, sir.

*Leon.* An you were a thousand shames,  
you shall along with me; 110

At home I'm sure you'll prove a million:  
Every man carries the bundle of his sins  
Upon his own back; you are mine, I'll sweat  
for ye.

*Enter DUKE, ALONZO, [and] SANCHIO*

*Duke.* What, sir, preparing for your noble  
journey?

'Tis well, and full of care:  
I saw your mind was wedded to the war,  
And knew you would prove some good man  
for your country;—



Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle  
pardon,  
I got this place. What, mourn at his ad-  
vancement?

You are to blame; he'll come again, sweet  
cousin; 129

Meantime, like sad Penelope and sage,  
Among your maids at home, and huswifely—

*Leon.* No, sir, I dare not leave her to that  
solitariness;

She's young, and grief or ill news from those  
quarters

May daily cross her; she shall go along, sir.

*Duke.* By no means, captain!

*Leon.* By all means, an't please ye.

*Duke.* What, take a young and tender-  
bodied lady,

And expose her to those dangers, and those  
tumults;

A sickly lady too! 130

*Leon.* 'Twill make her well, sir;

There's no such friend to health as whole-  
some travel.

*Sanc.* Away, it must not be.

*Alon.* It ought not, sir;

Go hurry her! It is not humane, captain.

*Duke.* I cannot blame her tears; fright  
her with tempests,

With thunder of the war!

I dare swear, if she were able—

*Leon.* She's most able;

And pray ye swear not; she must go, there's  
no remedy;— 140

Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to  
part us,

Which I smell too rank, too open, too  
evident,—

And, I must tell you, sir, 'tis most un-  
noble,—

Shall hinder me: Had she but ten hours'  
life,

Nay less, but two hours, I would have her  
with me;

I would not leave her fame to so much  
ruin,

To such a desolation and discredit,

As her weakness and your hot will would  
work her to.—

*Enter PEREZ*

What masque is this now?

More tropes and figures to abuse my suffer-  
ance? 150

What cousin's this?

*Juan.* Michael van Owl, how dost thou?  
In what dark barn, or tod<sup>1</sup> of aged ivy,  
Hast thou lain hid?

*Perez.* Things must both ebb and flow  
colonel,

And people must conceal, and shine again.—  
You are welcome hither, as your friend may  
say, gentlemen;

A pretty house you see, handsomely seated,  
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters  
crystal.

*Alon.* He's certain mad. 160

*Juan.* As mad as a French tailor,  
That has nothing in his head but ends of  
fustians.<sup>2</sup>

*Perez.* I see you are packing now, my  
gentle cousin,

And my wife told me I should find it so;

'Tis true I do. You were merry when I was  
last here,

But 'twas your will to try my patience,  
madam.

I am sorry that my swift occasions

Can let you take your pleasure here no  
longer;

Yet I would have you think, my honored  
cousin,

This house and all I have are all your  
servants. 170

*Leon.* What house, what pleasure, sir?  
what do you mean?

*Perez.* You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill  
prove discourteous.

This house I mean, the pleasures of this  
place.

*Leon.* And what of them?

*Perez.* They are mine, sir, and you know  
it;

My wife's I mean, and so conferred upon  
me;

The hangings, sir, I must entreat your ser-  
vants,

That are so busy in their offices,

Again to minister to their right uses;

I shall take view o' th' plate anon, and  
furnitures 180

That are of under place. You're merry still,  
cousin,

And of a pleasant constitution;

Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad*  
*placitum*.

<sup>1</sup> Bushy mass.

<sup>2</sup> Coarse stuffs, remnants.



*Leon.* Pr'ythee, good stubborn wife, tell me directly,  
Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me honestly,  
Is this my kinsman?

*Marg.* I can tell ye nothing.

*Leon.* I've many kinsman, but so mad a one,  
And so fantastic—All the house?

*Perez.* All mine, 190  
And all within it. I will not bate you an ace on't.

Can you not receive a noble courtesy,  
And quietly and handsomely as ye ought, coz,

But you must ride o' th' top on't.

*Leon.* Canst thou fight?

*Perez.* I'll tell you presently; I could have done, sir.

*Leon.* For you must law and claw before you get it.

*Juan.* Away; no quarrels!

*Leon.* Now I am more temperate,  
I'll have it proved, if you were never yet in Bedlam, 200

Never in love, (for that's a lunacy)

No great state left you that you never looked for,

Nor cannot manage, (that's a rank distemper)

That you were christened, and who answered for you;

And then I yield.

*Perez.* [He] has half persuaded me I was bred i' th' moon:

I have ne'er a bush at my breech?<sup>1</sup> Are not we both mad?

And is not this a fantastic house we're in,  
And all a dream we do? Will you walk out, sir?

And if I do not beat thee presently 210  
Into a sound belief as sense can give thee,  
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece,

And say I was one o' th' Cæsars, done by a seal cutter.

*Leon.* I'll talk no more; come, we'll away immediately.

*Marg.* Why then, the house is his, and all that's in it;—

I'll give away my skin, but I'll undo you!

[*Aside*]

I gave it to his wife: You must restore, sir,  
And make a new provision.

*Perez.* Am I mad now, 210  
Or am I christened? You, my pagan cousin,  
My mighty Mahound<sup>1</sup> kinsman, what quirk<sup>2</sup> now?—

You shall be welcome all; I hope to see, sir,  
Your grace here, and my coz; we are all soldiers,

And must do naturally for one another.

*Duke.* Are ye blank at this? then I must tell ye, sir,

Ye have no command! Now ye may go at pleasure,

And ride your ass-troop: 'Twas a trick I use[d]

To try your jealousy, upon entreaty,  
And saving of your wife.

*Leon.* All this not moves me, 230  
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections.—  
You have more furniture, more houses, lady,  
And rich ones too, I will make bold with those;

And you have land i' th' Indies, as I take it;  
Thither we'll go, and view a while those climates,

Visit your factors<sup>3</sup> there, that may betray you:

'Tis done; we must go.

*Marg.* Now thou art a brave gentleman,  
And, by this sacred light, I love thee dearly.—

The house is none of yours, I did but jest, sir; [To PEREZ] 240

Nor you are no coz of mine; I beseech you vanish;

I tell you plain, you have no more right than he has;

That senseless thing, your wife, has once more fooled ye;

Go you, and consider!

*Leon.* Good morrow, my sweet cousin!  
I should be glad, sir—

*Perez.* By this hand she dies for't,  
Or any man that speaks for her!

*Exit PEREZ*

*Juan.* These are fine toys.

*Marg.* Let me request you stay but one poor month, 250

You shall have a commission, and I'll go too;

Give me but will so far.

*Leon.* Well, I will try you.—

<sup>1</sup> The man in the moon was represented with a bush. Cf. *M. N. Dr.* III. i. 60.

<sup>1</sup> Mahomet.

<sup>2</sup> Subterfuge.

<sup>3</sup> Agents.



Good morrow to your grace; we have private business.

*Duke.* If I miss thee again, I am an arrant bungler. [Aside]

*Juan.* Thou shalt have my command, and I'll march under thee;  
Nay, be thy boy, before thou shalt be baffled,

Thou art so brave a fellow.

*Alon.* I have seen visions!

*Exeunt*

## ACT V, SCENE I

[The Same]

*Enter LEON with a letter, and MARGARITA*

*Leon.* Come hither, wife; do you know this hand?

*Marg.* I do, sir;

'Tis Estifania's, that was once my woman.

*Leon.* She writes to me here, that one Cacafo,go,

An usuring jeweller's son (I know the rascal)

Is mortally fallen in love with ye—

*Marg.* Is a monster: Deliver me from mountains!

*Leon.* Do you go a-birding for all sorts of people?—

And this evening will come to ye and shew ye jewels,

And offers anything to get access to ye: 10

If I can make or sport or profit on him,

(For he is fit for both) she bids me use him;

And so I will, be you conformable,

And follow but my will.

*Marg.* I shall not fail, sir.

*Leon.* Will the duke come again, do you think?

*Marg.* No, sure, sir.

[He] has now no policy to bring him hither.

*Leon.* Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold fair,<sup>1</sup> wife!

Let's in to dinner.

*Exeunt* 20

## [SCENE II]

[The Street]

*Enter PEREZ*

*Perez.* Had I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,

<sup>1</sup> This comma is the emendation of Dyce.

That all the queans in Christendom might hear me,

That men might run away from contagion, I had my wish: Would it were most high treason,

Most infinite high, for any man to marry! I mean for any man that would live handsomely,

And like a gentleman, in his wits and credit. What torments shall I put her to? Phalaris' bull now—

'Pox, they love bulling too well, though they smoke for't—

Cut her a-pieces? every piece will live still, And every morsel of her will do mischief; 11 They have so many lives, there's no hanging of 'em;

They are too light to drown, they're cork and feathers;

To burn too cold, they live like salamanders.

Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,

And so depress her as they did the giants?

She will move under more than built old Babel.

I must destroy her.

*Enter CACAFOGO, with a casket*

*Cac.* Be cozened by a thing of clouts, a she-mouth,

That ev'ry silk-man's shop breeds! to be cheated, 20

And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham!

*Perez.* Who's that is cheated? speak again, thou vision!

But art thou cheated? minister some comfort!

Tell me directly, art thou cheated bravely?

Come, pr'ythee come; art thou so pure a coxcomb

To be undone? do not dissemble with me; Tell me, I conjure thee.

*Cac.* Then keep thy circle, For I am a spirit wild that flies about thee, And, whoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human, I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.

*Perez.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Cac.* Dost thou laugh! Damnably, I say, most damnably.

*Perez.* By whom, good spirit! speak, speak! ha, ha, ha!



*Cac.* I'll utter—laugh 'till thy lungs crack  
—by a rascal woman,  
A lewd, abominable, and plain<sup>1</sup> woman.  
Dost thou laugh still?

*Perez.* I must laugh; pr'ythee pardon me;  
I shall laugh terribly.

*Cac.* I shall be angry, 40  
Terrible angry; I have cause.

*Perez.* That's it,  
And 'tis no reason but thou shouldst be  
angry,  
Angry at heart; yet I must laugh still at  
thee.

By a woman cheated? art sure it was a  
woman?

*Cac.* I shall break thy head; my valor  
itches at thee.

*Perez.* It is no matter. By a woman  
cozened?

A real woman?

*Cac.* A real devil;  
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains,  
How rank they smell! 51

*Perez.* Sweet cozened sir, let me see them;  
I have been cheated too, (I would have you  
note that)

And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,  
A scurvy woman; I am undone, sweet sir,  
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

*Cac.* Pray ye take it.

[*Gives him the casket*]

You are the merriest undone man in  
Europe;

What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and  
sack,

When our own miseries can make us merry?

*Perez.* Ha, ha, ha! 61

I have seen these jewels; what a notable  
pennyworth

Have you had next your heart! You will  
not take, sir,

Some twenty ducats—

*Cac.* Thou art deceived; I will take—

*Perez.* To clear your bargain now?

*Cac.* I'll take some ten,

Some anything, some half ten, half a ducat.

*Perez.* An excellent lapidary set those  
stones sure;

Do you mark their waters? 70

*Cac.* Quicksand choak their waters,  
And hers that bought<sup>2</sup> 'em too! But I shall  
find her.

*Perez.* And so shall I, I hope; but do not  
hurt her;

You cannot find in all this kingdom,  
If you had need of cozening, (as you may  
have,

For such gross natures will desire it often,  
It is at some time too a fine variety)

A woman that can cozen you so neatly.—  
She has taken half mine anger off with this  
trick. *Exit*

*Cac.* If I were valiant now, I would kill  
this fellow; 81

I have money enough lies by me, at a pinch,  
To pay for twenty rascals' lives that vex me.  
I'll to this lady; there I shall be satisfied.

*Exit*

### [SCENE III]

[*An Apartment in Margarita's House*]

*Enter LEON and MARGARITA*

*Leon.* Come, we'll away unto your coun-  
try-house,

And there we'll learn to live contently:

This place is full of charge, and full of  
hurry;

No part of sweetness dwells about these  
cities.

*Marg.* Whither you will, I wait upon your  
pleasure;

Live in a hollow tree, sir, I'll live with you.

*Leon.* Ay, now you strike a harmony, a  
true one,

When your obedience waits upon your hus-  
band,

And your sick will aims at the care of  
honor.

Why, now I dote upon ye, love ye dearly, 10  
And my rough nature falls like roaring  
streams,

Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.

O, what a jewel is a woman excellent,

A wise, a virtuous, and a noble woman!

When we meet such, we bear our stamps  
on both sides,

And through the world we hold our current  
virtues;

Alone, we are single medals, only faces,

And wear our fortunes out in useless  
shadows.

Command you now, and ease me of that  
trouble;

<sup>1</sup> Mere.

<sup>2</sup> Later editors read *brought*.



I'll be as humble to you as a servant: <sup>20</sup>  
 Bid whom you please, invite your noble  
 friends,  
 They shall be welcome all; visit acquaint-  
 ance,  
 Go at your pleasure, now experience  
 Has linked you fast unto the chain of good-  
 ness!

*Clashing swords. A cry within:*  
 'Down with their swords!'

What noise is this? what dismal cry?  
*Marg.* 'Tis loud too:  
 Sure there's some mischief done i' th' street;  
 look out there.

*Leon.* Look out, and help!

*Enter a Servant*

*Serv.* O, sir, the Duke Medina—

*Leon.* What of the Duke Medina?

*Serv.* O, sweet gentleman,  
 Is almost slain.

*Marg.* Away, away, and help him!  
 All the house help!

*Ex[eunt MARG. and] Servant*

*Leon.* How slain?—Why, Margarita! why,  
 wife!— <sup>30</sup>

Sure, some new device they have afoot  
 again,

Some trick upon my credit; I shall meet it.  
 I'd rather guide a ship imperial  
 Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

*Enter DUKE, MARGARITA, SANCHIO, ALONZO,*  
*[and] Servant*

*Marg.* How came you hurt, sir?

*Duke.* I fell out with my friend, the noble  
 colonel;

My cause was naught, for 'twas about your  
 honor,

And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er pros-  
 pers;

And he has left me thus. For charity, <sup>35</sup>  
 Lend me a bed to ease my tortured body,  
 That ere I perish, I may shew my peni-  
 tence!

I fear I am slain.

*Leon.* Help, gentlemen, to carry him.  
 There shall be nothing in this house, my  
 lord,

But as your own.

*Duke.* I thank you, noble sir.

*Leon.* To bed with him; and, wife, give  
 your attendance.

*Enter JUAN*

*Juan.* Doctors and surgeons—

*Duke.* Do not disquiet me,  
 But let me take my leave in peace.

*Exeunt DUKE, SANCH., ALON.,*  
*MARG. [and] Servants*

*Leon.* Afore me,

'Tis rarely counterfeited!

*Juan.* True, it is so, sir;  
 And take you heed this last blow do not  
 spoil ye. <sup>40</sup>

He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,  
 As though we purposed anger; that same  
 scratch

On's hand he took, to color all, and draw  
 compassion,

That he might get into your house more  
 cunningly.

I must not stay. Stand now, and ye're a  
 brave fellow.

*Leon.* I thank you, noble colonel, and I  
 honor you.—

Never be quiet?

*Exit JUAN*

*Enter MARGARITA*

*Marg.* He's most desperate ill, sir;  
 I do not think these ten months will re-  
 cover him.

*Leon.* Does he hire my house to play the  
 fool in? <sup>45</sup>

Or does it stand on fairy ground? We're  
 haunted!

Are all men and their wives troubled with  
 dreams thus?

*Marg.* What ail you, sir?

*Leon.* Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,  
 To put these daily pastimes on my pa-  
 tience?

What dost thou see in me, that I should  
 suffer thus?

Have not I done my part like a true hus-  
 band,

And paid some desperate debts you never  
 looked for?

*Marg.* You have done handsomely, I  
 must confess, sir.

*Leon.* Have I not kept thee waking like  
 a hawk? <sup>50</sup>

And watched thee with delights to satisfy  
 thee,

The very tithes of which had won a widow?

*Marg.* Alas, I pity you.

<sup>1</sup> Part of the training of a hawk.



*Leon.* Thou wilt make me angry;  
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

*Marg.* You are always,  
You carry a kind of Bedlam still<sup>1</sup> about  
you.

*Leon.* If thou pursuest me further, I run  
stark mad;  
If you have more hurt dukes or gentlemen,  
To lie here on your cure, I shall be des-  
perate!  
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know  
it.

Are ye so hot that no hedge can contain ye?  
I'll have thee let blood in all the veins about  
thee,  
I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have  
them opened,  
Thy spirits purged, for those are they that  
fire ye.  
Thy maid shall be thy mistress, thou the  
maid  
And all those servile labors that she reach  
at,<sup>2</sup>  
And go though cheerfully, or else sleep  
empty;  
That maid shall lie by me, to teach you  
duty,  
You in a pallet by, to humble ye, 100  
And grieve for what you lose.

*Marg.* I have lost myself, sir,  
And all that was my base self, disobedience;  
*Kneels*  
My wantonness, my stubbornness, I have  
lost too:

And now, by that pure faith good wives are  
crowned with,  
By your own nobleness—

*Leon.* I take ye up,  
And wear ye next my heart; see you be  
worth it.

*Enter ALTEA*

Now, what with you?

*Altea.* I come to tell my lady, 110  
There is a fulsome fellow would fain speak  
with her.

*Leon.* 'Tis Cacafofo; go, and entertain  
him,  
And draw him on with hopes.

*Marg.* I shall observe you.

*Leon.* I have a rare design upon that gen-  
tleman;

And you must work too.

*Altea.* I shall, sir, most willingly.

*Leon.* Away then, both, and keep him  
close in some place,  
From the duke's sight; and keep the duke  
in too;  
Make 'em believe both: I'll find time to  
cure 'em. 120

*Exeunt*

[ACT V, SCENE IV]

[*The Street*]

*Enter PEREZ and ESTIFANIA, with a pistol  
and a dagge<sup>1</sup>*

*Perez.* Why, how dar'st thou meet me  
again, thou rebel, [Draws]  
And know'st how thou hast used me thrice,  
thou rascal?  
Were there not ways enough to fly my ven-  
geance,  
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my  
fury,  
But thou must meet me face to face to kill  
thee?

I would not seek thee to destroy thee wil-  
lingly,  
But now thou com'st to invite me, and  
com'st upon me:

How like a sheep-biting<sup>2</sup> rogue, taken i' th'  
manner,  
And ready for the halter, dost thou look  
now!

Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy  
thing! 10

Hast ne'er a knife,  
Nor never a string, to lead thee to Elysium?  
Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,  
That have compassion upon wretched  
women,

And dare administer a dram of rats-bane,  
But thou must fall to me?

*Etif.* I know you have mercy. [Kneels]

*Perez.* If I had tons of mercy, thou de-  
serv'st none.

What new trick's now afoot, and what new  
houses

Have you i' th' air? what orchards in ap-  
parition? 20

What canst thou say for thy life?

*Etif.* Little or nothing;

<sup>1</sup> Ever.  
<sup>2</sup> This line seems hopelessly corrupt. The general  
sense of the passage, however, is clear.

<sup>1</sup> A dag is really a heavy pistol, perhaps here con-  
fused with dagger. <sup>2</sup> Sneaking.



I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless  
To beg for mercy. Pray, let me draw my  
book out,  
And pray a little!

*Perez.* Do; a very little,  
For I have further business than thy killing;

I have money yet to borrow. Speak when  
you are ready.

*Estif.* Now, now, sir, now! *Shews a pistol.* Come on! do you start off from  
me?

Do you swear, great captain?—have you  
seen a spirit? 20

*Perez.* Do you wear guns?

*Estif.* I am a soldier's wife, sir,  
And by that privilege I may be armed.  
Now, what's the news? and let's discourse  
more friendly,

And talk of our affairs in peace.

*Perez.* Let me see,  
Pr'ythee, let me see thy gun; 'tis a very  
pretty one.

*Estif.* No, no, sir; you shall feel.

*Perez.* Hold, [hold,] you villain!  
What, thine own husband? 40

*Estif.* Let mine own husband then  
Be in's own wits.—There, there's a thousand  
ducats!— *[Shows a purse]*

Who must provide for you?—And yet you'll  
kill me.

*Perez.* I will not hurt thee for ten thousand  
millions.

*Estif.* When will you redeem your jewels?  
I have pawned 'em,

You see for what;—we must keep touch.

*Perez.* I'll kiss thee,  
And, get as many more, I'll make thee  
famous.—

Had we the house now!

*Estif.* Come along with me; 60  
If that be vanished, there be more to hire,  
sir.

*Perez.* I see I am an ass, when thou art  
near me. *Exeunt*

#### [SCENE V]

*[A Chamber in Margarita's House]*

*Enter LEON, MARGARITA, and ALTEA, with a  
taper*

*Leon.* Is the fool come?

*Altea.* Yes, and i' th' cellar fast,

And there he stays his good hour till I call  
him;

He will make dainty music 'mong the sack-  
butts.<sup>1</sup>

I have put him just, sir, under the duke's  
chamber.

*Leon.* It is the better.

*Altea.* [He] has giv'n me royally,  
And to my lady a whole load of portigues.<sup>2</sup>

*Leon.* Better and better still.—Go, Margarita,

Now play your prize:—You say you dare be  
honest; 10

I'll put you to your best.

*Marg.* Secure yourself, sir;  
Give me the candle; pass away in silence.

*Exeunt LEON and ALTEA.*

*[MARG.] knocks*

*Duke. Within.* Who's there? O, O!

*Marg.* My lord!

*Duke. Within.* Have you brought me  
comfort?

*Marg.* I have, my lord:  
Come forth; 'tis I. Come gently out; I'll  
help you;—

*Enter DUKE, in a gown*

Come softly too. How do you?

*Duke.* Are there none here? 20

*Noise below*

Let me look round; we cannot be too wary.  
O, let me bless this hour! Are you alone,  
sweet friend?

*Marg.* Alone, to comfort you.

*CACAFOGO makes a noise below*

*Duke.* What's that you tumble?  
I've heard a noise this half hour under me,  
A fearful noise.

*Marg.* The fat thing's mad i' th' cellar,  
*[Aside]*

And stumbles from one hogshead to another;

Two cups more and he ne'er shall find the  
way out.

What do you fear? Come, sit down by me  
cheerfully; 30

My husband's safe. How do your wounds?

*Duke.* I've none, lady;

My wounds I counterfeited cunningly,  
And feigned the quarrel too, to enjoy you,  
sweet:

<sup>1</sup> A musical instrument with a play on sack, a drink and butt.

<sup>2</sup> A gold coin worth about £3 or £4.

<sup>3</sup> Chaste.



Let's lose no time. *Noise below.* Hark, the same noise again!

*Marg.* What noise? why look you pale? I hear no stirring.  
(This goblin in the vault will be so tippled!)  
[*Aside*]

You are not well, I know by your flying fancy;

Your body's ill at ease; your wounds—

*Duke.* I've none; 40  
I am as lusty, and as full of health,  
High in my blood—

*Marg.* Weak in your blood, you would say.

How wretched is my case, willing to please you,

And find you so disable!

*Duke.* Believe me, lady—

*Marg.* I know, you'll venture all you have to satisfy me,  
Your life I know; but is it fit I spoil you?  
Is it, my love, do you think?

*Cac. Below.* Here's to the duke! 60

*Duke.* It named me certainly;  
I heard it plainly sound.

*Marg.* You are hurt mortally,  
And fitter for your prayers, sir, than pleasure.

What starts you make! I would not kiss you wantonly,

For the world's wealth. Have I secured my husband,

And put all doubts aside, to be deluded?

*Cac. Below.* I come, I come.

*Duke.* Heaven bless me!

*Marg.* And bless us both, for sure this is the devil! 80

I plainly heard it now; he'll come to fetch you!

A very spirit, for he spoke under ground,  
And spoke to you just as you would have snatched me.

You are a wicked man, and sure this haunts you:

Would you were out o' th' house!

*Duke.* I would I were,  
O' that condition I had leaped a window.

*Marg.* And that's the least leap, if you mean to 'scape, sir.

Why, what a frantic man you were to come here,

What a weak man to counterfeit deep wounds, 70

To wound another deeper!

*Duke.* Are you honest then?

*Marg.* Yes, then, and now, and ever; and excellent honest,

And exercise this pastime but to shew you,  
Great men are fools sometimes as well as wretches:

Would you were well hurt, with any hope of life,

Cut to the brains, or run clean through the body,

To get out quietly as you got in, sir!  
I wish it like a friend that loves ye dearly;  
For if my husband take ye, and take you thus 80

A counterfeit, one that would clip his credit,  
Out of his honor he must kill you presently;  
There is no mercy, nor an hour of pity:

And for me to entreat in such an agony,  
Would shew me little better than one guilty.  
Have you any mind to a lady now?

*Duke.* Would I were off fair!

If ever lady caught me in a trap more—

*Marg.* If you be well and lusty—fie, fie; shake not!

You say you love me; come, come bravely now; 90

Despise all danger; I am ready for ye.

*Duke.* She mocks my misery: Thou cruel lady!

*Marg.* Thou cruel lord! wouldst thou betray my honesty,

Betray it in mine own house, wrong my husband,

Like a night thief, thou dar'st not name by daylight?

*Duke.* I am most miserable.

*Marg.* You are indeed;

And, like a foolish thing, you have made yourself so.

Could not your own discretion tell ye, sir,  
When I was married I was none of yours? 100  
Your eyes were then commanded to look off me,

And I now stand in a circle and secure;  
Your spells nor power can never reach my body.

Mark me but this, and then, sir, be most miserable;

'Tis sacrilege to violate a wedlock,  
You rob two temples, make yourself twice guilty,

You ruin hers, and spot her noble husband's.

*Duke.* Let me be gone. I'll never more attempt ye.



*Marg.* You cannot go; 'tis not in me to save ye:

Dare you do ill, and poorly then shrink under it? 110

Were I the Duke Medina I would fight now, For you must fight, and bravely, it concerns you;

You do me double wrong if you sneak off, sir,

And all the world would say I loved a coward;

And you must die too, for you will be killed,

And leave your youth, your honor, and your state,

And all those dear delights you worshipped here.

*Duke.* The noise again! *Noise below*

*Cac. Below.* Some small beer, if you love me.

*Marg.* The devil haunts you sure; your sins are mighty; 120

A drunken devil too, to plague your villainy.

*Duke.* Preserve me but this once!

*Marg.* There's a deep well

In the next yard, if you dare venture drowning:

It is but death.

*Duke.* I would not die so wretchedly.

*Marg.* Out of a garret-window I will let you down then:

But say the rope be rotten? 'tis huge high too.

*Duke.* Have you no mercy? 120

*Marg.* Now you are frightened throughly, And find what 'tis to play the fool in vice<sup>1</sup> And see with clear eyes your detested folly, I'll be your guard.

*Duke.* And I'll be your true servant, Ever from this hour virtuously to love ye, Chastely and modestly to look upon ye, And here I seal it. *[Kisses her]*

*Marg.* I may kiss a stranger, For you must now be so.

*Ent[er] LEON, JUAN, ALONZO, [and] SANCHIO*

*Leon.* How do you, my lord? 130  
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.

<sup>1</sup> The old edd. both read *folly* for *vice*, which latter is Dyce's emendation.

Has my wife wounded ye? you were well before.

Pray, sir, be comforted; I have forgot all, Truly forgiven too.—Wife, you are a right one,

And now with unknown nations I dare trust you.

*Juan.* No more feigned fights, my lord; they never prosper.

*[Enter ALTEA, and CACAFOGO drunk]*

*Leon.* Who's this? the devil in the vault?

*Altea.* 'Tis he, sir,

And as lovingly drunk, as though he had studied it.

*Cac.* Give me a cup of sack, and kiss me, lady! 130

Kiss my sweet face, and make thy husband cuckold!—

An ocean of sweet sack!—Shall we speak treason?

*Leon.* He's devilish drunk.

*Duke.* I had thought he had been a devil; He made as many noises, and as horrible

*Leon.* O, a true lover, sir, will lament loudly.—

Which of the butts is your mistress?

*Cac.* Butt in thy belly!

*Leon.* There's two in thine I'm sure, 'tis grown so monstrous.

*Cac.* Butt in thy face!

*Leon.* Go, carry him to sleep. 140

A fool's love should be drunk; he has paid well for't too.

When he is sober, let him out to rail, Or hang himself; there will be no loss of him.

*Exeunt CACAFOGO and Serv[ant]*

*Enter PEREZ and ESTIFANIA*

Who's this? my Mahound cousin?

*Perez.* Good, sir; 'tis very good! 'Would I had a house, too!

(For there's no talking in the open air)

My Termagant coz, I would be bold to tell you,

I durst be merry too; I tell you plainly, You have a pretty seat, you have the luck on't, 150

A pretty lady too; I have missed both:

My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him!

Do me the courtesy to let me see it,



See it but once more. But I shall cry for anger!

I'll hire a chandler's shop close under you,  
And, for my foolery, sell soap and whip-cord.

Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,

You are a fool, coz.

*Leon.* I must laugh a little,  
And now I have done.—Coz, thou shalt live with me, 180

My merry coz; the world shall not divorce us.

Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want.

Will this content thee?

*Perez.* I'll cry, and then I'll be thankful,  
Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to you:  
I would live a swallow here, I must confess.—

Wife, I forgive thee all, if thou be honest;  
At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

*Estif.* If I prove otherwise, let me beg first.

[*Leon.*] Hold, this is yours; some recompence for service: 190

[*Gives money to ESTIF.*]

Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

*Duke.* And this is yours, your true commission, sir. [To LEON]

Now you are a captain.

*Leon.* You are a noble prince, sir;  
And now a soldier, gentlemen.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Both old edd. read "Gentleman, we all rejoice in't" as a part of Leon's speech.

[*Omnes.*] We all rejoice in't.

*Juan.* Sir, I shall wait upon you through all fortunes.

*Alon.* And I.

*Altea.* And I must needs attend my mistress.

*Leon.* Will you go, sister? 200

*Altea.* Yes, indeed, good brother;  
I have two ties, my own blood, and my mistress.

*Marg.* Is she your sister?

*Leon.* Yes, indeed, good wife,  
And my best sister; for she proved so, wench,

When she deceived you with a loving husband.

*Altea.* I would not deal so truly for a stranger.

*Marg.* Well, I could chide you;  
But it must be lovingly, and like a sister.—  
I'll bring you on your way, and feast you nobly, 210

(For now I have an honest heart to love you)

And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.

*Juan.* Your colors you must wear, and wear 'em proudly,

Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too:

And all the world shall know we are Virtue's servants.

*Duke.* And all the world shall know, a noble mind

Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.  
*Exeunt*

## THE EPILOGUE

Good night, our worthy friends! and may you part  
Each with as merry and as free a heart  
As you came hither! To those noble eyes,  
That deign to smile on our poor faculties,  
And give a blessing to our laboring ends,  
As we hope many, to such Fortune sends  
Their own desires, wives fair as light, as chaste!  
To those that live by spite, wives made in haste!



822.3

S32T

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

25'48 310

25'48 207

0818'41 757

8'19 278

27<sup>6</sup>/56 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65- B 12



# THE TRAGEDY OF THE DVTCHESS Of Malfy.

*As it was Presented privately, at the Black-  
Friars; and publiquely at the Globe, By the  
Kings Maiesties Seruants.*

The perfect and exact Coppy, with diuerse  
*things Printed, that the length of the Play would  
not beare in the Printment.*

*Written by John Webster.*

*Flora. — Si quid —  
— Candidus Impertiti non bis exere motum.*

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LONDON:

Printed by NICHOLAS OKES, for JOHN  
WATERSON, and are to be sold at the  
signe of the Crowne, in Pawles  
Church-yard, 1623.



822-3

S32T

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

Da 544

8<sup>10</sup>/54 278

27<sup>6</sup>/57 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65- B 12



*The Duchess of Malfi* appeared in only two editions before the closing of the theaters, the quartos of 1623 and 1640. There seems reason for placing the writing and performance of this play as early as 1611 or 1612 (see M. W. Sampson ed. of this play in *Belles Lettres Series*, 1904); and it probably followed *The White Devil*, which was published in the latter year. The author found the source for *The Duchess of Malfi*, in all likelihood, in Painter's version of it in his *Palace of Pleasure* (Book II, Novel 23), although the story is common to such collections and appears in Beard's *The Theater of God's Judgments*, in Goulart's *Histoires Admirables*; the translation of this by Grimestone in 1600, and perhaps earliest as the twenty-sixth novel of Bandello. Lope de Vega had made a play of it before Webster's time; but the English dramatist seems not to have been acquainted with it. Some of the horrors, strange to say, of Bosola's torture of the duchess have been traced to Sidney's *Arcadia*. The text is that of the first quarto substantially, with attention to the work of Symonds, Vaughan, Neilson and Sampson.

Of John Webster personally, next to nothing is known. He died, it would seem, in 1634, but the date of his birth has not been ascertained nor anything of his extraction except that he was "born free of the Merchant-Taylors' Company." Chambers has recently suggested that he may have been an older man than is commonly supposed and an actor before becoming, in his later years, a playwright; Webster's comedies are inferior and unworthy of his talents. His reputation rests on the two master tragedies, *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi*.

The last complete edition of Webster is that of W. C. Hazlitt, 4 vols., 1857. The two important tragedies are reprinted by A. H. Thorndike in the Masterpiece Series, 1912, and elsewhere.



## THE ACTORS' NAMES

BOSOLA, [DANIEL DE, <i>Gentleman of the Horse to the Duchess,</i> ] J. Lowin	[RODERIGO } [GRISOLAN } <i>Lords</i> ]
FERDINAND, [DUKE OF CALABRIA,] 1. R. Burbidge. 2. J. Taylor	THE SEVERAL MAD-MEN, N. Towley, J. Underwood, etc.
CARDINALL, [ <i>his brother,</i> ] 1. H. Cundaile. 2. R. Robinson	THE DUTCHESS' R. Sharpe
ANTONIO, [BOLOGNA, <i>steward to the Duchess's Household,</i> ] 1. W. Ostler, 2. R. Benfeild	THE CARDINAL'S MIS[TRESS] [ <i>JULIA, wife of Castruccio,</i> ] J. Tomson
DELIO, [ <i>his friend,</i> ] J. Underwood	THE DOCTOR, } CARIOLA, [ <i>the Duchess's waiting-woman,</i> ] } R. Pallant
FOROBOSCO, [ <i>an attendant,</i> ] N. Towley	Court Officers
MALATESTA, [ <i>Count.</i> ]	[Old Lady]
[CASTRUCCIO, <i>an old Lord</i> ]	Three young Children
THE MARQUESSE OF PESCARA, J. Rice	Two Pilgrims
SILVIO, [ <i>a Lord,</i> ] T. Pollard	Ladies, Executioners, and Attendants

[THE SCENE: Amalfi, Rome, Loretto, Milan.  
TIME: Early Sixteenth Century.]



# THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

JOHN WEBSTER

## ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA

*The Presence-Chamber in the Palace of the Duchess Amalfi*

[Enter ANTONIO and DELIO]

*Delio.* You are welcome to your country,  
dear Antonio;  
You have been long in France, and you  
return

A very formal Frenchman in your habit.  
How do you like the French court?

*Ant.* I admire it:  
In seeking to reduce both state and people  
To a fixed order, their judicious king  
Begins at home; quits first his royal palace  
Of flattering sycophants, of dissolute  
And infamous persons, which he sweetly  
terms

His master's masterpiece, the work of  
heaven; <sup>10</sup>

Considering duly, that a prince's court  
Is like a common fountain, whence should  
flow

Pure silver drops in general, but if't chance  
Some cursed example poison't near the head,  
Death and diseases through the whole land  
spread.

And what is't makes this blessed govern-  
ment,

But a most provident council, who dare  
freely

Inform him the corruption<sup>1</sup> of the times?  
Though some o' th' court hold it presump-  
tion

To instruct princes what they ought to do, <sup>20</sup>  
It is a noble duty to inform them

What they ought to foresee.<sup>2</sup> Here comes  
Bosola,

The only court-gall; <sup>3</sup> yet I observe his rail-  
ing

Is not for simple love of piety:

Indeed he rails at those things which he  
wants;

Would be as lecherous, covetous, or proud,  
Bloody, or envious, as any man,  
If he had means to be so. Here's the  
Cardinal.

[Enter BOSOLA and CARDINAL]

*Bos.* I do haunt you still.

*Card.* So. <sup>30</sup>

*Bos.* I have done you better service than  
to be slighted thus. Miserable age, where  
only the reward of doing well, is the doing  
of it!

*Card.* You enforce your merit too much.

*Bos.* I fell into the galleys in your service,  
where, for two years together, I wore two  
towels instead of a shirt, with a knot on  
the shoulder, after the fashion of a Roman  
mantle. Slighted thus! I will thrive <sup>40</sup>  
some way: blackbirds fatten best in hard  
weather; why not I in these dog-days?

*Card.* Would you could become honest!

*Bos.* With all your divinity do but direct  
me the way to it. I have known many  
travel far for it, and yet return as arrant  
knaves as they went forth, because they  
carried themselves always along with them.

[Exit CARDINAL]

Are you gone? Some fellows, they say,  
are possessed with the devil, but this great <sup>50</sup>  
fellow were able to possess the greatest  
devil, and make him worse.

*Ant.* He hath denied thee some suit?

*Bos.* He and his brother are like plum-  
trees that grow crooked over standing-  
pools; they are rich, and o'erladen with  
fruit, but none but crows, pies, and cater-  
pillars feed on them. Could I be one of  
their flattering panders, I would hang on  
their ears like a horseleech, till I were <sup>60</sup>  
full, an[d] then drop off. I pray leave me.  
Who would rely upon these miserable de-  
pendencies, in expectation to be advanced

<sup>1</sup> Of the corruption.

<sup>2</sup> Prevent.

<sup>3</sup> An excrescence on the court.



to-morrow? What creature ever fed worse, than hoping Tantalus? nor ever died any man more fearfully, than he that hoped for a [pardon]. There are rewards for hawks and dogs, when they have done us service: but for a soldier that hazards his limbs in a battle, nothing but a kind of geometry is to his last supportation.<sup>1</sup>

*Delio.* Geometry!

*Bos.* Aye, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter swing in the world upon an honorable pair of crutches, from hospital to hospital. Fare ye well, sir: and yet do not you scorn us, for places in the court are but like beds in the hospital, where this man's head lies at that man's foot, and so lower and lower. [Exit] <sup>80</sup>

*Delio.* I knew this fellow seven years in the galleys

For a notorious murder; and 'twas thought  
The Cardinal suborned it: he was released  
By the French general, Gaston de Foix,  
When he recovered Naples.

*Ant.* 'Tis great pity,  
He should be thus neglected: I have heard  
He's very valiant. This foul melancholy  
Will poison all his goodness; for, I'll tell  
you,

If too immoderate sleep be truly said  
To be an inward rust unto the soul, <sup>80</sup>  
It then doth follow want of action  
Breeds all black malcontents, and their  
close<sup>2</sup> rearing,  
Like moths in cloth, do hurt for want of  
wearing.

## SCENA II

[The Same]

ANTONIO, DELIO, [Enter] CASTRUCCIO, SILVIO,  
RODERIGO, GRISOLAN

*Delio.* The presence 'gins to fill: you  
promised me  
To make me the partaker of the natures  
Of some of your great courtiers.

*Ant.* The lord Cardinal's,  
And other strangers', that are now in court?  
I shall: here comes the great Calabrian  
Duke.

<sup>1</sup> A measuring of his way with crutches.  
<sup>2</sup> Secret.

[Enter FERDINAND and ATTENDANTS]

*Ferd.* Who took the ring oftenest?<sup>1</sup>

*Silvio.* Antonio Bologna, my lord.

*Ferd.* Our sister Duchess' great master of  
her household: give him the jewel. When  
shall we leave this sportive action, and <sup>10</sup>  
fall to action indeed.

*Cast.* Methinks, my lord, you should not  
desire to go to war in person.

*Ferd.* Now, for some gravity:—why, my  
lord?

*Cast.* It is fitting a soldier arise to be a  
prince, but not necessary a prince descend  
to be a captain.

*Ferd.* No?

*Cast.* No, my lord, he were far better <sup>20</sup>  
do it by a deputy.

*Ferd.* Why should he not as well sleep, or  
eat by a deputy? This might take idle,  
offensive, and base office from him, whereas  
the other deprives him of honor.

*Cast.* Believe my experience: that realm  
is never long in quiet, where the ruler is a  
soldier.

*Ferd.* Thou told'st me thy wife could  
not endure fighting. <sup>30</sup>

*Cast.* True, my lord.

*Ferd.* And of a jest she broke of<sup>3</sup> a  
captain she met full of wounds: I have  
forgot it.

*Cast.* She told him, my lord, he was a  
pitiful fellow, to lie like the children of  
Ismael, all in tents.<sup>4</sup>

*Ferd.* Why, there's a wit were able to  
undo all the chirurgeons<sup>5</sup> o' th' city, for  
although gallants should quarrel, and had  
drawn their weapons, and were ready to  
go to it, yet her persuasions would make  
them put up.

*Cast.* That she would, my lord.—How do  
you like my Spanish gennet?<sup>6</sup>

*Rod.* He is all fire.

*Ferd.* I am of Pliny's opinion, I think he  
was begot by the wind; he runs as if he  
were ballasted<sup>7</sup> with quicksilver.

*Silvio.* True, my lord, he reels from the <sup>40</sup>  
tilt often.

*Rod. Gris.* Ha, ha, ha!

<sup>1</sup> Thrust the lance through the ring at riding at  
the ring.

<sup>2</sup> As to

<sup>3</sup> All bandaged in lint. <sup>4</sup> Light horse.

<sup>5</sup> Surgeons. <sup>6</sup> Ballasted.

<sup>7</sup> Surgeons.



*Ferd.* Why do you laugh? methinks you that are courtiers should be my touchwood, take fire when I give fire; that is, not laugh but when I laugh, were the subject never so witty.

*Cast.* True, my lord; I myself have heard a very good jest, and have scorned to seem to have so silly a wit, as to understand it. <sup>60</sup>

*Ferd.* But I can laugh at your fool,<sup>1</sup> my lord.

*Cast.* He cannot speak, you know, but he makes faces: my lady cannot abide him.

*Ferd.* No?

*Cast.* Nor endure to be in merry company; for she says too full laughing, and too much company, fills her too full of the wrinkle. <sup>69</sup>

*Ferd.* I would then have a mathematical instrument made for her face, that she might not laugh out of compass. I shall shortly visit you at Milan, lord Silvio.

*Silvio.* Your grace shall arrive most welcome.

*Ferd.* You are a good horseman, Antonio: you have excellent riders in France: what do you think of good horsemanship?

*Ant.* Nobly, my lord: as out of the Grecian horse issued many famous princes, <sup>so</sup> so out of brave horsemanship arise the first sparks of growing resolution, that raise the mind to noble action.

*Ferd.* You have bespoke it worthily.

*Silvio.* Your brother, the lord Cardinal, and sister Duchess.

[*Enter* CARDINAL, DUCHESS, CARIOLA, and JULIA]

*Card.* Are the galleys come about?

*Gris.* They are, my lord.

*Ferd.* Here's the lord Silvio is come to take his leave.

*Delio.* Now, sir, your promise:<sup>2</sup> what's that Cardinal?

I mean his temper? they say he's a brave fellow,<sup>3</sup> <sup>60</sup>

Will play his five thousand crowns at tennis, dance,

Court ladies, and one that hath fought single combats.

<sup>1</sup> A fool.

<sup>2</sup> Antonio's, to tell Delio about the people of the court.

<sup>3</sup> A man of the world.

*Ant.* Some such flashes superficially hang on him, for form, but observe his inward character: he is a melancholy churchman. The spring in his face is nothing but the engendering of toads;<sup>1</sup> where he is jealous of any man, he lays worse plots for him than ever was imposed on Hercules, for he strews in his way flatterers, panders, in- <sup>100</sup> telligencers, atheists, and a thousand such political<sup>2</sup> monsters. He should have been Pope, but instead of coming to it by the primitive decency of the church, he did bestow bribes so largely, and so impudently, as if he would have carried it away without heaven's knowledge. Some good he hath done—

*Delio.* You have given too much of him: what's his brother?

*Ant.* The duke there? a most perverse and turbulent nature: <sup>110</sup>

What appears in him mirth is merely outside;

If he laugh heartily, it is to laugh

All honesty out of fashion.

*Delio.* Twins?

*Ant.* In quality.

He speaks with others' tongues, and hears men's suits

With others' ears; will seem to sleep o' th' bench

Only to entrap offenders in their answers;

Dooms men to death by information,<sup>3</sup>

Rewards by hearsay.

*Delio.* Then the law to him

Is like a foul black cobweb to a spider,

He makes it his dwelling and a prison <sup>120</sup>

To entangle those shall feed him.

*Ant.* Most true:

He never pays debts unless they be shrewd turns,<sup>4</sup>

And those he will confess that he doth owe.

Last, for his brother there, the Cardinal,

They that do flatter him most say oracles

Hang at his lips; and verily I believe them, For the devil speaks in them.

But for their sister, the right noble duchess, You never fixed your eye on three fair medals

Cast in one figure,<sup>5</sup> of so different temper. <sup>130</sup>

For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,

<sup>1</sup> His smile is a foul plot.

<sup>2</sup> Politic.

<sup>3</sup> By means of informers.

<sup>4</sup> Unfair tricks, Q. *shewed*.

<sup>5</sup> Made in one mould.



You only will begin then to be sorry  
 When she doth end her speech, and wish, in  
     wonder,  
 She held it less vainglory, to talk much,  
 Than your penance to hear her. Whilst  
     she speaks,  
 She throws upon a man so sweet a look,  
 That it were able raise one to a galliard<sup>1</sup>  
 That lay in a dead palsy, and to dote  
 On that sweet countenance; but in that  
     look  
 There speaketh so divine a continence, 110  
 As cuts off all lascivious and vain hope.  
 Her days are practised in such noble virtue,  
 That sure her nights, nay more, her very  
     sleeps,  
 Are more in heaven, than other ladies'  
     shriffs.  
 Let all sweet ladies break their flattering  
     glasses,  
 And dress themselves in her.

*Delio.* Fie, Antonio,  
 You play the wire-drawer with her com-  
     mendations.<sup>2</sup>

*Ant.* I'll case the picture up: only thus  
     much;  
 All her particular worth grows to this sum;  
 She stains<sup>3</sup> the time past, lights the time to  
     come. 120

*Cari.* You must attend my lady in the  
     gallery,  
 Some half an hour hence.

*Ant.* I shall.

[*Exeunt ANTONIO and DELIO*]

*Ferd.* Sister, I have a suit to you.

*Duch.* To me, sir?

*Ferd.* A gentleman here, Daniel de Bosola,  
 One that was in the galleys—

*Duch.* Yes, I know him.

*Ferd.* A worthy fellow h'is: pray let me  
     entreat for

The provisorship of your horse.

*Duch.* Your knowledge of him  
 Commends him and prefers him.

*Ferd.* Call him hither.

[*Exit Attendant*]

We, now upon parting, good lord Silvio,  
 Do us commend to all our noble friends 130  
 At the leaguer.

*Silvio.* Sir, I shall.

[*Duch.*] You are for Milan?

<sup>1</sup> A spirited dance.

<sup>2</sup> You exaggerate her praises.

<sup>3</sup> Disparages.

*Silvio.* I am.

*Duch.* Bring the caroches:<sup>1</sup> we'll  
     bring you down  
 To the haven.

[*Exeunt all but the  
 CARDINAL and FERDINAND*]

*Card.* Be sure you entertain that Bosola  
 For your intelligence:<sup>2</sup> I would not be seen  
     in't;

And therefore many times I have slighted  
     him,

When he did court our furtherance, as this  
     morning.

*Ferd.* Antonio, the great master of her  
     household,  
 Had been far fitter.

*Card.* You are deceived in him:  
 His nature is too honest for such business.—  
 He comes: I'll leave you. [*Exit*]

[*Enter BOSOLA*]

*Bos.* I was lured to you. 140

*Ferd.* My brother here, the Cardinal,  
     could never  
 Abide you.

*Bos.* Never since he was in my debt.

*Ferd.* May be some oblique character in  
     your face

Made him suspect you.

*Bos.* Doth he study physiognomy?  
 There's no more credit to be given to th'  
     face,

Than to a sick man's urine, which some call  
 The physician's whore, because she cozens  
     him.<sup>3</sup>

He did suspect me wrongfully.

*Ferd.* For that  
 You must give great men leave to take their  
     times.

Distrust doth cause us seldom be deceived:  
 You see, the oft shaking of the cedar-tree 150  
 Fastens it more at root.

*Bos.* Yet, take heed;  
 For to suspect a friend unworthily,  
 Instructs him the next way to suspect you,  
 And prompts him to deceive you.

*Ferd.* There's gold.

*Bos.* So,  
 What follows? never rained such showers as  
     these

<sup>1</sup> Coaches.

<sup>2</sup> Information of a spy.

<sup>3</sup> Cheats.



Without thunderbolts i' th' tail of them:  
whose throat must I cut?

*Ferd.* Your inclination to shed blood rides  
post

Before my occasion to use you. I give you  
that

To live i' th' court here, and observe the  
duchess; 190

To note all the particulars of her haviour,  
What suitors do solicit her for marriage,  
And whom she best affects.<sup>1</sup> She's a young  
widow:

I would not have her marry again.

*Bos.* No, sir?

*Ferd.* Do not you ask the reason; but be  
satisfied

I say I would not.

*Bos.* It seems you would create me  
One of your familiars.

*Ferd.* Familiar! what's that?

*Bos.* Why, a very quaint invisible devil  
in flesh;

An intelligencer.<sup>2</sup>

*Ferd.* Such a kind of thriving thing  
I would wish thee; and ere long, thou may'st  
arrive 200

At a higher place by't.

*Bos.* Take your devils,  
Which hell calls angels:<sup>3</sup> these cursed gifts  
would make

You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor;  
And should I take these, they'd take me  
[to] hell.

*Ferd.* Sir, I'll take nothing from you, that  
I have given:

There is a place that I procured for you  
This morning, the provisorship o' th' horse;  
Have you heard on't?

*Bos.* No.

*Ferd.* 'Tis yours: is't not worth thanks?

*Bos.* I would have you curse yourself now,  
that your bounty

(Which makes men truly noble) e'er should  
make me 210

A villain. O, that to avoid ingratitude  
For the good deed you have done me, I  
must do

All the ill man can invent! Thus the devil  
Candies all sins o'er; and what heaven  
terms vile

That names he complimentary.

<sup>1</sup> Likes.

<sup>2</sup> Spy, informer.

<sup>3</sup> The gold coin so named.

*Ferd.*

Be yourself;  
Keep your old garb of melancholy; 'twill  
express

You envy those that stand above your reach,  
Yet strive not to come near 'em: this will  
gain

Access to private lodgings, where yourself  
May, like a politic dormouse—

*Bos.* As I have seen some, <sup>220</sup>

Feed in a lord's dish, half asleep, not seem-  
ing

To listen to any talk; and yet these rogues  
Have cut his throat in a dream. What's  
my place?

The provisorship o' th' horse? say, then, my  
corruption

Grew out of horse-dung: I am your creature.

*Ferd.* Away!

*Bos.* Let good men, for good deeds, covet  
good fame,

Since place and riches, oft are bribes of  
shame:

Sometimes the devil doth preach.

[*Exeunt*]

### [SCENE III]

[*A Gallery in the Duchess' Palace*]

[*Enter FERDINAND, DUCHESS, CARDINAL, and  
CARIOLA*]

*Card.* We are to part from you; and your  
own discretion

Must now be your director.

*Ferd.* You are a widow:  
You know already what man is; and there-  
fore

Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence—  
No.

*Card.* Nor anything without the addition,  
honor,

Sway your high blood.

*Ferd.* Marry! they are most luxurious,<sup>1</sup>  
Will wed twice.

*Card.* O, fie!

*Ferd.* Their livers are more spotted  
Than Laban's sheep.<sup>2</sup>

*Duch.* Diamonds are of most value,  
They say, that have passed through most  
jewellers' hands.

*Ferd.* Whores, by that rule, are precious.

*Duch.* Will you hear me? <sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lascivious.

<sup>2</sup> *Genesis xxx. 31-42.*



I'll never marry.

*Card.* So most widows say;  
But commonly that motion<sup>1</sup> lasts no longer  
Than the turning of an hour-glass: the  
funeral sermon  
And it, end both together.

*Ferd.* Now hear me:  
You live in a rank pasture here, i' th' court;  
There is a kind of honey-dew that's deadly;  
'Twill poison your fame; look to't: be not  
cunning;

For they whose faces do belie their hearts,  
Are witches ere they arrive at twenty years,  
Aye, and give the devil suck. <sup>20</sup>

*Duch.* This is terrible good counsel.

*Ferd.* Hypocrisy is woven of a fine small  
thread,  
Subtler than Vulcan's engine:<sup>2</sup> yet, believ't,  
Your darkest actions, nay, your privat'st  
thoughts,

Will come to light.

*Card.* You may flatter yourself,  
And take your own choice; privately be  
married

Under the eaves of night—

*Ferd.* Think't the best voyage  
That e'er you made; like the irregular crab,  
Which, though't goes backward, thinks that  
it goes right,

Because it goes its own way: but observe, <sup>30</sup>  
Such weddings may more properly be said  
To be executed, than celebrated.

*Card.* The marriage night  
Is the entrance into some prison.

*Ferd.* And those joys,  
Those lustful pleasures, are like heavy sleeps  
Which do forerun man's mischief.

*Card.* Fare you well.  
Wisdom begins at the end: remember it.

[Exit]

*Duch.* I think this speech between you  
both was studied,  
It came so roundly off.

*Ferd.* You are my sister;  
This was my father's poniard, do you see?  
I'd be loath to see't look rusty, 'cause 'twas  
his. <sup>40</sup>

I would have you to give o'er these charge-  
able revels,

A visor and a mask are whispering rooms  
That were nev'r built for goodness;—fare  
ye well,

And women like that part which, like the  
lamprey,

Hath never a bone in't.

*Duch.*

Fie, sir!

*Ferd.*

Nay,

I mean the tongue; variety of courtship:  
What cannot a neat knave with a smooth  
tale

Make a woman believe? Farewell, lusty  
widow. [Exit]

*Duch.* Shall this move me? If all my  
royal kindred

Lay in my way unto this marriage, <sup>50</sup>  
I'd make them my low footsteps.<sup>1</sup> And even  
now,

Even in this hate, as men in some great  
battles,

By apprehending danger, have achieved  
Almost impossible actions,—I have heard  
soldiers say so,—

So I through frights and threatenings will  
assay

This dangerous venture. Let old wives  
report

I winked<sup>2</sup> and chose a husband. Cariola,  
To thy known secrecy I have given up  
More than my life—my fame.

*Cari.* Both shall be safe;

For I'll conceal this secret from the world, <sup>60</sup>  
As warily as those that trade in poison  
Keep poison from their children.

*Duch.* Thy protestation  
Is ingenious and hearty:<sup>3</sup> I believe it.

Is Antonio come?

*Cari.* He attends you.

*Duch.* Good dear soul.  
Leave me; but place thyself behind the  
arras,

Where thou may'st overhear us. Wish me  
good speed,

[CARIOLA goes behind the arras]

For I am going into a wilderness  
Where I shall find nor path, nor friendly  
clue,

To be my guide.

[Enter ANTONIO]

I sent for you: sit down;  
Take pen and ink, and write: are you ready?

*Ant.*

Yes. <sup>70</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Impulse.

<sup>2</sup> The net contrived to trap Mars and Venus.

<sup>1</sup> Things stepped on.

<sup>2</sup> Shut my eyes.

<sup>3</sup> Ingenuous and from the heart.



*Duch.* What did I say?

*Ant.* That I should write somewhat.

*Duch.* O, I remember.  
After this triumph and this large expense,  
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire  
What's laid up for to-morrow.

*Ant.* So please your beauteous excellence.

*Duch.* Beauteous!  
Indeed I thank you: I look young for your sake;

You have ta'en my cares upon you.

*Ant.* I'll fetch your grace  
The particulars of your revénue and expense.

*Duch.* O, you are an upright treasurer;  
but you mistook: <sup>80</sup>

For when I said I meant to make inquiry  
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean  
What's laid up yonder for me.

*Ant.* Where?

*Duch.* In heaven.  
I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,

In perfect memory), and, I pray, sir, tell me  
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,  
Than in deep groans, and terrible ghastly looks,

As if the gifts we parted with procured<sup>1</sup>  
That violent distraction?

*Ant.* O, much better.

*Duch.* If I had a husband now, this care  
were quit: <sup>80</sup>

But I intend to make you overseer.  
What good deed shall we first remember?  
Say.

*Ant.* Begin with that first good deed  
begun i' th' world  
After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage.

I'd have you first provide for a good husband;

Give him all.

*Duch.* All?

*Ant.* Yes, your excellent self.

*Duch.* In a winding sheet?

*Ant.* In a couple.<sup>2</sup>

*Duch.* St. Winifred, that were a strange will!

*Ant.* 'Twere strange if there were no will in you

To marry again.

*Duch.* What do you think of marriage?

*Ant.* I take't, as those that deny purgatory, <sup>101</sup>

It locally contains, or heaven, or hell,  
There's no third place in't.

*Dutch.* How do you affect<sup>1</sup> it?

*Ant.* My banishment, feeding my melancholy,

Would often reason thus.

*Duch.* Pray let's hear it.

*Ant.* Say a man never marry, nor have children,

What takes that from him? only the bare name

Of being a father, or the weak delight  
To see the little wanton ride a-cock-horse  
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter <sup>110</sup>  
Like a taught starling.

*Duch.* Fie, fie, what's all this?  
One of your eyes is bloodshot; use my ring to't,

They say 'tis very sovereign:<sup>2</sup> 'twas my wedding ring

And I did vow never to part with it

But to my second husband.

*Ant.* You have parted with it now.

*Duch.* Yes, to help your eyesight.

*Ant.* You have made me stark blind.

*Duch.* How?

*Ant.* There is a saucy and ambitious devil,

Is dancing in this circle.

*Duch.* Remove him.

*Ant.* How?

*Duch.* There needs small conjuration,  
when your finger

[*She fits the ring on his finger;*] he kneels  
May do it; thus; is it fit?

*Ant.* What said you?

*Duch.* Sir,

This goodly roof of yours,<sup>3</sup> is too low built;  
I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse,  
Without I raise it higher: raise yourself;  
Or, if you please, my hand to help you: so.

[*Raises him*]

*Ant.* Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,

That is not kept in chains, and close-pent rooms,

But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt  
With the wild noise of prattling visitants, <sup>130</sup>  
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.

<sup>1</sup> Like it.

<sup>2</sup> Effective.

<sup>3</sup> Looking down on his head, as he kneels.

<sup>1</sup> Produced.

<sup>2</sup> Leash or band.



Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim<sup>1</sup>  
 Whereto your favors tend: but he's a fool,  
 That being a-cold, would thrust his hands i'  
     th' fire  
 To warm them.

*Duch.* So now the ground's broke,  
 You may discover what a wealthy mine  
 I make you lord of.

*Ant.* O my unworthiness!

*Duch.* You were ill to sell yourself:  
 This darkening<sup>2</sup> of your worth is not like  
     that  
 Which tradesmen use i' th' city; their false  
     lights<sup>3</sup> 140  
 Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell  
     you,  
 If you will know where breathes a complete  
     man

(I speak it without flattery), turn your eyes,  
 And progress through yourself.

*Ant.* Were there nor heaven nor hell,  
 I should be honest: I have long served  
     virtue,  
 And nev'r ta'en wages of her.

*Duch.* Now she pays it.  
 The misery of us that are born great!  
 We are forced to woo, because none dare  
     woo us;

And as a tyrant doubles with his words,<sup>4</sup> 150  
 And fearfully<sup>5</sup> equivocates, so we  
 Are forced to express our violent passions  
 In riddles, and in dreams, and leave the  
     path

Of simple virtue, which was never made  
 To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag  
 You have left me heartless; mine is in your  
     bosom:

I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do  
     tremble:

Make not your heart so dead a piece of  
     flesh,

To fear more than to love me. Sir, be  
     confident:

What is't distracts you? This is flesh and  
     blood, sir; 160

'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster,  
 Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake,  
     awake, man!

I do here put off all vain ceremony,  
 And only do appear to you a young widow

That claims you for her husband, and like  
     a widow,  
 I use but half a blush in't.

*Ant.* Truth speak for me:  
 I will remain the constant sanctuary  
 Of your good name.

*Duch.* I thank you, gentle love:  
 And 'cause you shall not come to me in  
     debt,

Being now my steward, here upon your lips  
 I sign your *Quietus est*.<sup>1</sup> This you should  
     have begged now; 171

I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,  
 As fearful to devour them too soon.

*Ant.* But for your brothers?

*Duch.* Do not think of them:  
 All discord without this circumference  
 Is only to be pitied, and not feared:  
 Yet, should they know it, time will easily  
 Scatter the tempest.

*Ant.* These words should be mine,  
 And all the parts you have spoke, if some  
     part of it

Would not have savored flattery.

*Duch.* Kneel.

[CARIOLA comes from behind the arras]

*Ant.* Ha!

*Duch.* Be not amazed, this woman's of  
     my counsel: 181

I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a  
     chamber

*Per verba [de] presenti*<sup>2</sup> is absolute  
     marriage.

Bless, heaven, this sacred gordian,<sup>3</sup> which let  
     violence

Never untwine!

*Ant.* And may our sweet affections, like  
     the spheres,  
 Be still<sup>4</sup> in motion.

*Duch.* Quickening, and make  
 The like soft music.

*Ant.* That we may imitate the loving  
     palms,

Best emblem of a peaceful marriage 190  
 That never bore fruit divided.

*Duch.* What can the church force more?

*Ant.* That fortune may not know an  
     accident

Either of joy, or sorrow, to divide  
 Our fixèd wishes!

<sup>1</sup> Guess.

<sup>2</sup> Underestimation.

<sup>3</sup> A device to show off goods.

<sup>4</sup> Uses words in a double meaning.

<sup>5</sup> Out of fear.

<sup>1</sup> Words employed to signify the settlement of an account.

<sup>2</sup> Using words in the present tense: I take thee, etc.

<sup>3</sup> Knot.

<sup>4</sup> Ever.



*Duch.* How can the church build faster?<sup>1</sup>  
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church  
That must but echo this. Maid, stand apart:  
I now am blind.

*Ant.* What's your conceit<sup>2</sup> in this?

*Duch.* I would have you lead your fortune by the hand  
Unto your marriage bed:<sup>200</sup>  
(You speak in me this, for we now are one:)  
We'll only lie and talk together, and plot  
T' appease my humorous<sup>3</sup> kindred; and if you please,  
Like the old tale in Alexander and Lodo-wick,<sup>4</sup>  
Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste.  
O, let me shroud my blushes in your bosom,  
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets!

[*Exeunt*]

*Cari.* Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman  
Reign most in her, I know not; but it shows  
A fearful madness: I owe her much of pity.  
[*Exit*]<sup>210</sup>

## ACTUS II, SCENA I

[*An Apartment in the Palace of the Duchess*]

[*Enter*] BOSOLA and CASTRUCCIO

*Bos.* You say, you would fain be taken for an eminent courtier?

*Cast.* 'Tis the very main<sup>5</sup> of my ambition.

*Bos.* Let me see: you have a reasonable good face for't already, and your night-cap expresses your ears sufficient largely. I would have you learn to twirl the strings of your band with a good grace, and in a set speech, at th' end of every sentence, to hum three or four times, or blow your nose till<sup>10</sup> it smart again, to recover your memory. When you come to be a president in criminal causes, if you smile upon a prisoner, hang him; but if you frown upon him, and threaten him, let him be sure to scape the gallows.

<sup>1</sup> More securely.

<sup>2</sup> Notion, idea.

<sup>3</sup> Prejudiced.

<sup>4</sup> This device goes further back to the story of Tristram and Iseult.

<sup>5</sup> Height.

*Cast.* I would be a very merry president.

*Bos.* Do not sup a' nights; 'twill beget you an admirable wit.

*Cast.* Rather it would make me have a<sup>20</sup> good stomach<sup>1</sup> to quarrel; for they say, your roaring boys<sup>2</sup> eat meat seldom, and that makes them so valiant. But how shall I know whether the people take me for an eminent fellow?

*Bos.* I will teach a trick to know it: give out you lie a-dying, and if you hear the common people curse you, be sure you are taken for one of the prime night-caps.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter an Old Lady*<sup>4</sup>

You come from painting now?<sup>30</sup>

*Old Lady.* From what?

*Bos.* Why, from your scurvy face-physic. To behold thee not painted, inclines somewhat near a miracle: these in thy face here, were deep ruts, and foul sloughs, the last progress. There was a lady in France, that having had the smallpox, flayed the skin off her face, to making it more level; and whereas before she looked like a nutmeg-grater, after she resembled an abortive<sup>40</sup> hedgehog.

*Old Lady.* Do you call this painting?

*Bos.* No, no, but you call [it] careening<sup>5</sup> of an old morphewed<sup>6</sup> lady, to make her disembugue<sup>7</sup> again: there's rough-cast phrase to your plastic.<sup>8</sup>

*Old Lady.* It seems you are well acquainted with my closet.

*Bos.* One would suspect it for a shop of witchcraft, to find in it the fat of serpents,<sup>50</sup> spawn of snakes, Jews' spittle, and their young children's ordure; and all these for the face. I would sooner eat a dead pigeon, taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague, than kiss one of you fasting.<sup>9</sup> Here are two of you, whose sin of your youth is the very patrimony of the physician; makes him renew his foot-cloth with the spring, and change his high-prized courtesan with the fall of the leaf. I do<sup>60</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Appetite.

<sup>2</sup> Bullies.

<sup>3</sup> Person of importance, "eminent fellow," above.

<sup>4</sup> Sampson queries if this may not be the midwife.

<sup>5</sup> Laying up for repairs.

<sup>6</sup> Leprous.

<sup>7</sup> Discharge a cargo.

<sup>8</sup> Art of cosmetics.

<sup>9</sup> These horrors are not of Webster's invention.



wonder you do not loathe yourselves. Observe my meditation now.

What thing is in this outward form of man  
To be beloved? We account it ominous,  
If nature do produce a colt, or lamb,  
A fawn, or goat, in any limb resembling  
A man, and fly from't as a prodigy.  
Man stands amazed to see his deformity  
In any other creature but himself.  
But in our own flesh, though we bear dis-  
cases

Which have their true names only ta'en  
from beasts,

As the most ulcerous wolf<sup>1</sup> and swinish  
measle,<sup>2</sup>

Though we are eaten up of lice and worms,  
And though continually we bear about us  
A rotten and dead body, we delight  
To hide it in rich tissue; all our fear,  
Nay all our terror, is, lest our physician  
Should put us in the ground, to be made  
sweet.

[To CASTRUCCIO]

Your wife's gone to Rome: you two couple,  
and get you

To the wells at Lucca, to recover your  
aches.

I have other work on foot.

[Exit CASTRUCCIO  
and the Old Lady]

I observe our duchess

Is sick a-days, she pukes, her stomach  
seethes,

The fins of her eyelids look most teeming  
blue,

She wanes i' th' cheek, and waxes fat i' th'  
flank,

And, contrary to our Italian fashion,  
Wears a loose-bodied gown; there's some-  
thing in't.

I have a trick may chance discover it,  
A pretty one: I have bought some apri-  
cocks,<sup>3</sup>

The first our spring yields— [Stands aside]

[Enter ANTONIO and DELIO]

Delio. And so long since married! 10  
You amaze me.

Ant. Let me seal your lips for ever:  
For I did I think, that anything but th' air

Could carry these words from you, I should  
wish

You had no breath at all.—Now, sir, in your  
contemplation?

You are studying to become a great wise  
fellow.

Bos. O, sir, the opinion of wisdom, is a  
foul tetter,<sup>1</sup> that runs all over a man's body:  
if simplicity direct us to have no evil, it  
directs us to a happy being: for the subtlest  
folly proceeds from the subtlest wisdom:  
let me be simply honest.

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Ant. I do understand your inside.<sup>2</sup>

Bos. Do you so?

Ant. Because you would not seem to ap-  
pear to th' world

Puffed up with your preferment, you con-  
tinue

This out-of-fashion melancholy: leave it,  
leave it.

Bos. Give me leave to be honest in any  
phrase, in any compliment whatsoever.  
Shall I confess myself to you? I look no  
higher than I can reach: they are the gods  
that must ride on winged horses. A 110  
lawyer's mule, of a slow pace will both suit  
my disposition and business: for, mark me,  
when a man's mind rides faster than his  
horse can gallop, they quickly both tire.

Ant. You would look up to heaven, but I  
think

The devil, that rules i' th' air, stands in your  
light.

Bos. O, sir, you are lord of the ascen-  
dant,<sup>3</sup> chief man with the duchess; a duke  
was your cousin-german removed. Say you  
were lineally descended from King Pepin, 120  
or he himself, what of this? search the  
heads of the greatest rivers in the world,  
you shall find them but bubbles of water.  
Some would think the souls of princes were  
brought forth by some more weighty cause,  
than those of meaner persons: they are de-  
ceived, there's the same hand to them; the  
like passions sway them; the same reason  
that makes a vicar go to law for a tithe-pig,  
and undo his neighbors, makes them 130  
spoil a whole province, and batter down  
goodly cities with the cannon.

<sup>1</sup> Eruption of the skin.

<sup>2</sup> Nature.

<sup>3</sup> In the rising part of the heavens, a favorable  
astrological position.

<sup>1</sup> Lupus.

<sup>2</sup> Sow, whence supposed the disease.

<sup>3</sup> See below, II. ii. 1-4.



[Enter DUCHESS and Ladies]

*Duch.* Your arm, Antonio: do I not grow fat?

I am exceeding short-winded. Bosola, I would have you, sir, provide for me a litter;

Such a one as the Duchess of Florence rode in.

*Bos.* The duchess used one when she was great with child.

*Duch.* I think she did. Come hither, mend my ruff:<sup>1</sup>

Here, when? thou art such a tedious lady; and

Thy breath smells of lemon peels:<sup>2</sup> would thou hadst done!

Shall I swoon under thy fingers? I am So troubled with the mother.<sup>3</sup>

*Bos.* [aside] I fear too much.

*Duch.* I have heard you say, that the French courtiers

Wear their hats on fore the king.

*Ant.* I have seen it.

*Duch.* In the presence?

*Ant.* Yes.

*Duch.* Why should not we bring up that fashion?

'Tis ceremony more than duty, that consists In the removing of a piece of felt:

Be you the example of the rest o' th' court, Put on your hat first.

*Ant.* You must pardon me:<sup>150</sup> I have seen, in colder countries than in France,

Nobles stand bare to th' prince; and the distinction

Methought showed reverently.

*Bos.* I have a present for your grace.

*Duch.* For me, sir?

*Bos.* Apricocks, madam.

*Duch.* O, sir, where are they?

I have heard of none to year.<sup>4</sup>

*Bos.* [aside] Good, her color rises.

*Duch.* Indeed I thank you; they are wondrous fair ones:

What an unskilful fellow is our gardener!

We shall have none this month.<sup>160</sup>

*Bos.* Will not your grace pare them?

*Duch.* No: they taste of musk, methinks; indeed they do.

<sup>1</sup> Set my ruff straight.

<sup>2</sup> To sweeten the breath.

<sup>3</sup> Hysteria.

<sup>4</sup> This year.

*Bos.* I know not: yet I wish your grace had pared 'em.

*Duch.* Why?

*Bos.* I forgot to tell you, the knave gardener,

Only to raise his profit by them the sooner, Did ripen them in horse-dung.

*Duch.* O, you jest.—

You shall judge: pray, taste one.

*Ant.* Indeed, madam,

I do not love the fruit.

*Duch.* Sir, you are loath

To rob us of our dainties: 'tis a delicate fruit;

They say they are restorative.

*Bos.* 'Tis a pretty <sup>170</sup>

Art, this grafting

*Duch.* 'Tis so: a bettering of nature.

*Bos.* To make a pippin grow upon a crab, A damson on a black-thorn.—[Aside] How greedily she eats them!

A whirlwind strike off these bawd farthingales!<sup>1</sup>

For, but for that, and the loose-bodied gown, I should have discovered apparently

The young springal<sup>2</sup> cutting a caper in her belly.

*Duch.* I thank you, Bosola: they were right good ones,

If they do not make me sick.

*Ant.* How now, madam? <sup>180</sup>

*Duch.* This green fruit and my stomach are not friends:

How they swell me!

*Bos.* [aside] Nay, you are too much swelled already.

*Duch.* O, I am in an extreme cold sweat!

*Bos.* I am very sorry, [Exit]

*Duch.* Lights to my chamber! O good Antonio,

I fear I am undone!

*Exeunt DUCHESS [and Ladies]*

*Delio.* Lights there, lights!

*Ant.* O my most trusty Delio, we are lost!

I fear she's fallen in labor; and there's left No time for her remove.

*Delio.* Have you prepared

Those ladies to attend her? and procured <sup>190</sup> That politic safe conveyance for the mid-

wife,

Your duchess plotted?

<sup>1</sup> Hoop petticoats.

<sup>2</sup> Youngster.



*Ant.* I have.

*Delio.* Make use then of this forced occasion:

Give out that Bosola hath poisoned her  
With these apricocks; that will give some  
color

For her keeping close.

*Ant.* Fie, fie, the physicians  
Will then flock to her.

*Delio.* For that you may pretend  
She'll use some prepared antidote of her  
own,

Lest the physicians should re-poison her.

*Ant.* I am lost in amazement: I know not  
what to think on't. *Ex[eunt]* 200

## SCENA II

[A Room in the Palace of the Duchess]

[Enter] BOSOLA

*Bos.* So, so, there's no question but her  
techiness and most vulturous eating of the  
apricocks, are apparent signs of breeding.

[Enter Old Lady]

Now?

*Old Lady.* I am in haste, sir.

*Bos.* There was a young waiting-woman,  
had a monstrous desire to see the glass-  
house—

*Old Lady.* Nay, pray let me go.

*Bos.* And it was only to know what 10  
strange instrument it was, should swell up  
a glass to the fashion of a woman's belly.

*Old Lady.* I will hear no more of the  
glass-house. You are still 1 abusing women?

*Bos.* Who, I? no, only, by the way, now  
and then, mention your frailties. The  
orange-tree bears ripe and green fruit and  
blossoms, altogether: and some of you give  
entertainment for pure love, but more, for  
more precious reward. The lusty spring 20  
smells well; but drooping autumn tastes  
well. If we have the same golden showers,  
that rained in the time of Jupiter the  
thunderer, you have the same Danaës still,  
to hold up their laps to receive them. Didst  
thou never study the mathematics?

*Old Lady.* What's that, sir?

*Bos.* Why, to know the trick how to  
make a many lines meet in one center.

<sup>1</sup> Always.

Go, go, give your foster-daughters good 20  
counsel: tell them, that the devil takes  
delight to hang at a woman's girdle, like a  
false rusty watch, that she cannot discern  
how the times passes. *[Exit Old Lady]*

[Enter ANTONIO, RODERIGO, DELIO, and  
GRISOLAN]

*Ant.* Shut up the court-gates.

*Rod.* Why, sir? what's the danger?

*Ant.* Shut up the posterns presently, and  
call

All the officers o' th' court.

*Gris.* I shall instantly. *[Exit]*

*Ant.* Who keeps the key o' th' park-gate?

*Rod.* Forobosco.

*Ant.* Let him bring't presently.

[Enter GRISOLAN and Servants]

1 *Serv.* O gentlemen o' th' court, the  
foulest treason! 40

*Bos.* *[aside]* If that these apricocks  
should be poisoned now,

Without my knowledge!

1 *Serv.* There was taken even now a  
Switzer<sup>1</sup> in the duchess' bedchamber—

2 *Serv.* A Switzer!

1 *Serv.* With a pistol in his great cod-  
piece.<sup>2</sup>

*Bos.* Ha, ha, ha!

1 *Serv.* The cod-piece was the case for't.

2 *Serv.* There was a cunning traitor; who  
would have searched his cod-piece?

1 *Serv.* True, if he had kept out of the 20  
ladies' chambers: and all the moulds of his  
buttons were leaden bullets.

2 *Serv.* O wicked cannibal! a firelock in's  
cod-piece!

1 *Serv.* 'Twas a French plot, upon my life.

2 *Serv.* To see what the devil can do!

*Ant.* [Are] all the officers here?

*Servants.* We are.

*Ant.* Gentlemen,

We have lost much plate you know; and  
but this evening 60

Jewels, to the value of four thousand ducats,  
Are missing in the duchess' cabinet.

Are the gates shut?

*Serv.* Yes.

*Ant.* 'Tis the duchess' pleasure

<sup>1</sup> Guardsman.

<sup>2</sup> An appendage to the tight hose of earlier time.



Each officer be locked into his chamber  
Till the sun-rising; and to send the keys  
Of all their chests, and of their outward  
doors

Into her bedchamber. She is very sick.

*Rod.* At her pleasure.

*Ant.* She entreats you tak't not ill: the  
innocent

Shall be more approved by it. 70

*Bos.* Gentlemen o' th' wood-yard, where's  
your Switzer now?

1 *Serv.* By this hand, 'twas credibly re-  
ported by one o' th' black guard.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exeunt all except*  
*ANTONIO and DELIO*]

*Delio.* How fares it with the duchess?

*Ant.* She's exposed

Unto the worst of torture, pain and fear.

*Delio.* Speak to her all happy comfort.

*Ant.* How I do play the fool with mine  
own danger!

You are this night, dear friend, to post to  
Rome:

My life lies in your service.

*Delio.* Do not doubt me.

*Ant.* O, 'tis far from me! and yet fear  
presents me

Somewhat that looks like danger.

*Delio.* Believe it, <sup>80</sup>

'Tis but the shadow of your fear, no more.

How superstitiously we mind our evils!

The throwing down salt, or crossing of a  
hare,

Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,

Or singing of a cricket, are of power

To daunt whole man in us, Sir, fare you  
well:

I wish you all the joys of a blest father;

And, for my faith, lay this unto your breast,

Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted  
best. [*Exit*]

[*Enter CARIOLA*]

*Cari.* Sir. you are the happy father of a  
son: 80

Your wife commends him to you.

*Ant.* Blessèd comfort!

For heaven-sake tend her well: I'll presently  
Go set a figure for's nativity.<sup>2</sup> *Exeunt*

### SCENA III

[*Court of the Duchess' Palace*]

[*Enter BOSOLA, with a dark lanthorn*]

*Bos.* Sure I did hear a woman shriek:  
list, ha!

And the sound came, if I received it right,  
From the duchess' lodgings. There's some  
stratagem

In the confining all our courtiers  
To their several wards: I must have part  
of it;<sup>1</sup>

My intelligence will freeze else. List, again!  
It may be 'twas the melancholy bird,  
Best friend of silence and of solitariness,  
The owl, that screamed so. Ha! Antonio!

[*Enter ANTONIO, with a candle, his sword  
drawn*]

*Ant.* I heard some noise. Who's there?  
what art thou? speak. 10

*Bos.* Antonio? put not your face nor body  
To such a forced expression of fear:  
I am Bosola, your friend.

*Ant.* Bosola! [*Aside*]

This mole does undermine me—Heard you  
not

A noise even now?

*Bos.* From whence?

*Ant.* From the duchess' lodging.

*Bos.* Not I: did you?

*Ant.* I did, or else I dreamed.

*Bos.* Let's walk towards it.

*Ant.* No: it may be 'twas  
But the rising of the wind.

*Bos.* Very likely.

Methinks 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat.  
You look wildly.

*Ant.* I have been setting a figure<sup>2</sup> 20  
For the duchess' jewels.

*Bos.* Ah, and how falls your question?  
Do you find it radical?<sup>3</sup>

*Ant.* What's that to you?

'Tis rather to be questioned what design,  
When all men were commanded to their  
lodgings,

Makes you a night-walker.

*Bos.* In sooth I'll tell you:

<sup>1</sup> In it, what is going on.

<sup>2</sup> Making a calculation.

<sup>3</sup> Go to the root.

<sup>1</sup> Scullions.

<sup>2</sup> Calculate his horoscope.



Now all the court's asleep, I thought the devil  
Had least to do here; I came to say my prayers,

And if it do offend you<sup>1</sup> I do so,  
You are a fine courtier.

*Ant.* [*aside*] This fellow will undo me.—  
You gave the duchess apricocks to-day: <sup>30</sup>  
Pray heaven they were not poisoned.

*Bos.* Poisoned! a Spanish fig<sup>2</sup>  
For the imputation.

*Ant.* Traitors are ever confident,  
Till they are discovered. There were jewels  
stol'n too:

In my conceit,<sup>3</sup> none are to be suspected  
More than yourself.

*Bos.* You are a false steward.

*Ant.* Saucy slave, I'll pull thee up by the roots.

*Bos.* May be the ruin will crush you to pieces.

*Ant.* You are an impudent snake indeed, sir.

Are you scarce warm,<sup>4</sup> and do you show  
your sting? <sup>40</sup>

You libel<sup>5</sup> well, sir?

*Bos.* No, sir: copy it out,  
And I will set my hand to't.

*Ant.* [*aside*] My nose bleeds.<sup>6</sup>  
One that were superstitious would count  
This ominous, when it merely comes by  
chance:

Two letters, that are wrought<sup>7</sup> here for my  
name,

Are drowned in blood: mere accident.—For  
you, sir,

I'll take order; i' th' morn you shall be  
safe—

[*aside*] 'Tis that must color her lying-in.—  
Sir, this door you pass not:

I do not hold it fit that you come near <sup>50</sup>  
The duchess' lodgings, till you have quit  
yourself.—

[*aside*] The great are like the base, nay,  
they are the same,

When they seek shameful ways to avoid  
shame. *Ex[it]*

*Bos.* Antonio hereabout did drop a paper.  
Some of your help, false friend.<sup>8</sup> O, here it  
is:

<sup>1</sup> That I do so.

<sup>2</sup> A gesture with the fingers conveying contempt.

<sup>3</sup> Opinion.

<sup>4</sup> In your place.

<sup>5</sup> Write.

<sup>6</sup> A bad omen.

<sup>7</sup> Written.

<sup>8</sup> To his lantern.

What's here? a child's nativity calculated!

*The Duchess was delivered of a son, 'tween the hours twelve and one in the night, Anno Dom. 1504 (that's this year), decimo nono Decembris (that's this night), taken according to the meridian of Malfi (that's our Duchess: happy discovery!) The lord of the first house being combust in the ascendant, signifies short life; and Mars being in a human sign, joined to the tail of the Dragon, in the eighth house, doth threaten a violent death. Cætera non scrutantur.*

Why, now 'tis most apparent: this precise fellow

Is the duchess' bawd—I have it to my wish!  
This is a parcel of intelligency<sup>1</sup> <sup>70</sup>

Our courtiers were cased up for: it needs  
must follow,

That I must be committed, on pretence  
Of poisoning her; which I'll endure, and  
laugh at.

If one could find the father now! but that  
Time will discover. Old Castruccio

I' th' morning posts to Rome: by him I'll  
send

A letter that shall make her brothers' galls  
O'erflow their livers. This was a thrifty<sup>2</sup>  
way.

Though Lust do mask in ne'er so strange  
disguise, <sup>80</sup>

She's oft found witty, but is never wise.

[*Exit*]

#### SCENA IV

[*Rome. An Apartment in the Cardinal's Palace*]

[*Enter CARDINAL and JULIA*]

*Card.* Sit: thou art my best of wishes.  
Prithee tell me,

What trick didst thou invent to come to  
Rome

Without thy husband?

*Julia.* Why, my lord, I told him  
I came to visit an old anchorite<sup>3</sup>

Here, for devotion.

*Card.* Thou art a witty false one,—  
I mean, to him.

*Julia.* You have prevailed with me

<sup>1</sup> A veritable piece of news.

<sup>2</sup> Clever.

<sup>3</sup> A recluse.



Beyond my strongest thoughts; I would not  
now

Find you inconstant.

*Card.* Do not put thyself  
To such a voluntary torture, which proceeds  
Out of your own guilt.

*Julia.* How, my lord?

*Card.* You fear<sup>10</sup>  
My constancy, because you have approved<sup>1</sup>  
Those giddy and wild turnings in yourself.

*Julia.* Did you e'er find them?

*Card.* Sooth, generally; for women,  
A man might strive to make glass malleable,  
Ere he should make them fixed.

*Julia.* So, my lord.

*Card.* We had need go borrow that fan-  
tastic glass,

Invented by Galileo<sup>2</sup> the Florentine,  
To view another spacious world i' th' moon,  
And look to find a constant woman there.

*Julia.* This is very well, my lord.

*Card.* Why do you weep?<sup>20</sup>  
Are tears your justification? the self-same  
tears

Will fall into your husband's bosom, lady,  
With a loud protestation that you love him  
Above the world. Come, I'll love you  
wisely:

That's jealously; since I am very certain  
You cannot make me cuckold.

*Julia.* I'll go home  
To my husband.

*Card.* You may thank me, lady:  
I have taken you off your melancholy perch,  
Bore you upon my fist,<sup>3</sup> and showed you  
game,

And let you fly at it.—I pray thee, kiss  
me.—<sup>30</sup>

When thou wast with thy husband, thou  
wast watched

Like a tame elephant:—(still you are to  
thank me:)—

Thou hadst only kisses from him, and high  
feeding;

But what delight was that? 'Twas just like  
one

That hath a little fingering on the lute,  
Yet cannot tune it:—still you are to thank  
me.

*Julia.* You told me of a piteous wound i'  
th' heart,

And a sick liver, when you wooed me first,  
And spake like one in physic.<sup>1</sup>

*Card.* Who's that?—

[Enter Servant]

Rest firm, for my affection to thee, <sup>40</sup>  
Lightning moves slow to't.

*Serv.* Madam, a gentleman,  
That's come post from Malfi, desires to see  
you.

*Card.* Let him enter: I'll withdraw. *Exit*  
*Serv.* He says,

Your husband, old Castruccio, is come to  
Rome.

Most pitifully tired with riding post.

[Exit]

[Enter DELIO]

*Julia.* [aside] Signior Delio! 'tis one of  
my old suitors.

*Delio.* I was bold to come and see you.

*Julia.* Sir, you are welcome.

*Delio.* Do you lie<sup>2</sup> here?

*Julia.* Sure, your own experience  
Will satisfy you, no: our Roman prelates  
Do not keep lodging for ladies.

*Delio.* Very well: <sup>50</sup>  
I have brought you no commendations from  
your husband,

For I know none by him.

*Julia.* I hear he's come to Rome.

*Delio.* I never knew man and beast, of a  
horse and a knight,  
So weary of each other. If he had had a  
good back,

He would have undertook to have borne his  
horse,

His breech was so pitifully sore.

*Julia.* Your laughter  
Is my pity.<sup>3</sup>

*Delio.* Lady, I know not whether  
You want money, but I have brought you  
some.

*Julia.* From my husband?

*Delio.* No, from mine own allowance.

*Julia.* I must hear the condition, ere I be  
bound to take it. <sup>60</sup>

*Delio.* Look on't, 'tis gold; hath it not a  
fine color?

*Julia.* I have a bird more beautiful.

<sup>1</sup> Under treatment.

<sup>2</sup> Lodge.

<sup>3</sup> What you laugh at, I pity.

<sup>1</sup> Experienced.

<sup>2</sup> Galileo invented the telescope about 1609.

<sup>3</sup> Like a hawk.



*Delio.* Try the sound on't.

*Julia.* A lute-string far exceeds it:  
It hath no smell, like cassia, or civet;  
Nor is it physical,<sup>1</sup> though some fond<sup>2</sup> doc-  
tors  
Persuade us seeth['t] in cullises.<sup>3</sup> I'll tell  
you,  
This is a creature bred by—

[Enter Servant]

*Serv.* Your husband's come,  
Hath delivered a letter to the Duke of  
Calabria,  
That to my thinking, hath put him out of  
his wits. [Exit]

*Julia.* Sir, you hear:  
Pray let me know your business, and your  
suit,  
As briefly as can be.

*Delio.* With good speed: I would wish  
you,  
At such time as you are non-resident  
With your husband, my mistress.

*Julia.* Sir, I'll go ask my husband if I  
shall,  
And straight return your answer. \* [Exit]

*Delio.* Very fine.  
Is this her wit, or honesty, that speaks thus?  
I heard one say the duke was highly moved  
With a letter sent from Malfi. I do fear<sup>4</sup>  
Antonio is betrayed: how fearfully<sup>5</sup>  
Shows his ambition now! unfortunate for-  
tune!  
They pass through whirlpools, and deep  
woes to shun,  
Who the event weigh, ere the action's done.  
[Exit]

## SCENA V

[The Same]

[Enter] CARDINAL, and FERDINAND with a  
letter

*Ferd.* I have this night digged up a  
mandrake.<sup>6</sup>

*Card.* Say you?

*Ferd.* And I am grown mad with't.

*Card.* What's the prodigy?

<sup>1</sup> Medicinal.

<sup>2</sup> Foolish.

<sup>3</sup> Stew it in broth.

<sup>4</sup> Full of fear.

<sup>5</sup> An operation supposed to drive one mad.

*Ferd.* Read there, a sister damned; she's  
loose i' th' hilts;<sup>1</sup>

Grown a notorious strumpet.

*Card.* Speak lower.

*Ferd.* Lower!

Rogues do not whisper't now, but seek to  
publish't

(As servants do the bounty of their lords)  
Aloud; and with a covetous searching eye,  
To mark who note them. O, confusion seize  
her!

She hath had most cunning bawds to serve  
her turn,

And more secure conveyances for lust,  
Than towns of garrison for service.

*Card.* Is't possible?

Can this be certain?

*Ferd.* Rhubarb, O, for rhubarb,  
To purge this choler! here's the cursèd day  
To prompt my memory; and here't shall  
stick

Till of her bleeding heart I make a sponge  
To wipe it out.

*Card.* Why do you make yourself  
So wild a tempest?

*Ferd.* Would I could be one,  
That I might toss her palace 'bout her ears,  
Root up her goodly forests, blast her meads,  
And lay her general territory as waste,  
As she hath done her honors.

*Card.* Shall our blood,  
The royal blood of Arragon and Castile,  
Be thus attainted?

*Ferd.* Apply desperate physic:  
We must not now use balsamum, but fire,  
The smarting cupping-glass, for that's the  
mean

To purge infected blood, such blood as hers.  
There is a kind of pity in mine eye,  
I'll give it to my handkerchief; and now 'tis  
here

I'll bequeath this to her bastard.

*Card.* What to do?

*Ferd.* Why, to make soft lint for his  
mother's wounds,  
When I have hewed her to pieces.

*Card.* Cursèd creature!  
Unequal nature, to place women's hearts  
So far upon the left side!

*Ferd.* Foolish men,  
That e'er will trust their honor in a bark  
Made of so slight weak bulrush as is woman,  
Apt every minute to sink it!

<sup>1</sup> Not chaste.



*Card.* Thus ignorance, when it hath purchased honor,  
It cannot wield it.

*Ferd.* Methinks I see her laughing:—  
Excellent hyena! Talk to me somewhat,  
quickly,  
Or my imagination will carry me <sup>60</sup>  
To see her in the shameful act of sin.

*Card.* With whom?

*Ferd.* Happily with some  
strong-thighed bargeman,  
Or one o' th' wood-yard, that can quoit<sup>1</sup> the  
sledge,  
Or toss the bar, or else some lovely squire  
That carries coals up to her privy lodgings.

*Card.* You fly beyond your reason.

*Ferd.* Go to, mistress!  
'Tis not your whore's milk that shall quench  
my wildfire,  
But your whore's blood.

*Card.* How idly shows this rage, which  
carries you,  
As men conveyed by witches through the  
air, <sup>60</sup>  
On violent whirlwinds! This intemperate  
noise  
Fitly resembles deaf men's shrill discourse,  
Who talk aloud, thinking all other men  
To have their imperfection.

*Ferd.* Have not you  
My palsy?

*Card.* Yes, [yet]<sup>2</sup> I can be angry  
Without this rupture:<sup>3</sup> there is not in na-  
ture

A thing that makes man so deformed, so  
beastly,  
As doth intemperate anger. Chide yourself.  
You have divers men who never yet ex-  
pressed

Their strong desire of rest, but by unrest, <sup>60</sup>  
By vexing of themselves. Come, put your-  
self  
In tune.

*Ferd.* So: I will only study to seem  
The thing I am not. I could kill her now,  
In you, or in myself; for I do think  
It is some sin in us, heaven doth revenge  
By her.

*Card.* Are you stark mad?

*Ferd.* I would have their bodies

Burnt in a coal-pit with the ventage stopped,  
That their cursed smoke might not ascend  
to heaven;

Or dip the sheets they lie in, in pitch or  
sulphur,

Wrap them in't, and then light them like a  
match; <sup>70</sup>

Or else to-boil<sup>1</sup> their bastard to a cullis<sup>2</sup>  
And give't his lecherous father, to renew  
The sin of his back.

*Card.* I'll leave you.

*Ferd.* Nay, I have done.  
I am confident, had I been damned in hell,  
And should have heard of this, it would  
have put me

Into a cold sweat. In, in, I'll go sleep.  
Till I know who leaps my sister, I'll not  
stir:

That known, I'll find scorpions to string my  
whips,

And fix her in a general eclipse. *Exeunt*

### ACTUS III, SCENA I

[*Amalfi.* An Apartment in the Palace of  
the Duchess]

[*Enter*] ANTONIO and DELIO

*Ant.* Our noble friend, my most belovèd  
Delio!

O, you have been a stranger long at court:  
Came you along with the lord Ferdinand?

*Delio.* I did, sir: and how fares your  
noble duchess?

*Ant.* Right fortunately well: she's an ex-  
cellent

Feeder of pedigrees; since you last saw her,  
She hath had two children more, a son and  
daughter.

*Delio.* Methinks 'twas yesterday; let me  
but wink,  
And not behold your face—which to mine  
eye

Is somewhat leaner—verily I should dream <sup>10</sup>  
It were within this half hour.

*Ant.* You have not been in law, friend  
Delio,

Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the court,  
Nor begged the reversion of some great  
man's place,

Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth  
make

<sup>1</sup> Cook to shreds.

<sup>2</sup> Broth.

<sup>1</sup> Throw the hammer.

<sup>2</sup> Qq. omit yet.

<sup>3</sup> Breaking out.



Your time so insensibly hasten.

*Delio.* Pray, sir, tell me,  
Hath not this news arrived yet to the ear  
Of the lord Cardinal?

*Ant.* I fear it hath:  
The lord Ferdinand, that's newly come to  
court,  
Doth bear himself right dangerously.

*Delio.* Pray, why? <sup>20</sup>

*Ant.* He is so quiet, that he seems to sleep  
The tempest out, as dormice do in winter.  
Those houses that are haunted, are most  
still

Till the devil be up.

*Delio.* What say the common people?

*Ant.* The common rabble do directly say  
She is a strumpet.

*Delio.* And your graver heads,  
Which would be politic, what censure they?

*Ant.* They do observe, I grow to infinite  
purchase,<sup>1</sup>  
The left hand way; and all suppose the  
duchess

Would amend it, if she could: for, say they,  
Great princes, though they grudge their  
officers <sup>31</sup>

Should have such large and unconfined  
means

To get wealth under them, will not com-  
plain,

Lest thereby they should make them odious  
Unto the people. For other obligation  
Of love or marriage, between her and me,  
They never dream of.

*Delio.* The lord Ferdinand  
Is going to bed.

[Enter DUCHESS, FERDINAND, and BOSOLA]

*Ferd.* I'll instantly to bed,  
For I am weary. I am to bespeak  
A husband for you.

*Duch.* For me, sir! pray who is't? <sup>40</sup>

*Ferd.* The great Count Malateste.

*Duch.* Fie upon him:  
A count! He's a mere stick of sugar-candy;  
You may look quite thorough him. When  
I choose

A husband, I will marry for your honor.

*Ferd.* You shall do well in't. How is't,  
worthy Antonio?

*Duch.* But, sir, I am to have private con-  
ference with you

<sup>1</sup> Wealth.

About a scandalous report is spread  
Touching mine honor.

*Ferd.* Let me be ever deaf to't:  
One of Pasquil's paper-bullets,<sup>1</sup> court-  
calumny,

A pestilent air, which princes' palaces <sup>50</sup>  
Are seldom purged of. Yet, say that it were  
true,

I pour it in your bosom, my fixed love  
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay, deny  
Faults, were they apparent in you. Go, be  
safe

In your own innocency.

*Duch.* O blessed comfort!  
This deadly air is purged.

*Exeunt [all but FERDINAND and BOSOLA]*

*Ferd.* Her guilt treads on  
Hot burning coulters.<sup>2</sup> Now Besola,  
How thrives our intelligence?

*Bos.* Sir, uncertainly:  
'Tis rumored she hath had three bastards,  
but

By whom, we may go read i' th' stars.

*Ferd.* Why some <sup>60</sup>  
Hold opinion, all things are written there.

*Bos.* Yes, if we could find spectacles to  
read them.

I do suspect, there hath been some sorcery  
Used on the duchess.

*Ferd.* Sorcery! to what purpose?

*Bos.* To make her dote on some desertless  
fellow,  
She shames to acknowledge.

*Ferd.* Can your faith give way  
To think there's power in potions, or in  
charms,

To make us love whether we will or no?

*Bos.* Most certainly.

*Ferd.* Away, these are mere gulleries,<sup>4</sup>  
horrid things, <sup>70</sup>

Invented by some cheating mountebanks,  
To abuse us. Do you think that herbs, or  
charms,

Can force the will? Some trials have been  
made

In this foolish practice, but the ingredients  
Were lenitive<sup>5</sup> poisons, such as are of force  
To make the patient mad; and straight the  
witch

Swears by equivocation they are in love.

<sup>1</sup> Satirical lampoons posted in public.

<sup>2</sup> Plowshears.

<sup>3</sup> Spying.

<sup>4</sup> Cheats.

<sup>5</sup> Soothing.



The witchcraft lies in her rank blood. This  
 night  
 I will force confession from her. You told  
 me  
 You had got, within these two days, a false  
 key  
 Into her bedchamber.

*Bos.* I have.

*Ferd.* As I would wish.

*Bos.* What do you intend to do?

*Ferd.* Can you guess?

*Bos.* No.

*Ferd.* Do not ask then:  
 He that can compass me, and know my  
 drifts,<sup>1</sup>

May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the  
 world,

And sounded all her quicksands.

*Bos.* I do not  
 Think so.

*Ferd.* What do you think, then, pray?

*Bos.* That you  
 Are your own chronicle too much, and  
 grossly  
 Flatter yourself.

*Ferd.* Give me thy hand; I thank thee:  
 I never gave pension but to flatterers,  
 Till I entertained thee. Farewell.  
 That friend a great man's ruin strongly  
 checks,

Who rails into his belief all his defects.

*Exeunt*

## SCENA II

[A Bed-Chamber in the Duchess's Palace]

[Enter DUCHESS, ANTONIO, and CARIOLA]

*Duch.* Bring me the casket hither, and the  
 glass.—

You get no lodging here to night, my lord.

*Ant.* Indeed, I must persuade one.

*Duch.* Very good:  
 I hope in time 'twill grow into a custom,  
 That noblemen shall come with cap and  
 knee,  
 To purchase a night's lodging of their  
 wives.

*Ant.* I must lie here.

*Duch.* Must! you are a lord of misrule.

*Ant.* Indeed, my rule is only in the night.

*Duch.* To what use will you put me?

*Ant.* We'll sleep together.

<sup>1</sup> Plans.

*Duch.* Alas, what pleasure can two lovers  
 find in sleep!

*Cari.* My lord, I lie with her often; and  
 I know

She'll much disquiet you.

*Ant.* See, you are complained of.

*Cari.* For she's the sprawlingest bedfellow.

*Ant.* I shall like her the better for that.

*Cari.* Sir, shall I ask you a question?

*Ant.* Aye, pray thee, Cariola.

*Cari.* Wherefore still, when you lie with  
 my lady,

Do you rise so early?

*Ant.* Laboring men

Count the clock oftenest, Cariola;

Are glad when their task's ended.

*Duch.* I'll stop your mouth.

*Ant.* Nay, that's but one; Venus had two  
 soft doves

To draw her chariot; I must have another.

When wilt thou marry, Cariola?

*Cari.* Never, my lord.

*Ant.* O, fie upon this single life! forego it.  
 We read how Daphne, for her peevish slight,<sup>1</sup>  
 Became a fruitless bay-tree; Syrinx turned  
 To the pale empty reed; Anaxarete  
 Was frozen into marble:<sup>2</sup> whereas those  
 Which married, or proved kind unto their  
 friends,

Were, by a gracious influence, transhaped<sup>3</sup>  
 Into the olive, pomegranate, mulberry,  
 Became flowers, precious stones, or eminent  
 stars.

*Cari.* This is a vain poetry; but I pray  
 you tell me,

If there were proposed me, wisdom, riches,  
 and beauty,

In three several young men, which should  
 I choose?

*Ant.* 'Tis a hard question: this was Paris'  
 case,

And he was blind in't, and there was great  
 cause;

For how was't possible he could judge right,  
 Having three amorous goddesses in view,

And they stark naked? 'twas a motion<sup>3</sup>  
 Were able to benight the apprehension

Of the severest counsellor of Europe.

Now I look on both your faces so well  
 formed,

<sup>1</sup> Slight of Apollo.

<sup>2</sup> For refusing the love of Iphis.

<sup>3</sup> Sight.



It puts me in mind of a question I would ask.

*Cari.* What is't?

*Ant.* I do wonder why hard-favored ladies,  
For the most part, keep worse-favored waiting-women  
To attend them, and cannot endure fair ones.

*Duch.* O, that's soon answered.  
Did you ever in your life know an ill painter  
Desire to have his dwelling next door to the shop  
Of an excellent picture-maker? 'Twould disgrace

His face-making, and undo him. I prithee,  
When were we so merry? My hair tangles.

*Ant.* Pray thee, Cariola, let's steal forth the room,  
And let her talk to herself: I have divers times  
Served her the like, when she hath chafed extremely.

I love to see her angry. Softly, Cariola.

*Excunt* [ANTONIO and CARIOLA]

*Duch.* Doth not the color of my hair 'gin to change?  
When I wax grey, I shall have all the court  
Powder their hair with arras<sup>1</sup> to be like me.  
You have cause to love me; I entered you into my heart

[*Enter FERDINAND unscen*]

Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keys.

We shall one day have my brothers take you napping.

Methinks his presence, being now at court,  
Should make you keep your own bed; but you'll say

Love mixed with fear is sweetest. I'll assure you,

You shall get no more children till my brothers

Consent to be your gossips. Have you lost your tongue?

'Tis welcome:<sup>2</sup>

For know, whether I am doomed to live or die,

I can do both like a prince.

*FERDINAND gives her a poniard*

*Ferd.* Die then quickly.

<sup>1</sup> Orris-root powdered.    <sup>2</sup> 'Tis a welcome loss.

Virtue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing

Is it that doth eclipse thee?

*Duch.* Pray, sir, hear me.

*Ferd.* Or is it true thou art but a bare name,

And no essential thing?

*Duch.* Sir—

*Ferd.* Do not speak.

*Duch.* No, sir:

I will plant my soul in mine ears, to hear you.

*Ferd.* O most imperfect light of human reason,

That mak'st [us] so unhappy to foresee

What we can least prevent! Pursue thy wishes,

And glory in them: there's in shame no comfort,

But to be past all bounds and sense of shame.

*Duch.* I pray, sir, hear me: I am married.

*Ferd.* So!

*Duch.* Happily<sup>1</sup> not to your liking: but for that,

Alas, your shears do come untimely<sup>2</sup> now  
To clip the bird's wings, that's already flown!

Will you see my husband?

*Ferd.* Yes, if I could change

Eyes with a basilisk.<sup>3</sup>

*Duch.* Sure, you came hither

By his confederacy.

*Ferd.* The howling of a wolf

Is music to thee, screech-owl: prithee, peace.

Whate'er thou art that hast enjoyed my sister,

For I am sure thou hear'st me, for thine own sake

Let me not know thee. I came hither prepared

To work thy discovery;<sup>4</sup> yet am now persuaded

It would beget such violent effects

As would damn us both. I would not for ten millions

I had beheld thee: therefore use all means

I never may have knowledge of thy name;

Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,

<sup>1</sup> Possibly, as it happens.

<sup>2</sup> Not in good time.

<sup>3</sup> And thus kill with a look.

<sup>4</sup> To find out who thou art.



On that condition. And for thee, vild<sup>1</sup>  
 woman,<sup>100</sup>  
 If thou do wish thy lecher may grow old  
 In thy embracements, I would have thee  
 build

Such a room for him as our anchorites  
 To holier use inhabit. Let not the sun  
 Shine on him, till he's dead; let dogs and  
 monkeys

Only converse with him, and such dumb  
 things

To whom nature denies use to sound his  
 name;

Do not keep a paraquito, lest she learn it;  
 If thou do love him, cut out thine own  
 tongue

Lest it bewray him.

*Duch.* Why might not I marry?<sup>110</sup>  
 I have not gone about in this to create  
 Any new world of custom.

*Ferd.* Thou art undone;  
 And thou hast ta'en that massy sheet of lead  
 That hid thy husband's bones, and folded it  
 About my heart.

*Duch.* Mine bleeds for't!

*Ferd.* Thine! thy heart!  
 What should I name't, unless a hollow bullet  
 Filled with unquenchable wildfire?

*Duch.* You are in this  
 Too strict;<sup>2</sup> and were you not my princely  
 brother,

I would say, too wilful: my reputation  
 Is safe.

*Ferd.* Dost thou know what reputation is?  
 I'll tell thee,—to small purpose, since th'  
 instruction<sup>120</sup>

Comes now too late.

Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death  
 Would travel o'er the world; and it was  
 concluded

That they should part, and take three sev-  
 eral ways.

Death told them, they should find him in  
 great battles,

Or cities plagued with plagues: Love gives  
 them counsel

To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious  
 shepherds,

Where dowries were not talked of, and  
 sometimes

'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing  
 left<sup>130</sup>

By their dead parents: 'Stay,' quoth Repu-  
 tation,

'Do not forsake me; for it is my nature  
 If once I part from any man I meet,  
 I am never found again.' And so, for you;  
 You have shook hands with Reputation,  
 And made him invisible. So fare you well:  
 I will never see you more.

*Duch.* Why should only I,  
 Of all the other princes of the world,  
 Be cased up, like a holy relic? I have youth,  
 And a little beauty.

*Ferd.* So you have some virgins<sup>140</sup>  
 That are witches.<sup>1</sup> I will never see thee  
 more. *Exit*

*Enter ANTONIO with a pistol, [and CARIOLA]*

*Duch.* You saw this apparition?

*Ant.* Yes. we are  
 Betrayed. How came he hither? I should  
 turn  
 This to thee, for that.

[*To CARIOLA*]  
*Cari.* Pray, sir, do; and when  
 That you have cleft my heart, you shall  
 read there  
 Mine innocence.

*Duch.* That gallery gave him entrance.  
*Ant.* I would this terrible thing would  
 come again,

That, standing on my guard, I might relate  
 My warrantable love! Ha! what means this?

[*She shows the poniard*]  
*Duch.* He left this with me.

*Ant.* And it seems, did wish<sup>150</sup>  
 You would use it on yourself.

*Duch.* His action seemed  
 To intend so much.

*Ant.* This hath a handle to't,  
 As well as a point: turn it towards him, and  
 So fasten the keen edge in his rank gall.

[*Knocking within*]  
 How now? who knocks? more earthquakes!

*Duch.* I stand  
 As if a mine beneath my feet were ready  
 To be blown up.

*Cari.* 'Tis Bosola.

*Duch.* Away!  
 O misery! methinks [that] unjust actions  
 Should wear these masks and curtains, and  
 not we.

<sup>1</sup> A variant of *vile*.

<sup>2</sup> Severe.

<sup>1</sup> Similarly there are some virgins, etc.



You must instantly part hence: I have fashioned it already. 100

*Exit* ANTONIO

[*Enter* BOSOLA]

*Bos.* The duke your brother is ta'en up in a whirlwind;  
Hath took horse, and's rid post to Rome.

*Duch.* So late!

*Bos.* He told me, as he mounted into th' saddle,  
You were undone.

*Duch.* Indeed, I am very near it.

*Bos.* What's the matter?

*Duch.* Antonio, the master of our household,  
Hath dealt so falsely with me in's accounts:  
My brother stood engaged with me for money

Ta'en up of certain Neapolitan Jews,  
And Antonio lets the bonds be forfeit. 150

*Bos.* Strange!—[*aside*] This is cunning!

*Duch.* And hereupon  
My brother's bills at Naples are protested  
Again. Call up our officers.

*Bos.* I shall. *Exit*

[*Enter* ANTONIO]

*Duch.* The place that you must fly to, is Ancona:

Hire a house there; I'll send after you  
My treasure, and my jewels. Our weak safety

Runs upon ingenious wheels:<sup>1</sup> short syllables,

Must stand for periods. I must now accuse you

Of such a feigned crime, as Tasso calls  
*Magnanima menzogna*, a noble lie, 180  
'Cause it must shield our honors:—hark,  
they are coming!

[*Enter* BOSOLA and Officers]

*Ant.* Will your grace hear me?

*Duch.* I have got well by you; you have yielded me

A million of loss: I am like to inherit  
The people's curses for your stewardship.  
You had the trick in audit-time to be sick,  
Till I had signed your *quietus*;<sup>2</sup> and that cured you

<sup>1</sup> Contrivance.

<sup>2</sup> Receipt.

Without help of a doctor. Gentlemen,  
I would have this man be an example to you all,

So shall you hold my favor; I pray, let him;<sup>1</sup> 190

For h'as done that, alas! you would not think of,

And, because I intend to be rid of him,  
I mean not to publish. Use your fortune elsewhere.

*Ant.* I am strongly armed to brook my overthrow:

As commonly men bear with a hard year,  
I will not blame the cause on't; but do think

The necessity of my malevolent star  
Procures this, not her humor. O, the inconstant

And rotten ground of service! You may see,  
'Tis even like him, that in a winter night, 200  
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,  
A-loath to part from't; yet parts thence as cold,

As when he first sat down.

*Duch.* We do confiscate  
Towards the satisfying of your accounts,  
All that you have.

*Ant.* I am all yours; and 'tis very fit  
All mine should be so.

*Duch.* So, sir, you have your pass.

*Ant.* You may see, gentlemen, what 't is to serve

A prince with body and soul. *Exit*

*Bos.* Here's an example for extortion:  
what moisture is drawn out of the sea, 210  
when foul weather comes, pours down, and  
runs into the sea again.

*Duch.* I would know what are your opinions  
Of this Antonio.

*2 Off.* He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping: I thought your grace would find him a Jew.

*3 Off.* I would you had been his officer, for your own sake.

*4 Off.* You would have had more 220  
money.

*1 Off.* He stopped his ears with black wool, and to those came to him for money, said he was thick of hearing.

*2 Off.* Some said he was a hermaphrodite, for he could not abide a woman.

<sup>1</sup> Equivocally hinder him or permit.



4 *Off.* How scurvy proud he would look,  
when the treasury was full! well, let him go.

1 *Off.* Yes, and the chippings of the  
buttery<sup>1</sup> fly after him, to scour his gold<sup>230</sup>  
chain.<sup>2</sup> *Exeunt [Officers]*

*Duch.* Leave us. What do you think of  
these?

*Bos.* That these are rogues, that in's prosper-  
perity,  
But to have waited on his fortune, could  
have wished  
His dirty stirrup rivetted through their  
noses;<sup>3</sup>  
And followed after's mule, like a bear in a  
ring.  
Would have prostituted their daughters to  
his lust;  
Made their first-born intelligencers;<sup>4</sup> thought  
none happy  
But such as were born under his blessed  
planet,<sup>240</sup>  
And wore his livery: and do these lice drop  
off now?

Well, never look to have the like again:  
He hath left a sort<sup>5</sup> of flattering rogues be-  
hind him;  
Their doom must follow. Princes pay flat-  
terers

In their own money: flatterers dissemble  
their vices,  
And they dissemble their lies; that's justice.  
Alas, poor gentleman!

*Duch.* Poor! he hath amply filled his  
coffers.

*Bos.* Sure, he was too honest. Plutus,<sup>6</sup>  
the god of riches,  
When he's sent by Jupiter to any man,<sup>250</sup>  
He goes limping, to signify that wealth  
That comes on God's name, comes slowly;  
but when he's sent  
On the devil's errand, he rides post and  
comes in by scuttles.<sup>7</sup>

Let me show you, what a most unvalued<sup>8</sup>  
jewel

You have in a wanton humor thrown away,  
To bless the man shall find him. He was  
an excellent

Courtier, and most faithful; a soldier, that  
thought it

As beastly to know his own value too little,  
As devilish to acknowledge it too much.  
Both his virtue and form deserved a far  
better fortune.

His discourse rather delighted to judge it-  
self, than show itself<sup>260</sup>

His breast was filled with all perfection,  
And yet it seemed a private whispering-  
room,

[He]<sup>1</sup> made so little noise of't.

*Duch.* But he was basely descended.

*Bos.* Will you make yourself a mercenary  
herald,

Rather to examine men's pedigrees, than  
virtues?

You shall want him:

For know an honest statesman to a prince,  
Is like a cedar planted by a spring:<sup>270</sup>

The spring bathes the tree's root, the grate-  
ful tree

Rewards it with his<sup>2</sup> shadow—you have not  
done so.

I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes<sup>3</sup> on  
Two politicians' rotten bladders, tied

Together with an intelligencer's heart-  
string,

Than depend on so changeable a prince's  
favor.

Fare thee well, Antonio! since the malice  
of the world

Would needs down with thee, it cannot be  
said yet

That any ill happened unto thee,  
Considering thy fall was accompanied with  
virtue.<sup>280</sup>

*Duch.* O, you render me excellent music!

*Bos.* Say you?

*Duch.* This good one that you speak of,  
is my husband.

*Bos.* Do I not dream? can this ambitious  
age

Have so much goodness in't, as to prefer  
A man merely for worth, without these  
shadows

Of wealth and painted honors? Possible?

*Duch.* I have had three children by him.

*Bos.* Fortunate lady!

For you have made your private nuptial  
bed

The humble and fair seminary of peace.

No question but many an unbeneficed  
scholar<sup>290</sup>

Shall pray for you for this deed, and rejoice

<sup>1</sup> *Q. It.*

<sup>2</sup> *Its.*

<sup>3</sup> Bermudas.

<sup>1</sup> Bread crumbs of the pantry.

<sup>2</sup> Worn by him as steward.

<sup>3</sup> So closely as servants they followed him.

<sup>4</sup> Spies.

<sup>7</sup> Quick steps.

<sup>5</sup> Group.

<sup>8</sup> Priceless.

<sup>6</sup> *Q.* reads *Pluto*.



That some preferment in the world can yet  
 Arise from merit. The virgins of your land  
 That have no dowries, shall hope, your ex-  
     ample  
 Will raise them to rich husbands. Should  
     you want  
 Soldiers, 'twould make the very Turks and  
     Moors  
 Turn Christians, and serve you for this act.  
 Last, the neglected poets of your time,  
 In honor of this trophy of a man,  
 Raised by that curious engine, your white  
     hand, <sup>300</sup>  
 Shall thank you, in your grave, for't; and  
     make that  
 More reverend than all the cabinets  
 Of living princes. For Antonio,  
 His fame shall likewise flow from many a  
     pen,  
 When heralds shall want coats to sell to  
     men.

*Duch.* As I taste comfort in this friendly  
     speech,

So would I find concealment.

*Bos.* O, the secret of my prince,  
 Which I will wear on th' inside of my heart!

*Duch.* You shall take charge of all my  
     coin and jewels, <sup>310</sup>

And follow him; for he retires himself  
 To Ancona.

*Bos.* So!

*Duch.* Whither, within few days,  
 I mean to follow thee.

*Bos.* Let me think:  
 I would wish your grace to feign a pil-  
     grimage  
 To our lady of Loretto,<sup>1</sup> scarce seven  
     leagues

From fair Ancona; so may you depart  
 Your country with more honor, and your  
     flight

Will seem a princely progress, retaining  
 Your usual train about you.

*Duch.* Your direction  
 Shall lead me by the way.

*Cari.* In my opinion, she were better  
     progress

To the baths at Lucca, or go visit the Spa  
 In Germany; for, if you will believe me,  
 I do not like this jesting with religion,  
 This feigned pilgrimage.

*Duch.* Thou art a superstitious fool!  
 Prepare us instantly for our departure.

<sup>1</sup> A famous shrine.

Past sorrows, let us moderately lament  
     them,  
 For those to come, seek wisely to prevent  
     them.

[*Ereunt* DUCHESS and CARIOLA]

*Bos.* A politician is the devil's quilted  
     anvil; <sup>320</sup>

He fashions all sins on him, and the blows  
 Are never heard: he may work in a lady's  
     chamber,

As here for proof. What rests<sup>1</sup> but I reveal  
 All to my lord? O, this base quality,<sup>2</sup>  
 Of intelligencer! why, every quality i' th'  
     world

Prefers but gain or commendation.

Now, for this act I am certain to be raised,  
 And men that paint weeds to the life, are  
     praised. *Exit*

### SCENA III

[*The Cardinal's Palace, Rome*]

[*Enter*] CARDINAL, FERDINAND, MALATESTA,  
 PESCARA, DELIO [*and*] SILVIO

*Card.* Must we turn soldier then?

*Mal.* The emperor,  
 Hearing your worth that way, ere you at-  
     tained

This reverend garment, joins you in com-  
     mission

With the right fortunate soldier, the Mar-  
     quis of Pescara,

And the famous Lannoy.

*Card.* He had the honor  
 Of taking the French king prisoner?

*Mal.* The same.  
 Here's a plot drawn for a new fortification  
 At Naples. *[Exit]*

*Ferd.* This great Count Malatesta, I per-  
     ceive,

Hath got employment?

*Delio.* No employment, my lord; <sup>10</sup>  
 A marginal note in the muster-book, that  
     he is

A voluntary lord.<sup>3</sup>

*Ferd.* He's no soldier.

*Delio.* He has worn gunpowder in's hollow  
     tooth, for the toothache.

*Sil.* He comes to the leaguer with a full  
     intent

To eat fresh beef and garlic, means to stay

<sup>1</sup> Remains.

<sup>2</sup> Trade.

<sup>3</sup> Volunteer.



Till the scent be gone, and straight return  
to court.

*Delio.* He hath read all the late service,  
As the city chronicle<sup>1</sup> relates it:  
And keep[s] two pewterers going,<sup>2</sup> only to  
express  
Battles in model.

*Sil.* Then he'll fight by the book.<sup>30</sup>

*Delio.* By the almanac, I think,  
To choose good days, and shun the critical.  
That's his mistress' scarf.

*Sil.* Yes, he protests  
He would do much for that taffeta.

*Delio.* I think he would run away from a  
battle,  
To save it from taking prisoner.<sup>3</sup>

*Sil.* He is horribly afraid  
Gunpowder will spoil the perfume on't.

*Delio.* I saw a Dutchman break his pate  
once  
For calling him a pot-gun; he made his  
head

Have a bore in't like a musket.<sup>30</sup>

*Sil.* I would he had made a touchhole  
to't.

He is indeed a guarded sumpter-cloth,<sup>4</sup>  
Only for the remove of the court.

[Enter BOSOLA]

*Pes.* Bosola arrived! what should be the  
business?

Some falling out among the cardinals.  
These factions amongst great men, they are  
like

Foxes, when their heads are divided,  
They carry fire in their tails,<sup>5</sup> and all the  
country

About them goes to wrack for't.

*Sil.* What's that Bosola?<sup>30</sup>

*Delio.* I knew him in Padua,—a fantasti-  
cal scholar, like such who study to know,  
how many knots was in Hercules' club, of  
what color Achilles' beard was, or whether  
Hector were not troubled with the tooth-  
ache. He hath studied himself half blear-  
eyed to know the true symmetry of Cæsar's  
nose by a shoeing-horn; and this he did to  
gain the name of a speculative man.

*Pes.* Mark Prince Ferdinand:  
A very salamander lives in's eye,<sup>60</sup>  
To mock the eager violence of fire.

*Sil.* That Cardinal hath made more bad  
faces with his oppression than ever Michael  
Angelo made good ones: he lifts up's nose,  
like a foul porpoise before a storm.

*Pes.* The lord Ferdinand laughs.

*Delio.* Like a deadly cannon,  
That lightens ere it smokes.

*Pes.* These are your true pangs of death,  
The pangs of life, that struggle with great  
statesmen.

*Delio.* In such a deformed silence, witches  
whisper  
Their charms.<sup>60</sup>

*Card.* Doth she make religion her riding-  
hood

To keep her from the sun and tempest?

*Ferd.* That, that damns her. Methinks  
her fault and beauty,

Blended together, show like leprosy,  
The whiter, the fouler. I make it a ques-  
tion

Whether her beggarly brats were ever  
christened.

*Card.* I will instantly solicit the state of  
Ancona

To have them banished.

*Ferd.* You are for Loretto:  
I shall not be at your ceremony; fare you  
well.

Write to the Duke of Malfi, my young  
nephew<sup>70</sup>

She had by her first husband, and acquaint  
him

With's mother's honesty.

*Bos.* I will.

*Ferd.* Antonio!  
A slave that only smelled of ink and  
counters,

And never in's life looked like a gentleman,  
But in the audit-time. Go, go presently.<sup>1</sup>

Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our  
horse,

And meet me at the fort-bridge. *Exeunt*

#### SCENA IV

[Enter] Two Pilgrims to the Shrine of our  
Lady of Loretto

1 *Pil.* I have not seen a goodlier shrine  
than this,  
Yet I have visited many.

2 *Pil.* The Cardinal of Arragon

<sup>1</sup> At once.

<sup>1</sup> Records of the militia. <sup>4</sup> A braided horse-cloth.

<sup>2</sup> Metal workers.

<sup>5</sup> Judges xv. 4.

<sup>3</sup> Capture.



Is this day to resign his cardinal's hat:  
His sister duchess likewise is arrived  
To pay her vow of pilgrimage. I expect  
A noble ceremony.

1 *Pil.* No question. They come.  
*Here the ceremony of the CARDINAL'S instalment, in the habit of a soldier, performed in delivering up his cross, hat, robes, and ring, at the shrine, and investing him with sword, helmet, shield, and spurs: then ANTONIO, the DUCHESS, and their children, having presented themselves at the shrine, are, by a form of banishment in dumb show expressed towards them by the CARDINAL and the state of Ancona, banished. During all which ceremony, this ditty is sung, to very solemn music, by divers churchmen, and then exeunt*

Arms and honors deck thy story,<sup>1</sup>  
To thy fame's eternal glory:  
Adverse fortune ever fly thee;  
No disastrous fate come nigh thee. 10  
I alone will sing thy praises,  
Whom to honor virtue raises;  
And thy study, that divine is,  
Bent to martial discipline is.  
Lay aside all those robes lie by thee;  
Crown thy arts with arms, they'll beautify thee.

O worthy of worthiest name, adorned in  
this manner,  
Lead bravely thy forces on, under war's  
warlike banner!  
O, may'st thou prove fortunate in all martial  
courses!  
Guide thou still by skill in arts and forces:  
Victory attend thee nigh, whilst fame sings  
loud thy powers; 21  
Triumphant conquest crown thy head, and  
blessings pour down showers!

1 *Pil.* Here's a strange turn of state! who  
would have thought  
So great a lady would have matched herself  
Unto so mean a person? yet the Cardinal  
Bears himself much too cruel.

2 *Pil.* They are banished.

1 *Pil.* But I would ask what power hath  
this state

<sup>1</sup> A marginal note of the quarto, 1623, reads: "The author disclaims this ditty to be his."

Of Ancona, to determine of a free prince?

2 *Pil.* They are a free state, sir, and her  
brother showed

How that the Pope, forehearing of her loose-  
ness, 30

Hath seized into the protection of the  
church

The dukedom, which she held as dowager.

1 *Pil.* But by what justice?

2 *Pil.* Sure I think by none,  
Only her brother's instigation.

1 *Pil.* What was it with such violence he  
took

Off from her finger?

2 *Pil.* 'Twas her wedding ring,  
Which he vowed shortly he would sacrifice  
To his revenge.

1 *Pil.* Alas, Antonio!  
If that a man be thrust into a well,  
No matter who sets hand to't, his own  
weight 40

Will bring him sooner to th' bottom. Come,  
let's hence

Fortune makes this conclusion general,  
All things do help th' unhappy man to fall.

*Exeunt*

## SCENA V

[*On the road, near Loretto*]

[*Enter*] DUCHESS, ANTONIO, Children,  
CARIOLA, and Servants

*Duch.* Banished Ancona!

*Ant.* Yes, you see what power  
Lightens in great men's breath.

*Duch.* Is all our train  
Shrunk to this poor remainder?

*Ant.* These poor men,  
Which have got little in your service, vow  
To take<sup>1</sup> your fortune: but your wiser  
buntings,<sup>2</sup>

Now they are fledged, are gone.

*Duch.* They have done wisely.  
This puts me in mind of death: physicians  
thus,

With their hands full of money, used<sup>3</sup> to  
give o'er  
Their patients.

*Ant.* Right the fashion of the world:<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Partake of.

<sup>2</sup> Birds.

<sup>3</sup> Are accustomed.

<sup>4</sup> This is precisely the fashion, etc.



From decayed fortunes every flatterer  
shrinks;

Men cease to build where the foundation  
sinks.

*Duch.* I had a very strange dream to-  
night.<sup>1</sup>

*Ant.* What was't?

*Duch.* Methought I wore my coronet of  
state,

And on a sudden all the diamonds  
Were changed to pearls.

*Ant.* My interpretation  
Is, you'll weep shortly; for to me the pearls  
Do signify your tears.

*Duch.* The birds that live i' th' field  
On the wild benefit of nature, live  
Happier than we; for they may choose their  
mates,  
And carol their sweet pleasures to the  
spring.

[Enter BOSOLA with a letter]

*Bos.* You are happily o'erta'en.

*Duch.* From my brother?

*Bos.* Yes, from the lord Ferdinand, your  
brother,  
All love and safety.

*Duch.* Thou dost blanch mischief,  
Would'st make it white. See, see, like to  
calm weather

At sea before a tempest, false hearts speak  
fair

To those they intend most mischief.

[Reads] a letter

'Send Antonio to me; I want his head in a  
business.'

A politic equivocation!

He doth not want your counsel, but your  
head;

That is, he cannot sleep till you be dead.

And here's another pitfall that's strewed o'er  
With roses; mark it, 'tis a cunning one;

[Reads]

'I stand engaged for your husband, for  
several debts at Naples: let not that trouble  
him; I had rather have his heart than his  
money:'

And I believe so too.

*Bos.* What do you believe?

*Duch.* That he so much distrusts my hus-  
band's love,

<sup>1</sup> Last night.

He will by no means believe his heart is  
with him,

Until he see it: the devil is not cunning  
enough

To circumvent us in riddles.

*Bos.* Will you reject that noble and free  
league

Of amity and love, which I present you?

*Duch.* Their league is like that of some  
politic kings,

Only to make themselves of strength and  
power

To be our after-ruin: tell them so.

*Bos.* And what from you?

*Ant.* Thus tell him; I will not come.

*Bos.* And what of this?<sup>1</sup>

*Ant.* My brothers have dispersed  
Bloodhounds abroad; which till I hear are  
muzzled,

No truce, though hatched with ne'er such  
politic skill,

Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies' will.  
I'll not come at them.

*Bos.* This proclaims your breeding:  
Every small thing draws a base mind to  
fear,

As the adamant draws iron. Fare you well,  
sir:

You shall shortly hear from 's. *Exit*

*Duch.* I suspect some ambush:  
Therefore by all my love I do conjure you  
To take your eldest son, and fly towards  
Milan.

Let us not venture all this poor remainder,  
In one unlucky bottom.

*Ant.* You counsel safely.  
Best of my life, farewell, since we must  
part.<sup>2</sup>

Heaven hath a hand in't; but no otherwise,  
Than as some curious artist takes in sunder  
A clock, or watch, when it is out of frame,<sup>3</sup>  
To bring't in better order.

*Duch.* I know not which is best,  
To see you dead, or part with you. Fare-  
well, boy:

Thou art happy, that thou hast not under-  
standing

To know thy misery; for all our wit  
And reading brings us to a truer sense  
Of sorrow. In the eternal church, sir,  
I do hope we shall not part thus.

<sup>1</sup> I.e., the letter.

<sup>2</sup> This Dyce's punctuation.

<sup>3</sup> Order.



*Ant.* O, be of comfort!  
Make patience a noble fortitude,  
And think not how unkindly we are used:  
Man, like to cassia, is proved best, being  
bruised.

*Duch.* Must I, like to a slave-born Russian,  
Account it praise to suffer tyranny?  
And yet, O heaven, thy heavy hand is in't!  
I have seen my boy oft scourge his top,  
And compared myself to't: nought made  
me e'er  
Go right but heaven's scourge-stick.

*Ant.* Do not weep:  
Heaven fashioned us of nothing; and we  
strive  
To bring ourselves to nothing. Farewell,  
Cariola,  
And thy sweet armful. If I do never see  
thee more,  
Be a good mother to your little ones,  
And save them from the tiger: fare you  
well.

*Duch.* Let me look upon you once more,  
for that speech  
Came from a dying father: your kiss is  
colder

Than that I have seen an holy anchorite  
Give to a dead man's skull.

*Ant.* My heart is turned to a heavy lump  
of lead,  
With which I sound my danger: fare you  
well. *Exeunt [ANTONIO and his Son]*

*Duch.* My laurel is all withered.  
*Cari.* Look, madam, what a troop of  
armèd men  
Make toward us.

*Enter BOSOLA, [vizarded] with a Guard*

*Duch.* O, they are very welcome!  
When fortune's wheel is overcharged with  
princes,  
The weight makes it move swift: I would  
have my ruin  
Be sudden. I am your adventure, am I  
not?

*Bos.* You are: you must see your husband  
no more.

*Duch.* What devil art thou, that counter-  
feits heaven's thunder?

*Bos.* Is that terrible? I would have you  
tell me whether

Is that note worse that frights the silly  
birds  
Out of the corn, or that which doth allure  
them

To the nets? you have hearkened to the last  
too much.

*Duch.* O misery! like to a rusty o'er-  
charged cannon,  
Shall I never fly in pieces? Come, to what  
prison?

*Bos.* To none.

*Duch.* Whither, then?

*Bos.* To your palace.

*Duch.* I have heard  
That Charon's boat serves to convey all o'er  
The dismal lake, but brings none back  
again.

*Bos.* Your brothers mean you safety and  
pity.

*Duch.* Pity!  
With such a pity men preserve alive  
Pheasants and quails, when they are not  
fat enough

To be eaten.

*Bos.* These are your children?

*Duch.* Yes.

*Bos.* Can they prattle?

*Duch.* No:  
But I intend, since they were born accursed,  
Curses shall be their first language.

*Bos.* Fie, madam,  
Forget this base, low fellow.

*Duch.* Were I a man,  
I'd beat that counterfeit face<sup>1</sup> into thy  
other.

*Bos.* One of no birth.

*Duch.* Say that he was born mean,  
Man is most happy when's own actions  
Be arguments and examples of his virtue.

*Bos.* A barren, beggarly virtue.

*Duch.* I prithee who is greatest? can you  
tell?

Sad tales befit my woe: I'll tell you one.  
A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,  
Met with a dog-fish, who encounters her  
With this rough language: Why art thou so  
bold

To mix thyself with our high state of floods,  
Being no eminent courtier, but one  
That for the calmest, and fresh time o' th'  
year

Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself

<sup>1</sup> Masked face.



With silly smelts and shrimps? and darest  
thou  
Pass by our dog-ship without reverence?  
O, quoth the salmon, sister, be at peace:  
Thank Jupiter, we both have passed the  
net!

Our value never can be truly known,  
Till in the fisher's basket we be shown:  
I' th' market then my price may be the  
higher,

Even when I am nearest to the cook and  
fire.

So to great men the moral may be  
stretchèd;

Men oft are valued high, when th' are most  
wretched.

But come, whither you please. I am armed  
'gainst misery;

Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will:  
There's no deep valley but near some great  
hill. *Ex[eunt]*

#### ACTUS IV, SCENA I

[*An Apartment in the Palace of the  
Duchess*]

[*Enter FERDINAND and BOSOLA*]

*Ferd.* How doth our sister duchess bear  
herself

In her imprisonment?

*Bos.* Nobly. I'll describe her.  
She's sad, as one long used to't, and she  
seems

Rather to welcome the end of misery,

Than shun it; a behavior so noble,

As gives a majesty to adversity.

You may discern the shape of loveliness

More perfect in her tears than in her smiles:

She will muse for<sup>1</sup> hours together; and her  
silence,

Methinks, expresseth more than if she  
spake. <sup>10</sup>

*Ferd.* Her melancholy seems to be forti-  
fied

With a strange disdain.

*Bos.* 'Tis so; and this restraint,  
Like English mastiffs that grow fierce with  
tying,

Makes her too passionately apprehend  
Those pleasures [that]<sup>2</sup> she's kept from.

<sup>1</sup> Qq. *four*.

<sup>2</sup> Sampson's emendation.

*Ferd.* Curse upon her!  
I will no longer study in the book  
Of another's heart. Inform her what I  
told you. *Exit*

[*Enter DUCHESS and Attendants*]

*Bos.* All comfort to your grace.

*Duch.* I will have none.

Pray thee, why dost thou wrap thy poisoned  
pills

In gold and sugar?

*Bos.* Your elder brother, the lord  
Ferdinand,

Is come to visit you, and sends you word,

'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow

Never to see you more, he comes i' th'  
night;

And prays you gently neither torch nor  
taper

Shine in your chamber: he will kiss your  
hand,

And reconcile himself; but, for his vow,  
He dares not see you.

*Duch.* At his pleasure.

Take hence the lights; he's come.

*[Exeunt Attendants with lights]*

[*Enter FERDINAND*]

*Ferd.* Where are you?

*Duch.* Here, sir.

*Ferd.* This darkness suits you well.

*Duch.* I would ask you pardon. <sup>20</sup>

*Ferd.* You have it;

For I account it the honorabl'st revenge,

Where I may kill, to pardon. Where are  
your cubs?

*Duch.* Whom?

*Ferd.* Call them your children,  
For though our national law distinguish  
bastards

From true legitimate issue, compassionate  
nature

Makes them all equal.

*Duch.* Do you visit me for this?

You violate a sacrament o' th' church

Shall make you howl in hell for't.

*Ferd.* It had been well,  
Could you have lived thus always; for in-  
deed,

You were too much i' th' light—but no  
more;



I come to seal my peace with you. Here's  
a hand,

*Gives her a dead man's hand*

To which you have vowed much love; the  
ring upon't

You gave.

*Duch.* I affectionately kiss it.

*Ferd.* Pray do, and bury the print of it in  
your heart.

I will leave this ring with you, for a love-  
token;

And the hand, as sure as the ring; and do  
not doubt

But you shall have the heart too: when  
you need a friend,

Send it to him that owed<sup>1</sup> it; you shall see  
Whether he can aid you.

*Duch.* You are very cold: <sup>80</sup>

I fear you are not well after your travel.

Ha! lights! O, horrible!

*Ferd.* Let her have lights enough. *Exit*

*Duch.* What witchcraft doth he practice,  
that he hath left

A dead man's hand here?

*Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the  
artificial figures of ANTONIO and his  
children, appearing as if they were dead*

*Bos.* Look you, here's the piece, from  
which 'twas ta'en.

He doth present you this sad spectacle,  
That, now you know directly they are dead,  
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve  
For that which cannot be recoverèd.

*Duch.* There is not between heaven and  
earth one wish <sup>80</sup>

I stay for after this: it wastes me more  
Than were't my picture, fashioned out of  
wax,

Stuck with a magical needle, and then  
buried

In some foul dunghill;<sup>2</sup> and yond's an  
excellent property

For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.

*Bos.* What's that?

*Duch.* If they would bind me to that life-  
less trunk,

And let me freeze to death.

*Bos.* Come, you must live.

*Duch.* That's the greatest torture souls  
feel in hell,

In hell that they must live, and cannot die.

<sup>1</sup> Owned.

<sup>2</sup> A common practice of witchcraft.

Portia,<sup>1</sup> I'll new kindle thy coals again, <sup>70</sup>  
And revive the rare and almost dead  
example

Of a loving wife.

*Bos.* O fie! despair? remember  
You are a Christian.

*Duch.* The church enjoins fasting:  
I'll starve myself to death.

*Bos.* Leave this vain sorrow.  
Things being at the worst, begin to mend:  
The bee when he hath shot his sting into  
your hand,

May then play with your eyelid.

*Duch.* Good comfortable fellow!  
Persuade a wretch that's broke upon the  
wheel

To have all his bones new set; entreat him  
live

To be executed again. Who must dispatch  
me? <sup>80</sup>

I account this world a tedious theater,  
For I do play a part in't 'gainst my will.

*Bos.* Come, be of comfort; I will save  
your life.

*Duch.* Indeed I have not leisure to tend  
so small a business.

*Bos.* Now, by my life, I pity you.

*Duch.* Thou art a fool then,  
To waste thy pity on a thing so wretched  
As cannot pity it[self.] I am full of  
daggers.

Puff, let me blow these vipers from me.

[*Enter Servant*]

What are you?

*Serv.* One that wishes you long life.

*Duch.* I would thou wert hanged for the  
horrible curse <sup>80</sup>

Thou hast given me. [*Exit Servant*] I  
shall shortly grow one

Of the miracles of pity. I'll go pray; no,  
I'll go curse.

*Bos.* O, fie!

*Duch.* I could curse the stars.

*Bos.* O, fearful!

*Duch.* And those three smiling seasons of  
the year

Into a Russian winter: nay, the world  
To its first chaos.

*Bos.* Look you, the stars shine still.

*Duch.* O, but you must remember, my  
curse hath a great way to go:—

<sup>1</sup> The wife of Brutus who died swallowing hot coals.



Plagues, that make lanes through largest families,  
Consume them!

*Bos.* Fie, lady!

*Duch.* Let them like tyrants  
Never be remembered, but for the ill they  
have done; 100

Let all the zealous prayers of mortified  
Churchmen forget them!

*Bos.* O, uncharitable!

*Duch.* Let heaven, a little while, cease  
crowning martyrs,

To punish them!

Go, howl them this, and say, I long to  
bleed:

It is some mercy when men kill with speed.  
*Exit*

[*Enter FERDINAND*]

*Ferd.* Excellent, as I would wish; she's  
plagued in art:

These presentations are but framed in wax,  
By the curious master in that quality,<sup>1</sup>  
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them 110  
For true substantial bodies.

*Bos.* Why do you do this?

*Ferd.* To bring her to despair.

*Bos.* 'Faith, end here,

And go no farther in your cruelty;

Send her a penitential garment to put on  
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her  
With beads, and prayer-books.

*Ferd.* Damn her! that body of hers,  
While that my blood ran pure in't, was more  
worth

Than that which thou wouldst comfort,  
called a soul.

I will send her masks of common courtesans,  
Have her meat served up by bawds and  
ruffians, 120

And, 'cause she'll needs be mad, I am re-  
solved

To remove forth the common hospital  
All the mad-folk, and place them near her  
lodging;

There let them practise together, sing and  
dance,

And act their gambols to the full o' th'  
moon:

If she can sleep the better for it, let her.

Your work is almost ended.

*Bos.* Must I see her again?

<sup>1</sup> Profession.

*Ferd.* Yes.

*Bos.* Never.

*Ferd.* You must.

*Bos.* Never in mine own shape;  
That's forfeited by my intelligence,<sup>1</sup>

And this last cruel lie: when you send me  
next, 130

The business shall be comfort.

*Ferd.* Very likely;

Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee. Antonio  
Lurks about Milan: thou shalt shortly  
thither,

To feed a fire as great as my revenge;

Which never will slack till it have spent his<sup>2</sup>  
fuel:

Intemperate agues make physicians cruel.

*Exeunt*

## SCENA II

[*The Same*]

[*Enter DUCHESS and CARIOLA*]

*Duch.* What hideous noise was that?

*Cari.* 'Tis the wild consort

Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother  
Hath placed about your lodging: this  
tyranny,

I think, was never practised till this hour.

*Duch.* Indeed, I thank him: nothing but  
noise and folly

Can keep me in my right wits; whereas  
reason

And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;  
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

*Cari.* O, 'twill increase your melancholy.

*Duch.* Thou art deceived:

To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.  
This is a prison.

*Cari.* Yes, but you shall live  
To shake this durance off.

*Duch.* Thou art a fool:

The robin redbreast and the nightingale  
Never live long in cages.

*Cari.* Pray, dry your eyes:  
What think you of, madam?

*Duch.* Of nothing;

When I muse thus, I sleep.

*Cari.* Like a madman, with your eyes  
open?

<sup>1</sup> By my conduct as a spy upon her.

<sup>2</sup> Its.



*Duch.* Dost thou think we shall know one  
another  
In th' other world?

*Cari.* Yes, out of question.

*Duch.* O, that it were possible we might  
But hold some two days' conference with  
the dead!

From them I should learn somewhat, I am  
sure,

I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a  
miracle;

I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow:  
Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of  
molten brass,

The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not  
mad.

I am acquainted with sad misery,  
As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar;  
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,  
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look  
like now?

*Cari.* Like to your picture in the gallery,  
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;  
Or rather like some reverend monument  
Whose ruins are even pitied.

*Duch.* Very proper;  
And fortune seems only to have her eye-  
sight,  
To behold my tragedy. How now!  
What noise is that?

[Enter Servant]

*Serv.* I am come to tell you,  
Your brother hath intended you some sport.  
A great physician, when the Pope was sick  
Of a deep melancholy, presented him  
With several sorts<sup>1</sup> of madmen, which wild  
object  
Being full of change and sport, forced him  
to laugh,  
And so th' impostume<sup>2</sup> broke: the self-  
same cure  
The duke intends on you.

*Duch.* Let them come in.

*Serv.* There's a mad lawyer; and a secular  
priest;

A doctor, that hath forfeited his wits  
By jealousy; an astrologian,  
That in his works said, such a day o' th'  
month

Should be the day of doom, and failing of't,

<sup>1</sup> Groups.

<sup>2</sup> Abscess.

Ran mad; an English tailor, crazed i' th'  
brain

With the study of new fashions; a gentle-  
man usher,

Quite beside himself with care to keep in  
mind

The number of his lady's salutations,  
Or 'how do you,' she employed him in each  
morning;

A farmer too, an excellent knave in grain,<sup>1</sup>  
Mad 'cause he was hindered transporta-  
tion;<sup>2</sup>

And let one broker that's mad loose to  
these,

You'd think the devil were among them.

*Duch.* Sit, Cariola. Let them loose when  
you please,

For I am chained to endure all your  
tyranny.

[Enter Madmen]

*Here by a madman this Song is sung, to a  
dismal kind of music*

O, let us howl some heavy note,  
Some deadly dogged howl,  
Sounding, as from the threatening throat  
Of beasts and fatal fowl!

As ravens, screech-owls, bulls, and bears,  
We'll bell, and bawl our parts,  
Till irksome noise have cloyed your ears,  
And corrosived your hearts.

At last, whenas<sup>3</sup> our quire wants breath,  
Our bodies being blest,  
We'll sing, like swans, to welcome death,  
And die in love and rest.

*1 Mad.* Doomsday not come yet! I'll  
draw it nearer by a perspective,<sup>4</sup> or make a  
glass that shall set all the world on fire upon  
an instant. I cannot sleep; my pillow is  
stuffed with a litter of porcupines.

*2 Mad.* Hell is a mere glass-house, where  
the devils are continually blowing up  
women's souls on hollow irons, and the fire  
never goes out.

*3 Mad.* I will lie with every woman in  
my parish the tenth night; I will tithe  
them over like haycocks.

*4 Mad.* Shall my 'pothecary outgo me,  
because I am a cuckold? I have found out

<sup>1</sup> In nature as in occupation.

<sup>2</sup> Forbidden export.

<sup>3</sup> When.

<sup>4</sup> Telescope.



his roguery; he makes alum of his wife's urine, and sells it to Puritans that have sore throats with overstraining.<sup>1</sup>

1 *Mad.* I have skill in heraldry. 90

2 *Mad.* Hast?

1 *Mad.* You do give for your crest a woodcock's<sup>2</sup> head, with the brains picked out on't; you are a very ancient gentleman.

3 *Mad.* Greek is turned Turk: we are only to be saved by the Helvetian translation.<sup>3</sup>

1 *Mad.* Come on, sir, I will lay the law to you.

2 *Mad.* O, rather lay a corrosive; the law will eat to the bone. 100

3 *Mad.* He that drinks but to satisfy nature, is damned.

4 *Mad.* If I had my glass here, I would show a sight should make all the women here call me mad doctor.

1 *Mad.* What's he, a rope-maker?

2 *Mad.* No, no, no, a snuffling knave, that while he shows the tombs, will have his hand in a wench's placket. 110

3 *Mad.* Woe to the caroché,<sup>4</sup> that brought home my wife from the mask at three o'clock in the morning! it had a large featherbed in it.

4 *Mad.* I have pared the devil's nails forty times, roasted them in raven's eggs, and cured agues with them.

3 *Mad.* Get me three hundred milch bats, to make possets<sup>5</sup> to procure sleep.

4 *Mad.* All the college may throw their caps at me; I have made a soapboiler costive: it was my masterpiece. 120

*Here the dance, consisting of eight madmen, with music answerable thereunto; after which, BOSOLA, like an old man, enters*

*Duch.* Is he mad to[o]?

*Serv.* Pray question him. I'll leave you.

*[Exeunt all but the DUCHESS and BOSOLA]*

*Bos.* I am come to make thy tomb.

*Duch.* Ha! my tomb!

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,

Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

<sup>1</sup> Probably with psalm singing.

<sup>2</sup> The woodcock was proverbially stupid.

<sup>3</sup> The Geneva Bible.

<sup>4</sup> Coach.

<sup>5</sup> A soothing draught.

*Bos.* Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

*Duch.* Thou art not mad, sure: dost know me?

*Bos.* Yes.

*Duch.* Who am I?

*Bos.* Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy.<sup>1</sup> 130  
What's this flesh? a little cruded<sup>2</sup> milk fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earthworms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small com- 140  
pass of our prison.

*Duch.* Am not I thy duchess?

*Bos.* Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert 150  
the more unquiet bedfellow.

*Duch.* I am Duchess of Malfi still.

*Bos.* That makes thy sleep so broken: Glories, like glowworms, afar off shine bright, But looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

*Duch.* Thou art very plain.

*Bos.* My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living;

I am a tomb-maker.

*Duch.* And thou com'st to make my tomb?

*Bos.* Yes. 160

*Duch.* Let me be a little merry:

Of what stuff wilt thou make it?

*Bos.* Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

*Duch.* Why, do we grow fantastical on our death-bed?

Do we affect fashion in the grave?

*Bos.* Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs

<sup>1</sup> Receptacle of that which dead becomes mummy, a drug of the time.

<sup>2</sup> Curdled.



Do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to  
pray

Up to heaven; but with their hands under  
their cheeks,

As if they died of the toothache: they are  
not carved

With their eyes fixed upon the stars; but  
as 170

Their minds were wholly bent upon the  
world,

The selfsame way they seem to turn their  
faces.

*Duch.* Let me know fully, therefore, the  
effect

Of this thy dismal preparation,

This talk, fit for a charnel.

*Bos.* Now I shall:

[*Enter EXECUTIONERS with*] a coffin, cords,  
and bell

Here is a present from your princely  
brothers,

And may it arrive welcome, for it brings  
Last benefit, last sorrow.

*Duch.* Let me see it:  
I have so much obedience in my blood,  
I wish it in their veins to do them good. 180

*Bos.* This is your last presence-chamber.

*Cari.* O my sweet lady!

*Duch.* Peace; it affrights not me.

*Bos.* I am the common bellman,  
That usually is sent to condemned persons  
The night before they suffer.

*Duch.* Even now  
Thou said'st thou wast a tomb-maker.

*Bos.* 'Twas to bring you  
By degrees to mortification.<sup>1</sup> Listen:

Hark, now everything is still,  
The screech-owl, and the whistler shrill, 190  
Call upon our dame aloud,  
And bid her quickly don her shroud!  
Much you had of land and rent;  
Your length in clay's now competent:  
A long war disturbed your mind;  
Here your perfect peace is signed.  
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?  
Sin their conception, their birth, weeping;  
Their life, a general mist of error,  
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.  
Strew your hair with powders sweet, 200  
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,

<sup>1</sup> Death.

And (the foul fiend more to check)

A crucifix let bless your neck:

'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;

End your groan, and come away.

*Cari.* Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers!  
alas!

What will you do with my lady?—Call for  
help.

*Duch.* To whom, to our next neighbors?  
they are mad-folks.

*Bos.* Remove that noise.

*Duch.* Farewell, Cariola.  
In my last will, I have not much to give: 210  
A many hungry guests have fed upon me;  
Thine will be a poor reversion.

*Cari.* I will die with her.

*Duch.* I pray thee, look thou giv'st my  
little boy

Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl  
Say her prayers ere she sleep. [*CARIOLA is*  
*forced off*]—Now what you please:

What death?

*Bos.* Strangling; here are your execu-  
tioners.

*Duch.* I forgive them:  
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' th' lungs,  
Would do as much as they do. 220

*Bos.* Doth not death fright you?

*Duch.* Who would be afraid on't,  
Knowing to meet such excellent company  
In th' other world?

*Bos.* Yet, methinks,  
The manner of your death should much  
afflict you;

This cord should terrify you.

*Duch.* Not a whit:  
What would it plesure me to have my throat  
cut

With diamonds? or to be smothered  
With cassia? or to be shot to death with  
pearls?

I know death hath ten thousand several  
doors

For men to take their exits; and 'tis found  
They go on such strange geometrical  
hinges, 230

You may open them both ways: any way,  
for heaven sake,

So I were out of your whispering. Tell my  
brothers,

That I perceive death, now I am well awake,  
Best gift is they can give, or I can take.



I would fain put off my last woman's fault,  
I'd not be tedious to you.

*Exec.* We are ready.

*Duch.* Dispose my breath how please you,  
but my body

Bestow upon my women, will you?

*Exec.* Yes.

*Duch.* Pull, and pull strongly, for your  
able strength, 240

Must pull down heaven upon me:

Yet stay, heaven-gates are not so highly  
arched

As princes' palaces; they that enter there

Must go upon their knees. [*She kneels*]

Come, violent death,

Serve for mandragora,<sup>1</sup> to make me sleep!

Go, tell my brothers, when I am laid out,

They then may feed in quiet.

*They strangle her*

*Bos.* Where's the waiting-woman?

Fetch her: some other strangle the children.

[*Enter CARIOLA*]

Look you, there sleeps your mistress.

*Cari.* O, you are damned 250

Perpetually for this! My turn is next;

Is't not so ordered?

*Bos.* Yes, and I am glad

You are so well prepared for't.

*Cari.* You are deceived, sir,

I am not prepared for't; I will not die:

I will first come to my answer,<sup>2</sup> and know

How I have offended.

*Bos.* Come, dispatch her.

You kept her counsel, now you shall keep  
ours.

*Cari.* I will not die, I must not; I am  
contracted

To a young gentleman.

*Exec.* Here's your wedding-ring.

*Cari.* Let me but speak with the duke;  
I'll discover 260

Treason to his person.

*Bos.* Delays:—throttle her.

*Exec.* She bites and scratches.

*Cari.* If you kill me now,

I am damned; I have not been at confession

This two years.

*Bos.* When?

*Cari.* I am quick with child.

*Bos.* Why then,

<sup>1</sup> A soporific.

<sup>2</sup> Trial.

Your credit's saved.—Bear her into the next  
room;

Let these<sup>1</sup> lie still.

[*They strangle CARIOLA and  
exeunt with the body*]

[*Enter FERDINAND*]

*Ferd.* Is she dead?

*Bos.* She is what

You'd have her. But here begin your pity:

*Shows the children strangled<sup>2</sup>*

Alas! how have these offended?

*Ferd.* The death

Of young wolves is never to be pitied.

*Bos.* Fix your eye here.

*Ferd.* Constantly.

*Bos.* Do you not weep? 270

Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out:

The element of water moistens the earth,

But blood flies upwards and bedews the

Heavens.

*Ferd.* Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle:  
she died young.

*Bos.* I think not so; her infelicity

Seemed to have years too many.

*Ferd.* She and I were twins;

And should I die this instant, I had lived

Her time to a minute.

*Bos.* It seems she was born first:

You have bloodily approved the ancient  
truth, 280

That kindred commonly do worse agree  
Than remote strangers.

*Ferd.* Let me see her face again.

Why didst not thou pity her? what an  
excellent

Honest man might'st thou have been

If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary;

Or, bold in a good cause, opposed thyself,

With thy advanced sword above thy head,

Between her innocence and my revenge!

I bade thee, when I was distracted of my  
wits,

Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast  
done't. 290

For let me but examine well the cause:

What was the meanness of her match to  
me?

Only I must confess I had a hope,

Had she continued widow, to have gained

An infinite mass of treasure by her death;

<sup>1</sup> Qq. *this*.

<sup>2</sup> Probably by drawing a curtain.



And that was the main cause, her marriage,  
That drew a stream of gall quite through  
my heart.

For thee, as we observe in tragedies  
That a good actor many times is cursed  
For playing a villain's part, I hate thee  
for't, 300

And for my sake say thou hast done much  
ill, well.

*Bos.* Let me quicken your memory, for I  
perceive  
You are falling into ingratitude; I challenge  
The reward due to my service.

*Ferd.* I'll tell thee  
What I'll give thee.

*Bos.* Do.

*Ferd.* I'll give thee a pardon  
For this murder.

*Bos.* Ha!

*Ferd.* Yes, and 'tis  
The largest bounty I can study to do thee.  
By what authority didst thou execute  
This bloody sentence?

*Bos.* By yours.

*Ferd.* Mine! was I her judge? 310  
Did any ceremonial form of law,  
Doom her to not being? did a complete  
jury

Deliver her conviction up i' th' court?  
Where shalt thou find this judgment regis-  
tered,

Unless in hell? See, like a bloody fool,  
Th' hast forfeited thy life, and thou shalt  
die for't.

*Bos.* The office of justice is perverted  
quite,  
When one thief hangs another. Who shall  
dare

To reveal this?

*Ferd.* O, I'll tell thee;  
The wolf shall find her grave, and scrape it  
up, 320

Not to devour the corpse, but to discover  
The horrid murder.

*Bos.* You, not I, shall quake for't.

*Ferd.* Leave me.

*Bos.* I will first receive my pension.

*Ferd.* You are a villain.

*Bos.* When your ingratitude  
Is judge, I am so.

*Ferd.* O horror,  
That not the fear of him, which binds the  
devils,

Can prescribe man obedience!  
Never look upon me more.

*Bos.* Why, fare thee well:  
Your brother and yourself are worthy men:  
You have a pair of hearts are hollow graves,  
Rotten, and rotting others; and your ven-  
geance, 331

Like two chained bullets, still<sup>1</sup> goes arm in  
arm.

You may be brothers; for treason, like the  
plague,  
Doth take much in a blood.<sup>2</sup> I stand like  
one

That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden  
dream:

I am angry with myself, now that I wake.

*Ferd.* Get thee into some unknown part  
o' th' world,

That I may never see thee.

*Bos.* Let me know  
Wherefore I should be thus neglected. Sir,  
I served your tyranny, and rather strove, 340  
To satisfy yourself, than all the world:

And though I loathed the evil, yet I loved  
You that did counsel it; and rather sought  
To appear a true servant, than an honest  
man.

*Ferd.* I'll go hunt the badger by owl-light:  
'Tis a deed of darkness. Exit

*Bos.* He's much distracted. Off, my  
painted honor!

While with vain hopes our faculties we tire,  
We seem to sweat in ice and freeze in fire.  
What would I do, were this to do again? 350

I would not change my peace of conscience  
For all the wealth of Europe. She stirs;  
here's life:—

Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead  
mine

Out of this sensible hell:—she's warm, she  
breathes:—

Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,  
To store them with fresh color.—Who's  
there!

Some cordial drink! Alas! I dare not call:  
So pity would destroy pity. Her eye opes,<sup>3</sup>  
And heaven in it seems to ope, that late was  
shut,

To take me up to mercy. 360

*Duch.* Antonio!

*Bos.* Yes, madam, he is living;  
The dead bodies you saw, were but feigned  
statues;

<sup>1</sup> Ever.

<sup>2</sup> Runs in families.

<sup>3</sup> Opens.



He's reconciled to your brothers; the Pope  
hath wrought

The atonement.

*Duch.* Mercy! *She dies*

*Bos.* O, she's gone again! there the cords  
of life broke.

O sacred innocence, that sweetly sleeps  
On turtles' feathers, whilst a guilty con-  
science

Is a black register, wherein is writ  
All our good deeds and bad, a perspective<sup>1</sup>  
That shows us hell! That we cannot be  
suffered

370

To do good when we have a mind to it!  
This is manly sorrow;

These tears, I am very certain, never grew  
In my mother's milk: my estate is sunk  
Below the degree of fear: where were  
These penitent fountains, while she was  
living?

O, they were frozen up! Here is a sight  
As direful to my soul, as is the sword  
Unto a wretch hath slain his father.

Come, I'll bear thee hence,

380

And execute thy last will; that's deliver  
Thy body to the reverend dispose  
Of some good women: that, the cruel tyrant  
Shall not deny me. Then I'll post to Milan,  
Where somewhat I will speedily enact  
Worth my dejection.

*Exit*

## ACTUS V, SCENA I

[*Milan, a Public Place*]

[*Enter ANTONIO and DELIO*]

*Ant.* What think you of my hope of rec-  
oncilement

To the Arragonian brethren?

*Delio* I misdoubt it;  
For though they have sent their letters of  
safe conduct

For your repair to Milan, they appear  
But nets to entrap you. The Marquis of  
Pescara,

Under whom you hold certain land in cheat,<sup>2</sup>  
Much 'gainst his noble nature hath been  
moved

To seize those lands, and some of his de-  
pendents

<sup>1</sup> Glass.<sup>2</sup> Escheat; not here accurately used.

Are at this instant making it their suit  
To be invested in your revenues.<sup>1</sup>

10

I cannot think they mean well to your life,  
That do deprive you of your means of life,  
Your living.

*Ant.* You are still an heretic  
To any safety I can shape myself.

*Delio.* Here comes the marquis. I will  
make myself

Petitioner for some part of your land,  
To know whither it is flying.

*Ant.* I pray do.  
[*Withdraws*]

[*Enter PESCARA*]

*Delio.* Sir, I have a suit to you.

*Pes.* To me?

*Delio.* An easy one.  
There is the citadel of St. Bennet,<sup>2</sup>  
With some demesnes, of late in the pos-  
session

20

Of Antonio Bologna,—please you bestow  
them on me.

*Pes.* You are my friend; but this is such a  
suit,

Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take.

*Delio.* No, sir?

*Pes.* I will give you ample reason for't,  
Soon in private: here's the Cardinal's mis-  
tress.

[*Enter JULIA*]

*Julia.* My lord, I am grown your poor  
petitioner,

And should be an ill beggar, had I not  
A great man's letter here, the Cardinal's,  
To court you in my favor.

*Pes.* He entreats for you  
The citadel of St. Bennet, that belonged  
To the banished Bologna.

*Julia.* Yes.

*Pes.* I could not have thought of a friend  
I could

Rather pleasure with it: 'tis yours.

*Julia.* Sir, I thank you;  
And he shall know how doubly I am en-  
gaged

Both in your gift, and speediness of giving,  
Which makes your grant the greater. *Exit*

*Ant.* [*aside*] How they fortify  
Themselves with my ruin!

*Delio.* Sir, I am

<sup>1</sup> To receive your income.<sup>2</sup> Benedict.



Little bound to you.

*Pes.* Why?

*Delio.* Because you denied this suit to me,  
and gave't

To such a creature.

*Pes.* Do you know what it was? <sup>40</sup>  
It was Antonio's land; not forfeited  
By course of law, but ravished from his  
throat

By the Cardinal's entreaty. It were not fit  
I should bestow so main a piece of wrong  
Upon my friend; 'tis a gratification  
Only due to a strumpet, for it is injustice.  
Shall I sprinkle the pure blood of innocents  
To make those followers I call my friends  
Look ruddier upon me? I am glad  
This land, ta'en from the owner by such  
wrong, <sup>50</sup>

Returns again unto so foul an use  
As salary for his lust. Learn, good *Delio*,  
To ask noble things of me, and you shall  
find

I'll be a noble giver.

*Delio.* You instruct me well.

*Ant.* [*aside*] Why, here's a man now,  
would fright impudence

From sauciest beggars.

*Pes.* Prince Ferdinand's come to Milan,  
Sick, as they give out, of an apoplexy;  
But some say, 'tis a frenzy: I am going  
To visit him. *Exit*

*Ant.* 'Tis a noble old fellow.

*Delio.* What course do you mean to take,  
Antonio? <sup>60</sup>

*Ant.* This night I mean to venture all my  
fortune,

Which is no more than a poor lingering life,  
To the Cardinal's worst of malice: I have  
got

Private access to his chamber; and intend  
To visit him about the mid of night,  
As once his brother did our noble duchess.  
It may be that the sudden apprehension  
Of danger, for I'll go in mine own shape,  
When he shall see it fraught with love and  
duty,

May draw the poison out of him, and work  
A friendly reconciliation: if it fail, <sup>71</sup>  
Yet it shall rid me of this infamous calling;  
For better fall once, than be ever falling.

*Delio.* I'll second you in all danger, and,  
howe'er;

My life keeps rank with yours.

*Ant.* You are still <sup>1</sup> my loved and best  
friend. *Exeunt*

## SCENA II

[*A Gallery in the Cardinal's Palace*]

[*Enter PESCARA and DOCTOR*]

*Pes.* Now, doctor, may I visit your  
patient?

*Doc.* If't please your lordship: but he's  
instantly

To take the air here in the gallery  
By my direction.

*Pes.* Pray thee, what's his disease?

*Doc.* A very pestilent disease, my lord,  
They call lycanthropia.

*Pes.* What's that?  
I need a dictionary to't?

*Doc.* I'll tell you.  
In those that are possessed with't there  
o'erflows

Such melancholy humor, they imagine  
Themselves to be transformed into wolves;  
Steal forth to churchyards in the dead of  
night, <sup>11</sup>

And dig dead bodies up: as two nights since  
One met the duke 'bout midnight in a lane  
Behind St. Mark's Church, with the leg of  
a man

Upon his shoulder, and he howled fearfully;  
Said he was a wolf, only the difference  
Was, a wolf's skin was hairy on the outside,  
His on the inside; bade them take their  
swords,

Rip up his flesh, and try: straight I was sent  
for,

And having ministered to him, found his  
grace <sup>20</sup>

Very well recovered.

*Pes.* I am glad on't.

*Doc.* Yet not without some fear  
Of a relapse. If he grow to his fit again,  
I'll go a nearer way to work with him  
Than ever Paracelsus dreamed of; if  
They'll give me leave, I'll buffet his madness  
out of him.

Stand aside; he comes.

[*Enter FERDINAND, MALATESTA, CARDINAL,  
and BOSOLA*]

*Ferd.* Leave me.

*Mal.* Why doth your lordship love this  
solitariness?

<sup>1</sup> Ever.



*Ferd.* Eagles commonly fly alone: they <sup>30</sup> are crows, daws and starlings that flock together. Look, what's that follows me?

*Mal.* Nothing, my lord.

*Ferd.* Yes.

*Mal.* 'Tis your shadow.

*Ferd.* Stay it; let it not haunt me.

*Mal.* Impossible, if you move, and the sun shine.

*Ferd.* I will throttle it.

[Throws himself on the ground]

*Mal.* O my lord, you are angry with <sup>40</sup> nothing.

*Ferd.* You are a fool: how is't possible I should catch my shadow, unless I fall upon't? When I go to hell, I mean to carry a bribe; for, look you, good gifts evermore make way for the worst persons.

*Pes.* Rise, good my lord.

*Ferd.* I am studying the art of patience.

*Pes.* 'Tis a noble virtue.

*Ferd.* To drive six snails before me <sup>50</sup> from this town to Moscow; neither use goad nor whip to them, but let them take their own time;—(the patient's man i' th' world match me for an experiment)—and I'll crawl after like a sheep-biter.<sup>1</sup>

*Card.* Force him up. [They raise him]

*Ferd.* Use me well, you were best.

What I have done, I have done: I'll confess nothing.

*Doc.* Now let me come to him.—Are you mad, my lord?

Are you out of your princely wits?

*Ferd.* What's he?

*Pes.* Your doctor. <sup>60</sup>

*Ferd.* Let me have his beard sawed off, and his eyebrows

Filed more civil.

*Doc.* I must do mad tricks with him, For that's the only way on't.—I have brought

Your grace a salamander's skin, to keep you From sun-burning.

*Ferd.* I have cruel sore eyes.

*Doc.* The white of a cockatrix's<sup>2</sup> egg is present<sup>3</sup> remedy.

*Ferd.* Let it be a new-laid one, you were best.

Hide me from him: physicians are like kings,

They brook no contradiction.

<sup>1</sup> A sneaking thief.  
<sup>2</sup> Same as a basilisk.

<sup>3</sup> Immediate.

*Doc.*

Now he begins To fear me, now let me alone with him. <sup>70</sup>

*Card.* How now? put off your gown!

*Doc.* Let me have some forty urinals filled with rose-water: he and I'll go pelt one another with them.—Now he begins to fear me.—Can you fetch a frisk,<sup>1</sup> sir? Let him go, let him go upon my peril: I find by his eye he stands in awe of me; I'll make him as tame as a dormouse.

*Ferd.* Can you fetch your frisks, sir! I will stamp him into a cullis,<sup>2</sup> flay off his <sup>80</sup> skin, to cover one of the anatomies<sup>3</sup> this rogue hath set i' th' cold yonder in Barber-Chirurgeon's<sup>4</sup> hall. Hence, hence! you are all of you like beasts for sacrifice: here's nothing left of you, but tongue and belly, flattery and lechery. *Exit*

*Pes.* Doctor, he did not fear you throughly.

*Doc.* True; I was somewhat too forward.

*Bos.* Mercy upon me, what a fatal judgment

Hath fall'n upon this Ferdinand! <sup>90</sup>

*Pes.* Knows your grace

What accident hath brought unto the prince This strange distraction?

*Card.* [aside] I must feign somewhat:—

Thus they say it grew.

You have heard it rumored for these many years,

None of our family dies but there is seen The shape of an old woman, which is given By tradition to us to have been murdered By her nephews, for her riches. Such a figure

One night, as the prince sat up late at's book, <sup>100</sup>

Appeared to him: when, crying out for help, The gentleman of 's chamber, found his grace

All on a cold sweat, altered much in face And language: since which apparition, He hath grown worse and worse, and I much fear

He cannot live.

*Bos.* Sir, I would speak with you.

*Pes.* We'll leave your grace,

Wishing to the sick prince, our noble lord, All health of mind and body.

*Card.* You are most welcome.

[Exeunt. Manent CARDINAL and BOSOLA]

<sup>1</sup> Cut a caper.  
<sup>2</sup> Broth.

<sup>3</sup> Skeletons.  
<sup>4</sup> Surgeon.



Are you come? so—[*aside*] This fellow  
must not know 110

By any means I had intelligence  
In our duchess' death; for though I coun-  
selled it,

The full of all th' engagement seemed to  
grow

From Ferdinand.—Now, sir, how fares our  
sister?

I do not think but sorrow makes her look  
Like to an oft-dyed garment: she shall now  
Taste comfort from me. Why do you look  
so wildly?

O, the fortune of your master here, the  
prince,

Dejects you; but be you of happy comfort:  
If you'll do one thing for me, I'll entreat, 120  
Though he had a cold tombstone o'er his  
bones,

I'll make you what you would be.

*Bos.* Anything,  
Give it me in a breath, and let me fly to't:  
They that think long, small expedition win,  
For musing much o' th' end, cannot begin.

[*Enter JULIA*]

*Julia.* Sir, will you come in to supper?

*Card.* I am busy; leave me.

*Julia.* [*aside*] What an excellent shape  
hath that fellow! Exit

*Card.* 'Tis thus. Antonio lurks here in  
Milan:

Inquire him out, and kill him. While he  
lives, 130

Our sister cannot marry, and I have thought  
Of an excellent match for her. Do this, and  
style me

Thy advancement.

*Bos.* But by what means shall  
I find him out?

*Card.* There is a gentleman called Delio,  
Here in the camp, that hath been long ap-  
proved

His loyal friend. Set eye upon that fellow;  
Follow him to mass: maybe Antonio,  
Although he do account religion

But a school-name, for fashion of the world  
May accompany him; or else go inquire out  
Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe 140  
Him to reveal it. There are a thousand  
ways

A man might find to trace him; as to know  
What fellows haunt the Jews, for taking up

Great sums of money, for sure he's in want;  
Or else to go to th' picture-makers, and  
learn

Who bought<sup>1</sup> her picture<sup>2</sup> lately:—some of  
these

Happily may take.

*Bos.* Well, I'll not feeze i' th' business:  
I would see that wretched thing, Antonio,  
Above all sights i' th' world.

*Card.* Do, and be happy. *Exit*

*Bos.* This fellow doth breed basilisks in's  
eyes, 150

He's nothing else but murder; yet he seems  
Not to have notice of the duchess' death.

'Tis his cunning: I must follow his example;  
There cannot be a surer way to trace<sup>3</sup>  
Than that of an old fox.

[*Enter JULIA with a pistol*]

*Julia.* So, sir, you are well met.

*Bos.* How now?

*Julia.* Nay, the doors are fast enough:  
Now, sir, I will make you confess your  
treachery.

*Bos.* Treachery!

*Julia.* Yes, confess to me  
Which of my women 'twas you hired to put  
Love-powder into my drink? 161

*Bos.* Love-powder!

*Julia.* Yes, when I was at Malfi.  
Why should I fall in love with such a face  
else?

I have already suffered for thee so much  
pain,

The only remedy to do me good,  
Is to kill my longing.

*Bos.* Sure your pistol holds  
Nothing but perfumes, or kissing-comfits.<sup>4</sup>  
Excellent lady!

You have a pretty way on't to discover  
Your longing. Come, come, I'll disarm you,  
And arm you thus: yet this is wondrous  
strange. 170

*Julia.* Compare thy form and my eyes to-  
gether,

You'll find my love no such great miracle.  
Now you'll say

I am wanton: this nice modesty in ladies  
Is but a troublesome familiar<sup>5</sup>  
That haunts them.

<sup>1</sup> Q. brought.

<sup>2</sup> The Duchess's.

<sup>3</sup> Follow.

<sup>4</sup> Sweets for the breath.

<sup>5</sup> Spirit.



*Bos.* Know you me, I am a blunt soldier.  
*Julia.* The better;  
 Sure, there wants fire, where there are no  
 lively sparks  
 Of roughness.

*Bos.* And I want<sup>1</sup> compliment.

*Julia.* Why, ignorance  
 In courtship cannot make you do amiss,  
 If you have a heart to do well.

*Bos.* You are very fair. 180

*Julia.* Nay, if you lay beauty to my  
 charge,  
 I must plead unguilty.

*Bos.* Your bright eyes  
 Carry a quiver of darts in them, sharper  
 Than sunbeams.

*Julia.* You will mar me with com-  
 mendation,  
 Put yourself to the charge of courting me,  
 Whereas now I woo you.

*Bos.* [aside] I have it; I will work upon  
 this creature.—

Let us grow most amorously familiar:  
 If the great Cardinal now should see me  
 thus,

Would he not count me a villain? 190

*Julia.* No, he might count me a wanton,  
 Not lay a scruple of offence on you;  
 For if I see and steal a diamond,  
 The fault is not i' th' stone, but in me the  
 thief

That purloins it. I am sudden with you:  
 We that are great women of pleasure, use to  
 cut off

These uncertain wishes and unquiet long-  
 ings,

And in an instant join the sweet delight  
 And the pretty excuse together. Had you  
 been i' th' street,

Under my chamber window, even there 200  
 I should have courted you.

*Bos.* O, you are an excellent lady!

*Julia.* Bid me to do somewhat for you  
 presently,

To express I love you.

*Bos.* I will, and if you love me,  
 Fail not to effect it.

The Cardinal is grown wondrous melan-  
 choly:

Demand the cause, let him not put you off  
 With feigned excuse; discover the main  
 ground on't.

*Julia.* Why would you know this?

*Bos.* I have depended on him,  
 And I hear that he is fall'n in some disgrace  
 With the emperor; if he be, like the mice 211  
 That forsake falling houses, I would shift  
 To other dependence.

*Julia.* You shall not need follow the wars:  
 I'll be your maintenance.

*Bos.* And I your loyal servant;  
 But I cannot leave my calling.

*Julia.* Not leave an  
 Ungrateful general, for the love of a sweet  
 lady!

You are like some cannot sleep in feather  
 beds,

But must have blocks for their pillows.

*Bos.* Will you do this?

*Julia.* Cunningly. 220

*Bos.* To-morrow, I'll expect th' intelli-  
 gence.

*Julia.* To-morrow! get you into my cabi-  
 net;

You shall have it with you. Do not delay  
 me,

No more than I do you: I am like one  
 That is condemned; I have my pardon  
 promised,

But I would see it sealed. Go, get you in:  
 You shall see me wind my tongue about his  
 heart,

Like a skein of silk. [Exit BOSOLA]

[Enter CARDINAL and Servants]

*Card.* Where are you?

*Serv.* Here.

*Card.* Let none upon your lives 220  
 Have conference with the prince Ferdinand,  
 Unless I know it. [Aside] In this distraction,  
 [Exeunt Servants]

He may reveal the murder.—

Yond's my lingering consumption:  
 I am weary of her, and by any means  
 Would be quit of.

*Julia.* How now, my lord, what ails you?

*Card.* Nothing.

*Julia.* O, you are much altered!  
 Come, I must be your secretary,<sup>1</sup> and re-  
 move

This lead from off your bosom: what's the  
 matter?

*Card.* I may not tell you.

*Julia.* Are you so far in love with sorrow,

<sup>1</sup> Wanting.

<sup>1</sup> Sharer of your secrets.



You cannot part with part of it? or think  
you 241

I cannot love your grace when you are sad  
As well as merry? or do you suspect  
I, that have been a secret to your heart  
These many winters, cannot be the same  
Unto your tongue?

*Card.* Satisfy thy longing;  
The only way to make thee keep my counsel  
Is not to tell thee.

*Julia.* Tell your echo this,  
Or flatterers, that like echoes still report  
What they hear though most imperfect, and  
not me; 250

For, if that you be true unto yourself,  
I'll know.

*Card.* Will you rack me? <sup>1</sup>

*Julia.* No, judgment shall  
Draw it from you: it is an equal fault,  
To tell one's secrets unto all or none.

*Card.* The first argues folly.

*Julia.* But the last tyranny.

*Card.* Very well; why, imagine I have  
committed

Some secret deed, which I desire the world  
May never hear of.

*Julia.* Therefore may not I know it?  
You have concealed for me as great a sin 260  
As adultery. Sir, never was occasion  
For perfect trial of my constancy  
Till now: sir, I beseech you—

*Card.* You'll repent it.

*Julia.* Never.

*Card.* It hurries thee to ruin: I'll not tell  
thee.

Be well advised, and think what danger 'tis  
To receive a prince's secrets: they that do,  
Had need have their breasts hooped with  
adamant

To contain them. I pray thee yet be sat-  
isfied;

Examine thine own frailty; 'tis more easy 270  
To tie knots, than unloose them: 'tis a secret  
That, like a lingering poison, may chance lie  
Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven  
years hence.

*Julia.* Now you dally with me.

*Card.* No more, thou shalt know it.  
By my appointment, the great Duchess of  
Malfi,

And two of her young children, four nights  
since,  
Were strangled.

<sup>1</sup> Torture me.

*Julia.* O heaven! sir, what have  
you done?

*Card.* How now! how settles this? think  
you your bosom

Will be a grave dark and obscure enough  
For such a secret?

*Julia.* You have undone yourself, sir. 280

*Card.* Why?

*Julia.* It lies not in me to conceal it.

*Card.* No!

Come, I will swear you to't upon this book.

*Julia.* Most religiously.

*Card.* Kiss it.

[*She kisses the book*]

Now you shall never utter it; thy curiosity  
Hath undone thee: thou'rt poisoned with  
that book;

Because I knew thou couldst not keep my  
counsel,

I have bound thee to 't by death.

[*Enter BOSOLA*]

*Bos.* For pity sake, hold!

*Card.* Ha, Bosola!

*Julia.* I forgive you

This equal piece of justice you have done;  
For I betrayed your counsel to that fellow:  
He overheard it; that was the cause I said 290  
It lay not in me to conceal it.

*Bos.* O foolish woman,  
Couldst not thou have poisoned him?

*Julia.* 'Tis weakness,  
Too much to think what should have been  
done. I go,

I know not whither. [Dies]

*Card.* Wherefore com'st thou hither?

*Bos.* That I might find a great man, like  
yourself,

Not out of his wits, as the lord Ferdinand,  
To remember my service.

*Card.* I'll have thee hewed in pieces.

*Bos.* Make not yourself such a promise of  
that life, 300

Which is not yours to dispose of.

*Card.* Who placed thee here?

*Bos.* Her lust, as she intended.

*Card.* Very well:

Now you know me for your fellow-murderer.

*Bos.* And wherefore should you lay fair  
marble colors <sup>1</sup>

Upon your rotten purposes to me?

<sup>1</sup> Paint woodwork to imitate marble.



Unless you imitate some that do plot great  
treasons,

And when they have done, go hide them-  
selves i' th' graves

Of those were actors in't?

*Card.* No more;

There is a fortune attends thee.

*Bos.* Shall I go sue to fortune any longer?  
'Tis the fool's pilgrimage. 311

*Card.* I have honors in store for thee.

*Bos.* There are a many ways that conduct  
to seeming

Honor, and some of them very dirty ones.

*Card.* Throw to the devil

Thy melancholy. The fire burns well;

What need we keep a stirring of't, and make  
A greater smother? thou wilt kill Antonio?

*Bos.* Yes.

*Card.* Take up that body.

*Bos.* I think I shall  
Shortly grow the common bier for church-  
yards. 320

*Card.* I will allow thee some dozen of  
attendants,

To aid thee in the murder.

*Bos.* O, by no means. Physicians that  
apply horse-leeches to any rank swelling,  
use to cut off their tails, that the blood may  
run through them the faster. Let me have  
no train when I go to shed blood, lest it  
make me have a greater when I ride to the  
gallows.

*Card.* Come to me after midnight, to help  
to remove that body 330

To her own lodging: I'll give out she died  
o'th' plague;

'Twill breed the less inquiry after her death.

*Bos.* Where's Castruccio, her husband?

*Card.* He's rod[e] to Naples, to take  
possession

Of Antonio's citadel.

*Bos.* Believe me, you have done a very  
happy turn.

*Card.* Fail not to come: there is the  
master-key

Of our lodgings; and by that you may con-  
ceive

What trust I plant in you.

*Bos.* You shall find me ready.

*Exit [Cardinal]*

O poor Antonio, though nothing be so need-  
ful 340

To thy estate, as pity, yet I find

Nothing so dangerous! I must look to my  
footing:

In such slippery ice-pavements, men had  
need

To be frost-nailed well, they may break  
their necks else;

The [precedent's]<sup>1</sup> here afore me. How this  
man

Bears up in blood! seems fearless! why, 'tis  
well:

Security some men call the suburbs of hell,  
Only a dead wall between. Well, good  
Antonio,

I'll seek thee out; and all my care shall be  
To put thee into safety from the reach 350

Of these most cruel biters, that have got  
Some of thy blood already. It may be,

I'll join with thee, in a most just revenge:  
The weakest arm is strong enough, that  
strikes

With the sword of justice. Still methinks  
the duchess

Haunts me: there, there!—'tis nothing but  
my melancholy.

O Penitence, let me truly taste thy cup,  
That throws men down, only to raise them  
up! *Exit*

### SCENA III

[*Milan, a Fortification*]

[*Enter*] ANTONIO and DELIO. *Echo from the  
Duchess' grave*

*Delio.* Yond's the Cardinal's window.  
This fortification

Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey;  
And to yond's side o' th' river lies a wall,  
Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion  
Gives the best echo that you ever heard,  
So hollow and so dismal, and withal  
So plain in the distinction of our words,  
That many have supposed it is a spirit  
That answers.

*Ant.* I do love these ancient ruins.  
We never tread upon them, but we set 10  
Our foot upon some reverend history:  
And, questionless, here in this open court,  
Which now lies naked to the injuries  
Of stormy weather, some men lie interred  
Loved the church so well, and gave so  
largely to't,

<sup>1</sup> Qq. *president's*.



They thought it should have canopied their bones

Till doomsday; but all things have their end:

Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,

Must have like death that we have.

*Echo.* *Like death that we have.*

*Delio.* Now the echo hath caught you. <sup>30</sup>

*Ant.* It groaned, methought, and gave  
A very deadly accent.

*Echo.* *Deadly accent.*

*Delio.* I told you 'twas a pretty one: you may make it

A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,

Or a thing of sorrow.

*Echo.* *A thing of sorrow.*

*Ant.* Ay, sure, that suits it best.

*Echo.* *That suits it best.*

*Ant.* 'Tis very like my wife's voice.

*Echo.* *Ay, wife's voice.*

*Delio.* Come, let's walk farther from't.  
I would not have you go to th' Cardinal's to-night:

Do not.

*Echo.* *Do not.* <sup>30</sup>

*Delio.* Wisdom doth not more moderate  
wasting sorrow,

Than time: take time for't; be mindful of  
thy safety.

*Echo.* *Be mindful of thy safety.*

*Ant.* Necessity compels me:

Make scrutiny throughout the pass[ag]es  
Of your own life, you'll find it impossible  
To fly your fate.

*Echo.* *O fly your fate!*

*Delio.* Hark! the dead stones seem to  
have pity on you,

And give you good counsel.

*Ant.* Echo, I will not talk with thee, <sup>40</sup>  
For thou art a dead thing.

*Echo.* *Thou art a dead thing.*

*Ant.* My duchess is asleep now,

And her little ones, I hope sweetly: O  
heaven,

Shall I never see her more?

*Echo.* *Never see her more.*

*Ant.* I marked not one repetition of the  
echo

But that; and on the sudden, a clear light  
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.

*Delio.* Your fancy merely.

*Ant.* Come, I'll be out of this ague,

For to live thus, is not indeed to live;

It is a mockery and abuse of life: <sup>50</sup>

I will not henceforth save myself by halves;  
Lose all, or nothing.

*Delio.* Your own virtue save you!  
I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you:  
It may be that the sight of his own blood  
Spread in so sweet a figure, may beget  
The more compassion. However, fare you  
well.

Though in our miseries fortune have a part,  
Yet in our noble sufferings she hath none;  
Contempt of pain, that<sup>1</sup> we may call our  
own. *Ere[unt]*

#### SCENA IV

[A galleried Apartment in the Cardinal's  
Palace]

[Enter] CARDINAL, PESCARA, MALATESTA,  
RODERIGO, GRISOLAN

*Card.* You shall not watch to-night by  
the sick prince;

His grace is very well recoverèd.

*Mal.* Good my lord, suffer<sup>2</sup> us.

*Card.* O, by no means:

The noise and change of object in his eye  
Doth more distract him: I pray, all to bed;  
And though you hear him in his violent fit,  
Do not rise, I entreat you.

*Pes.* So, sir; we shall not.

*Card.* Nay, I must have you promise  
Upon your honors, for I was enjoined to't  
By himself; and he seemed to urge it  
sensibly. <sup>10</sup>

*Pes.* Let our honors bind this trifle.

*Card.* Nor any of your followers.

*Mal.* Neither.

*Card.* It may be, to make trial of your  
promise,

When he's asleep, myself will rise and feign  
Some of his mad tricks, and cry out for  
help,

And feign myself in danger.

*Mal.* If your throat were cutting,

I'd not come at you, now I have protested  
against it.

*Card.* Why, I thank you.

*Gris.* 'Twas a foul storm to-night.<sup>3</sup> <sup>20</sup>

*Rod.* The lord Ferdinand's chamber shook  
like an osier.

<sup>1</sup> That alone.

<sup>2</sup> Permit.

<sup>3</sup> Last night.



*Mal.* 'Twas nothing but pure kindness in  
the devil,  
To rock his own child.

*Exeunt [all but the CARDINAL]*

*Card.* The reason why I would not suffer  
these

About my brother, is, because at midnight  
I may with better privacy convey  
Julia's body to her own lodging. O my  
conscience!

I would pray now; but the devil takes away  
my heart

For having any confidence in prayer.

About this hour I appointed Bosola <sup>80</sup>

To fetch the body: when he hath served my  
turn,

He dies. *Exit*

*[Enter BOSOLA]*

*Bos.* Ha! 'twas the Cardinal's voice; I  
heard him name

Bosola and my death: listen, I hear one's  
footing.

*[Enter FERDINAND]*

*Ferd.* Strangling is a very quiet death.

*Bos. [aside]* Nay then, I see I must  
stand upon my guard.

*Ferd.* What say to that? whisper softly;  
do you agree to't? So, it must be done  
i' th' dark; the Cardinal would not for a  
thousand pounds the doctor should see it. <sup>40</sup>

*Exit*

*Bos.* My death is plotted; here's the con-  
sequence of murder.

We value not desert nor Christian breath,  
When we know black deeds must be cured  
with death.

*[Enter ANTONIO and Servant]*

*Serv.* Here stay, sir, and be confident, I  
pray:

I'll fetch you a dark lantern. *Exit*

*Ant.* Could I take him at his prayers,  
There were hope of pardon.

*Bos.* Fall right my sword:

I'll not give thee so much leisure as to  
pray. *[Stabs ANTONIO]*

*Ant.* O, I am gone! Thou hast ended  
a long suit <sup>60</sup>

In a minute.

*Bos.* What art thou?

*Ant.* A most wretched thing,

That only have thy benefit in death,  
To appear myself.

*[Re-enter Servant with a light]*

*Serv.* Where are you, sir?

*Ant.* Very near my home.—Bosola!

*Serv.* O misfortune!

*Bos.* Smother thy pity, thou art dead  
else.—Antonio!

The man I would have saved 'bove mine  
own life!

We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck  
and banded <sup>1</sup>

Which way please then. O good Antonio,  
I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear, <sup>61</sup>

Shall make thy heart break quickly! thy fair  
duchess

And two sweet children—

*Ant.* Their very names  
Kindle a little life in me.

*Bos.* Are murdered.

*Ant.* Some men have wished to die  
At the hearing of sad tidings; I am glad  
That I shall do't, <sup>2</sup> in sadness: <sup>3</sup> I would not  
now

Wish my wounds balmed nor healed, for  
I have no use

To put my life to. In all our quest of  
greatness,

Like wanton boys, whose pastime is their  
care, <sup>70</sup>

We follow after bubbles blown in th' air.  
Pleasure of life, what is't? only the good  
hours

Of an ague; merely a preparative to rest,  
To endure vexation. I do not ask  
The process of my death; only commend me  
To Delio.

*Bos.* Break, heart!

*Ant.* And let my son fly the courts of  
princes. *[Dies]*

*Bos.* Thou seem'st to have loved Antonio?

*Serv.* I brought him hither, <sup>80</sup>  
To have reconciled him to the Cardinal.

*Bos.* I do not ask thee that:  
Take him up, if thou tender thine own life,  
And bear him where the lady Julia  
Was wont to lodge.—O my fate moves  
swift!

I have this Cardinal in the forge already,  
Now I'll bring him to th' hammer. O dire-  
ful misprison! <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Banded. <sup>2</sup> Die. <sup>3</sup> Verily. <sup>4</sup> Mistake.



I will not imitate things glorious,  
No more than base; I'll be mine own  
example.—

On, on, and look thou represent, for silence,  
The thing thou bear'st.<sup>1</sup> *Exeunt* 21

## SCENA V

[*The Same*][*Enter*] CARDINAL, with a book

*Card.* I am puzzled in a question about  
hell:

He says, in hell there's one material fire,  
And yet it shall not burn all men alike.  
Lay him by.<sup>2</sup> How tedious is a guilty con-  
science!

When I look into the fishponds in my  
garden,  
Methinks I see a thing armed with a rake,  
That seems to strike at me.—

[*Enter* BOSOLA, and Servant bearing  
ANTONIO'S body]

Now, art thou come?

Thou look'st ghastly;  
There sits in thy face some great determina-  
tion,  
Mixed with some fear. 10

*Bos.* Thus it lightens into action:  
I am come to kill thee.

*Card.* Ha! help! our guard!

*Bos.* Thou art deceived;  
They are out of thy howling.

*Card.* Hold; and I will faithfully divide  
Revenues with thee.

*Bos.* Thy prayers and proffers  
Are both unseasonable.

*Card.* Raise the watch! we are betrayed!

*Bos.* I have confined your flight: 21  
I'll suffer your retreat to Julia's chamber,  
But no further.

*Card.* Help! we are betrayed!

[*Enter* MALATESTA, PESCARA, RODERIGO, and  
GRISOLAN, above]

*Mal.* Listen!

*Card.* My dukedom for rescue!

*Rod.* Fie upon his counterfeiting!

*Mal.* Why, 'tis not the Cardinal.

*Rod.* Yes, yes, 'tis he:

<sup>1</sup> Be as silent as the body you are bearing.  
<sup>2</sup> Perhaps these words are a stage direction.

But I'll see him hanged ere I'll go down to  
him. 20

*Card.* Here's a plot upon me; I am  
assaulted! I am lost,

Unless some rescue!

*Gris.* He doth this pretty well;  
But it will not serve to laugh me out of  
mine honor.

*Card.* The sword's at my throat!

*Rod.* You would not bawl so loud then.

*Mal.* Come, come, let's go to bed: he  
told us this much aforehand.

*Pes.* He wished you should not come at  
him; but believe't,  
The accent of the voice sounds not in jest:  
I'll down to him, howsoever, and with  
engines

Force ope the doors. [*Exit above*]

*Rod.* Let's follow him aloof,  
And note how the Cardinal will laugh at  
him. 40

[*Exeunt above, MALATESTA,  
RODERIGO, and GRISOLAN*]

*Bos.* There's for you first,  
'Cause you shall not unbarricade the door  
To let in rescue. *He kills the Servant*

*Card.* What cause hast thou to pursue my  
life?

*Bos.* Look there.

*Card.* Antonio!

*Bos.* Slain by my hand unwittingly:  
Pray, and be sudden: when thou killed'st  
thy sister,  
Thou took'st from Justice her most equal  
balance,

And left her nought but her sword.

*Card.* O mercy!

*Bos.* Now it seems thy greatness was only  
outward;  
For thou fall'st faster of thyself than  
calamity 50

Can drive thee: I'll not waste longer time;  
there! [*Stabs him*]

*Card.* Thou hast hurt me.

*Bos.* Again!

*Card.* Shall I die like a leveret?  
Without any resistance? Help, help, help!  
I am slain!

[*Enter FERDINAND*]

*Ferd.* Th' alarum! give me a fresh horse;  
Rally the vaunt-guard, or the day is lost!

<sup>1</sup> Rabbit.



Yield, yield: I give you the honors of arms,  
Shake my sword over you; will you yield?

*Card.* Help me, I am your brother!

*Ferd.* The devil!

My brother fight upon the adverse party!

*He wounds the CARDINAL, and, in the  
scuffle, gives BOSOLA his death wound*

There flies your ransom. ∞

*Card.* O justice!

I suffer now for what hath former been:  
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.

*Ferd.* Now you're brave fellows. Cæsar's  
fortune was harder than Pompey's; Cæsar  
died in the arms of prosperity, Pompey at  
the feet of disgrace. You both died in the  
field. The pain's nothing: pain many times  
is taken away with the apprehension of  
greater, as the toothache with the sight  
of a barber that comes to pull it out: there's  
philosophy for you.

*Bos.* Now my revenge is perfect. Sink,  
thou main cause

*He kills FERDINAND*

Of my undoing. The last part of my life  
Hath done me best service.

*Ferd.* Give me some wet hay, I am  
broken-winded.

I do account this world but a dog-kennel:  
I will vault credit<sup>1</sup> and affect high pleasures,  
Beyond death.

*Bos.* He seems to come to himself,  
Now he's so near the bottom. ∞

*Ferd.* My sister, O my sister! there's the  
cause on't.

Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,  
Like diamonds, we are cut with our own  
dust. [Dies]

*Card.* Thou hast thy payment too.

*Bos.* Yes, I hold my weary soul in my  
teeth;

'Tis ready to part from me. I do glory  
That thou, which stood'st like a huge  
pyramid

Begun upon a large and ample base,  
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of  
nothing.

*[Enter below PESCARA and the others]*

*Pes.* How now, my lord!

*Mal.* O sad disaster!

*Rod.* How comes this? ∞

<sup>1</sup> Surpass belief.

*Bos.* Revenge for the Duchess of Malfi,  
murdered

By the Arragonian brethren; for Antonio,  
Slain by this hand; for lustful Julia,  
Poisoned by [t]his man; and lastly for  
myself,

That was an actor in the main of all  
Much 'gainst mine own good nature,<sup>1</sup> yet  
i' th' end

Neglected.

*Pes.* How now, my lord!

*Card.* Look to my brother:

He gave us these large wounds, as we were  
struggling

Here i' th' rushes.<sup>2</sup> And now, I pray, let me  
Be laid by and never thought of. [Dies]

*Pes.* How fatally, it seems, he did with-  
stand 101

His own rescue!

*Mal.* Thou wretched thing of blood,  
How came Antonio by his death?

*Bos.* In a mist: I know not how:  
Such a mistake as I have often seen  
In a play. O, I am gone!

We are only like dead walls, or vaulted  
graves,

That ruined, yields no echo. Fare you well.  
It may be pain, but no harm to me to die,  
In so good a quarrel. O this gloomy world!  
In what a shadow, or deep pit of dark-  
ness, 111

Doth womanish and fearful mankind live!  
Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust  
To suffer death or shame for what is just:  
Mine is another voyage. [Dies]

*Pes.* The noble Delio, as I came to th'  
palace,

Told me of Antonio's being here, and  
showed me

A pretty gentleman, his son and heir.

*[Enter DELIO, and ANTONIO'S SON]*

*Mal.* O sir, you come too late!

*Delio.* I heard so, and  
Was armed for't, ere I came. Let us make  
noble use 120

Of this great ruin; and join all our force  
To establish this young hopeful gentleman  
In's mother's right. These wretched eminent  
things

<sup>1</sup> Natural disposition.

<sup>2</sup> With which the floors were habitually strewn.



Leave no more fame behind 'em, than  
should one

Fall in a frost,<sup>1</sup> and leave his print in snow:

As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,

Both form and matter. I have ever thought

<sup>1</sup> Slip on the ice.

Nature doth nothing so great for great men,  
As when she's pleased to make them lords  
of truth:

Integrity of life is fame's best friend, 130

Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the  
end. *Exeunt*



# THE CHANGELING:

**As it was Acted (with great Applause)**  
at the Privat house in **D R U R Y & L A N E,**  
and *Salisbury Court.*

Written by { *THOMAS MIDLETON,*  
and  
{ *WILLIAM ROWLET.* } Gent'.

*Never Printed before.*

L O N D O N,  
Printed for HUMPHREY MOSELEY, and are to  
be sold at his shop at the sign of the *Princes-Arms*.  
in *St Pauls* Church-yard, 1653.



822.3

S32T

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

43 310

43

Da. S. 44

8<sup>10</sup> 54 278

27<sup>6</sup>/56 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65- B 12



*The Changeling* was not printed until 1653 and a second quarto, that of 1668, appears to be no more than an issue of the same sheets with a new title page. This tragedy was on the stage at least as early as 1623. The general sources for the story of Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores is to be found in the fourth history of the first book of John Reynold's *Triumph of God's Revenge Against Murder*, 1621, and Professor Baker has pointed out parallels for certain details in old French story (*Journal of Comparative Literature*, I, p. 878). The underplot of *The Changeling* has not been traced. The collaboration of Middleton and Rowley in this play has resulted in a finer work than either apparently could have produced alone. Rowley is supposed to have written the whole of the underplot, together with the opening and closing scenes of the main plot, the rest being Middleton's (Wiggin).

Thomas Middleton was born about 1570 in London and educated chiefly at Gray's Inn. He became a pamphleteer and writer of city pageants as well as a writer of plays and held latterly the post of chronologer to the city of London. Middleton is found earliest in drama writing for the Admiral's men and in association with Dekker with whom he wrote *Westward Ho* and *Northward Ho*, comedies of London low life, as well as the fine serious domestic drama in two parts, *The Honest Whore*. His collaboration with William Rowley, who, born in 1585, was fifteen years his junior, appears to have arisen out of Rowley's abilities as an actor on the stage in acting good humored clownish parts. Rowley wrote little alone, but in connection with Middleton and about 1616, after Shakespeare's death, the two produced several powerful works. *The Spanish Gipsy*, *A Fair Quarrel*, *Women Beware Women* are the best of them after *The Changeling*. Rowley was alive in 1625 when the accession of King Charles brought a new patent to the King's men, among whom he then figured. Middleton died in 1627.

The complete Works of Middleton were reprinted by A. H. Bullen, 8 vols., 1885-1886. No separate edition of the plays in which William Rowley had a hand has been collected. Two of his unaided plays were reprinted by C. W. Stork, 1910. Publications of the University of Pennsylvania.



## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

VERMANDERO, [ <i>Governor of the Castle of Alicant</i> ], <i>Father to Beatrice</i>	PEDRO, <i>Friend to Antonio</i>
TOMASO DE PIRACQUO, <i>a noble Lord</i>	ANTONIO, <i>the Changeling</i> <sup>1</sup>
ALONZO DE PIRACQUO, <i>his brother, suitor to Beatrice</i>	FRANCISCUS, <i>a counterfeit Madman</i>
ALSEMERO, <i>a Nobleman, afterwards married to Beatrice</i>	DE FLORES, <i>Servant to Vermandero</i>
JASPERINO, <i>his Friend</i>	MADMEN
ALIBIUS, <i>a jealous Doctor</i>	SERVANTS
LOLLIO, <i>his Man</i>	BEATRICE-[JOANNA], <i>Daughter to Vermandero</i>
	DIAPHANTA, <i>her Waiting-woman</i>
	ISABELLA, <i>Wife to Alibius</i>

SCENE: *Alicant*

<sup>1</sup> A changeling was the defective being left in place of a child stolen by the fairies. In this play Antonio, who pretends imbecility, is the changeling.



# THE CHANGELING

THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY

ACTUS PRIMUS, [SCENA II]

[A Street]

Enter ALSEMERO

Als. 'Twas in the temple where I first be-  
held her,  
And now again the same: what omen yet  
Follows of that? none but imaginary;  
Why should my hopes or fate be timorous?  
The place is holy, so is my intent:  
I love her beauties to the holy purpose;  
And that, methinks, admits comparison  
With man's first creation, the place blessed,<sup>1</sup>  
And is his right home back, if he achieve it.  
The church hath first begun our interview,  
And that's the place must join us into  
one;  
So there's beginning and perfection too.<sup>11</sup>

Enter JASPERINO

Jas. O sir, are you here? come, the wind's  
fair with you;  
Y'are like to have a swift and pleasant  
passage.  
Als. Sure, y'are deceived, friend, it is con-  
trary,  
In my best judgment.  
Jas. What, for Malta?  
If you could buy a gale amongst the  
witches,<sup>2</sup>  
They could not serve you such a lucky  
pennyworth<sup>3</sup>  
As comes a' God's name.  
Als. Even now I observed  
The temple's vane to turn full in my face; <sup>20</sup>  
I know 'tis against me.  
Jas. Against you?  
Then you know not where you are.  
Als. Not well, indeed.  
Jas. Are you not well, sir?  
Als. Yes, Jasperino,

<sup>1</sup> Paradise.

<sup>2</sup> A common belief. See *Macbeth*, I. iii.

<sup>3</sup> Lucky bargain.

Unless there be some hidden malady  
Within me, that I understand not.

Jas. And that  
I begin to doubt,<sup>1</sup> sir: I never knew  
Your inclination to travel at a pause,  
With any cause to hinder it, till now.  
Ashore you were wont to call your servants  
up,  
And help to trap your horses for the speed;<sup>2</sup>  
At sea I have seen you weigh the anchor  
with 'em,  
Hoist sails for fear to lose the foremost  
breath,  
Be in continual prayers for fair winds;  
And have you changed your orisons?

Als. No, friend;  
I keep the same church, same devotion.

Jas. Lover I'm sure y'are none; the stoic  
was  
Found in you long ago; your mother  
Nor best friends, who have set snares of  
beauty, ay,<sup>3</sup>  
And choice ones too, could never trap you  
that way:

What might be the cause?

Als. Lord, how violent <sup>40</sup>  
Thou art! I was but meditating of  
Somewhat I heard within the temple.

Jas. Is this  
Violence? 'tis but idleness compared  
With your haste yesterday.

Als. I'm all this while  
A-going, man.

Jas. Backwards, I think, sir. Look, your  
servants.

Enter Servants

1 Ser. The seamen call; shall we board  
your trunks?

Als. No, not to-day.

Jas. 'Tis the critical day, it seems, and <sup>50</sup>  
the sign in Aquarius.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fear.

<sup>2</sup> To hurry them.

<sup>3</sup> Ay begins the next line in Q.

<sup>4</sup> Hence propitious for sailing.



2 *Ser.* We must not to sea to-day; this smoke will bring forth fire.

*Als.* Keep all on shore; I do not know the end,  
Which needs I must do, of an affair in hand  
Ere I can go to sea.

1 *Ser.* Well, your pleasure.

2 *Ser.* Let him e'en take his leisure too;  
we are safer on land. *Servants exeunt*

*Enter BEATRICE, DIAPHANTA, and Servants.*  
[*ALSEMERO accosts BEATRICE and then kisses her*]

*Jas.* [*aside*] How now? the laws of the <sup>90</sup>  
Medes are changed sure: salute a woman!  
he kisses too; wonderfull where learnt he  
this? and does it perfectly too; in my con-  
science,<sup>1</sup> he ne'er rehearsed it before. Nay,  
go on; this will be stranger and better news  
at Valencia than if he had ransomed half  
Greece from the Turk.<sup>2</sup>

*Beat.* You are a scholar, sir?

*Als.* A weak one, lady.

*Beat.* Which of the sciences is this love  
you speak of?

*Als.* From your tongue I take it to be  
music. <sup>70</sup>

*Beat.* You are skilful in't, can sing at first  
sight.

*Als.* And I have showed you all my skill  
at once;

I want more words to express me further,  
And must be forced to repetition;  
I love you dearly.

*Beat.* Be better advised, sir:  
Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments,  
And should give certain judgment what  
they see;  
But they are rash sometimes, and tell us  
wonders

Of common things, which when our judg-  
ments find,  
They can then check the eyes, and call them  
blind. <sup>80</sup>

*Als.* But I am further, lady; yesterday  
Was mine eyes' employment, and hither  
now

They brought my judgment, where are  
both agreed:  
Both houses<sup>3</sup> then consenting, 'tis agreed;

<sup>1</sup> To my knowledge.

<sup>2</sup> Then the master of Greece.

<sup>3</sup> The Lords and Commons.

Only there wants the confirmation  
By the hand royal; that's your part, lady.

*Beat.* O, there's one above me, sir.—

[*Aside*] For five days past  
To be recalled! sure mine eyes were mis-  
taken;

This was the man was meant me: that he  
should come

So near his time, and miss it! <sup>90</sup>

*Jas.* We might have come by the carriers  
from Valencia, I see, and saved all our sea-  
provision; we are at farthest sure: methinks  
I should do something too;

I mean to be a venturer<sup>1</sup> in this voyage:  
Yonder's another vessel, I'll board her;  
If she be lawful prize, down goes her topsail.  
[*Accosts DIAPHANTA*]

*Enter DE FLORES*

*De F.* Lady, your father—

*Beat.* Is in health, I hope.

*De F.* Your eye shall instantly instruct  
you, lady;

He's coming hitherward.

*Beat.* What needed then  
Your duteous preface? I had rather <sup>100</sup>  
He had come unexpected; you must stall<sup>2</sup>  
A good presence with unnecessary blabbing;  
And how welcome for your part you are,  
I'm sure you know.

*De F.* [*aside*] Will't never mend, this  
scorn,

One side nor other? must I be enjoined  
To follow still<sup>3</sup> whilst she flies from me?  
Well,

Fates, do your worst, I'll please myself with  
sight

Of her at all opportunities,  
If but to spite her anger: I know she had <sup>110</sup>  
Rather see me dead than living; and yet  
She knows no cause for't but a peevish will.

*Als.* You seemed displeased, lady, on the  
sudden.

*Beat.* Your pardon, sir, 'tis my infirmity;  
Nor can I other reason render you,  
Than his or hers, of some particular thing  
They must abandon as a deadly poison,  
Which to a thousand other tastes were  
wholesome;

Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,  
The same that report speaks of the basilisk.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sharer.

<sup>2</sup> Spoil.

<sup>3</sup> Ever.

<sup>4</sup> A fabulous beast which it was death to behold.



*Als.* This is a frequent frailty in our nature;<sup>121</sup>

There's scarce a man amongst a thousand found

But hath his imperfection: one distastes<sup>1</sup>

The scent of roses, which to infinites<sup>2</sup>

Most pleasing is and odoriferous;

One oil, the enemy of poison;

Another wine, the cheerer of the heart

And lively refresher of the countenance:

Indeed this fault, if so it be, is general;

There's scarce a thing but is both loved and loathed:<sup>130</sup>

Myself, I must confess, have the same frailty.

*Beat.* And what may be your poison, sir? I'm bold with you.

*Als.* What might be your desire, perhaps; a cherry.

*Beat.* I am no enemy to any creature My memory has, but yon gentleman.

*Als.* He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew it.

*Beat.* He cannot be ignorant of that, sir, I have not spared to tell him so; and I want To help myself,<sup>3</sup> since he's a gentleman In good respect with my father, and follows him.<sup>140</sup>

*Als.* He's out of his place then, now.

[*They talk apart*]

*Jas.* I am a mad wag, wench.

*Dia.* So methinks; but for your comfort, I can tell you, we have a doctor in the city that undertakes the care of such.

*Jas.* Tush, I know what physic is best for the state of mine own body.

*Dia.* 'Tis scarce a well-governed state, I believe.<sup>149</sup>

*Jas.* I could show thee such a thing with an ingredience<sup>4</sup> that we two would compound together, and if it did not tame the maddest blood i' th' town for two hours after, I'll ne'er profess physic again.

*Dia.* A little poppy, sir, were good to cause you sleep.

*Jas.* Poppy? I'll give thee a pop i' th' lips for that first, and begin there: poppy is one simple indeed, and cuckoo-what-you-call't another: I'll discover no more now; another time I'll show thee all. [*Exit*]<sup>151</sup>

*Beat.* My father, sir.

<sup>1</sup> Dislikes.

<sup>2</sup> Many.

<sup>3</sup> I fail to get myself out of the difficulty.

<sup>4</sup> Mixture.

*Enter VERMANDERO and Servants*

*Ver.* O Joanna, I came to meet thee; Your devotion's ended?

*Beat.* For this time, sir.—  
[*Aside*] I shall change my saint,<sup>1</sup> I fear me; I find

A giddy turning in me.—Sir, this while I am beholding to this gentleman, who Left his own way to keep me company, And in discourse I find him much desirous To see your castle; he hath deserved it, sir, If ye please to grant it.

*Ver.* With all my heart, sir:<sup>170</sup> Yet there's an article<sup>2</sup> between; I must know

Your country; we use not to give survey Of our chief strengths to strangers; our citadels

Are placed conspicuous to outward view, On promonts'<sup>3</sup> tops, but within are secrets.

*Als.* A Valencian, sir.

*Ver.* A Valencian?  
That's native, sir: of what name, I beseech you?

*Als.* Alsemero, sir.

*Ver.* Alsemero? not the son Of John de Alsemero?

*Als.* The same, sir.

*Ver.* My best love bids you welcome:

*Beat.* [*aside*] He was wont<sup>180</sup> To call me so, and then<sup>4</sup> he speaks a most Unfeignèd truth.

*Ver.* O sir, I knew your father; We two were in acquaintance long ago, Before our chins were worth iulan down,<sup>5</sup> And so continued till the stamp of time Had coined us into silver: well, he's gone; A good soldier went with him.

*Als.* You went together in that, sir.

*Ver.* No, by Saint Jacques, I came behind him; Yet I have done somewhat too: an unhappy day<sup>190</sup>

Swallowed him at last at Gibraltar, In fight with those rebellious Hollanders; Was it not so?

*Als.* Whose death I had revenged, Or followed him in fate, had not the late league<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The object of my devotion, lover.

<sup>2</sup> Proviso.

<sup>3</sup> Promontories.

<sup>4</sup> When he does.

<sup>5</sup> The first growth of the beard. *Æncid*, I, 288.

<sup>6</sup> The armistice of 1612.



Prevented me.

*Ver.* Ay, ay, 'twas time to breathe.—  
O Joanna, I should ha' told thee news;  
I saw Piracquo lately.

*Beat.* That's ill news.

*Ver.* He's hot preparing for his<sup>1</sup> day of  
triumph:  
Thou must be a bride within this seven-  
night.

*Als.* [*aside*] Ha!

*Beat.* Nay, good sir, be not so violent;  
with speed

I cannot render satisfaction  
Unto the dear companion of my soul,  
Virginity, whom I thus long have lived with,  
And part with it so rude and suddenly;  
Can such friends divide, never to meet  
again,

Without a solemn farewell?

*Ver.* Tush, tush! there's a toy.<sup>2</sup>

*Als.* [*aside*] I must now part, and never  
meet again

With any joy on earth.—Sir, your pardon;  
My affairs call on me.

*Ver.* How, sir? by no means:  
Not changed so soon, I hope? you must  
see my castle,

And her best entertainment, e'er we part,  
I shall think myself unkindly used else.

Come, come, let's on; I had good hope your  
stay

Had been a while with us in Alicant;  
I might have bid you to my daughter's wed-  
ding.

*Als.* [*aside*] He means to feast me, and  
poisons me beforehand.—

I should be dearly glad to be there, sir,  
Did my occasions suit as I could wish.

*Beat.* I shall be sorry if you be not there  
When it is done, sir; but not so suddenly.

*Ver.* I tell you, sir, the gentleman's com-  
plete,

A courtier and a gallant, enrichèd  
With many fair and noble ornaments;  
I would not change him for a son-in-law  
For any he in Spain, the proudest he,  
And we have great ones, that you know.

*Als.* He's much  
Bound to you, sir.

*Ver.* He shall be bound to me  
As fast as this tie can hold him; I'll want  
My will<sup>3</sup> else.

<sup>1</sup> Q. *this*.

<sup>2</sup> Fail in my purpose.

<sup>3</sup> Trifle.

*Beat.* [*aside*] I shall want mine, if you  
do it.

*Ver.* But come, by the way I'll tell you  
more of him.

*Als.* [*aside*] How shall I dare to venture  
in his castle,

When he discharges murderers<sup>1</sup> at the gate?  
But I must on, for back I cannot go.

*Beat.* [*aside*] Not this serpent gone yet?  
[*Drops a glove*]<sup>2</sup>

*Ver.* Look, girl, thy glove's fallen.  
Stay, stay; De Flores, help a little.

[*Exeunt VERMANDERO, ALSEMERO,  
and Servants*]

*De F.* Here, lady.

[*Offers her the glove*]

*Beat.* Mischief on your officious forward-  
ness;

Who bade you stoop? they touch my hand  
no more:

There! for t' other's sake I part with this;  
[*Takes off and throws  
down the other glove*]

Take 'em, and draw thine own skin off with  
'em!<sup>3</sup>

*Exit* [*with DIAPHANTA  
and Servants*]

*De F.* Here's a favor come with a mis-  
chief now! I know

She had rather wear my pelt<sup>4</sup> tanned  
in a pair

Of dancing pumps, than I should thrust my  
fingers

Into her sockets here. I know she hates me,  
Yet cannot choose but love her: no matter,  
If but to vex her, I will haunt her still;

Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will.  
*Exit*

## [SCENA II]

[*A Room in the House of Alibius*]

*Enter ALIBIUS and LOLLIO*

*Alib.* Lollio, I must trust thee with a  
secret,\*

But thou must keep it.

*Lol.* I was ever close to a secret, sir.

*Alib.* The diligence that I have found in  
thee,

<sup>1</sup> Cannon.

<sup>2</sup> For Alsemero to pick up or possibly only in con-  
fusion at the sight of De Flores.

<sup>3</sup> Q. *um* in both cases.

<sup>4</sup> Skin.



The care and industry already past,  
Assures me of thy good continuance.  
Lollo, I have a wife.

*Lol.* Fie, sir, 'tis too late to keep her  
secret; she's known to be married all the  
town and country over. <sup>10</sup>

*Alib.* Thou goest too fast, my Lollo; that  
knowledge

I allow no man can be barred it;  
But there is a knowledge which is nearer,  
Deeper, and sweeter, Lollo.

*Lol.* Well, sir, let us handle that between  
you and I.

*Alib.* 'Tis that I go about, man: Lollo,  
My wife is young.

*Lol.* So much the worse to be kept  
secret, sir. <sup>20</sup>

*Alib.* Why, now thou meet'st the sub-  
stance of the point;  
I am old, Lollo.

*Lol.* No, sir, 'tis I am old Lollo.

*Alib.* Yet why may not this concord and  
sympathize?

Old trees and young plants often grow to-  
gether,

Well enough agreeing.

*Lol.* Ay, sir, but the old trees raise them-  
selves higher and broader than the young  
plants.

*Alib.* Shrewd application! there's the fear,  
man; <sup>30</sup>

I would wear my ring on my own finger:  
Whilst it is borrowed, it is none of mine,  
But his that useth it.

*Lol.* You must keep it on still<sup>1</sup> then: if  
it but lie by, one or other will be thrusting  
into't.

*Alib.* Thou conceiv'st me, Lollo; here  
thy watchful eye

Must have employment; I cannot always be  
At home.

*Lol.* I dare swear you cannot. <sup>40</sup>

*Alib.* I must look out.

*Lol.* I know't, you must look out, 'tis  
every man's case.

*Alib.* Here, I do say, must thy employ-  
ment be;

To watch her treadings, and in my absence  
Supply my place.

*Lol.* I'll do my best, sir; yet surely I  
cannot see who you should have cause to be  
jealous of.

*Alib.* Thy reason for that, Lollo? it is <sup>50</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Always.

A comfortable question.

*Lol.* We have but two sorts of people in  
the house, and both under the whip, that's  
fools<sup>1</sup> and madmen; the one has not wit  
enough to be knaves, and the other not  
knavery enough to be fools.

*Alib.* Ay, those are all my patients,  
Lollo;

I do profess the cure of either sort,  
My trade, my living 'tis, I thrive by it;  
But here's the care that mixes with my  
thrift; <sup>60</sup>

The daily visitants, that come to see  
My brainsick patients, I would not have  
To see my wife: gallants I do observe  
Of quick enticing eyes, rich in habits,  
Of stature and proportion very comely:  
These are most shrewd temptations, Lollo.

*Lol.* They may be easily answered, sir;  
if they come to see the fools and madmen,  
you and I may serve the turn, and let my  
mistress alone, she's of neither sort. <sup>70</sup>

*Alib.* 'Tis a good ward;<sup>2</sup> indeed, come  
they to see

Our madmen or our fools, let 'em<sup>3</sup> see no  
more

Than what they come for; by that conse-  
quent

They must not see her, I'm sure she's no  
fool.

*Lol.* And I'm sure she's no madman.

*Alib.* Hold that buckler fast; Lollo, my  
trust

Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong.  
What hour is't, Lollo?

*Lol.* Towards belly-hour, sir.

*Alib.* Dinner-time? thou mean'st twelve  
o'clock? <sup>80</sup>

*Lol.* Yes, sir, for every part has his hour:  
we wake at six and look about us, that's  
eye-hour; at seven we should pray, that's  
knee-hour; at eight walk, that's leg-hour;  
at nine gather flowers and pluck a rose,<sup>3</sup>  
that's nose-hour; at ten we drink, that's  
mouth-hour; at eleven lay about us for  
victuals, that's hand-hour; at twelve go to  
dinner, that's belly-hour.

*Alib.* Profoundly, Lollo! it will be long <sup>90</sup>  
Ere all thy scholars learn this lesson, and  
I did look to have a new one entered;—stay,  
I think my expectation is come home.

<sup>1</sup> Idiots.  
<sup>2</sup> Defence.  
<sup>3</sup> Q. um.



*Enter PEDRO, and ANTONIO as an idiot*

*Ped.* Save you, sir; my business speaks itself,

This sight takes off the labor of my tongue.

*Alib.* Ay, ay, sir, it is plain enough, you mean him for my patient.

*Ped.* And if your pains prove but commodious,<sup>1</sup> to give but some little strength to the sick and weak part of nature in him, these are [*gives him money*] but pat-<sup>100</sup> terns to show you of the whole pieces that will follow to you, beside the charge of diet, washing, and other necessities, fully defrayed.

*Alib.* Believe it, sir, there shall no care be wanting.

*Lol.* Sir, an officer in this place may deserve something, the trouble will pass through my hands.<sup>100</sup>

*Ped.* 'Tis fit something should come to your hands then, sir, [*Gives him money*]

*Lol.* Yes, sir, 'tis I must keep him sweet,<sup>2</sup> and read to him: what is his name?

*Ped.* His name is Antonio; marry, we use but half to him, only Tony.

*Lol.* Tony, Tony, 'tis enough, and a very good name for a fool.—What's your name, Tony?

*Ant.* He, he, he! well, I thank you, cousin; he, he, he!<sup>120</sup>

*Lol.* Good boy! hold up your head.—He can laugh;

I perceive by that he is no beast.<sup>3</sup>

*Ped.* Well, sir,  
If you can raise him out to any height,  
Any degree of wit, might he attain.  
As I might say, to creep but on all four  
Towards the chair of wit, or walk on  
crutches,

'Twould add an honor to your worthy pains,  
And a great family might pray for you,  
To which he should be heir, had he discretion<sup>130</sup>

To claim and guide his own: assure you, sir,  
He is a gentleman.

*Lol.* Nay, there's nobody doubted that;  
at first sight I knew him for a gentleman, he looks no other yet.

*Ped.* Let him have good attendance and sweet lodging.

*Lol.* As good as my mistress lies in, sir;  
and as you allow us time and means, we

<sup>1</sup> Beneficial.    <sup>2</sup> Clean.    <sup>3</sup> A classical belief.

can raise him to the higher degree of discretion.<sup>141</sup>

*Ped.* Nay, there shall no cost want, sir.

*Lol.* He will hardly be stretched up to the wit of a magnifico.

*Ped.* O no, that's not to be expected; far shorter will be enough.

*Lol.* I'll warrant you I'll make him fit to bear office in five weeks; I'll undertake to wind him up to the wit of a constable.<sup>150</sup>

*Ped.* If it be lower than that, it might serve turn.

*Lol.* No, fie; to level him with a headborough,<sup>2</sup> beadle, or watchman, were but little better than he is: constable I'll able him;<sup>3</sup> if he do come to be a justice afterwards, let him thank the keeper: or I'll go further with you; say I do bring him up to my own pitch, say I make him as wise as myself.<sup>160</sup>

*Ped.* Why, there I would have it.

*Lol.* Well, go to; either I'll be as arrant a fool as he, or he shall be as wise as I, and then I think 'twill serve his turn.

*Ped.* Nay, I do like thy wit passing well.

*Lol.* Yes, you may; yet if I had not been a fool, I had had more wit than I have too; remember what state<sup>4</sup> you find me in.

*Ped.* I will, and so leave you: your best cares, I beseech you. [*Exit PEDRO*]<sup>170</sup>

*Alib.* Take home none with you, leave 'em all with us.

*Ant.* O, my cousin's gone! cousin, cousin, O!

*Lol.* Peace, peace, Tony; you must not cry, child, you must be whipped if you do; your cousin is here still; I am your cousin, Tony.

*Ant.* He, he! then I'll not cry, if thou be'st my cousin; he, he, he!<sup>180</sup>

*Lol.* I were best try his wit a little, that I may know what form to place him in.

*Alib.* Ay, do, Lollio, do.

*Lol.* I must ask him easy questions at first.—Tony, how many true<sup>5</sup> fingers has a tailor on his right hand?

*Ant.* As many as on his left, cousin.

*Lol.* Good: and how many on both?

*Ant.* Two less than a deuce, cousin.

<sup>1</sup> Considered proverbially stupid.

<sup>2</sup> Constable of a small town.

<sup>3</sup> I'll give him the wit of a constable.

<sup>4</sup> Position of trust.

<sup>5</sup> Honest.



*Lol.* Very well answered: I come to 190  
you again, cousin Tony; how many fools  
goes to <sup>1</sup> a wise man?

*Ant.* Forty in a day sometimes, cousin.

*Lol.* Forty in a day? how prove you that?

*Ant.* All that fall out amongst themselves,  
and go to a lawyer to be made friends.

*Lol.* A parlous <sup>2</sup> fool! he must sit in the  
fourth form at least, I perceive that.—I  
come again, Tony; how many knaves make  
an honest man? 200

*Ant.* I know not that, cousin.

*Lol.* No, the question is too hard for you:  
I'll tell you, cousin; there's three knaves  
may make an honest man, a sergeant, a  
jailor, and a beadle; the sergeant catches  
him, the jailor holds him, and the beadle  
lashes him; and if he be not honest then,  
the hangman must cure him.

*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha! that's fine sport, cousin.

*Alib.* This was too deep a question for 210  
the fool, Lollio.

*Lol.* Yes, this might have served yourself,  
though I say't.—Once more and you shall  
go play, Tony.

*Ant.* Ay, play at push-pin, <sup>3</sup> cousin; ha,  
he!

*Lol.* So thou shalt: say how many fools  
are here—

*Ant.* Two, cousin; thou and I.

*Lol.* Nay, y'are too forward there, 220  
Tony: mark my question; how many fools  
and knaves are here: a fool before a knave,  
a fool behind a knave, between every two  
fools a knave; how many fools, how many  
knaves?

*Ant.* I never learnt so far, cousin.

*Alib.* Thou puttest too hard questions to  
him, Lollio.

*Lol.* I'll make him understand it easily.—  
Cousin, stand there. 230

*Ant.* Ay, cousin.

*Lol.* Master, stand you next the fool.

*Alib.* Well, Lollio.

*Lol.* Here's my place: mark now, Tony,  
there's a fool before a knave.

*Ant.* That's I, cousin.

*Lol.* Here's a fool behind a knave, that's  
I; and between us two fools there is a  
knave, that's my master, 'tis but we three,  
that's all. 240

*Ant.* We three, we three, cousin.

*Madmen within*

1 *Mad. Within.* Put's head i' th' pillory,  
he breeds too little.

2 *Mad. Within.* Fly, fly, and he catches  
the swallow.

3 *Mad. Within.* Give her more onion, or  
the devil put the rope about her crag.<sup>1</sup>

*Lol.* You may hear what time of day it  
is, the chimes of Bedlam goes.

*Alib.* Peace, peace, or the wire <sup>2</sup> comes! 250

3 *Mad. Within.* Cat whore, cat whore!  
her parmasant,<sup>3</sup> her parmasant!

*Alib.* Peace, I say!—Their hour's come,  
they must be fed, Lollio.

*Lol.* There's no hope of recovery of that  
Welsh madman; was undone by a mouse  
that spoiled him a parmasant; lost his wits  
for't.

*Alib.* Go to your charge, Lollio; I'll to  
mine. 260

*Lol.* Go you to your madman's ward, let  
me alone with your fools.

*Alib.* And remember my last charge,  
Lollio. *Exit*

*Lol.* Of which your patients do you think  
I am?—Come, Tony, you must amongst  
your schoolfellows now; there's pretty  
scholars amongst 'em, I can tell you; there's  
some of 'em at *stultus, stulta, stultum*.

*Ant.* I would see the madmen, cousin, 270  
if they would not bite me.

*Lol.* No, they shall not bite thee, Tony.

*Ant.* They bite when they are at dinner,  
do they not, coz?

*Lol.* They bite at dinner indeed, Tony.  
Well, I hope to get credit by thee; I like  
thee the best of all the scholars that ever I  
brought up, and thou shalt prove a wise  
man, or I'll prove a fool myself.

*Exeunt*

## ACTUS SECUNDUS, [SCENA I]

[*An Apartment in the Castle*]

*Enter BEATRICE and JASPERINO severally*

*Beat.* O sir, I'm ready now for that fair  
service

Which makes the name of friend sit glorious  
on you!

Good angels and this conduct be your  
guide! [Giving a paper]

<sup>1</sup> Neck.

<sup>2</sup> Whip.

<sup>3</sup> Parmesan cheese.

<sup>1</sup> Make.

<sup>2</sup> Dangerous.

<sup>3</sup> A child's game.



Fitness of time and place is there set down,  
sir.

*Jas.* The joy I shall return rewards my  
service. *Exit*

*Beat.* How wise is Alsemero in his friend!  
It is a sign he makes his choice with judg-  
ment;

Then I appear in nothing more approved  
Than making choice of him; for 'tis a prin-  
ciple,

He that can choose 10  
That bosom well who of his thoughts par-  
takes,

Proves most discreet in every choice he  
makes.

Methinks I love now with the eyes of judg-  
ment,

And see the way to merit, clearly see it.  
A true deserver like a diamond sparkles;  
In darkness you may see him, that's in  
absence,

Which is the greatest darkness<sup>1</sup> falls on  
love;

Yet is he best discerned then  
With intellectual eyesight. What's Pirac-  
quo,

My father spends his breath for? and his  
blessing 20

Is only mine as I regard his name,  
Else it goes from me, and turns head against  
me,

Transformed into a curse: some speedy way  
Must be remembered,<sup>2</sup> he's so forward too,  
So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath  
To speak to my new comforts.

*Enter DE FLORES*

*De F.* [*aside*] Yonder's she;  
Whatever ails me, now a-late especially,  
I can as well be hanged as refrain seeing  
her;

Some twenty times a day, nay, not so little,  
Do I force errands, frame ways and ex-  
cuses, 30

To come into her sight; and I've small  
reason for't,

And less encouragement, for she baits me  
still

Every time worse than other; does profess  
herself

The cruellest enemy to my face in town;  
At no hand can abide the sight of me,

<sup>1</sup> Supply *that*.

<sup>2</sup> Thought of.

As if danger or ill-luck hung in my looks.  
I must confess my face is bad enough,  
But I know far worse has better fortune,  
And yet endured alone, but doted on;  
And yet such pick-haired<sup>1</sup> faces, chins like  
witches', 40

Here and there five hairs whispering in a  
corner,

As if they grew in fear one of another,  
Wrinkles like troughs, where swine-de-  
formity swills

The tears of perjury, that lie there like wash  
Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye,—  
Yet such a one plucks sweets without re-  
straint,

And has the grace of beauty to his sweet.<sup>2</sup>  
Though my hard fate has thrust me out to  
servitude,

I tumbled into th' world a gentleman.  
She turns her blessèd eye upon me now, 50  
And I'll endure all storms before I part  
with't.

*Beat.* [*aside*] Again?  
This ominous ill-faced fellow more disturbs  
me

Than all my other passions.<sup>3</sup>

*De F.* [*aside*] Now 't begins again;  
I'll stand this storm of hail, though the  
stones pelt me.

*Beat.* Thy business? what's thy business?  
*De F.* [*aside*] Soft and fair!

I cannot part so soon now.

*Beat.* [*aside*] The villain's fixed.—  
Thou standing toad-pool—

*De F.* [*aside*] The shower falls amain now.

*Beat.* Who sent thee? what's thy errand?  
leave my sight! 60

*De F.* My lord, your father, charged me  
to deliver

A message to you.  
*Beat.* What, another since?

Do't, and be hanged then; let me be rid of  
thee.

*De F.* True service merits mercy.

*Beat.* What's thy message?

*De F.* Let beauty settle but in patience,  
You shall hear all.

*Beat.* A dallying, trifling torment!

*De F.* Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,  
Sole brother to Tomaso de Piracquo—

*Beat.* Slave, when wilt make an end?

<sup>1</sup> Thin, irregularly bearded.

<sup>2</sup> For his beloved.

<sup>3</sup> Troubles.



*De F.* Too soon I shall.  
*Beat.* What all this while of him?  
*De F.* The said Alonzo, <sup>70</sup>  
 With the foresaid Tomaso—  
*Beat.* Yet again?  
*De F.* Is new alighted.  
*Beat.* Vengeance strike the news!  
 Thou thing most loathed, what cause was  
 there in this  
 To bring thee to my sight?  
*De F.* My lord, your father,  
 Charged me to seek you out.  
*Beat.* Is there no other  
 To send his errand by?  
*De F.* It seems 'tis my luck  
 To be i' th' way still.  
*Beat.* Get thee from me!  
*De F.* So.—  
 [aside] Why, am not I an ass to devise  
 ways  
 Thus to be railed at? I must see her still!  
 I shall have a mad qualm within this hour  
 again, <sup>80</sup>  
 I know't; and, like a common Garden-bull,<sup>1</sup>  
 I do but take breath to be lugged<sup>2</sup> again.  
 What this may bode I know not; I'll despair  
 the less,  
 Because there's daily precedents of bad faces  
 Beloved beyond all reason; these foul chops  
 May come into favor one day 'mongst his  
 fellows:  
 Wrangling has proved the mistress of good  
 pastime;  
 As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen  
 Women have chid themselves a-bed to men.  
*Exit*

*Beat.* I never see this fellow but I think <sup>90</sup>  
 Of some harm towards me, danger's in my  
 mind still;  
 I scarce leave trembling of an hour after:  
 The next good mood I find my father in,  
 I'll get him quite discarded. O, I was  
 Lost in this small disturbance, and forgot  
 Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes  
 To bear down all my comforts!

*Enter VERMANDERO, ALONZO, [and] TOMASO*

*Ver.* You're both welcome,  
 But an especial one<sup>3</sup> belongs to you, sir,  
 To whose most noble name our love presents  
 Th' addition<sup>4</sup> of a son, our son Alonzo. <sup>100</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bull at Paris Garden on the Bankside where bulls  
 were baited.

<sup>2</sup> Dragged.

<sup>3</sup> Welcome.

<sup>4</sup> Title.

*Alon.* The treasury of honor cannot bring  
 forth

A title I should more rejoice in, sir.

*Ver.* You have improved it well.—Daugh-  
 ter, prepare;

The day will steal upon thee suddenly.

*Beat.* [aside] Howe'er, I will be sure to  
 keep the night,<sup>1</sup>

If it should come so near me.

[BEATRICE and VERMANDERO talk apart]

*Tom.* Alonzo!

*Alon.* Brother?

*Tom.* In troth I see small welcome in her  
 eye.

*Alon.* Fie, you are too severe a censurer<sup>2</sup>  
 Of love in all points, there's no bringing on  
 you;<sup>3</sup>

If lovers should mark everything a fault, <sup>110</sup>  
 Affection would be like an ill-set<sup>4</sup> book,  
 Whose faults<sup>5</sup> might prove as big as half the  
 volume.

*Beat.* That's all I do entreat.

*Ver.* It is but reasonable;  
 I'll see what my son says to't.—Son Alonzo,  
 Here is a motion made but to reprieve  
 A maidenhead three days longer; the re-  
 quest

Is not far out of reason, for indeed

The former time is pinching.

*Alon.* Though my joys  
 Be set back so much time as I could wish  
 They had been forward, yet since she desires  
 it, <sup>120</sup>

The time is set as pleasing as before,  
 I find no gladness wanting.

*Ver.* May I ever  
 Meet it in that point still! you're nobly wel-  
 come, sirs.

*Exeunt VER. and BEAT.*

*Tom.* So; did you mark the dullness of  
 her parting now?

*Alon.* What dullness? thou art so excep-  
 tionous<sup>6</sup> still!

*Tom.* Why, let it go then; I am but a  
 fool

To mark your harms so heedfully.

*Alon.* Where's the oversight?

*Tom.* Come, your faith's cozened<sup>7</sup> in her,  
 strongly cozened:

Unsettle your affection with all speed <sup>130</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Watch.

<sup>2</sup> Judge.

<sup>3</sup> Getting you to concede anything.

<sup>4</sup> Ill printed.

<sup>5</sup> Errata.

<sup>6</sup> Captious.

<sup>7</sup> Cheated.



Wisdom can bring it to; your peace is ruined else.

Think what a torment 'tis to marry one  
Whose heart is leaped into another's bosom:  
If ever pleasure she receive from thee,  
It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift;  
She lies but with another in thine arms,  
He the half-father unto all thy children  
In the conception; if he get 'em not,  
She helps to get 'em for him;<sup>1</sup> and how dangerous

And shameful her restraint may go in time to, 140

It is not to be thought on without sufferings.

*Alon.* You speak as if she loved some other, then.

*Tom.* Do you apprehend so slowly?

*Alon.* Nay, and that  
Be your fear only, I am safe enough:  
Preserve your friendship and your counsel,  
brother,

For times of more distress; I should depart  
An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one,  
To any but thyself, that should but think  
She knew the meaning of inconstancy,  
Much less the use and practice: yet we're friends; 150

Pray, let no more be urged; I can endure  
Much, till I meet an injury to her,  
Then I am not myself. Farewell, sweet  
brother;

How much we're bound to heaven to depart  
lovingly! *Exit*

*Tom.* Why, here is love's tame madness;  
thus a man

Quickly steals into his vexation. *Exit*

## [SCENA II]

[Another Apartment in the Castle]

*Enter DIAPHANTA and ALSEMERO*

*Dia.* The place is my charge; you have kept your hour,  
And the reward of a just meeting bless you!  
I hear my lady coming: complete<sup>2</sup> gentleman,

I dare not be too busy with my praises,  
They're dangerous things to deal with. *Exit*

*Als.* This goes well;

<sup>1</sup> Q. adds in his passions.

<sup>2</sup> Perfect.

These women are the ladies' cabinets,  
Things of most precious trust are lock'd into 'em.

*Enter BEATRICE*

*Beat.* I have within mine eye all my desires:

Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for,

And brings 'em down to furnish our defects,<sup>1</sup>  
Come not more sweet to our necessities <sup>u</sup>  
Than thou unto my wishes.

*Als.* W'are so like  
In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow

The same words, I shall never find their equals.

*Beat.* How happy were this meeting, this embrace,

If it were free from envy! this poor kiss  
It has an enemy, a hateful one,

That wishes poison to't: how well were I now,

If there were none such name known as Piracquo!

Nor no such tie as the command of parents!  
I should be but too much blessed.

*Als.* One good service <sup>u</sup>  
Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go near it too,

Since you are so distressed; remove the cause,

The command ceases; so there's two fears blown out

With one and the same blast.

*Beat.* Pray, let me find you,<sup>2</sup> sir:

What might that service be, so strangely happy?

*Als.* The honorablest piece about man, valor:

I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.

*Beat.* How? call you that extinguishing of fear, 20

When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?

Are not you ventured in the action,

That's all my joys and comforts? pray, no more, sir:

Say you prevailed, you're danger's and not mine then;

The law would claim you from me, or obscurity

Be made the grave to bury you alive.

<sup>1</sup> Fulfil our shortcomings.

<sup>2</sup> Understand you.



I'm glad these thoughts come forth; O, keep  
not one

Of this condition, sir! here was a course  
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death;  
The tears would ne'er ha' dried, till dust  
had choked 'em. <sup>40</sup>

Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage;—  
[*aside*] And now I think on one; I was to  
blame,

I ha' marred so good a market with my  
scorn;

'T had been done questionless: the ugliest  
creature

Creation framed for some use: yet to see  
I could not mark so much where it should  
be!

*Als.* Lady—

*Beat.* [*aside*] Why, men of art make  
much of poison,  
Keep one to expel another; where was my  
art? <sup>1</sup>

*Als.* Lady, you hear not me.

*Beat.* I do especially, sir:  
The present times are not so sure of our  
side <sup>50</sup>

As those hereafter may be; we must use 'em  
then

As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now.  
Till the time opens.

*Als.* You teach wisdom, lady.

*Beat.* Within there! Diaphanta!

[*Re-*]enter DIAPHANTA

*Dia.* Do you call, madam?

*Beat.* Perfect your service, and conduct  
this gentleman

The private way you brought him.

*Dia.* I shall, madam.

*Als.* My love's as firm as love's e'er built  
upon.

*Ex[eunt]* DIA. and ALS.

*Enter* DE FLORES

*De F.* [*aside*] I've watched this meeting,  
and do wonder much

What shall become of t'other; I'm sure both  
Cannot be served unless she transgress;  
happily <sup>2</sup> <sup>60</sup>

Then I'll put in for one; for if a woman  
Fly from one point, from him she makes a  
husband,

<sup>1</sup> Cunning.

<sup>2</sup> Haply.

She spreads and mounts then like arith-  
metic;

One, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thou-  
sand,

Proves in time sutler to an army royal.

Now do I look to be most richly railed at,  
Yet I must see her.

*Beat.* [*aside*] Why, put case I loathed him  
As much as youth and beauty hates a  
sepulcher,

Must I needs show it? cannot I keep that  
secret,

And serve my turn upon him? See, he's  
here.— <sup>70</sup>

*De Flores.*

*De F.* [*aside*] Ha, I shall run mad with joy!  
She called me fairly by my name *De Flores*,  
And neither rogue nor rascal.

*Beat.* What ha' you done  
To your face a' late? you've met with some  
good physician;

You've pruned<sup>1</sup> yourself, methinks: you  
were not wont

To look so amorously.<sup>2</sup>

*De F.* Not I;—

[*aside*] 'Tis the same physnomy, to a hair  
and pimple,

Which she called scurvy scarce an hour ago:  
How is this?

*Beat.* Come hither, nearer, man.

*De F.* [*aside*] I'm up to the chin in  
heaven!

*Beat.* Turn, let me see; <sup>80</sup>  
Faugh, 'tis but the heat of the liver, I per-  
ceiv't;

I thought it had been worse.

*De F.* [*aside*] Her fingers touched me!  
She smells all amber.<sup>3</sup>

*Beat.* I'll make a water<sup>4</sup> for you shall  
cleanse this  
Within a fortnight.

*De F.* With your own hands, lady?

*Beat.* Yes, mine own, sir; in a work of  
cure

I'll trust no other.

*De F.* [*aside*] 'Tis half an act of pleasure  
To hear her talk thus to me.

*Beat.* When w'are used  
To a hard face, it is not so unpleasing;  
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends; <sup>90</sup>  
I see it by experience.

*De F.* [*aside*] I was blessed

<sup>1</sup> Preened, plumed.

<sup>2</sup> Like a lover.

<sup>3</sup> Ambergris.

<sup>4</sup> Lotion.



To light upon this minute; I'll make use on't.

*Beat.* Hardness becomes the visage of a man well;

It argues service, resolution, manhood,  
If cause were of employment.

*De F.* 'Twould be soon seen  
If e'er your ladyship had caused to use it;  
I would but wish the honor of a service.  
So happy as that mounts to.

*Beat.* We shall try you:  
O my De Flores!

*De F. [aside]* How's that? she calls me hers!

Already, 'my De Flores!'—You were about  
To sigh out somewhat, madam?

*Beat.* No, was I?  
I forgot,—O!—

*De F.* There 'tis again, the very fellow on't.

*Beat.* You are too quick, sir.

*De F.* There's no excuse for't now; I  
heard it twice, madam;

That sigh would fain have utterance: take  
pity on't,

And lend it a free word; 'las, how it labors  
For liberty! I hear the murmur yet.

*Beat* at your bosom.

*Beat.* Would creation—

*De F.* Ay, well said, that is it.

*Beat.* Had formed me man! <sup>110</sup>

*De F.* Nay, that's not it.

*Beat.* O, 'tis the soul of freedom!  
I should not then be forced to marry one  
I hate beyond all depths; I should have  
power

Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove  
'em

For ever from my sight.

*De F.* O blessed occasion!  
Without change to your sex you have your  
wishes;

Claim so much man in me.

*Beat.* In thee, De Flores?  
There is small cause for that.

*De F.* Put it not from me,  
It is a service that I kneel for to you.

[*Kneels*]

*Beat.* You are too violent to mean faith-  
fully: <sup>120</sup>

There's horror in my service, blood, and  
danger;

Can those be things to sue for?

*De F.* If you knew

How sweet it were to me to be employed  
In any act of yours, you would say then  
I failed, and use not reverence enough  
When I receive the charge on't.

*Beat. [aside]* This is much, methinks;  
Belike his wants are greedy; and to such  
Gold tastes like angel's food.—Rise.

*De F.* I'll have the work first.

*Beat. [aside]* Possible his need <sup>130</sup>  
Is strong upon him.—There's to encourage  
thee; [*Gives money*]

As thou art forward, and thy service dan-  
gerous,

Thy reward shall be precious.

*De F.* That I've thought on;  
I have assured myself of that beforehand,  
And know it will be precious; the thought  
ravishes!

*Beat.* Then take him to thy fury!

*De F.* I thirst for him.

*Beat.* Alonzo de Piracquo.

*De F. [rising]* His end's upon him;  
He shall be seen no more.

*Beat.* How lovely now  
Dost thou appear to me! never was man  
Dearlier rewarded.

*De F.* I do think of that. <sup>140</sup>

*Beat.* Be wondrous careful in the execu-  
tion.

*De F.* Why, are not both our lives upon  
the cast? <sup>1</sup>

*Beat.* Then I throw all my fears upon thy  
service.

*De F.* They ne'er shall rise to hurt you.

*Beat.* When the deed's done,  
I'll furnish thee with all things for thy  
flight;

Thou may'st live bravely in another  
country.

*De F.* Ay, ay;  
We'll talk of that hereafter.

*Beat. [aside]* I shall rid myself  
Of two inveterate loathings at one time,  
Piracquo, and his dog-face. *Exit*

*De F.* O my blood! <sup>150</sup>  
Methinks I feel her in mine arms already;  
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard,  
And, being pleased, praising this bad face.  
Hunger and pleasure,<sup>2</sup> they'll commend  
sometimes

Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em.  
Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for  
'em:

<sup>1</sup> As a throw of dice.

<sup>2</sup> Lust.



Some women are odd feeders.—I'm too loud.  
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,  
Yet shall not rise to-morrow to his dinner.

*Enter ALONZO*

*Alon.* De Flores.

*De F.* My kind, honorable lord? <sup>100</sup>

*Alon.* I'm glad I ha' met with thee.

*De F.* Sir?

*Alon.* Thou can'st show me  
The full strength of the castle?

*De F.* That I can, sir.

*Alon.* I much desire it.

*De F.* And if the ways and straits  
Of some of the passages be not too tedious  
for you,  
I'll assure you, worth your time and sight,  
my lord.

*Alon.* Puch, that shall be no hindrance.

*De F.* I'm your servant, then:  
'Tis now near dinner-time; 'gainst your lord-  
ship's rising<sup>1</sup>

I'll have the keys about me.

*Alon.* Thanks, kind De Flores.

*De F.* [*aside*] He's safely thrust upon me  
beyond hopes. *Exeunt*

### ACTUS TERTIUS. [SCENA I]

[*A Narrow Passage in the Castle*]

*Enter ALONZO and DE FLORES. In the act-  
time<sup>2</sup> DE FLORES hides a naked rapier  
[behind a door]*

*De F.* Yes, here are all the keys; I was  
afraid, my lord,  
I'd wanted<sup>3</sup> for the postern, this is it:  
I've all, I've all, my lord: this for the  
sconce.<sup>4</sup>

*Alon.* 'Tis a most spacious and impreg-  
nable fort.

*De F.* You will tell me more, my lord:  
this descent

Is somewhat narrow, we shall never pass  
Well with our weapons, they'll but trouble  
us.

*Alon.* Thou sayest true.

*De F.* Pray, let me help your lordship.

*Alon.* 'Tis done: thanks, kind De Flores.

*De F.* Here are hooks, my lord, <sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> By the time of your rising.

<sup>2</sup> During the action.

<sup>3</sup> Lacked the key.

<sup>4</sup> An outlying fortification.

To hang such things on purpose.

[*Hanging up his own sword  
and that of ALONZO*]

*Alon.*

Lead, I'll follow thee.

*Ex[eunt] at one door and enter at the other*

### [SCENA II]

[*A Vault*]

[*Enter ALONZO and DE FLORES*]

*De F.* All this is nothing; you shall see  
anon

A place you little dream on.

*Alon.* I am glad  
I have this leisure; all your master's house  
Imagine I ha' taken a gondola.

*De F.* All but myself, sir,—[*aside*] which  
makes up my safety.—

My lord, I'll place you at a casement here  
Will show you the full strength of all the  
castle.

Look, spend your eye awhile upon that  
object.

*Alon.* Here's rich variety, De Flores.

*De F.* Yes, sir.

*Alon.* Goodly munition.

*De F.* Ay, there's ordnance, sir, <sup>10</sup>  
No bastard metal,<sup>1</sup> will ring you a peal like  
bells

At great men's funerals: keep your eye  
straight, my lord;

Take special notice of that sconce before  
you.

There you may dwell awhile.

[*Takes the rapier which he  
had hid behind the door*]

*Alon.* I am upon't.

*De F.* And so am I. [*Stabs him*]

*Alon.* De Flores! O De Flores!  
Whose malice hast thou put on?

*De F.* Do you question  
A work of secrecy? I must silence you.

[*Stabs him*]

*Alon.* O, O, O!

*De F.* I must silence you.

[*Stabs him*]

So here's an undertaking well accomplished:  
This vault serves to good use now: ha,  
what's that <sup>20</sup>

Threw sparkles in my eye? O, 'tis a dia-  
mond

<sup>1</sup> False.



He wears upon his finger; 'twas well found,  
This will approve<sup>1</sup> the work. What, so fast  
on?

Not part in death? I'll take a speedy course  
then.

Finger and all shall off. [*Cuts off the finger*]  
So, now I'll clear

The passages from all suspect or fear.

*Exit with body*

[SCENA III]

[*An Apartment in the House of Alibius*]

*Enter ISABELLA and LOLLIO*

*Isa.* Why, sirrah, whence have you com-  
mission

To fetter the doors against me?

If you keep me in a cage, pray, whistle to  
me,

Let me be doing something.

*Lol.* You shall be doing, if it please you;  
I'll whistle to you, if you'll pipe after.

*Isa.* Is it your master's pleasure, or your  
own,

To keep me in this pinfold?<sup>2</sup>

*Lol.* 'Tis for my master's pleasure, lest  
being taken in another man's corn, you <sup>10</sup>  
might be pounded<sup>3</sup> in another place.

*Isa.* 'Tis very well, and he'll prove very  
wise.

*Lol.* He says you have company enough  
in the house, if you please to be sociable,  
of all sorts of people.

*Isa.* Of all sorts? why, here's none but  
fools and madmen.

*Lol.* Very well: and where will you find  
any other, if you should go abroad? <sup>20</sup>  
there's my master, and I to boot too.

*Isa.* Of either sort one, a madman and a  
fool.

*Lol.* I would even participate of both  
then if I were as you; I know you're half  
mad already, be half foolish too.

*Isa.* You're a brave saucy rascal! come on,  
sir,

Afford me then the pleasure of your  
bedlam;

You were commending once to-day to me  
Your last-come lunatic; what a proper<sup>4</sup>  
Body there was without brains to guide it,

And what a pitiful delight appeared  
In that defect, as if your wisdom had found  
A mirth in madness; pray, sir, let me par-  
take,

If there be such a pleasure.

*Lol.* If I do not show you the hand-  
somest, discreetest madman, one that I may  
call the understanding madman, then say I  
am a fool.

*Isa.* Well, a match,<sup>1</sup> I will say so. <sup>40</sup>

*Lol.* When you have a taste of the mad-  
man, you shall, if you please, see Fool's  
College, o' th' [other] side. I seldom lock  
there; 'tis but shooting a bolt or two, and  
you are amongst 'em.

*Exit. Enter presently*  
—Come on, sir; let me see how handsomely  
you'll behave yourself now.

*Enter FRANCISCUS*

*Fran.* How sweetly she looks! O, but  
there's a wrinkle in her brow as deep as  
philosophy. Anacreon, drink to my mis- <sup>50</sup>  
tress' health, I'll pledge it; stay, stay, there's  
a spider in the cup! no, 'tis but a grape-  
stone; swallow it, fear nothing, poet; so,  
so, lift higher.

*Isa.* Alack, alack, it is too full of pity  
To be laughed at! How fell he mad? canst  
thou tell?

*Lol.* For love, mistress: he was a pretty  
poet too, and that set him forwards first:  
the muses then forsook him; he ran mad  
for a chambermaid, yet she was but a <sup>60</sup>  
dwarf neither.

*Fran.* Hail, bright Titania!  
Why stand'st thou idle on these flowery  
banks?

Oberon is dancing with his Dryades;  
I'll gather daisies, primrose, violets,  
And bind them in a verse of poesy.

*Lol.* [*holding up a whip*] Not too near!  
you see your danger.

*Fran.* O, hold thy hand, great Diomedel!  
Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall  
obey thee: <sup>70</sup>

Get up, Bucephalus kneels. [*Kneels*]

*Lol.* You see how I awe my flock; a shep-  
herd has not his dog at more obedience.

*Isa.* His conscience is unquiet: sure that  
was

The cause of this: a proper<sup>2</sup> gentleman!

*Fran.* Come hither, Æsculapius; hide the  
poison.

<sup>1</sup> It is agreed.

<sup>2</sup> Handsome.

<sup>3</sup> Witness.

<sup>4</sup> Penned up.

<sup>2</sup> Sheep-pen, or pound.

<sup>1</sup> Handsome.



*Lol.* Well, 'tis hid. [*Hides the whip*]  
*Fran.* Didst thou ne'er hear of one  
 Tiresias,  
 A famous poet?  
*Lol.* Yes, that kept tame wild geese. 80  
*Fran.* That's he; I am the man.  
*Lol.* No?  
*Fran.* Yes; but make no words on't: I  
 was a man  
 Seven years ago.  
*Lol.* A stripling, I think, you might.  
*Fran.* Now I'm a woman, all feminine.  
*Lol.* I would I might see that!  
*Fran.* Juno struck me blind.  
*Lol.* I'll ne'er believe that: for a woman,  
 they say, has an eye more than a man. 90  
*Fran.* I say she struck me blind.  
*Lol.* And Luna made you mad: you have  
 two trades to beg with.<sup>1</sup>  
*Fran.* Luna is now big-bellied, and there's  
 room  
 For both of us to ride with Hecate;  
 I'll drag thee up into her silver sphere,  
 And there we'll kick the dog—and beat the  
 bush—  
 That barks against the witches of the night;  
 The swift lycanthropi<sup>2</sup> that walks the round,  
 We'll tear their wolvisk skins, and save the  
 sheep. 100  
 [*Attempts to seize LOLLIO*]  
*Lol.* Is't come to this? nay, then, my poi-  
 son comes forth again [*showing the whip*]:  
 mad slave, indeed, abuse your keeper!  
*Isa.* I prithee, hence with him, now he  
 grows dangerous.  
*Fran.* [*sings*] *Sweet love, pity me,  
 Give me leave to lie with  
 thee.*  
*Lol.* No, I'll see you wiser first: to your  
 own kennel!  
*Fran.* No noise, she sleeps; draw all the  
 curtains round,  
 Let no soft sound molest the pretty soul, 110  
 But love, and love creeps in at a mouse-  
 hole.  
*Lol.* I would you would get into your  
 hole! *Exit FRANCISCUS.* Now, mistress, I  
 will bring you another sort; you shall be  
 fooled another while. [*Exit, and brings in*  
*ANTONIO*—Tony, come hither, Tony: look  
 who's yonder, Tony.  
*Ant.* Cousin, is it not my aunt?  
*Lol.* Yes, 'tis one of 'em, Tony.  
<sup>1</sup> Blindness and madness.    <sup>2</sup> Werwolves.

*Ant.* He, he! how do you, uncle? 120  
*Lol.* Fear him not, mistress, 'tis a gentle  
 nigget,<sup>1</sup> you may play with him, as safely  
 with him as with his bauble.  
*Isa.* How long hast thou been a fool?  
*Ant.* Ever since I came hither, cousin.  
*Isa.* Cousin? I'm none of thy cousins, fool.  
*Lol.* O, mistress, fools have always so  
 much wit as to claim their kindred.  
*Madman, within.* Bounce, bounce! he  
 falls, he falls!  
*Isa.* Hark you, your scholars in the upper  
 room 130  
 Are out of order.  
*Lol.* Must I come amongst you there?—  
 Keep you the fool, mistress; I'll go up and  
 play left-handed Orlando<sup>2</sup> amongst the  
 madmen. *Exit*  
*Isa.* Well, sir.  
*Ant.* 'Tis opportuneful now, sweet lady!  
 nay,  
 Cast no amazing eye upon this change.  
*Isa.* Ha!  
*Ant.* This shape of folly shrouds your  
 dearest love, 140  
 The truest servant to your powerful  
 beauties,  
 Whose magic had this force thus to trans-  
 form me.  
*Isa.* You are a fine fool indeed!  
*Ant.* O, 'tis not strange!  
 Love has an intellect that runs through all  
 The scrutinous<sup>3</sup> sciences, and, like a cunning  
 poet,  
 Catches a quantity of every knowledge,  
 Yet brings all home into one mystery,  
 Into one secret, that he proceeds in.  
*Isa.* Y'are a parlous<sup>4</sup> fool.  
*Ant.* No danger in me; I bring nought  
 but love 150  
 And his soft-wounding shafts to strike you  
 with:  
 Try but one arrow; if it hurt you, I  
 Will stand you twenty back in recompense.  
 [*Offers to kiss her*]  
*Isa.* A forward fool too!  
*Ant.* This was love's teaching:  
 A thousand ways he fashioned out my way,  
 way,  
 And this I found the safest and the nearest,  
 To tread the galaxia<sup>5</sup> to my star.

<sup>1</sup> Idiot.<sup>2</sup> Strike terror.<sup>3</sup> Scrutinizing.<sup>4</sup> Perilous.<sup>5</sup> The milky-way.



*Isa.* Profound withal! certain you dreamed of this,  
Love never taught it waking.

*Ant.* Take no acquaintance  
Of these outward follies, there's within <sup>160</sup>  
A gentleman that loves you.

*Isa.* When I see him,  
I'll speak with him; so, in the meantime,  
keep

Your habit, it becomes you well enough:  
As you are a gentleman, I'll not discover  
you;

That's all the favor that you must expect:  
When you are weary, you may leave the  
school,

For all this while you have but played the  
fool.

[*Re-*]enter LOLLIO

*Ant.* And must again.—He, he! I thank  
you, cousin;  
I'll be your valentine to-morrow morning.

*Lol.* How do you like the fool, mistress?

*Isa.* Passing well, sir. <sup>171</sup>

*Lol.* Is he not witty, pretty well, for a fool?

*Isa.* If he hold on as he begins, he is like  
To come to something.

*Lol.* Ay, thank a good tutor: you may  
put him to't; he begins to answer pretty  
hard questions.—Tony, how many is five  
times six?

*Ant.* Five times six is six times five.

*Lol.* What arithmetician could have <sup>180</sup>  
answered better? How many is one hun-  
dred and seven?

*Ant.* One hundred and seven is seven  
hundred and one, cousin.

*Lol.* This is no wit to speak on!—Will  
you be rid of the fool now?

*Isa.* By no means; let him stay a little.

*Madman, within.* Catch there, catch the  
last couple in hell.<sup>1</sup>

*Lol.* Again! must I come amongst <sup>190</sup>  
you? Would my master were come home!  
I am not able to govern both these wards  
together. *Exit*

*Ant.* Why should a minute of love's hour  
be lost?

*Isa.* Fie, out again! I had rather you  
kept  
Your other posture; you become not your  
tongue

<sup>1</sup> In the game barley-break the point was to catch  
the last couple in a place called "hell."

When you speak from<sup>1</sup> your clothes.

*Ant.* How can he freeze  
Lives near so sweet a warmth? shall I  
alone

Walk through the orchard of the Hesperides,  
And, cowardly, not dare to pull an apple? <sup>200</sup>

*Enter LOLLIO above*

This with the red cheeks I must venture  
for.

[*Attempts to kiss her*]

*Isa.* Take heed, there's giants keep 'em.

*Lol.* [*aside*] How now, fool, are you good  
at that? have you read Lipsius?<sup>2</sup> he's past  
*Ars Amandi*;<sup>3</sup> I believe I must put harder  
questions to him, I perceive that.

*Isa.* You're bold without fear, too.

*Ant.* What should I fear,  
Having all joys about me? Do you but  
smile,

And love shall play the wanton on your  
lip,

Meet and retire, retire and meet again; <sup>210</sup>

Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes  
I shall behold mine own deformity,

And dress myself up fairer; I know this  
shape

Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors  
I shall array me handsomely.

[*Cries of Madmen are heard with-  
in,*] some as birds, others as beasts

*Lol.* Cuckoo, cuckoo! *Exit* [*above*]

*Ant.* What are these?

*Isa.* Of fear enough to part us;  
Yet are they but our schools of lunatics, <sup>220</sup>

That act their fantasies in any shapes,  
Suiting their present thoughts: if sad, they

cry;

If mirth be their conceit, they laugh  
again.

Sometimes they imitate the beasts and  
birds, <sup>221</sup>

Singing or howling, braying, barking; all  
As their wild fancies prompt 'em.

*Enter LOLLIO*

*Ant.* These are no fears.

*Isa.* But here's a large one, my man.

<sup>1</sup> Out of keeping with.

<sup>2</sup> An obvious pun.

<sup>3</sup> Such simple authors as Ovid (Sampson).



*Ant.* Ha, he! that's fine sport indeed, cousin.

*Lol.* I would my master were come home! 'tis too much for one shepherd to govern two of these flocks; nor can I believe that one churchman can instruct two benefices at once; there will be some incurable mad of the one side, and very fools on the other.—Come, Tony. 233

*Ant.* Prithee, cousin, let me stay here still.

*Lol.* No, you must to your book now; you have played sufficiently.

*Isa.* Your fool has grown wondrous witty.

*Lol.* Well, I'll say nothing: but I do not think but he will put you down one of these days. 240

*Exit LOL. and ANT.*

*Isa.* Here the restrained current might make breach,  
Spite of the watchful bankers:<sup>1</sup> would a woman stray,  
She need not gad abroad to seek her sin,  
It would be brought home one ways or other:

The needle's point will to the fixèd north;  
Such drawing arctics<sup>2</sup> women's beauties are.

[*Re-*]enter LOLLIO

*Lol.* How dost thou, sweet rogue?

*Isa.* How now?

*Lol.* Come, there are degrees; one fool may be better than another. 250

*Isa.* What's the matter?

*Lol.* Nay, if thou givest thy mind to fool's flesh, have at thee!

[*Attempts to kiss her*]

*Isa.* You bold slave, you!

*Lol.* I could follow now as t'other fool did:

'What should I fear,  
Having all joys about me? Do you but smile,

And love shall play the wanton on your lip,  
Meet and retire, retire and meet again;  
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes 260  
I shall behold my own deformity,  
And dress myself up fairer; I know this shape

Becomes me not—'

And so as it follows: but is not this the more foolish way? Come, sweet rogue; kiss me, my little Lacedæmonian; let me feel

<sup>1</sup> Dikes.

<sup>2</sup> Poles.

how thy pulses beat; thou hast a thing about thee would do a man pleasure, I'll lay my hand on't.

*Isa.* Sirrah, no more! I see you have discovered 270

This love's knight errant, who hath made adventure

For purchase of my love: be silent, mute,

Mute as a statue, or his injunction

For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat;

I'll do it, though for no other purpose; and

Be sure he'll not refuse it.

*Lol.* My share, that's all;

I'll have my fool's part with you.

*Isa.* No more! your master.

*Enter ALIBIUS*

*Alib.* Sweet, how dost thou?

*Isa.* Your bounden servant, sir.

*Alib.* Fie, fie, sweetheart,

No more of that.

*Isa.* You were best lock me up. 280

*Alib.* In my arms and bosom, my sweet Isabella,

I'll lock thee up most nearly.—Lollo,

We have employment, we have task in hand:

At noble Vermandero's, our castle's captain,

There is a nuptial to be solemnized—

Beatrice-Joanna, his fair daughter, bride—

For which the gentleman hath bespoke our pains,

A mixture of our madmen and our fools,

To finish, as it were, and make the fag<sup>1</sup>

Of all the revels, the third night from the first; 290

Only an unexpected passage over,<sup>2</sup>

To make a frightful pleasure, that is all,

But not the all I aim at; could we so act it,

To teach it in a wild distracted measure,

Though out of form and figure, breaking time's head,

It were no matter, 'twould be healed again

In one age or other, if not in this:

This, this, Lollo, there's a good reward begun,

And will beget a bounty, be it known. 300

*Lol.* This is easy, sir, I'll warrant you: you have about you fools and madmen that can dance very well; and 'tis no won-

<sup>1</sup> Fag-end.

<sup>2</sup> An unexpected rush of madmen and fools across the stage.



der, your best dancers are not the wisest men; the reason is, with often jumping they jolt their brains down into their feet, that their wits lie more in their heels than in their heads.

*Alib.* Honest Lollo, thou giv'st me a good reason,  
And a comfort in it.

*Isa.* You've a fine trade on't; Madmen and fools are a staple commodity.

*Alib.* O wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and live: 311

Just at the lawyer's haven we arrive,  
By madmen and by fools we both do thrive.  
*Exeunt*

#### [SCENA IV]

[An Apartment in the Castle]

*Enter* VERMANDERO, ALSEMER, JASPERINO,  
and BEATRICE

*Ver.* Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir, I wish I had a daughter now for you.

*Als.* The fellow of this creature were a partner  
For a king's love.

*Ver.* I had her fellow once, sir, But heaven has married her to joys eternal; 'Twere sin to wish her in this vale again. Come, sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures

Which my health chiefly joys in.

*Als.* I hear  
The beauty of this seat largely [com-  
mended.]<sup>1</sup>

*Ver.* It falls much short of that.

*Exeunt. Manet* BEATRICE

*Beat.* So, here's one step 10  
Into my father's favor; time will fix him; I've got him now the liberty of the house; So wisdom, by degrees, works out her freedom;

And if that eye be darkened that offends me,—

I wait but that eclipse,—this gentleman Shall soon shine glorious in my father's liking,

Through the refulgent virtue of my love.

*Enter* DE FLORES

*De F.* [aside] My thoughts are at a banquet; for the deed,

<sup>1</sup> Q. omits.

I feel no weight in't; 'tis but light and cheap  
For the sweet recompense that I set down  
for't. 20

*Beat.* De Flores?

*De F.* Lady?

*Beat.* Thy looks promise cheerfully.

*De F.* All things are answerable, time, circumstance,

Your wishes, and my service.

*Beat.* It is done, then?

*De F.* Piracquo is no more.

*Beat.* My joys start at mine eyes: our sweet'st delights  
Are evermore born weeping.

*De F.* I've a token for you.

*Beat.* For me?

*De F.* But it was sent somewhat unwillingly; 29

I could not get the ring without the finger.  
[Producing them]

*Beat.* Bless me, what hast thou done?

*De F.* Why, is that more  
Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings;

A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court,  
In a mistake hath had as much as this.

*Beat.* 'Tis the first token my father made me send him.

*De F.* And I made him send it back again  
For his last token; I was loath to leave it,  
And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels;

He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck  
As if the flesh and it were both one substance. 40

*Beat.* At the stag's fall, the keeper has his fees;

'Tis soon applied, all dead men's fees are yours, sir:

I pray, bury the finger, but the stone  
You may make use on shortly; the true value,

Tak't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats.

*De F.* 'Twill hardly buy a capcase<sup>1</sup> for one's conscience though,

To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis: Well, being my fees, I'll take it;

Great men have taught me that, or else my merit

Would scorn the way on't.

*Beat.* It might justly, sir; 50

<sup>1</sup> Band-box.



Why, thou mistak'st, De Flores, 'tis not given  
In state<sup>1</sup> of recompense.

*De F.* No, I hope so, lady;  
You should soon witness my contempt to't then.

*Beat.* Prithee,—thou look'st as if thou wert offended.

*De F.* That were strange, lady; 'tis not possible  
My service should draw such a cause from you:

Offended! could you think so? that were much

For one of my performance, and so warm  
Yet in my service.

*Beat.* 'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir. <sup>80</sup>

*De F.* I know so much, it were so; misery  
In her most sharp condition.

*Beat.* 'Tis resolv'd<sup>2</sup> then;  
Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florins;

I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.

*De F.* What! salary? now you move me.

*Beat.* How, De Flores?

*De F.* Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,

To destroy things for wages? offer gold  
For the life-blood of man? is anything  
Valued too precious for my recompense?

*Beat.* I understand thee not.

*De F.* I could ha' hired <sup>70</sup>  
A journeyman in murder at this rate,  
And mine own conscience might have [slept  
at ease,]<sup>3</sup>

And have had the work brought home.

*Beat.* [aside] I'm in a labyrinth;  
What will content him? I'd fain be rid of him.—

I'll double the sum, sir.

*De F.* You take a course.  
To double my vexation, that's the good you do.

*Beat.* [aside] Bless me, I'm now in worse plight than I was;

I know not what will please him.—For my fear's sake,

I prithee, make away with all speed possible;

And if thou be'st so modest not to name <sup>80</sup>  
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not,

<sup>1</sup> Place.

<sup>2</sup> Decided.

<sup>3</sup> Not in Q.

Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee;

But, prithee, take thy flight.

*De F.* You must fly too then.

*Beat.* I?

*De F.* I'll not stir a foot else.

*Beat.* What's your meaning?

*De F.* Why, are not you as guilty? in, I'm sure,

As deep as I; and we should stick together:  
Come, your fears counsel you but ill; my absence

Would draw suspect<sup>1</sup> upon you instantly;

There were no rescue for you.

*Beat.* [aside] He speaks home!

*De F.* Nor is it fit we two, engaged so jointly, <sup>90</sup>

Should part and live asunder.

*Beat.* How now, sir?

This shows not well.

*De F.* What makes your lip so strange?  
This must not be betwixt us.

*Beat.* The man talks wildly!

*De F.* Come, kiss me with a zeal now.

*Beat.* [aside] Heaven, I doubt<sup>2</sup> him!

*De F.* I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.

*Beat.* Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulness,

'Twill soon betray us.

*De F.* Take you heed first;  
Faith, y'are grown much forgetful, y'are to blame in't.

*Beat.* [aside] He's bold, and I am blamed for't.

*De F.* I have eased you  
Of your trouble, think on't; I'm in pain, <sup>100</sup>  
And must be eased of<sup>3</sup> you; 'tis a charity,  
Justice invites your blood to understand me.

*Beat.* I dare not.

*De F.* Quickly!

*Beat.* O, I never shall!  
Speak it yet further off, that I may lose  
What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't;

I would not hear so much offence again  
For such another deed.

*De F.* Soft, lady, soft!  
The last is not yet paid for: O, this act  
Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on't  
As the parched earth of moisture, when the clouds weep: <sup>110</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Suspicion.

<sup>2</sup> Distrust.

<sup>3</sup> By



Did you not mark, I wrought myself into't,  
Nay, sued and kneeled for't? why was all  
that pains took?

You see I've thrown contempt upon your  
gold;

Not that I want it [not],<sup>1</sup> for I do piteously;  
In order I'll come unto't, and make use  
on't;

But 'twas not held so precious to begin with,  
For I place wealth after the heels of  
pleasure;

And were not I resolved in my belief  
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,  
I should but take my recompense with  
grudging, 120

As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for.

*Beat.* Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be  
so wicked,

Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,  
To make his death the murderer of my  
honor!

Thy language is so bold and vicious,  
I cannot see which way I can forgive it  
With any modesty.

*De F.* Pish! you forget yourself;  
A woman dipped in blood, and talk of  
modesty!

*Beat.* O misery of sin! would I'd been  
bound

Perpetually unto my living hate 130

In that Piracquo, than to hear these words!  
Think but upon the distance that creation  
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep  
thee there.

*De F.* Look but into your conscience,  
read me there;

'Tis a true book, you'll find me there your  
equal:

Pish! fly not to your birth, but settle you  
In what the act has made you; y'are no  
more now.

You must forget your parentage<sup>2</sup> to me;  
Y'are the deed's creature; by that name  
You lost your first condition, and I chal-  
lenge you, 140

As peace and innocency has turned you out,  
And made you one with me.

*Beat.* With thee, foul villain!

*De F.* Yes, my fair murderess; do you  
urge me,  
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in  
thy affection?

<sup>1</sup> Omitted in Q.

<sup>2</sup> Relationship.

'Twas changed from thy first love, and that's  
a kind

Of whoredom in thy heart; and he's changed  
now

To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,  
Whom by all sweets that ever darkness  
tasted,

If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoyest!  
I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage, 150  
I'll confess all; my life I rate at nothing.

*Beat.* De Flores!

*De F.* I shall rest from all lovers'  
plagues then;

I live in pain now; that shooting eye  
Will burn my heart to cinders.

*Beat.* O sir, hear me!

*De F.* She that in life and love refuses  
me,

In death and shame my partner she shall  
be.

*Beat.* [kneeling] Stay, hear me once for  
all; I make thee master

Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels;  
Let me go poor unto my bed with honor,  
And I am rich in all things!

*De F.* Let this silence thee: 160  
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy  
My pleasure from me;

Can you weep fate from its determined  
purpose?

So soon may you weep me.

*Beat.* Vengeance begins;

Murder, I see, is followed by more sins:  
Was my creation in the womb so cursed,  
It must engender with a viper first?

*De F.* [raising her] Come, rise and  
shroud your blushes in my bosom;

Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts:  
Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yield-

ing. 170

'Tas! how the turtle pants! thou'lt love anon  
What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture  
on. Exeunt

## ACTUS QUARTUS

### DUMB SHOW

*Enter Gentlemen, VERMANDERO meeting them with action of wonderment at the flight of PIRACQUO. Enter ALSEMERO with JASPERINO and Gallants: VERMANDERO points to him, the Gentlemen seeming to applaud the choice. ALSEMERO, JAS-*



PERINO, and Gentlemen; BEATRICE, the bride following in great state, accompanied with DIAPHANTA, ISABELLA, and other Gentlewomen; DE FLORES after all, smiling at the accident: ALONZO's ghost appears to DE FLORES in the midst of his smile, startles him, showing him the hand whose finger he had cut off. They pass over in great solemnity

## [SCENA I]

[Alsemero's Apartment in the Castle]

*Enter BEATRICE*

*Beat.* This fellow has undone me endlessly;  
Never was bride so fearfully distressed.  
The more I think upon th' ensuing night,  
And whom I am to cope with in embraces,  
One [who's]<sup>1</sup> ennobled both in blood and mind,  
So clear in understanding,—that's my plague now—  
Before whose judgment will my fault appear  
Like malefactors' crimes before tribunals,  
There is no hiding on't, the more I dive  
Into my own distress: how a wise man<sup>2</sup>  
Stands for<sup>3</sup> a great calamity! there's no venturing  
Into his bed, what course soe'er I light upon,  
Without my shame, which may grow up to danger;  
He cannot but in justice strangle me  
As I lie by him, as a cheater use me;  
'Tis a precious craft to play with a false die  
Before a cunning gamester. Here's his closet;  
The key left in't, and he abroad i' th' park!  
Sure 'twas forgot; I'll be so bold as look in't.  
[Opens closet]  
Bless me! a right<sup>3</sup> physician's closet 'tis,  
Set round with vials; every one her mark too:  
Sure he does practise physic for his own use,  
Which may be safely called your great man's wisdom.  
What manuscript lies here?

<sup>1</sup> Q. both.<sup>2</sup> Is open to.<sup>3</sup> Veritable.[Reads] 'The Book of Experiment, called Secrets in Nature:'<sup>1</sup>

So 'tis, 'tis so:

[Reads] 'How to know whether a woman be with child or no:'

I hope I am not yet; if he should try though!<sup>30</sup>

Let me see [reads] 'folio forty-five,' here 'tis,

The leaf tucked down upon't, the place suspicious:

[reads] 'If you would know whether a woman be with child or not, give her two spoonfuls of the white water in glass C——' Where's that glass C? O yonder, I see 't now—

[reads] 'and if she be with child, she sleeps full twelve hours after; if not, not.'

None of that water comes into my belly;

I'll know you from a hundred; I could break you now,<sup>40</sup>

Or turn you into milk, and so beguile

The master of the mystery; but I'll look to you.

Ha! that which is next is ten times worse:

[reads] 'How to know whether a woman be a maid or not:'

If that should be applied, what would become of me?

Belike he has a strong faith of my purity, That never yet made proof; but this he calls

[reads] 'A merry slight,<sup>2</sup> but true experiment; the author, Antonius Mizaldus.<sup>30</sup>Give the party you suspect the quantity of a spoonful of the water in the glass M, which, upon her that is a maid, makes three several effects; 'twill make her incontinently<sup>3</sup> gape, then fall into a sudden sneezing, last into a violent laughing; else, dull, heavy, and lumpish.'

Where had I been?

I fear it, yet 'tis seven hours to bedtime.

*Enter DIAPHANTA**Dia.* Cuds,<sup>4</sup> madam, are you here?*Beat.* [aside] Seeing that wench now, so A trick comes in my mind; 'tis a nice piece<sup>5</sup><sup>1</sup> The *de Arcanis Naturæ* of Mizaldus contains no such experiments, but similar ones are found elsewhere in his works (Sampson).<sup>2</sup> Trick.<sup>3</sup> Immediately.<sup>4</sup> Gods.<sup>5</sup> She's a scrupulous young woman whom gold can not buy.



Gold cannot purchase.—I come hither,  
wench,  
To look my lord.

*Dia.* [*aside*] Would I had such a cause  
To look him too!—Why, he's i' th' park,  
madam.

*Beat.* There let him be.

*Dia.* Ay, madam, let him compass  
Whole parks and forests, as great rangers  
do,

At roosting-time a little lodge can hold 'em:  
Earth-conquering Alexander, that thought  
the world

Too narrow for him, in the end had but his  
pit-hole.

*Beat.* I fear thou art not modest,  
Diaphanta.

*Dia.* Your thoughts are so unwilling to be  
known, madam!

'Tis ever the bride's fashion, towards bed-  
time,

To set light by her joys, as if she owed<sup>1</sup>  
'em not.

*Beat.* Her joys? her fears thou wouldst  
say.

*Dia.* Fear of what?

*Beat.* Art thou a maid, and talk'st so to  
a maid?

You leave a blushing business behind;

Beshrew your heart for't!

*Dia.* Do you mean good sooth, madam?

*Beat.* Well, if I'd thought upon the fear  
at first,

Man should have been unknown.

*Dia.* Is't possible?

*Beat.* I will give a thousand ducats to  
that woman

Would try what my fear were, and tell me  
true

To-morrow, when she gets from't; as she  
likes,

I might perhaps be drawn to't.

*Dia.* Are you in earnest?

*Beat.* Do you get the woman, then chal-  
lenge me,

And see if I'll fly from't; but I must tell  
you

This by the way, she must be a true maid,  
Else there's no trial, my fears are not her's  
else.

*Dia.* Nay, she that I would put into your  
hands, madam,  
Shall be a maid.

*Beat.* You know I should be shamed  
else,

Because she lies for me.

*Dia.* 'Tis a strange humor!<sup>1</sup> ∞  
But are you serious still? would you resign  
Your first night's pleasure, and give money  
too?

*Beat.* As willingly as live—[*aside*] alas,  
the gold  
Is but a by-bet<sup>2</sup> to wedge in the honor!

*Dia.* I do not know how the world goes  
abroad

For faith or honesty; there's both required  
in this.

Madam, what say you to me, and stray no  
further?

I've a good mind, in troth, to earn your  
money.

*Beat.* Y'are too quick, I fear, to be a  
maid.

*Dia.* How? not a maid? nay, then you  
urge me, madam;

Your honorable self is not a truer,  
With all your fears upon you—

*Beat.* [*aside*] Bad enough then.

*Dia.* Than I with all my lightsome joys  
about me.

*Beat.* I'm glad to hear't: then you dare  
put your honesty<sup>3</sup>

Upon an easy trial.

*Dia.* Easy? anything.

*Beat.* I'll come to you straight.

[*Goes to the closet*]

*Dia.* She will not search me, will she,  
Like the forewoman of a female jury?

*Beat.* Glass M: ay, this is it. [*Brings*  
*vial*]—Look, Diaphanta,

You take no worse than I do. [*Drinks*]

*Dia.* And in so doing,  
I will not question what it is, but take it.

[*Drinks*]

*Beat.* [*aside*] Now if th' experiment be  
true, 'twill praise itself,

And give me noble ease: begins already  
[*DIAPHANTA gapes*]

There's the first symptom; and what haste  
it makes

To fall into the second, there by this time!

[*DIAPHANTA sneezes*]  
Most admirable secret! on the contrary,

It stirs not me a whit, which most concerns  
it.

*Dia.* Ha, ha, ha!

<sup>1</sup> Whim.

<sup>2</sup> Supplement.

<sup>3</sup> Chastity.

<sup>1</sup> Owned.



*Beat.* [*aside*] Just in all things, and in order  
As if 'twere circumscribed; one accident<sup>1</sup>  
Gives way unto another.

*Dia.* Ha, ha, ha! 120

*Beat.* How now, wench?

*Dia.* Ha, ha, ha! I'm so, so light  
At heart—ha, ha, ha!—so pleasurable!  
But one swig more, sweet madam.

*Beat.* Ay, to-morrow,  
We shall have time to sit by't.

*Dia.* Now I'm sad again.

*Beat.* [*aside*] It lays itself so gently too!  
—Come, wench.  
Most honest<sup>2</sup> Diaphanta I dare call thee  
now.

*Dia.* Pray, tell me, madam, what trick  
call you this?

*Beat.* I'll tell thee all hereafter; we must  
study  
The carriage of this business.

*Dia.* I shall carry't well,  
Because I love the burthen.

*Beat.* About midnight 130  
You must not fail to steal forth gently,  
That I may use the place.

*Dia.* O, fear not, madam,  
I shall be cool by that time: the bride's  
place,

And with a thousand ducats! I'm for a  
justice now,  
I bring a portion with me; I scorn small  
fools. *Exeunt*

## [SCENA II]

[*Another Apartment in the Castle*]

*Enter VERMANDERO and Servant*

*Ver.* I tell thee, knave, mine honor is in  
question,  
A thing till now free from suspicion,  
Nor ever was there cause. Who of my  
gentlemen  
Are absent?

Tell me, and truly, how many, and who?

*Ser.* Antonio, sir, and Franciscus.

*Ver.* When did they leave the castle?

*Ser.* Some ten days since, sir; the one in-  
tending to Briamata, th' other for Valencia.

*Ver.* The time accuses 'em; a charge of  
murder 10

<sup>1</sup> Symptom,

<sup>2</sup> Chaste,

Is brought within my castle-gate, Piracquo's  
murder;

I dare not answer faithfully their absence:

A strict command of apprehension

Shall pursue 'em suddenly, and either wipe  
The stain off clear, or openly discover it.

Provide me wingèd warrants for the pur-  
pose. *Exit Servant*

See, I am set on again.

*Enter TOMASO*

*Tom.* I claim a brother of you.

*Ver.* Y'are too hot;  
Seek him not here.

*Tom.* Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,  
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction: 20  
This is the place must yield account for him,  
For here I left him; and the hasty tie  
Of this snatched marriage gives strong  
testimony

Of his most certain ruin.

*Ver.* Certain falsehood!  
This is the place indeed; his breach of faith  
Has too much marred both my abused love,  
The honorable love I reserved for him,  
And mocked my daughter's joy; the pre-  
pared morning

Blushed at his infidelity; he left  
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those  
friends 30

Whose belief hurt 'em: O, 'twas most  
ignoble

To take his flight so unexpectedly,  
And throw such public wrongs on those that  
loved him!

*Tom.* Then this is all your answer?

*Ver.* 'Tis too fair  
For one of his alliance;<sup>1</sup> and I warn you  
That this place no more see you. *Exit*

*Enter DE FLORES*

*Tom.* The best is,  
There is more ground to meet a man's re-  
venge on.—

Honest De Flores?

*De F.* That's my name indeed.  
Saw you the bride? good sweet sir, which  
way took she?

*Tom.* I've blessed mine eyes from seeing  
such a false one. 40

<sup>1</sup> Station, family.



*De F.* [*aside*] I'd fain get off, this man's  
not for my company;  
I smell his brother's blood when I come  
near him.

*Tom.* Come hither, kind and true one; I  
remember  
My brother loved thee well.

*De F.* O, purely, dear sir!—  
[*aside*] Methinks I'm now again a-killing  
on him,  
He brings it so fresh to me.

*Tom.* Thou canst guess, sirrah—  
An<sup>1</sup> honest friend has an instinct of  
jealousy—  
At some foul guilty person.

*De F.* 'Las! sir,  
I am so charitable, I think none  
Worse than myself! you did not see the  
bride then?

*Tom.* I prithee, name her not: is she not  
wicked?

*De F.* No, no; a pretty, easy, round-  
packed<sup>2</sup> sinner,  
As your most ladies are, else you might  
think

I flattered her; but, sir, at no hand wicked,  
Till they're so old their chins and noses<sup>3</sup>  
meet,

And they salute witches. I'm called, I think,  
sir.—

[*Aside*] His company even overlays my  
conscience. *Exit*

*Tom.* That *De Flores* has a wondrous  
honest heart;  
He'll bring it out in time, I'm assured on't.  
O, here's the glorious master of the day's  
joy!

Twill<sup>4</sup> not be long till he and I do reckon.

*Enter ALSEMER*

Sir.

*Als.* You are most welcome.

*Tom.* You may call that word back;  
I do not think I am, nor wish to be.

*Als.* 'Tis strange you found the way to  
this house, then.

*Tom.* Would I'd ne'er known the cause!  
I'm none of those, sir,  
That come to give you joy, and swill your  
wine;

'Tis a more precious liquor that must lay

<sup>1</sup> Q. one.

<sup>2</sup> Thoroughly dishonest?

<sup>3</sup> Dyce's reading for *sins and vices*, of the Q.

<sup>4</sup> Q. I.

The fiery thirst I bring.

*Als.* Your words and you  
Appear to me great strangers.

*Tom.* Time and our swords  
May make us more acquainted; this the  
business: *70*

I should have a brother in your place;  
How treachery and malice have disposed of  
him,

I'm bound to inquire of him which holds  
his right,

Which never could come fairly.

*Als.* You must look  
To answer for that word, sir.

*Tom.* Fear you not,  
I'll have it ready drawn at our next meet-  
ing.

Keep your day solemn;<sup>1</sup> farewell, I disturb  
it not;

I'll bear the smart with patience for a time. *Exit*

*Als.* 'Tis somewhat ominous this; a  
quarrel entered

Upon this day; my innocence relieves me, *80*

*Enter JASPERINO*

I should be wondrous sad else.—*Jasperino*,  
I've news to tell thee, strange news.

*Jas.* I ha' some too,  
I think as strange as yours: would I might  
keep

Mine, so my faith and friendship might be  
kept in't!

Faith, sir, dispense a little with my zeal,  
And let it cool in this.

*Als.* This puts me on,  
And blames thee for thy slowness.

*Jas.* All may prove nothing,  
Only a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir.

*Als.* No question, 't may prove nothing;  
let's partake it though.

*Jas.* 'Twas *Diaphanta's* chance—for to  
that wench *80*

I pretend<sup>2</sup> honest love, and she deserves  
it—

To leave me in a back part of the house,  
A place we chose for private conference;  
She was no sooner gone, but instantly  
I heard your bride's voice in the next room  
to me;

And lending more attention, found *De Flores*

<sup>1</sup> Celebrate your marriage.

<sup>2</sup> Offer.



Louder than she.

*Als.* De Flores! thou art out now.

*Jas.* You'll tell me more anon.

*Als.* Still I'll prevent<sup>1</sup> thee,  
The very sight of him is poison to her.

*Jas.* That made me stagger too; but  
Diaphanta 100

At her return confirmed it.

*Als.* Diaphanta!

*Jas.* Then fell we both to listen, and  
words passed

Like those that challenge interest in a  
woman.

*Als.* Peace; quench thy zeal, 'tis danger-  
ous to thy bosom.

*Jas.* Then truth is full of peril.

*Als.* Such truths are.

O, were she the sole glory of the earth,  
Had eyes that could shoot fire into kings'  
breasts,

And touched,<sup>2</sup> she sleeps not here! yet I  
have time,

Though night be near, to be resolved hereof;  
And, prithee, do not weigh me by my  
passions.<sup>3</sup> 110

*Jas.* I never weighed friend so.

*Als.* Done charitably!

That key will lead thee to a pretty secret,  
[Giving key]

By a Chaldean taught me, (and I have  
My study upon some):<sup>4</sup> bring from my  
closet

A glass inscribed there with the letter M,  
And question not my purpose.

*Jas.* It shall be done, sir. *Exit*

*Als.* How can this hang together? not an  
hour since

Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,  
Delivered her for the most timorous virgin  
That ever shrunk at man's name, and so  
modest, 120

She charged her weep out her request to me,  
That she might come obscurely to my  
bosom.

*Enter BEATRICE*

*Beat.* [aside] All things go well; my  
woman's preparing yonder

For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to  
lose;

Necessity compels it; I lose all else.

<sup>1</sup> Anticipate. <sup>2</sup> Tainted. <sup>3</sup> Feelings.  
<sup>4</sup> And I have bestowed some of my own study on it.

*Als.* [aside] Tush! modesty's shrine is set  
in yonder forehead:

I cannot be too sure though.—My Joanna!

*Beat.* Sir, I was bold to weep a message  
to you;

Pardon my modest fears.

*Als.* [aside] The dove's not meeker;  
She's abused, questionless.—

[Re-]enter JASPERINO [with vial]

O, are you come, sir? 130

*Beat.* [aside] The glass, upon my life! I  
see the letter.

*Jas.* Sir, this is M. [Giving vial]

*Als.* 'Tis it.

*Beat.* [aside] I am suspected.

*Als.* How fitly our bride comes to partake  
with us!

*Beat.* What is't, my lord?

*Als.* No hurt.

*Beat.* Sir, pardon me,  
I seldom taste of any composition.

*Als.* But this, upon my warrant, you shall  
venture on.

*Beat.* I fear 'twill make me ill.

*Als.* Heaven forbid that.

*Beat.* [aside] I'm put now to my cun-  
ning: th' effects I know,  
If I can now but feign 'em handsomely.

[Drinks]

*Als.* It has that secret virtue, it ne'er  
missed, sir, 140  
Upon a virgin.

*Jas.* Treble-qualitied?

[BEATRICE gapes and sneezes]

*Als.* By all that's virtuous it takes there!  
proceeds!

*Jas.* This is the strangest trick to know a  
maid by.

*Beat.* Ha, ha, ha!

You have given me joy of heart to drink,  
my lord.

*Als.* No, thou hast given me such joy of  
heart,

That never can be blasted.

*Beat.* What's the matter, sir?

*Als.* [aside] See now 'tis settled in a  
melancholy;

Keeps both the time and method.—My  
Joanna,

Chaste as the breath of heaven, or morn-  
ing's womb, 150



That brings the day forth! thus my love encloses thee.  
*Ereunt*

## [SCENA III]

[A Room in the House of Alibius]

*Enter ISABELLA and LOLLIO*

*Isa.* O heaven! is this the waning<sup>1</sup> moon?  
Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once?

*Sirrah*, here's a madman, akin to the fool too,

A lunatic lover.

*Lol.* No, no, not he I brought the letter from.

*Isa.* Compare his inside with his out, and tell me.

*Lol.* The out's mad, I'm sure of that; I had a taste on't.

*Isa.* [*reads letter*] 'To the bright Andromeda, chief chambermaid to the Knight of the Sun, at the sign of Scorpio, in the middle region, sent by the bellows-mender of Æolus. Pay the post.'

*Lol.* This is stark madness!

*Isa.* Now mark the inside.

[*Reads*] 'Sweet lady, having now cast off this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your beauty.'

*Lol.* He is mad still.

*Isa.* [*reads*] 'If any fault you find, chide those perfections in you which have made me imperfect; 'tis the same sun that causeth to grow and enforceth to wither—'

*Lol.* O rogue!

*Isa.* [*reads*] 'Shapes and transhapes, destroys and builds again: I come in winter to you, dismantled of my proper ornaments; by the sweet splendor of your cheerful smiles, I spring and live a lover.'

*Lol.* Mad rascal still!

*Isa.* [*reads*] 'Tread him not under foot, that shall appear an honor to your bounties. I remain—mad till I speak with you, from whom I expect my cure, yours all, or one beside himself, FRANCISCUS.'

*Lol.* You are like to have a fine time on't; my master and I may give over our professions; I do not think but you can

cure fools and madmen faster than we, with little pains too.

*Isa.* Very likely.

*Lol.* One thing I must tell you, mistress; you perceive that I am privy to your skill; if I find you minister once, and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds; I shall be mad or fool else.

*Isa.* The first place is thine, believe it, Lollio,  
If I do fall.

*Lol.* I fall upon you.

*Isa.* So.

*Lol.* Well, I stand to my venture.

*Isa.* But thy counsel now; how shall I deal with 'em?

*Lol.* Why, do you mean to deal with 'em?

*Isa.* Nay, the fair understanding,<sup>1</sup> how to use 'em.

*Lol.* Abuse 'em!<sup>2</sup> that's the way to mad the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and then you use 'em<sup>3</sup> kindly.

*Isa.* 'Tis easy, I'll practise; do thou observe it;  
The key of thy wardrobe.

*Lol.* There [*gives key*]; fit yourself for 'em, and I'll fit 'em both for you.

*Isa.* Take thou no further notice than the outside.

*Lol.* Not an inch; I'll put you to the inside.

*Enter ALIBIUS*

*Alib.* Lollio, art there? will all be perfect, think'st thou?

To-morrow night, as if to close up the Solemnity, Vermandero expects us.

*Lol.* I mistrust the madmen most; the fools will do well enough; I have taken pains with them.

*Alib.* Tush! they cannot miss; the more absurdity,

The more commends it, so<sup>4</sup> no rough behaviors

Affright the ladies; they're nice<sup>5</sup> things, thou knowest.

*Lol.* You need not fear, sir; so long as we are there with our commanding pizzles,<sup>6</sup> they'll be as tame as the ladies themselves.

*Alib.* I'll see them once more rehearse before they go.

<sup>1</sup> Words in their modest sense.

<sup>2</sup> Deceive them.

<sup>3</sup> Q. *um*, as often.

<sup>4</sup> Provided.

<sup>5</sup> Particular.

<sup>6</sup> Whips.

<sup>1</sup> Q. *waiting*.



*Lol.* I was about it, sir: look you to the madmen's morris,<sup>1</sup> and let me alone with the other: there is one or two that I mistrust so their fooling; I'll instruct them, and then they shall rehearse the whole measure.

*Alib.* Do so; I'll see the music prepared.

But, Lollo,

By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint?

Does she not grudge at it?

*Lol.* So, so; she takes some pleasure in the house, she would abroad else; you must allow her a little more length, she's kept too short.

*Alib.* She shall along to Vermandero's with us. 60

That will serve her for a moneth's liberty.

*Lol.* What's that on your face, sir?

*Alib.* Where, Lollo? I see nothing.

*Lol.* Cry you mercy,<sup>2</sup> sir, 'tis your nose; it showed like the trunk of a young elephant.<sup>3</sup>

*Alib.* Away, rascal! I'll prepare the music, Lollo.

*Lol.* Do, sir, and I'll dance the whilst.

[*Exit ALIBIUS*]

—Tony, where art thou, Tony?

*Enter ANTONIO*

*Ant.* Here cousin; where art thou? 100

*Lol.* Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught you.

*Ant.* I had rather ride, cousin.

*Lol.* Ay, a whip take you! but I'll keep you out; vault in: look you, Tony; fa, la, la, la, la. [Dances]

*Ant.* Fa, la, la, la, la. [Sings and dances]

*Lol.* There, an honor.<sup>4</sup>

*Ant.* Is this an honor, coz?

*Lol.* Yes, an it please your worship. 110

*Ant.* Does honor bend in the hams, coz?

*Lol.* Marry does it, as low as worship, squireship, nay, yeomanry itself sometimes, from whence it first stiffened: there rise, a caper.

*Ant.* Caper after an honor, coz?

*Lol.* Very proper, for honor is but a caper, rises as fast and high, has a knee or two, and falls to th' ground again: you can remember your figure,<sup>5</sup> Tony? 120

<sup>1</sup> Morris dance.

<sup>2</sup> I beg pardon.

<sup>3</sup> A long nose appears to have been regarded characteristic of a cuckold.

<sup>4</sup> A bow (Sampson).

<sup>5</sup> Of the dance.

*Ant.* Yes, cousin; when I see thy figure, I can remember mine. *Exit LOLLIO*

*Re-enter ISABELLA, [dressed as a madwoman]*

*Isa.* Hey, how he treads the air! shough, shough, tother way! he burns his wings else: here's wax enough below, Icarus, more than will be cancelled these eighteen moons: he's down, he's down! what a terrible fall he had!

Stand up, thou son of Cretan Dædalus,  
And let us tread the lower labyrinth; 130  
I'll bring thee to the clue.

*Ant.* Prithee, coz, let me alone.

*Isa.* Art thou not drowned?  
About thy head I saw a heap of clouds  
Wrapped like a Turkish turbant; on thy  
back

A crook'd chameleon-colored rainbow hung  
Like a tiara down unto thy hams:

Let me suck out those billows in thy belly;  
Hark, how they roar and rumble in the  
straits! <sup>1</sup>

Bless thee from the pirates!

*Ant.* Pox upon you, let me alone! 140

*Isa.* Why shouldst thou mount so high as  
Mercury,

Unless thou hadst reversion of his place?

Stay in the moon with me, Endymion,  
And we will rule these wild rebellious  
waves,

That would have drowned my love.

*Ant.* I'll kick thee, if  
Again thou touch me, thou wild unshapen  
antic;

I am no fool, you bedlam!

*Isa.* But you are, as sure as I am mad:

Have I put on this habit of a frantic,  
With love as full of fury, to beguile 150  
The nimble eye of watchful jealousy,  
And am I thus rewarded?

*Ant.* Ha! dearest beauty!

*Isa.* No, I have no beauty now,  
Nor never had but what was in my gar-  
ments:

You are a quick-sighted lover! come not  
near me:

Keep your caparisons, y'are aptly clad;  
I came a feigner, to return stark mad. *Exit*

*Ant.* Stay, or I shall change condition,  
And become as you are.

<sup>1</sup> Q. streets.



[Re-]enter LOLLIO

Lol. Why, Tony, whither now? why, fool—<sup>100</sup>

Ant. Whose fool, usher of idiots? you coxcomb!

I have fooled too much.

Lol. You were best be mad another while then.

Ant. So I am, stark mad; I have cause enough;

And I could throw the full effects on thee, And beat thee like a fury.

Lol. Do not, do not; I shall not forbear the gentleman under the fool, if you do: alas! I saw through your fox-skin<sup>1</sup> before now! Come, I can give you comfort; <sup>170</sup> my mistress loves you; and there is as arrant a madman i' th' house as you are a fool, your rival, whom she loves not: if after the masque we can rid her of him, you earn her lover, she says, and the fool shall ride her.

Ant. May I believe thee?

Lol. Yes, or you may choose whether you will or no.

Ant. She's eased of him; I've a good quarrel on't. <sup>181</sup>

Lol. Well, keep your old station yet, and be quiet.

Ant. Tell her I will deserve her love.

[Exit]

Lol. And you are like to have your desert.<sup>2</sup>

Enter FRANCISCUS

Fran. [sings] 'Down, down, down a-down a-down,'—and then with a horse-trick<sup>3</sup> To kick Latona's forehead, and break her bowstring.

Lol. [aside] This is tother counterfeit; I'll put him out of his humor.—[Takes <sup>190</sup> out a letter and reads] 'Sweet lady, having now cast this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgement a true and faithful lover of your beauty.' This is pretty well for a madman.

Fran. Ha! what's that?

Lol. [reads] 'Chide those perfections in you which have made me imperfect.'

Fran. I am discovered to the fool.

Lol. I hope to discover the fool in <sup>200</sup> you ere I have done with you. [Reads]

<sup>1</sup> Disguise.

<sup>2</sup> Q. Desire.

<sup>3</sup> Caper.

'Yours all, or one beside himself, FRANCISCUS.' This madman will mend sure.

Fran. What do you read, sirrah?

Lol. Your destiny, sir; you'll be hanged for this trick, and another that I know.

Fran. Art thou of counsel with thy mistress?

Lol. Next her apron-strings.

Fran. Give me thy hand. <sup>210</sup>

Lol. Stay, let me put yours in my pocket first [putting letter into his pocket]: your hand is true,<sup>1</sup> is it not? it will not pick? I partly fear it, because I think it does lie.

Fran. Not in a syllable.

Lol. So if you love my mistress so well as you have handled the matter here, you are like to be cured of your madness.

Fran. And none but she can cure it. <sup>219</sup>

Lol. Well, I'll give you over then, and she shall cast your water<sup>2</sup> next.

Fran. Take for thy pains past.

[Gives him money]

Lol. I shall deserve more, sir, I hope: my mistress loves you, but must have some proof of your love to her.

Fran. There I meet my wishes.

Lol. That will not serve, you must meet her enemy and yours.

Fran. He's dead already.

Lol. Will you tell me that, and I <sup>230</sup> parted but now with him?

Fran. Show me the man.

Lol. Ay, that's a right course now; see him before you kill him, in any case; and yet it needs not go so far neither, 'tis but a fool that haunts the house and my mistress in the shape of an idiot; bang<sup>3</sup> but his fool's coat well-favoredly, and 'tis well.

Fran. Soundly, soundly!

Lol. Only reserve him till the masque <sup>240</sup> be past; and if you find him not now in the dance yourself, I'll show you. In, in! my master!

[Dancing]

Fran. He handles him like a feather. Hey!

[Exit]

Enter ALBIUS

Alib. Well said: in a readiness, Lollio?

Lol. Yes, sir.

Alib. Away then, and guide them in, Lollio:

<sup>1</sup> Honest.

<sup>2</sup> Make a diagnosis of your disease.

<sup>3</sup> Beat.



Entreat your mistress to see this sight.  
 Hark, is there not one incurable fool <sup>250</sup>  
 That might be begged? <sup>1</sup> I have friends.  
*Lol.* I have him for you,  
 One that shall deserve it too.

*The Madmen and Fools dance*

*Alib.* Good boy, Lollo!

'Tis perfect: well, fit but once these strains,  
 We shall have coin and credit for our pains.  
*Exeunt*

## ACTUS QUINTUS, [SCENA I]

[A Gallery in the Castle]

*Enter BEATRICE. A clock strikes one*

*Beat.* One struck, and yet she lies by't!  
 O my fears!  
 This strumpet serves her own ends, 'tis ap-  
 parent now,  
 Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite,  
 And never minds my honor or my peace,  
 Makes havoc of my right; but she pays  
 dearly for't;  
 No trusting of her life with such a secret,  
 That cannot rule her blood to keep her  
 promise;  
 Beside, I've some suspicion of her faith to  
 me,  
 Because I was suspected of my lord,  
 And it must come from her: [*Strike two*]  
 hark! by my horrors, <sup>10</sup>  
 Another clock strikes two!

*Enter DE FLORES*

*De F.* Pist! where are you?

*Beat.* De Flores?

*De F.* Ay: is she not come from him  
 yet?

*Beat.* As I'm a living soul, not!

*De F.* Sure the devil

Hath sowed his itch within her; who would  
 trust

A waiting-woman?

*Beat.* I must trust somebody.

*De F.* Push! they're termagants;  
 Especially when they fall upon their masters  
 And have their ladies' first fruits; they're  
 mad whelps,

<sup>1</sup> To beg a fool was to seek appointment as his  
 guardian and thus enjoy his estate.

You cannot stave 'em off from game royal:  
 then

You are so rash and hardy, ask no counsel;  
 And I could have helped you to a 'pothe-  
 cary's daughter <sup>21</sup>

Would have fall'n off before eleven, and  
 thank[t] you too.

*Beat.* O me, not yet! this whore forgets  
 herself.

*De F.* The rascal fares so well: look, y'are  
 undone;

The day-star, by this hand! see Phosphorus  
 plain yonder.

*Beat.* Advise me now to fall upon some  
 ruin;

There is no counsel safe else.

*De F.* Peace! I ha't now;  
 For we must force a rising, there's no  
 remedy.

*Beat.* How? take heed of that.

*De F.* Tush! be you quiet, or else give  
 over all. <sup>30</sup>

*Beat.* Prithee, I ha' done then.

*De F.* This is my reach: <sup>2</sup> I'll set  
 Some part a-fire of Diaphanta's chamber.

*Beat.* How? fire, sir? that may endanger  
 the whole house.

*De F.* You talk of danger when your  
 fame's on fire?

*Beat.* That's true; do what thou wilt now.

*De F.* Push! I aim  
 At a most rich success strikes all dead sure:  
 The chimney being a-fire, and some light  
 parcels

Of the least danger in her chamber only,  
 If Diaphanta should be met by chance then  
 Far from her lodging, which is now sus-  
 picious, <sup>41</sup>

It would be thought her fears and affrights  
 then

Drove her to seek for succor; if not seen  
 Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,  
 For her own shame she'll hasten towards her  
 lodging;

I will be ready with a piece <sup>3</sup> high-charged,  
 As 'twere to cleanse the chimney, there 'tis  
 proper now,

But she shall be the mark.

*Beat.* I'm forced to love thee now,  
 'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my  
 honor. <sup>50</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Plan.

<sup>2</sup> Gun, fowling-piece.



*De F.* 'Slid, it concerns the safety of us both,

Our pleasure and continuance.

*Beat.* One word now, prithee;  
How for the servants?

*De F.* I will despatch them,  
Some one way, some another in the hurry,  
For buckets, hooks, ladders; fear not you,  
The deed shall find its time; and I've  
thought since  
Upon a safe conveyance for the body too:  
How this fire purifies wit! watch you your  
minute.

*Beat.* Fear keeps my soul upon't, I cannot stray from't. 60

*Enter ALONZO's Ghost*

*De F.* Ha! what art thou that tak'st away the light

'Twixt that star and me? I dread thee not:  
'Twas but a mist of conscience; all's clear again. *Exit*

*Beat.* Who's that, De Flores? bless me, it slides by! *Exit Ghost*  
Some ill thing haunts the house; 't has left behind it

A shivering sweat upon me; I'm afraid now:  
This night hath been so tedious! O this strumpet!

Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her

Till he had destroyed the last. List! O my terrors! *Struck three o'clock*

Three struck by St. Sebastian's!

*Within.* Fire, fire, fire! 70

*Beat.* Already? how rare is that man's speed!

How heartily he serves me! His face loathes one;

But look upon his care, who would not love him?

The east is not more beauteous than his service.

*Within.* Fire, fire, fire!

*Re-enter DE FLORES.* Servants pass over;  
*ring a bell*

*De F.* Away, despatch! hooks, buckets, ladders! that's well said.

The fire-bell rings; the chimney works, my charge;

The piece is ready. *Exit*

*Beat.* Here's a man worth loving!

*Enter DIAPHANTA*

O y'are a jewell

*Dia.* Pardon frailty, madam;  
In troth, I was so well, I ev'n forgot myself.

*Beat.* Y'have made trim work! 81

*Dia.* What?

*Beat.* Hie quickly to your chamber;  
Your reward follows you.

*Dia.* I never made  
So sweet a bargain. *Exit*

*Enter ALSEMERO*

*Als.* O, my dear Joanna,  
Alas! art thou risen too? I was coming,  
My absolute treasure!

*Beat.* When I missed you,  
I could not choose but follow.

*Als.* Thou'rt all sweetness.  
The fire is not so dangerous.

*Beat.* Think you so, sir?

*Als.* I prithee, tremble not; believe me,  
'tis not. 90

*Enter VERMANDERO [and] JASPERINO*

*Ver.* O bless my house and me!

*Als.* My lord your father.

*[Re-]enter DE FLORES with a piece<sup>1</sup>*

*Ver.* Knave, whither goes that piece?

*De F.* To scour the chimney.

*Ver.* O, well said, well said!

*Exit DE FLORES*

That fellow's good on all occasions.

*Beat.* A wondrous necessary man, my lord.

*Ver.* He hath a ready wit; he's worth 'em all, sir;

Dog<sup>2</sup> at a house of fire; I ha' seen him singed ere now.— *The piece goes off*

Ha, there he goes!

*Beat.* [*aside*] 'Tis done!

*Als.* Come, sweet, to bed now;  
Alas! thou wilt get cold.

*Beat.* Alas! the fear keeps that out!  
My heart will find no quiet till I hear 100  
How Diaphanta, my poor woman, fares;  
It is her chamber, sir, her lodging chamber.

*Ver.* How should the fire come there?

*Beat.* As good a soul as ever lady countenanced,  
But in her chamber negligent and heavy:

<sup>1</sup> Gun.

<sup>2</sup> Keen.



She 'scaped a mine twice.

*Ver.* Twice?

*Beat.* Strangely twice, sir.

*Ver.* Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,  
An they be ne'er so good.

[*Re-*]enter DE FLORES

*De F.* O poor virginity,  
Thou hast paid dearly for't!

*Ver.* Bless us, what's that?

*De F.* A thing you all knew once, Diaphanta's burnt. <sup>110</sup>

*Beat.* My woman! O my woman!

*De F.* Now the flames  
Are greedy of her; burnt, burnt, burnt to death, sir!

*Beat.* O my presaging soul!

*Als.* Not a tear more!  
I charge you by the last embrace I gave you  
In bed, before this raised us.

*Beat.* Now you tie me;  
Were it my sister, now she gets no more.

*Enter Servant*

*Ver.* How now?

*Ser.* All danger's past; you may now take  
Your rests, my lords; the fire is thoroughly<sup>1</sup>  
quenched:

Ah, poor gentlewoman, how soon was she  
stifled!

*Beat.* De Flores, what is left of her inter,  
And we as mourners all will follow her: <sup>121</sup>  
I will entreat that honor to my servant  
Even of my lord himself.

*Als.* Command it, sweetness.

*Beat.* Which of you spied the fire first?

*De F.* 'Twas I, madam.

*Beat.* And took such pains in't too? a  
double goodness!

'Twere well he were rewarded.

*Ver.* He shall be.—  
De Flores, call upon me.

*Als.* And upon me, sir.

*Exeunt [all except DE FLORES]*

*De F.* Rewarded? precious! here's a trick  
beyond me:

I see in all bouts, both of sport and wit,  
Always a woman strives for the last hit. <sup>130</sup>

*Exit*

[SCENA II]

[*Another Apartment in the Castle*]

*Enter TOMASO*

*Tom.* I cannot taste the benefits of life  
With the same wish I was wont to do:  
Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellow-  
ship

A treacherous bloody friendship; and be-  
cause

I'm ignorant in whom my wrath should  
settle,

I must think all men villains, and the next  
I meet, whoe'er he be, the murderer  
Of my most worthy brother. Ha! what's  
he?

*DE FLORES passes over the stage*

O, the fellow that some call honest De  
Flores;

But methinks honesty was hard be-sted<sup>1</sup> <sup>10</sup>  
To come here for a lodging; as if a queen  
Should make her palace of a pest-house:

I find a contrariety in nature  
Betwixt that face and me; the least occasion  
Would give me game upon him;<sup>2</sup> yet he's  
so foul

One would scarce touch [him] with a sword  
he loved

And made account of; so most deadly  
venomous,

He would go near to poison any weapon  
That should draw blood on him; one must  
resolve

Never to use that sword again in fight <sup>20</sup>  
In way of honest manhood that strikes him;  
Some river must devour it; 'twere not fit  
That any man should find it. What, again?

[*Re-*]enter DE FLORES

He walks a'purpose by, sure, to choke me  
up,

To infect my blood.

*De F.* My worthy noble lord!

*Tom.* Dost offer to come near and  
breathe upon me? [*Strikes him*]

*De F.* A blow! [*Draws*]

*Tom.* Yea, are you so prepared?

<sup>1</sup> Put to it.

<sup>2</sup> Cause me to fight with him.

<sup>1</sup> Thoroughly.



I'll rather like a soldier die by the sword,  
Than like a politician by thy poison. <sup>30</sup>

[Draws]

*De F.* Hold, my lord, as you are honorable!

*Tom.* All slaves that kill by poison are still <sup>1</sup> cowards.

*De F.* [aside] I cannot strike; I see his brother's wounds

Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a crystal.—<sup>2</sup>

I will not question this, I know y'are noble;

I take my injury with thanks given, sir,

Like a wise lawyer, and as a favor

Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it.—

[Aside] Why this from him that yesterday appeared

So strangely loving to me? <sup>40</sup>

O, but instinct is of a subtler strain!

Guilt must not walk so near his lodge again;

He came near me now. *Exit*

*Tom.* All league with mankind I renounce for ever,

Till I find this murderer; not so much

As common courtesy but I'll lock up;

For in the state of ignorance I live in,

A brother may salute his brother's murderer,

And wish good speed to the villain in a greeting.

*Enter VERMANDERO, ALI[BIUS,] and ISABELLA*

*Ver.* Noble Piracquo!

*Tom.* Pray, keep on your way, sir; <sup>50</sup>  
I've nothing to say to you.

*Ver.* Comforts bless you, sir!

*Tom.* I've forsworn compliment, in troth I have, sir;

As you are merely man, I have not left

A good wish for you, nor for any here.

*Ver.* Unless you be so far in love with grief,

You will not part from't upon any terms,  
We bring that news will make a welcome for us.

*Tom.* What news can that be?

*Ver.* Throw no scornful smile  
Upon the zeal I bring you, 'tis worth more, sir; <sup>60</sup>

Two of the chiefest men I kept about me  
I hide not from the law of your just vengeance.

*Tom.* Ha!

<sup>1</sup> Always.

<sup>2</sup> Crystal glass.

*Ver.* To give your peace more ample satisfaction,

Thank these discoverers.

*Tom.* If you bring that calm,  
Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in

For that contemptuous smile [I threw]  
upon you,

I'll perfect it with reverence that belongs  
Unto a sacred altar. *[Kneels]*

*Ver.* [raising him] Good sir, rise;

Why, now you overdo as much 'a this hand  
As you fell short a tother.—Speak, Alibius. <sup>70</sup>

*Alib.* 'Twas my wife's fortune, as she is  
most lucky

At a discovery, to find out lately,  
Within our hospital of fools and madmen,  
Two counterfeits slipped into these disguises,

Their names Franciscus and Antonio.

*Ver.* Both mine, sir, and I ask no favor  
for 'em.

*Alib.* Now that which draws suspicion to  
their habits,

The time of their disguisings agrees justly  
With the day of the murder.

*Tom.* O blest revelation! <sup>80</sup>

*Ver.* Nay, more, nay, more, sir—I'll not  
spare mine own

In way of justice—they both feigned a  
journey

To Briamata, and so wrought out <sup>3</sup> their  
leaves;

My love was so abused <sup>3</sup> i' it.

*Tom.* Time's too precious  
To run in waste now; you have brought a  
peace

The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase:

Be my most happy conduct; I thirst for  
'em:

Like subtle lightning will I find about 'em,  
And melt their marrow in 'em. *Exeunt*

### [SCENA III]

[Alsemero's Apartment in the Castle]

*Enter ALSEMERO and JASPERINO*

*Jas.* Your confidence, I'm sure, is now of  
proof;

<sup>1</sup> Gained.

<sup>2</sup> Thus deceived.



The prospect from the garden has showed  
Enough for deep suspicion.

*Als.* The black mask  
That so continually was worn upon't  
Condemns the face for ugly ere't be seen,  
Her despite to him, and so seeming bottom-  
less.

*Jas.* Touch it home then; 'tis not a shal-  
low probe  
Can search this ulcer soundly; I fear you'll  
find it

Full of corruption: 'tis fit I leave you, <sup>9</sup>  
She meets you opportunely from that walk;  
She took the back door at his parting with  
her. *Exit JAS[PERINO]*

*Als.* Did my fate wait for this unhappy  
stroke  
At my first sight of woman? She is here.

*Enter BEATRICE*

*Beat.* Alsemero!

*Als.* How do you?

*Beat.* How do I?  
Alas, how do you? you look not well.

*Als.* You read me well enough, I am not  
well.

*Beat.* Not well, sir? is't in my power to  
better you?

*Als.* Yes.

*Beat.* Nay, then y'are cured again.

*Als.* Pray, resolve<sup>1</sup> me one question, lady.

*Beat.* If I can. <sup>21</sup>

*Als.* None can so sure: you are honest?<sup>2</sup>

*Beat.* Ha, ha, ha! that's a broad question,  
my lord.

*Als.* But that's not a modest answer, my  
lady:

Do you laugh? my doubts are strong upon  
me.

*Beat.* 'Tis innocence that smiles, and no  
rough brow

Can take away the dimple in her cheek:  
Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,  
Which would you give the better faith to?

*Als.* 'Twere but hypocrisy of a sadder  
color, <sup>30</sup>

But the same stuff; neither your smiles nor  
tears

Shall move or flatter me from my belief:  
You are a whore!

*Beat.* What a horrid sound it hath!  
It blasts a beauty to deformity;

<sup>1</sup> Answer.

<sup>2</sup> Chaste.

Upon what face soever that breath falls,  
It strikes it ugly: O, you have ruined  
What you can ne'er repair again!

*Als.* I'll all  
Demolish, and seek out truth within you,  
If there be any left; let your sweet tongue  
Prevent<sup>1</sup> your heart's rifling; there I'll ran-  
sack <sup>40</sup>

And tear out my suspicion.

*Beat.* You may, sir;  
It is an easy passage; yet, if you please,  
Show me the ground whereon you lost your  
love;

My spotless virtue may but tread on that  
Before I perish.

*Als.* Unanswerable;  
A ground you cannot stand on; you fall  
down

Beneath all grace and goodness when you  
set

Your ticklish heel on 't: there was a visor  
O'er that cunning face, and that became  
you;

Now impudence in triumph rides upon't; <sup>50</sup>  
How comes this tender reconciliation else  
'Twixt you and your despite, your rancorous  
loathing,

De Flore's? he that your eye was sore at  
sight of,

He's now become your arm's supporter, your  
Lip's saint!

*Beat.* Is there the cause?

*Als.* Worse, your lust's devil,  
Your adultery!

*Beat.* Would any but yourself say that,  
'Twould turn him to a villain!

*Als.* It was witnessed  
By the counsel of your bosom, Diaphanta.

*Beat.* Is your witness dead then?

*Als.* 'Tis to be feared  
It was the wages of her knowledge; poor  
soul, <sup>60</sup>

She lived not long after the discovery.

*Beat.* Then hear a story of not much less  
horror

Than this your false suspicion is beguiled  
with;

To your bed's scandal I stand up innocence,<sup>2</sup>  
Which even the guilt of one black other  
deed

Will stand for proof of; your love has made  
me

A cruel murderess.

<sup>1</sup> Anticipate.

<sup>2</sup> I am innocent.



*Als.* Hal

*Beat.* A bloody one;  
I have kissed poison for 't, stroked a serpent:

That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem  
Of no better employment, and him most  
worthy

To be so employed, I caused to murder  
That innocent Piracquo, having no  
Better means than that worst to assure  
Yourself to me.

*Als.* O, the place itself e'er since  
Has crying been for vengeance! the temple,  
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully  
Fired their devotion and quenched the right  
one;

'Twas in my fears at first, 'twill have it  
now:

O, thou art all deformed!

*Beat.* Forget not, sir,  
It for your sake was done: shall greater  
dangers

Make the less welcome?

*Als.* O, thou should'st have gone  
A thousand leagues about to have avoided  
This dangerous bridge of blood! here we are  
lost.

*Beat.* Remember, I am true unto your  
bed.

*Als.* The bed itself's a charnel, the sheets  
shrouds

For murdered carcasses. It must ask pause  
What I must do in this; meantime you shall  
Be my prisoner only: enter my closet;

*Exit BEATRICE [into closet]*  
I'll be your keeper yet. O, in what part  
Of this sad story shall I first begin? Ha! <sup>80</sup>  
This same fellow has put me in.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter DE FLORES*

De Flores!

*De F.* Noble Alsemero!

*Als.* I can tell you  
News, sir; my wife has her commended to  
you.

*De F.* That's news indeed, my lord; I  
think she would  
Commend me to the gallows if she could,  
She ever loved me so well; I thank her.

*Als.* What's this blood upon your band,<sup>2</sup>

De Flores?

*De F.* Blood! no, sure 'twas washed since.

*Als.* Since when, man?

<sup>1</sup> Given me the cue.

<sup>2</sup> Cuff.

*De F.* Since tother day I got a knock  
In a sword-and-dagger school; I think 'tis  
out.

*Als.* Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceived  
though.

I had forgot my message; this it is,  
What price goes murder?

*De F.* How, sir?

*Als.* I ask you, sir;  
My wife's behindhand with you,<sup>1</sup> she tells  
me,

For a brave bloody blow you gave for her  
sake

Upon Piracquo.

*De F.* Upon? 'twas quite through him  
sure:

Has she confessed it?

*Als.* As sure as death to both of you;  
And much more than that.

*De F.* It could not be much more;  
'Twas but one thing, and that—she is a  
whore.

*Als.* It could not choose but follow: O  
cunning devils!

How should blind men know you from fair-  
faced saints?

*Beat. within* He lies! the villain does  
belie me!

*De F.* Let me go to her, sir.

*Als.* Nay, you shall to her.—  
Peace, crying crocodile, your sounds are  
heard;

Take your prey to you;—get you in to her,  
sir:

*Exit DE FLORES [into closet]*  
I'll be your pander now; rehearse again  
Your scene of lust, that you may be perfect  
When you shall come to act it to the black  
audience,<sup>2</sup>

Where howls and gnashings shall be music  
to you:

Clip<sup>3</sup> your adulteress freely, 'tis the pilot  
Will guide you to the *mare mortuum*,  
Where you shall sink to fathoms bottomless.

*Enter VERMANDERO, TOMASO, ALIBIUS, ISA-  
BELLA, FRANCISCUS, and ANTONIO*

*Ver.* O Alsemero! I've a wonder for you.

*Als.* No, sir, 'tis I, I have a wonder for  
you.

*Ver.* I have suspicion near as proof itself  
For Piracquo's murder.

<sup>1</sup> In debt to you.

<sup>2</sup> Of devils.

<sup>3</sup> Clasp.



*Als.* Sir, I have proof  
Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder.

*Ver.* Beseech you, hear me; these two  
have been disguised  
E'er since the deed was done.

*Als.* I have two other <sup>130</sup>  
That were more close disguised than your  
two could be  
E'er since the deed was done.

*Ver.* You'll hear me—these mine own  
servants—

*Als.* Hear me—those nearer than your  
servants  
That shall acquit them, and prove them  
guiltless.

*Fran.* That may be done with easy truth,  
sir.

*Tom.* How is my cause bandied through  
your delays!

'Tis urgent in [my] blood and calls for  
haste;

Give me a brother alive or dead;  
Alive, a wife with him; if dead, for both <sup>140</sup>  
A recompense, for murder and adultery.

*Beat. within.* O, O, O!

*Als.* Hark! 'tis coming to you.

*De F. within.* Nay, I'll along for company.

*Beat. within.* O, O!

*Ver.* What horrid sounds are these?

*Als.* Come forth, you twins  
Of mischief!

*Re-enter DE FLORES, bringing in BEATRICE*  
[wounded]

*De F.* Here we are; if you have any more  
To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not  
Give you the hearing else; I am so stout  
yet,

And so, I think, that broken rib of mankind.

*Ver.* An host of enemies entered my cita-  
del <sup>150</sup>

Could not amaze like this: Joanna! Bea-  
trice! Joanna!

*Beat.* O, come not near me, sir, I shall  
defile you!

I am that of your blood was<sup>1</sup> taken from  
you

For your better health; look no more  
upon't,

But cast it to the ground regardlessly,  
Let the common sewer<sup>2</sup> take it from dis-  
tinction

<sup>1</sup> That part of your blood which was, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Q. shewer.

Beneath the stars.<sup>1</sup> Upon yon meteor  
[Pointing to DE FLORES]

Ever hung my fate, 'mongst things cor-  
ruptible;

I ne'er could pluck it from him; my loath-  
ing

Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believed:  
Mine honor fell with him, and now my  
life.— <sup>161</sup>

Alsemero, I'm a stranger to your bed;  
Your bed was cozened on the nuptial night,  
For which your false bride died.

*Als.* Diaphanta?

*De F.* Yes, and the while I coupled with  
your mate

At barley-break; now we are left in hell.<sup>2</sup>

*Ver.* We are all there, it circumscribes us  
here.

*De F.* I loved this woman in spite of her  
heart:

Her love I earned out of Piracquo's murder.

*Tom.* Ha! my brother's murderer? <sup>170</sup>

*De F.* Yes, and her honor's prize  
Was my reward; I thank life for nothing  
But that pleasure; it was so sweet to me,  
That I have drunk up all, left none behind  
For any man to pledge me.

*Ver.* Horrid villain!  
Keep life in him for further tortures.

*De F.* No!  
I can prevent you; here's my pen-knife still;  
It is but one thread more, [stabbing him-  
self] and now 'tis cut.

Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee,  
Canst not forget, so lately put in mind; <sup>180</sup>  
I would not go to leave thee far behind.

*Dies*

*Beat.* Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive!  
'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live.

*Dies*

*Ver.* O, my name's entered now in that  
record

Where till this fatal hour 'twas never read.

*Als.* Let it be blotted out; let your heart  
lose it,

And it can never look you in the face,  
Nor tell a tale behind the back of life  
To your dishonor; justice hath so right  
The guilty hit, that innocence is quit <sup>190</sup>

By proclamation, and may joy again.—  
Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath  
done;

<sup>1</sup> From any importance on earth.

<sup>2</sup> Above III. iii. 173.



'Tis the best comfort that your grief can find.

*Tom.* Sir, I am satisfied; my injuries  
Lie dead before me; I can exact no more,  
Unless my soul were loose, and could o'er-  
take

Those black fugitives that are fled from  
thence,

To take a second vengeance; but there are  
wraths

Deeper than mine, 'tis to be feared, about  
'em.

*Als.* What an opacous body had that  
moon

That last changed on us! here is beauty  
changed

To ugly whoredom; here servant-obedience  
To a master-sin, imperious murder;

I, a supposed husband, changed embraces  
With wantonness,—but that was paid before.  
Your change is come too, from an ignorant  
wrath

To knowing friendship.—Are there any more  
on's?

*Ant.* Yes, sir, I was changed too from a  
little ass as I was to a great fool as I am;  
and had like to ha' been changed to the <sup>210</sup>  
gallows, but that you know my innocence<sup>1</sup>  
always excuses me.

*Fran.* I was changed from a little wit to  
be stark mad,

<sup>1</sup> Idiocy.

Almost for the same purpose.

*Isa.* [to ALIBIUS] Your change is still be-  
hind,

But deserve best your transformation:  
You are a jealous coxcomb, keep schools  
of folly,

And teach your scholars how to break your  
own head.

*Alib.* I see all apparent, wife, and will  
change now

Into a better husband, and ne'er keep <sup>220</sup>  
Scholars that shall be wiser than myself.

*Als.* Sir, you have yet a son's duty living,  
Please you, accept it; let that your sorrow,  
As it goes from your eye, go from your  
heart,

Man and his sorrow at the grave must part.

### EPILOGUE

*Als.* All we can do to comfort one an-  
other,

To stay a brother's sorrow for a brother,  
To dry a child from the kind father's eyes,  
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies:  
Your only smiles have power to cause re-  
live

The dead again, or in their rooms to give  
Brother a new brother, father a child;  
If these appear, all griefs are reconciled.

*Exeunt omnes*



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A NEW WAY TO PAY  
**OLD DEBTS**  
A C O M O E D I E

*As it hath beene often acted at the Phæ-  
nix in Drury-Lane, by the Queenes  
Maiesties servants.*

The Author.

---

PHILIP MASSINGER.

---



L O N D O N,  
Printed by E. P. for Henry Seyle, dwelling in S.  
Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the  
Tygers head. Anno. M. DC.  
X X X I I I



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Schelling: Typical  
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*A New Way to Pay Old Debts* was printed in a single quarto, that of 1633, and not again until the last century. Massinger's comedy was certainly on the stage in 1626, and perhaps several years earlier. This play has enjoyed the distinction of being the only Elizabethan drama, outside of Shakespeare, which has held the professional stage to our own time. While there is a certain similarity of idea between Massinger's comedy and Middleton's *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, nothing could be more in contrast with the latter's irresponsible realism than the seriousness and moral earnestness that underlies Massinger's work. It is not impossible that the later playwright found a model for his Sir Giles Overreach in the person and exploits of one Sir Giles Mompesson who, under a patent from King James monopolizing the manufacture of gold and silver thread, was reputed similarly overbearing and avaricious.

Philip Massinger was born in Salisbury in 1584 of a family under the patronage of the Pembroke family. He went to Oxford but left in 1606 without a degree. He is heard of in the employ of Henslowe making plays as early as 1613, but his best works belong to the very last years of the reign of James, and to the time of King Charles. Massinger tried all kinds of drama earnestly and honestly and achieved success in tragicomedies such as *The Maid of Honor* and *The Renegado*, and in tragedies like *The Roman Actor* and *The Unnatural Combat*. His comedy, *The City Madam*, is almost as good as *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. Massinger died in 1640.

The edition by P. Cunningham, 3 vols., 1871, remains the latest complete edition of Massinger. This play has been frequently reprinted, a more recent edition is that by L. A. Sherman, in Masterpiece Series, Massinger, 1912.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

[LORD] LOVELL		MARRALL, a Team-Driver; a creature of Sir
SIR GILES OVERREACH, a cruel Extortioner		Giles Overreach <sup>1</sup>
[FRANK] WELLBORN, a Prodigal		WILLDO, a Parson
[TOM] ALLWORTH, a young Gentleman, Page		TAPWELL, an Alehouse Keeper
to Lord Lovell		Three Creditors, Servants, etc.
GREEDY, a hungry Justice of Peace		LADY ALLWORTH, a rich Widow
ORDER, [Steward]	} <i>Servants to the</i>	MARGARET OVERREACH, Sir Giles' Daughter
AMBLE, [Usher]		FROTH, Tapwell's Wife
FURNACE, [Cook]		Chambermaid
WATCHALL, [Porter]		Waiting Woman

[SCENE: The Country near Nottingham]

<sup>1</sup> MARRALL follows ALLWORTH.



# A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

PHILIP MASSINGER

## ACT I, SCENE I

*Before Tapwell's House*

[Enter] WELLBORN [in tattered apparel],  
TAPWELL, and FROTH

Well. No bouse?<sup>1</sup> nor no tobacco?

Tap. Not a suck, sir;  
Nor the remainder of a single can  
Left by a drunken porter, all night palled<sup>2</sup>  
too.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for  
your morning's draught, sir.  
'Tis verity, I assure you.

Well. Verity, you brach!<sup>3</sup>  
The devil turned precisian!<sup>4</sup> Rogue, what  
am I?

Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a look-  
ing-glass,  
To let you see your trim shape, you would  
quit me,  
And take the name yourself.

Well. How, dog!

Tap. Even so, sir.  
And I must tell you, if you but advance<sup>10</sup>  
Your Plymouth cloak<sup>5</sup> you shall be soon  
instructed  
There dwells, and within call, if it please  
your worship,  
A potent monarch called the constable,  
That does command a citadel called the  
stocks;  
Whose guards are certain files of rusty bill-  
men<sup>6</sup>

Such as with great dexterity will hale  
Your tattered, lousy—

Well. Rascal! Slave!

Froth. No rage, sir.

Tap. At his own peril.—Do not put your-  
self

In too much heat, there being no water near  
To quench your thirst; and sure, for other  
liquor,

As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I  
take it,

You must no more remember; not in a  
dream, sir.

Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st  
thou talk thus!

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

Tap. I find it not in chalk;<sup>1</sup> and Timothy  
Tapwell

Does keep no other register.

Well. Am not I he  
Whose riots fed and clothed thee? Wert  
thou not

Born on my father's land, and proud to be  
A drudge in his house?

Tap. What I was, sir, it skills<sup>2</sup> not;  
What you are, is apparent. Now, for a  
farewell,

Since you talk of father, in my hope it will  
torment you,

I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,  
My quondam master, was a man of worship,  
Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and  
quorum,<sup>3</sup>

And stood fair to be *custos rotulorum*;<sup>4</sup>  
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a  
great house,

Relieved the poor, and so forth; but he  
dying,

And the twelve hundred a year coming to  
you,

Late Master Francis, but now forlorn Well-  
born—

Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly;<sup>5</sup> 10  
You cannot out of your way.

Tap. But to my story.  
You were then a lord of acres, the prime  
gallant,<sup>6</sup>

And I your under-butler. Note the change  
now.

<sup>1</sup> In the reckoning.

<sup>2</sup> Matters.

<sup>3</sup> One necessary to the sitting of the court.

<sup>4</sup> Keeper of records.

<sup>5</sup> With difficulty.

<sup>6</sup> Leader in a fast life.

<sup>1</sup> Booze. <sup>2</sup> Flat. <sup>3</sup> Bitch.  
<sup>4</sup> Puritan. <sup>5</sup> Slang: cudgel.  
<sup>6</sup> Guards bearing rusty halberds.



You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds,  
With choice of running horses; mistresses  
Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot,  
As<sup>1</sup> their embraces made your lordship melt;

Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing—

Resolving not to lose a drop of them—  
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds, <sup>so</sup>  
For a while supplied your looseness, and then left you.

*Well.* Some curate hath penned this invective, mongrel,  
And you have studied it.

*Tap.* I have not done yet.  
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,

You grew the common borrower; no man 'scaped

Your paper-pellets,<sup>2</sup> from the gentleman  
To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches

In your gallantry.

*Well.* I shall switch your brains out.

*Tap.* Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,  
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage; <sup>so</sup>

Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here,

Gave entertainment—

*Well.* Yes, to whores and canters,  
Clubbers by night.<sup>3</sup>

*Tap.* True, but they brought in profit,  
And had a gift to pay for what they called for,

And stuck<sup>4</sup> not like your mastership. The poor income

I gleaned from them hath made me in my parish

Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time

I may rise to be overseer of the poor;  
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,  
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter.<sup>5</sup> <sup>so</sup>  
And you shall thank my worship.

*Well.* Thus, you dog-bolt,<sup>6</sup>  
And thus— *Beats and kicks him*

*Tap.* [to FROTH] Cry out for help!  
*Well.* Stir, and thou diest!  
Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save you.

Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! Did not I  
Make purses<sup>1</sup> for you? Then you licked my boots,  
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean them.

'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever

Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst

Live like an emperor,—'twas I that gave it  
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!

*Tap.* I must, sir; <sup>so</sup>  
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,  
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound  
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,

If they grew poor like you.

*Well.* They are well rewarded  
That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich.

Thou viper, thankless viper! Impudent bawd!

But since you are grown forgetful, I will help

Your memory, and tread you into mortar,<sup>2</sup>  
Nor leave one bone unbroken.

[Beats him again]

*Tap.* O!  
*Froth.* Ask mercy.

*Enter ALLWORTH*

*Well.* 'Twill not be granted.

*All.* Hold—for my sake, hold. <sup>so</sup>  
Deny me, Frank! They are not worth your anger.

*Well.* For once thou hast redeemed them from this scepter.<sup>3</sup>  
But let them vanish, creeping on their knees,

And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

*Froth.* This comes of your prating, husband; you presumed  
On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,

Though you are beaten lame for't.

*Tap.* Patience, Froth.  
There's law to cure our bruises.

<sup>1</sup> Make up purses.

<sup>2</sup> Lumps of lime were so trodden out.

<sup>3</sup> His cudgel.

<sup>1</sup> That.

<sup>2</sup> Promissory notes.

<sup>3</sup> Beggars and footpads.

<sup>4</sup> Haggled.

<sup>5</sup> Dole of a penny a week.

<sup>6</sup> Dunderhead.



*They go off on their hands and knees*  
*Well.* Sent to your mother?

*All.* My lady, Frank, my patroness, my  
 all! <sup>99</sup>

She's such a mourner for my father's death,  
 And, in her love to him, so favors me,  
 That I cannot pay too much observance to  
 her.

There are few such stepdames.

*Well.* 'Tis a noble widow,  
 And keeps her reputation pure and clear  
 From the least taint of infamy; her life,  
 With the splendor of her actions, leaves no  
 tongue

To envy or detraction. Prithee tell me,  
 Has she no suitors?

*All.* Even the best of the shire, Frank,  
 My lord excepted; such as sue and send,  
 And send and sue again, but to no purpose.  
 Their frequent visits have not gained her  
 presence. <sup>111</sup>

Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,  
 That I dare undertake you shall meet from  
 her

A liberal entertainment. I can give you  
 A catalogue of her suitors' names.

*Well.* Forbear it,  
 While I give you good counsel; I am bound  
 to it.

Thy father was my friend, and that affection  
 I bore to him, in right descends to thee.  
 Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,  
 Nor will I have the least affront stick on  
 thee, <sup>120</sup>

If I with any danger can prevent it.

*All.* I thank your noble care. But, pray  
 you, in what  
 Do I run the hazard?

*Well.* Art thou not in love?  
 Put it not off with wonder.<sup>1</sup>

*All.* In love, at my years!  
*Well.* You think you walk in clouds, but  
 are transparent.

I have heard all, and the choice that you  
 have made,  
 And, with my finger, can point out the north  
 star

By which the loadstone of your folly's  
 guided;

And, to confirm this true, what think you of  
 Fair Margaret, the only child and heir <sup>130</sup>  
 Of Cormorant Overreach? Does it blush<sup>2</sup>  
 and start,

<sup>1</sup> Surprise affected.

<sup>2</sup> It, the child, Allworth.

To hear her only named? blush at your  
 want

Of wit and reason.

*All.* You are too bitter, sir.

*Well.* Wounds of this nature are not to  
 be cured

With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain.  
 Art thou scarce manumised<sup>1</sup> from the por-  
 ter's lodge

And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,<sup>2</sup>

And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear  
 'Twill be concluded for impossible

That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,  
 A handsome page or player's boy of four-  
 teen <sup>141</sup>

But he either loves a wench or drabs love  
 him,

Court-waiters not exempted.

*All.* This is madness.

Howe'er you have discovered my intents,  
 You know my aims are lawful; and if ever  
 The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,  
 The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,  
 Sprang from an envious<sup>3</sup> briar, I may infer  
 There's such disparity in their conditions  
 Between the goodness of my soul, the  
 daughter, <sup>150</sup>

And the base churl her father.

*Well.* Grant this true,  
 As I believe it, canst thou ever hope  
 To enjoy a quiet bed with her whose father  
 Ruined thy state?

*All.* And yours too.

*Well.* I confess it;  
 True; I must tell you as a friend, and freely,  
 That, where impossibilities are apparent,  
 'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.  
 Canst thou imagine—let not self-love blind  
 thee—

That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her  
 great

In swelling titles, without touch of con-  
 science <sup>160</sup>

Will cut his neighbor's throat, and I hope  
 his own too,

Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give  
 o'er,

And think of some course suitable to thy  
 rank,

And prosper in it.

*All.* You have well advised me.

<sup>1</sup> Manumitted from lodge-keeper.

<sup>2</sup> Slipper.

<sup>3</sup> Malicious.



But in the mean time you that are so studious

Of my affairs wholly neglect your own.  
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

*Well.* No matter, no matter.

*All.* Yes, 'tis much material.<sup>1</sup>

You know my fortune and my means; yet something

I can spare from myself to help your wants. <sup>160</sup>

*Well.* How's this?

*All.* Nay, be not angry;  
there's eight pieces<sup>2</sup>

To put you in better fashion.<sup>3</sup>

*Well.* Money from thee!

From a boy! a stipendiary!<sup>4</sup> one that lives  
At the devotion of a stepmother,

And the uncertain favor of a lord!

I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune

Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me—

Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,  
And thus accoutred—know not where to eat,  
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy— <sup>180</sup>

Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer:  
And as I in my madness broke my state  
Without the assistance of another's brain,  
In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,  
Die thus and be forgotten.

*All.* A strange humor!  
*Exeunt*

## SCENE II

[A Room in Lady Allworth's House]

[Enter] ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE. and  
WATCHALL

*Ord.* Set all things right, or, as my name  
is Order,

And by this staff of office that commands  
you,

This chain and double ruff, symbols of  
power,

Whoever misses in his function,<sup>5</sup>

For one whole week makes forfeiture of his  
breakfast,

And privilege in the wine-cellar.

<sup>1</sup> It is important.

<sup>2</sup> Of some twenty-two shillings each.

<sup>3</sup> Clothe you better.

<sup>4</sup> Hiring.

<sup>5</sup> Task.

*Amb.*

You are merry,

Good master steward.

*Furn.*

Let him; I'll be angry.

*Amb.* Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve  
o'clock yet,

Nor dinner taking up; <sup>1</sup> then, 'tis allowed,  
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric. <sup>10</sup>

*Furn.* You think you have spoke wisely,  
goodman Amble,

My lady's go-before!

*Ord.*

Nay, nay, no wrangling.

*Furn.* Twit me with the authority of the  
kitchen!

At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry;

And thus provoked, when I am at my  
prayers

I will be angry.

*Amb.*

There was no hurt meant.

*Furn.* I am friends with thee; and yet I  
will be angry.

*Ord.* With whom?

*Furn.*

No matter whom. Yet,

now I think on it,

I am angry with my lady.

*Watch.*

Heaven forbid, man!

*Ord.* What cause has she given thee?

*Furn.*

Cause enough, master steward. <sup>20</sup>

I was entertained by her to please her  
palate,

And, till she forswore eating, I performed it.

Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,

Though I crack my brains to find out  
tempting sauces,

And raise fortifications in the pastry

Such as might serve for models in the Low  
Countries;

Which, if they had been practised at Breda,<sup>3</sup>

Spinola might have thrown his cap at it,  
and ne'er took it.

*Amb.* But you had wanted matter there  
to work on.

*Furn.* Matter! With six eggs, and a  
strike<sup>4</sup> of rye meal, <sup>30</sup>

I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps  
longer.

*Ord.* But what's this to your pet<sup>4</sup> against  
my lady?

*Furn.* What's this? Marry, this: when I  
am three parts roasted

And the fourth part parboiled, to prepare  
her viands

<sup>1</sup> Dishing up.

<sup>2</sup> In Holland, taken by the Spaniards in 1625.

<sup>3</sup> Handful.

<sup>4</sup> Pique.



She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada<sup>1</sup>

Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.

*Ord.* But your art is seen in the dining-room.

*Furn.* By whom?

By such as pretend love to her, but come To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies That do devour her, I am out of charity<sup>40</sup> With none so much as the thin-gutted squire That's stolen into commission.<sup>2</sup>

*Ord.* Justice Greedy?

*Furn.* The same, the same. Meat's cast away upon him;

It never thrives. He holds this paradox, Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well. His stomach's as insatiate as the grave, Or strumpets' ravenous appetites.

*Knocking*

*Watch.* One knocks.

*Ord.* Our late young master!

*Enter ALLWORTH*

*Amb.* Welcome, sir.

*Furn.* Your hand.

If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

*Ord.* His father's picture in little.<sup>3</sup>

*Furn.* We are all your servants.<sup>40</sup>

*Amb.* In you he lives.

*All.* At once, my thanks, to all. This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid*

*Ord.* Her presence answers for us.

*L. All.* Sort those silks well. I'll take the air alone.

*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid*

*Furn.* You air and air;

But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?

To what use serve I?

*L. All.* Prithee, be not angry; I shall ere long. I' the mean time, there is gold

To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.

<sup>1</sup> Milk toast.

<sup>2</sup> Gained his commission by fraud.

<sup>3</sup> In miniature.

*Furn.* I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.

*L. All.* And, as I gave directions, if this morning<sup>60</sup>

I am visited by any, entertain them

As heretofore. But say, in my excuse,

I am indisposed.

*Ord.* I shall, madam.

*L. All.* Do, and leave them.

Nay, stay you, Allworth.

*Exeunt ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, and WATCHALL*

*All.* I shall gladly grow here, To wait on your commands.

*L. All.* So soon turned courtier!

*All.* Style not that courtship, madam, which is duty

Purchased on your part.

*L. All.* Well, you shall o'ercome; I'll not contend in words. How is it with Your noble master?

*All.* Ever like himself, No scruple lessened in the full weight of honor,<sup>70</sup>

He did command me, pardon my presumption,

As his unworthy deputy, to kiss Your ladyship's fair hands.

*L. All.* I am honored in His favor to me. Does he hold his purpose For the Low Countries?

*All.* Constantly, good madam; But he will in person first present his service.

*L. All.* And how approve you of his course? You are yet

Like virgin parchment, capable of any Inscription, vicious or honorable.

I will not force your will, but leave you free<sup>80</sup>

To your own election.<sup>1</sup>

*All.* Any form you please, I will put on. But, might I make my choice, With humble emulation I would follow The path my lord marks to me.

*L. All.* 'Tis well answered, And I commend your spirit. You had a father—

Blessed be his memory—that some few hours Before the will of heaven took him from me, Who did commend you, by the dearest ties Of perfect love between us, to my charge; And, therefore, what I speak, you are bound to hear<sup>90</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Selection.



With such respect as if he lived in me.  
He was my husband, and howe'er you are  
not

Son of my womb, you may be of my love,  
Provided you deserve it.

*All.* I have found you,  
Most honored madam, the best mother to  
me,  
And, with my utmost strengths of care and  
service,

Will labor that you never may repent  
Your bounties showered upon me.

*L. All.* I much hope it.  
These were your father's words: 'If e'er my  
son

Follow the war, tell him it is a school <sup>100</sup>  
Where all the principles tending to honor  
Are taught, if truly followed. But for such  
As repair thither as a place in which  
They do presume they may with license  
practise

Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit  
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly,  
In a fair cause, and for their country's  
safety,

To run upon the cannon's mouth un-  
daunted;

To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;  
To bear with patience the winter's cold <sup>110</sup>  
And summer's scorching heat, and not to  
faint,

When plenty of provision fails, with hunger;  
Are the essential parts<sup>1</sup> make up a soldier,  
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.'

*All.* There's no syllable  
You speak, but is to me an oracle,  
Which but to doubt were impious.

*L. All.* To conclude:  
Beware ill company, for often men  
Are like to those with whom they do con-  
verse;

And, from one man I warn<sup>2</sup> you, and that's  
Wellborn,—

Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your  
pity; <sup>120</sup>

But that he's in his manners so debauched,  
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.

'Tis true, your father loved him, while he  
was

Worthy the loving; but if he had lived  
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him  
off,

As you must do.

<sup>1</sup> Supply *that*.

<sup>2</sup> Q. *warn'd*.

*All.* I shall obey in all things.

*L. All.* Follow me to my chamber, you  
shall have gold  
To furnish you like my son, and still<sup>1</sup>  
supplied,

As I hear from you.

*All.* I am still your creature.

*Exeunt*

### SCENE III

[A Hall in the same]

[Enter] OVERREACH, GREEDY, ORDER, AMBLE,  
FURNACE, WATCHALL, and MARRALL

*Greedy.* Not to be seen!

*Over.* Still cloistered up! Her reason,  
I hope, assures her, though she make herself  
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,  
'Twill not recover him.

*Ord.* Sir, it is her will,  
Which we, that are her servants, ought to  
serve it,  
And not dispute. Howe'er, you are nobly  
welcome;

And, if you please to stay, that you may  
think so,  
There came, not six days since, from Hull,  
a pipe<sup>2</sup>

Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself  
For my lady's honor.

*Greedy.* Is it of the right race?<sup>3</sup> <sup>10</sup>

*Ord.* Yes, Master Greedy.

*Amb.* Haw his mouth runs o'er!<sup>4</sup>

*Furn.* I'll make it run, and run. Save  
your good worship!

*Greedy.* Honest Master Cook, thy hand;  
again. How I love thee!

Are the good dishes still in being? Speak,  
boy.

*Furn.* If you have a mind to feed, there  
is a chine

Of beef, well seasoned.

*Greedy.* Good!

*Furn.* A pheasant, larded.

*Greedy.* That I might now give thanks  
for't!

*Furn.* Other kickshaws.<sup>5</sup>  
Besides, there came last night, from the  
forest of Sherwood,  
The fattest stag I ever cooked.

<sup>1</sup> Ever.

<sup>2</sup> Cask.

<sup>3</sup> Vintage.

<sup>4</sup> Waters.

<sup>5</sup> Trifles.



*Greedy.* A stag, man!

*Furn.* A stag, sir; part of it prepared for dinner,

And baked in puff-paste.

*Greedy.* Puff-paste too! Sir Giles, A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!

And red deer too, Sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste!

All business set aside, let us give thanks here.<sup>1</sup>

*Furn.* How the lean skeleton's rapt!

*Over.* You know we cannot.

*Mar.* Your worships are to sit on a commission,

And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

*Greedy.* Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for such dinner.

We may put off a commission; you shall find it

*Henrici decimo quarto.*<sup>2</sup>

*Over.* Fie, Master Greedy! Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?

No more, for shame! We must forget the belly

When we think of profit.

*Greedy.* Well, you shall o'er-rule me; I could e'en cry now.—Do you hear, Master Cook,

Send but a corner<sup>3</sup> of that immortal pasty, And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy, Send you,—a brace of three-pences.

*Furn.* Will you be so prodigal?

*Enter WELLBORN*

*Over.* Remember me to your lady. Who have we here?

*Well.* You know me.

*Over.* I did once, but now I will not; Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar!

If ever thou presume to own me more, I'll have thee caged and whipped.

*Greedy.* I'll grant the warrant. Think of Pie-corner,<sup>4</sup> Furnace!

[*Exeunt OVERREACH, GREEDY, and MARRALL*]

*Watch.* Will you out, sir?

<sup>1</sup> Right now.

<sup>2</sup> Statutes were so designated by the year.

<sup>3</sup> Triangle, piece.

<sup>4</sup> A cheap eating house with a play on the corner of pie.

I wonder how you durst creep in.

*Ord.* This is rudeness, And saucy impudence.

*Amb.* Cannot you stay To be served, among your fellows, from the basket,<sup>1</sup>

But you must press into the hall?

*Furn.* Prithee, vanish Into some outhouse, though it be the pigsty.

My scullion shall come to thee.

*Enter ALLWORTH*

*Well.* This is rare. O, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!

*All.* We must be strangers, Nor would I have you seen here for a million.

*Well.* Better and better. He contemns me too! *Exit*

*Enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid*

*Woman.* Foh, what a smell's here! What thing's this?

*Cham.* A creature Made out of the privy. Let us hence, for love's sake, Or I shall swoon.

*Woman.* I begin to faint already. *Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid*

*Watch.* Will you know your way?

*Amb.* Or shall we teach it you, By the head and shoulders?

*Well.* No; I will not stir; Do you mark, I will not. Let me see the wretch

That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,

Created only to make legs,<sup>2</sup> and cringe; To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;

That have not souls only to hope a blessing Beyond black-jacks<sup>3</sup> or flagons; you, that were born

Only to consume meat and drink, and batten Upon reversions!—Who advances? Who Shows me the way?

*Ord.* My lady!

<sup>1</sup> In which broken meat was placed for the poor.

<sup>2</sup> Bow.

<sup>3</sup> Leathern drinking cups.

<sup>4</sup> Feast on kitchen remains.



*Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman,  
and Chambermaid*

*Cham.* Here's the monster.

*Woman.* Sweet madam, keep your glove  
to your nose.

*Cham.* Or let me  
Fetch some perfumes<sup>1</sup> may be predominant;  
You wrong yourself else.

*Well.* Madam, my designs  
Bear me to you.

*L. All.* To me!

*Well.* And though I have met with  
But ragged entertainment from your grooms  
here,

I hope from you to receive that noble usage  
As<sup>2</sup> may become the true friend of your  
husband,

And then I shall forget these.

*L. All.* I am amazed  
To see and hear this rudeness. Darest thou  
think,

Though sworn,<sup>3</sup> that it can ever find belief,  
That I, who to the best men of this country  
Denied my presence since my husband's  
death,

Can fall so low as to change words with  
thee,

Thou son of infamy! Forbear my house,<sup>4</sup>  
And know and keep the distance that's be-  
tween us;

Or, though it be against my gentler temper,  
I shall take order<sup>4</sup> you no more shall be  
An eyesore to me.

*Well.* Scorn me not, good lady,  
But, as in form you are angelical,  
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe  
At the least a while to hear me. You will  
grant

The blood that runs in this arm is as noble  
As that which fills your veins. Those costly  
jewels,

And those rich clothes you wear, your men's  
observance,

And women's flattery, are in you no virtues,  
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me  
vices.

You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve  
it;

Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more  
Than in the pious sorrow you have shown

<sup>1</sup> Supply that.

<sup>2</sup> That.

<sup>3</sup> Though oath were taken.

<sup>4</sup> Provide that.

For your late noble husband.

*Ord.* How she starts!

*Furn.* And hardly can keep finger from  
the eye,

To hear him named.

*L. All.* Have you aught else to say?

*Well.* That husband, madam, was once in  
his fortune

Almost as low as I; want, debts, and  
quarrels

Lay heavy on him. Let it not be thought  
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.

'Twas I that gave him fashion;<sup>1</sup> mine the  
sword,

That did on all occasions second his.

I brought him on and off with honor, lady;  
And when in all men's judgments he was  
sunk,

And, in his own hopes, not to be buoyed up,  
I stepped unto him, took him by the hand,  
And set him upright.

*Furn.* Are not we base rogues,  
That could forget this?

*Well.* I confess, you made him  
Master of your estate; nor could your  
friends,

Though he brought no wealth with him,  
blame you for it;

For he had a shape, and to that shape a  
mind

Made up of all parts, either great or noble;  
So winning a behavior, not to be  
Resisted, madam.

*L. All.* 'Tis most true, he had.

*Well.* For his sake, then, in that I was  
his friend,

Do not condemn me.

*L. All.* For what's past excuse me,  
I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman  
A hundred pounds.

*Well.* No, madam, on no terms.<sup>120</sup>  
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,  
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus  
ever.

Only one suit I make, which you deny not  
To strangers; and 'tis this.

*L. All.* *Whispers to her*  
Fie! nothing else?

*Well.* Nothing, unless you please to  
charge your servants

To throw away a little respect upon me.

*L. All.* What you demand is yours.

*Well.* I thank you, lady.

<sup>1</sup> Gave him social form.



Now what can be wrought out of such a suit  
Is yet in supposition. I have said all;  
When you please, you may retire.

[Exit Lady ALL.]

Nay, all's forgotten; <sup>130</sup>

[To the Servants]

And, for a lucky omen to my project,  
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the  
cellar.

Ord. Agreed, agreed.

Furn. Still merry Master Wellborn.  
Exeunt

## ACT II, SCENE I

[A Room in Overreach's House]

Enter OVERREACH and MARRALL

Over. He's gone, I warrant thee; this  
commission crushed him.

Mar. Your worships<sup>1</sup> have the way on't,  
and ne'er miss

To squeeze these unthrifths into air; and yet,  
The chapfallen<sup>2</sup> justice did his part, re-  
turning

For your advantage the certificate,<sup>3</sup>  
Against his conscience, and his knowledge  
too,

With your good favor, to the utter ruin  
Of the poor farmer.

Over. 'Twas for these good ends  
I made him a justice. He that bribes his  
belly,

Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder, <sup>10</sup>  
Still with your license, why, your worship  
having

The power to put his thin-gut in commis-  
sion,

You are not in't yourself?

Over. Thou art a fool.  
In being out of office I am out of danger;  
Where, if I were a justice, besides the  
trouble,

I might or out of wilfulness or error  
Run myself finely into a *præmunire*,<sup>4</sup>  
And so become a prey to the informer.  
No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep  
Greedy at my devotion.<sup>5</sup> So he serve <sup>20</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Men like your worship.

<sup>2</sup> Lean-faced.

<sup>3</sup> Ruling out the document.

<sup>4</sup> Encroachment on crown rights.

<sup>5</sup> Devoted to my interests.

My purposes, let him hang or damn, I care  
not.

Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Over. I would be worldly wise. For the  
other wisdom,

That does prescribe us a well-governed life,  
And to do right to others as ourselves,  
I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,  
With your good patience, to hedge in the  
manor

Of your neighbor, Master Frugal? As 'tis  
said

He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;  
And his land, lying in the midst of your  
many lordships, <sup>30</sup>

Is a foul blemish.

Over. I have thought on't, Marrall,  
And it shall take. I must have all men  
sellers,

And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near  
his manor,

Which done, I'll make my men break ope  
his fences,

Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night  
Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's  
legs.

These trespasses draw on suits, and suits  
expenses,

Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.  
When I have harried him thus two or three  
year, <sup>40</sup>

Though he sue *in forma pauperis*,<sup>1</sup> in spite  
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind-  
hand.

Mar. The best I ever heard! I could  
adore you.

Over. Then, with the favor of my man of  
law,

I will pretend some title. Want will force  
him

To put it to arbitrament; then, if he sell  
For half the value, he shall have ready  
money,

And I possess his land.

Mar. 'Tis above wonder!  
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not  
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Over. Well thought on. <sup>50</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The standing of a pauper.



This varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to up-  
braid me

With my close cheat<sup>1</sup> put upon him. Will  
nor cold

Nor hunger kill him?

*Mar.* I know not what to think on't.  
I have used all means; and the last night I  
caused

His host, the tapster, to turn him out of  
doors;

And have been since with all your friends  
and tenants,

And, on the forfeit of your favor, charged  
them,

Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep  
him from starving,

Yet they should not relieve him. This is  
done, sir.

*Over.* That was something, Marrall; but  
thou must go further,

And suddenly, Marrall.

*Mar.* Where, and when you please, sir.

*Over.* I would have thee seek him out,  
and, if thou canst,

Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg.  
Then, if I prove he has but robbed a hen-  
roost,

Not all the world shall save him from the  
gallows.<sup>2</sup>

Do any thing to work him to despair,  
And 'tis thy masterpiece.

*Mar.* I will do my best, sir.

*Over.* I am now on my main work with  
the Lord Lovell,

The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell,  
The minion of the people's love. I hear <sup>70</sup>  
He's come into the country, and my aims  
are

To insinuate myself into his knowledge,  
And then invite him to my house.

*Mar.* I have you; <sup>80</sup>

This points at my young mistress.

*Over.* She must part with  
That humble title, and write honorable,  
Right honorable, Marrall, my right honor-  
able daughter,

If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.  
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies  
Of errant knights decayed and brought so  
low,

<sup>1</sup> Secret cheating.

<sup>2</sup> Criminals were hanged for trifling crimes.

<sup>3</sup> I understand you.

That for cast clothes and meat will gladly  
serve her.

And 'tis my glory, though I come from the  
city,

To have their issue whom I have undone,  
To kneel to mine as bondslaves.

*Mar.* 'Tis fit state, sir.

*Over.* And therefore, I'll not have a cham-  
bermaid

That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,  
But such whose fathers were right wor-  
shipful.

'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever  
been

More than a feud, a strange antipathy,  
Between us and true gentry.

*Enter WELLBORN*

*Mar.* See, who's here, sir.

*Over.* Hence, monster! prodigy!

*Well.* Sir, your wife's nephew. <sup>90</sup>

She and my father tumbled in one belly.

*Over.* Avoid my sight! Thy breath's in-  
fectious, rogue!

I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.

Come hither, Marrall. [*Aside*] This is the  
time to work him. *Exit*

*Mar.* I warrant you, sir.

*Well.* By this light I think he's mad.

*Mar.* Mad! Had you ta'en compassion  
on yourself,

You long since had been mad.

*Well.* You have ta'en a course,  
Between you and my venerable uncle,  
To make me so.

*Mar.* The more pale-spirited you,  
That would not be instructed. I swear  
deeply— <sup>100</sup>

*Well.* By what?

*Mar.* By my religion.

*Well.* Thy religion!  
The devil's creed. But what would you  
have done?

*Mar.* Had there been but one tree in all  
the shire,

Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,  
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,  
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.  
I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang  
yourself,

And presently,<sup>1</sup> as you love your credit.

*Well.*

I thank you.

<sup>1</sup> At once.



*Mar.* Will you stay till you die in a ditch,  
or lice devour you?

Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself, <sup>110</sup>  
But that you'll put the state to charge and  
trouble,

Is there no purse to be cut, house to be  
broken,

Or market-woman with eggs, that you may  
murder,

And so dispatch the business?

*Well.* Here's variety,  
I must confess. But I'll accept of none  
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

*Mar.* Why, have you hope ever to eat  
again,  
Or drink, or be the master of three farth-  
ings?

If you like not hanging, drown yourself!  
Take some course

For your reputation.

*Well.* 'Twill not do, dear tempter, <sup>120</sup>  
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught  
you.

I am as far as thou art from despair.  
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than  
hope,

To live, and suddenly, better than ever—

*Mar.* Ha! ha! These castles you build in  
the air

Will not persuade me or to give or lend  
A token to you.

*Well.* I'll be more kind to thee.  
Come, thou shalt dine with me.

*Mar.* With you!

*Well.* Nay more, dine gratis.

*Mar.* Under what hedge, I pray you? or  
at whose cost?

Are they padders<sup>1</sup> or abram-men<sup>2</sup> that are  
your consorts? <sup>130</sup>

*Well.* Thou art incredulous; but thou  
shalt dine

Not alone at her house, but with a gallant  
lady;

With me, and with a lady.

*Mar.* Lady! what lady?  
With the Lady of the Lake, or queen of  
fairies?

For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.

*Well.* With the Lady Allworth, knave.

*Mar.* Nay, now there's hope  
Thy brain is cracked.

*Well.* Mark there, with what respect

I am entertained.

*Mar.* With choice, no doubt, of dog-  
whips.

Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her  
porter?

*Well.* 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust  
thine own eyes. <sup>110</sup>

*Mar.* Troth, in my hope, or my assurance  
rather,

To see thee curvet,<sup>1</sup> and mount like a dog  
in a blanket,

If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,  
I will endure thy company.

*Well.* Come along then.  
*Exeunt*

## SCENE II

[A Room in Lady Allworth's House]

[Enter] ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, Cham-  
bermaid, ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, and  
WATCHALL

*Woman.* Could you not command your  
leisure one hour longer?

*Cham.* Or half an hour?

*All.* I have told you what my haste is:  
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,  
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,  
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,  
I should neglect my lord.

*Woman.* Pray you do me the favor  
To put these few quince-cakes into your  
pocket;

They are of mine own preserving.

*Cham.* And this marmalade;  
'Tis comfortable for your stomach.

*Woman.* And, at parting,  
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you. <sup>10</sup>

*Cham.* You are still before me. I move  
the same suit, sir.

[ALLWORTH] kisses them severally  
*Furn.* How greedy these chamberers are  
of a beardless chin!

I think the tits<sup>2</sup> will ravish him.

*All.* My service  
To both.

*Woman.* Ours waits on you.

*Cham.* And shall do ever.

*Ord.* You are my lady's charge, be there-  
fore careful

That you sustain your parts.

<sup>1</sup> Foot-pads.

<sup>2</sup> Beggars pretending insanity.

<sup>1</sup> Toss.

<sup>2</sup> Wenches.



*Woman.* We can bear, I warrant you.

*Exeunt Waiting Woman  
and Chambermaid*

*Furn.* Here, drink it off; the ingredients  
are cordial,

And this the true elixir.<sup>1</sup> It hath boiled  
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quin-  
tessence

Of five cocks of the game,<sup>2</sup> ten dozen of  
sparrows,

Knuckles of veal, potato-roots and marrow,  
Coral and ambergris. Were you two years  
older,

And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,  
I durst trust you with neither. You need  
not bait

After this, I warrant you, though your  
journey's long;

You may ride on the strength of this till  
to-morrow morning.

*All.* Your courtesies overwhelm me. I  
much grieve

To part from such true friends, and yet find  
comfort.

My attendance on my honorable lord,  
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady, <sup>30</sup>  
Will speedily bring me back.

[Knocking at the gate. *Exit WATCHALL*]

*Mar.* [within] Dar'st thou venture  
further?

*Well.* [within] Yes, yes, and knock again.

*Ord.* 'Tis he; disperse!

*Amb.* Perform it bravely.

*Furn.* I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

*Exeunt [all but ALLWORTH]*

[*Re-]enter WATCHALL, ceremoniously intro-  
ducing WELLBORN and MARRALL*

*Watch.* Beast that I was, to make you  
stay! Most welcome.

You were long since expected.

*Well.*

Say so much

To my friend, I pray you.

*Watch.* For your sake, I will, sir.

*Mar.* For his sake!

*Well.* Mum; this is nothing.

*Mar.* More than ever

I would have believed, though I had found  
it in my primer.

*All.* When I have given you reasons for  
my late harshness,

You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe  
me,

Though now I part abruptly, in my service  
I will deserve it.

*Mar.* Service! with a vengeance!

*Well.* I am satisfied. Farewell, Tom.

*All.* All joy stay with you!

*Exit*

*Re-enter AMBLE*

*Amb.* You are happily encountered; I  
yet never

Presented one so welcome as I know

You will be to my lady.

*Mar.* This is some vision,  
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a  
dunghill;

It cannot be a truth.

*Well.* Be still a pagan,  
An unbelieving infidel. Be so, miscreant,  
And meditate on 'blankets, and on dog-  
whips!' <sup>40</sup>

*Re-enter FURNACE*

*Furn.* I am glad you are come; until I  
know your pleasure  
I knew not how to serve up my lady's  
dinner.

*Mar.* His pleasure! Is it possible?

*Well.* What's thy will?

*Furn.* Marry, sir, I have some grouse, and  
turkey chicken,  
Some rails<sup>1</sup> and quails, and my lady willed  
me ask you,

What kind of sauces best affect your palate,  
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

*Mar.* [aside] The devil's entered this  
cook. Sauce for his palate!  
That, on my knowledge, for almost this  
twelvemonth,

Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown  
bread on Sundays. <sup>50</sup>

*Well.* That way I like them best.

*Furn.* It shall be done, sir. *Exit*

*Well.* What think you of 'the hedge we  
shall dine under?'  
Shall we feed gratis?

*Mar.* I know not what to think;  
Pray you make me not mad.

*Re-enter ORDER*

*Ord.* This place becomes you not;  
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining-room.

<sup>1</sup> A water bird.

<sup>1</sup> Prolonger of life.

<sup>2</sup> Game-cocks.



*Well.* I am well here,  
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

*Mar.* Well here, say you?  
'Tis a rare change! But yesterday you  
thought  
Yourself well in a barn, wrapped up in  
pease-straw.

*Re-enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid*

*Woman.* O sir, you are wished for.

*Cham.* My lady dreamt, sir, of you.

*Woman.* And the first command she gave,  
after she rose,  
Was—her devotions done—to give her  
notice

When you approached here.

*Cham.* Which is done, on my virtue.

*Mar.* I shall be converted. I begin to  
grow  
Into a new belief, which saints nor angels  
Could have won me to have faith in.

*Woman.* Sir, my lady!

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH*

*L. All.* I come to meet you, and  
languished till I saw you.

This first kiss is for form; I allow a second  
To such a friend. *Kisses WELLBORN*

*Mar.* To such a friend! Heaven bless  
me!

*Well.* I am wholly yours. Yet, madam,  
if you please  
To grace this gentleman with a salute—

*Mar.* Salute me at his bidding!

*Well.* I shall receive it  
As a most high favor.

*L. All.* Sir, you may command me.

*[Advances to kiss  
MARRALL, who retires]*

*Well.* Run backward from a lady! and  
such a lady!

*Mar.* To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a  
favor

I am unworthy of. *Offers to kiss her foot*

*L. All.* Nay, pray you rise;

And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you.  
You shall dine with me to-day, at mine own  
table.

*Mar.* Your ladyship's table! I am not  
good enough

To sit at your steward's board.

*L. All.* You are too modest.

I will not be denied.

*Re-enter FURNACE*

*Furn.* Will you still be babbling  
Till your meat freeze on the table? The old  
trick still;

My art ne'er thought on!

*L. All.* Your arm, Master Wellborn,—  
Nay, keep us company. *[To MARRALL]*

*Mar.* I was ne'er so graced.

*Exeunt WELLBORN, Lady ALLWORTH,  
AMBLE, MARRALL, Waiting Woman,  
[and Chambermaid]*

*Ord.* So! We have played our parts, and  
are come off well;

But if I know the mystery, why my lady  
Consented to it, or why Master Wellborn  
Desired it, may I perish!

*Furn.* Would I had

The roasting of his heart that cheated him,  
And forces the poor gentleman to these  
shifts!

By fire!—for cooks are Persians,<sup>1</sup> and swear  
by it—

Of all the griping and extorting tyrants  
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met  
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.

*Watch.* What will you take  
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?

*Furn.* Just as much  
As my throat is worth, for that would be the  
price on't.

To have a usurer that starves himself,  
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years  
On a suit of fourteen groats,<sup>2</sup> bought of the  
hangman,  
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too  
common.

But this Sir Giles feeds high, keeps many  
servants,

Who must at his command do any outrage;  
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;  
Yet he to admiration<sup>3</sup> still increases  
In wealth and lordships.

*Ord.* He frights men out of their estates,  
And breaks through all law-nets, made to  
curb ill men,

As they were cobwebs. No man dares re-  
prove him.

Such a spirit to dare and power to do were  
never

Lodged so unluckily.

<sup>1</sup> Worshippers of fire.

<sup>2</sup> A trivial sum.

<sup>3</sup> Wonder.



*Re-enter AMBLE [laughing]*

*Amb.* Ha! ha! I shall burst.

*Ord.* Contain thyself, man.

*Furn.* Or make us partakers  
Of your sudden mirth.

*Amb.* Ha! ha! My lady has got <sup>120</sup>  
Such a guest at her table—this term-driver<sup>1</sup>  
Marrall,  
This snip of an attorney—

*Furn.* What of him, man?

*Amb.* The knave thinks still he's at the  
cook's shop in Ram Alley,<sup>2</sup>  
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to  
choose;  
And feeds so slovenly!

*Furn.* Is this all?

*Amb.* My lady  
Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please  
Master Wellborn;

As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish  
In which there were some remnants of a  
boiled capon,

And pledges her in white broth!

*Furn.* Nay, 'tis like  
The rest of his tribe.

*Amb.* And when I brought him wine, <sup>130</sup>  
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg<sup>3</sup> or two,  
Most humbly thanks my worship.

*Ord.* Risen already!

*Amb.* I shall be chid.<sup>4</sup>

*Re-enter Lady ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, and  
MARRALL*

*Furn.* My lady frowns

*L. All.* You wait well!  
[To AMBLE]

Let me have no more of this; I observed  
you jeering.

Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think  
worthy

To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,  
When I am present, is not your companion.<sup>5</sup>

*Ord.* Nay, she'll preserve what's due to  
her.

*Furn.* This refreshing  
Follows your flux of laughter.

*L. All.* [to WELLBORN] You are master  
Of your own will. I know so much of man-  
ners, 140

<sup>1</sup> Pettifogger.

<sup>2</sup> A low street abounding in cook-shops.

<sup>3</sup> Bow.

<sup>4</sup> Scolded.

<sup>5</sup> Copesmate.

As not to inquire your purposes. In a word,  
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house  
That is your own.

*Well.* [aside to MARRALL] Mark that.

*Mar.* With reverence, sir,  
An it like<sup>1</sup> your worship.

*Well.* Trouble yourself no further,  
Dear madam; my heart's full of zeal and  
service,

However in my language I am sparing.  
Come, Master Marrall.

*Mar.* I attend your worship.

*Exeunt WELLBORN and MARRALL*

*L. All.* I see in your looks you are sorry,  
and you know me

An easy mistress. Be merry; I have forgot  
all.

Order and Furnace, come with me. I must  
give you 150

Further directions.

*Ord.* What you please.

*Furn.* We are ready.  
*Exeunt*

### SCENE III

[The Country near Lady Allworth's House]

[Enter] WELLBORN, and MARRALL [bare-  
headed]

*Well.* I think I am in a good way.

*Mar.* Good! sir; the best way,  
The certain best way.

*Well.* There are casualties  
That men are subject to.

*Mar.* You are above them;  
And as you are already worshipful,  
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,  
And be right worshipful.

*Well.* Prithee do not flout me:  
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your  
ease,

You keep your hat off?

*Mar.* Ease! an it like your worship!  
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long, •  
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast  
Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be covered  
When your worship's present.

*Well.* [aside] Is not this a true rogue,  
That, out of mere hope of a future cozen-  
age,<sup>2</sup>

Can turn thus suddenly? 'Tis rank already.

<sup>1</sup> If it please.

<sup>2</sup> Cheating.



*Mar.* I know your worship's wise, and  
needs no counsel,  
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,  
I humbly offer my advice—but still  
Under correction—I hope I shall not  
Incur your high displeasure.

*Well.* No; speak freely.

*Mar.* Then, in my judgment, sir, my  
simple judgment—  
Still with your worship's favor—I could wish  
you

A better habit, for this cannot be  
But much distasteful to the noble lady—  
I say no more—that loves you; for, this  
morning,

To me, and I am but a swine to her,  
Before the assurance of her wealth per-  
fumed you,

You savored not of amber.<sup>1</sup>

*Well.* I do now then!

*Mar.* This your baton<sup>2</sup> hath got a touch  
of it.

*Kisses the end of his cudgel*  
Yet, if you please, for change,<sup>3</sup> I have  
twenty pounds here,

Which, out of my true love, I'll presently<sup>30</sup>  
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill  
serve to buy you

A riding-suit.

*Well.* But where's the horse?

*Mar.* My gelding  
Is at your service. Nay, you shall ride me,  
Before your worship shall be put to the  
trouble

To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord  
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,  
You may with the lease of glebe land,<sup>4</sup>  
called Knave's-acre,

A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

*Well.* I thank thy love, but must make  
no use of it.

What's twenty pounds?

*Mar.* 'Tis all that I can make,<sup>5</sup> sir.<sup>40</sup>

*Well.* Dost thou think, though I want  
clothes, I could not have them,  
For one word to my lady?

*Mar.* As I know not that!

*Well.* Come, I will tell thee a secret, and  
so leave thee.

I will not give her the advantage, though  
she be

A gallant-minded lady, after we are  
married—

There being no woman but is sometimes  
froward—

To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was  
forced

To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on  
With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag.  
No, I'll be furnished something like myself,  
And so farewell. For thy suit touching

Knave's-acre,

51

When it is mine, 'tis thine.

*Mar.* I thank your worship.

*Exit WELLBORN*

How was I cozened in the calculation  
Of this man's fortune! My master cozened  
too,

Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing  
men;

For that is our profession! Well, well,  
Master Wellborn,

You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to  
be cheated;

Which, if the Fates please, when you are  
possessed

Of the land and lady, you, sans question,  
shall be.

I'll presently think of the means.

*Walks by, musing*

*Enter OVERREACH, [speaking to a Servant  
within]*

*Over.* Sirrah, take my horse.<sup>60</sup>  
I'll walk to get me an appetite. 'Tis but a  
mile,

And exercise will keep me from being pursy.<sup>1</sup>  
Ha! Marrall! Is he conjuring? Perhaps  
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do  
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels  
Compunction in his conscience for't. No  
matter,

So it be done.—Marrall!

*Mar.*

*Sir.*

*Over.*

How succeed we

In our plot on Wellborn?

*Mar.*

Never better, sir.

*Over.* Has he hanged or drowned himself?

*Mar.*

No, sir, he lives;

Lives once more to be made a prey to  
you,

70

A greater prey than ever.

*Over.*

Art thou in thy wits?

<sup>1</sup> Short winded.

<sup>1</sup> Ambergris.

<sup>4</sup> Field.

<sup>2</sup> Stick.

<sup>5</sup> Do.

<sup>3</sup> Of dress.



If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

*Mar.* A lady, sir, is fallen in love with him.

*Over.* With him. What lady?

*Mar.* The rich Lady Allworth.

*Over.* Thou dolt! How dar'st thou speak this?

*Mar.* I speak truth.

And I do so but once a year, unless

It be to you, sir. We dined with her ladyship,

I thank his worship.

*Over.* His worship!

*Mar.* As I live, sir,

I dined with him, at the great lady's table, Simple as I stand here;<sup>1</sup> and saw when she kissed him,

And would, at his request, have kissed me too.

But I was not so audacious as some youths are,

That dare do anything, be it ne'er so absurd, And sad<sup>2</sup> after performance.

*Over.* Why, thou rascal! To tell me these impossibilities.

Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!

Impudent varlet, have not I myself,

To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew open,

Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,

In vain to see her, though I came, a suitor? And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue

Wellborn,

Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!

But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,

This most incredible lie would call up one On thy buttermilk cheeks.

*Mar.* Shall I not trust my eyes, sir, Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

*Over.* You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah.

Recover your brains again, and be no more gulled

With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond these

Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you From my employments.

*Mar.* Will you credit this yet?

<sup>1</sup> Dressed as I am.

<sup>2</sup> An remain serious.

On my confidence of their marriage, I offered Wellborn—

(*Aside*) I would give a crown now I durst say his worship—

My nag, and twenty pounds.

*Over.* Did you so, idiot! *Strikes him down.*

Was this the way to work him to despair, Or rather to cross me?

*Mar.* Will your worship kill me?

*Over.* No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.

*Mar.* He's gone.

*Over.* I have done then. Now, forgetting

Your late imaginary feast and lady, Know, my Lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow.

Be careful nought be wanting to receive him, And bid my daughter's women trim her up, Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll thank them.

There's a piece for my late blows.

*Mar.* [*aside*] I must yet suffer; But there may be a time—

*Over.* Do you grumble?

*Mar.* No, sir. [*Exeunt*]

### ACT III, SCENE I

[*The Country near Overreach's House*]

[*Enter Lord*] LOVELL, ALLWORTH, and Servants

*Lov.* Walk the horses down the hill. Something in private I must impart to Allworth

*Exeunt Servants*

*All.* O my lord, What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching, Although I could put off the use of sleep, And ever wait on your commands to serve 'em,

What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes, Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,

Can I, and with a thankful willingness suffer!

But still the retribution will fall short Of your bounties showered upon me.

*Lov.* Loving youth, <sup>10</sup>



Till what I purpose be put into act,  
Do not o'erprize it. Since you have trusted  
me  
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest  
secret,  
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet locked<sup>1</sup>  
Treachery shall never open. I have found  
you—

For so much to your face I must profess,  
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a  
blush for't—

More zealous in your love and service to  
me

Than I have been in my rewards.

*All.* Still great ones,  
Above my merit.

*Lov.* Such your gratitude calls 'em, <sup>20</sup>  
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper  
As<sup>2</sup> some great men are taxed with, who  
imagine

They part from the respect due to their  
honors

If they use not all such as follow 'em,  
Without distinction of their births, like  
slaves.

I am not so conditioned.<sup>3</sup> I can make  
A fitting difference between my footboy  
And a gentleman by want compelled to  
serve me.

*All.* 'Tis thankfully acknowledged; you  
have been

More like a father to me than a master. <sup>30</sup>  
Pray you, pardon the comparison.

*Lov.* I allow it.  
And, to give you assurance I am pleased  
in't,

My carriage and demeanor to your mistress,  
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me  
I can command my passions.

*All.* 'Tis a conquest  
Few lords can boast of when they are  
tempted—O!

*Lov.* Why do you sigh? Can you be  
doubtful of me?

By that fair name I in the wars have pur-  
chased,

And all my actions, hitherto untainted, <sup>30</sup>  
I will not be more true to mine own honor,  
Than to my Allworth!

*All.* As you are the brave Lord Lovell,  
Your bare word only given is an assurance

Of more validity and weight to me  
Than all the oaths, bound up with impreca-  
tions,

Which, when they would deceive, most  
courtiers practise;

Yet being a man—for, sure, to style you  
more

Would relish of gross flattery—I am forced,  
Against my confidence of your worth and  
virtues,

To doubt, nay more, to fear.

*Lov.* So young, and jealous!

*All.* Were you to encounter with a single  
foe, <sup>50</sup>

The victory were certain; but to stand  
The charge of two such potent enemies,  
At once assaulting you, as wealth and  
beauty,

And those too seconded with power, is odds  
Too great for Hercules.

*Lov.* Speak your doubts and fears,  
Since you will nourish them, in plainer lan-  
guage,

That I may understand them.

*All.* What's your will,  
Though I lend arms against myself—pro-  
vided

They may advantage you—must be obeyed.  
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only  
fair, <sup>60</sup>

The cannon of her more than earthly form,  
Though mounted high, commanding all be-  
neath it,

And rammed with bullets of her sparkling  
eyes,

Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses  
Could batter none, but that which guards  
your sight.

But when the well-tuned accents of her  
tongue

Make music to you, and with numerous<sup>1</sup>  
sounds

Assault your hearing—such as Ulysses, if he  
Now lived again, howe'er he stood the  
Sirens,

Could not resist—the combat must grow  
doubtful <sup>70</sup>

Between your reason and rebellious passions.  
Add this too; when you feel her touch, and  
breath

Like a soft western wind when it glides o'er  
Arabia, creating gums and spices;

And, in the van, the nectar of her lips,

<sup>1</sup> Rhythmical.

<sup>1</sup> Supply *which*.

<sup>2</sup> Which.

<sup>3</sup> I am not of such a nature.



Which you must taste, bring the battalia on  
Well armed, and strongly lined<sup>1</sup> with her  
discourse,  
And knowing manners, to give entertain-  
ment;—

Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,  
To follow such a Venus.

*Lov.* Love hath made you so  
Poetical, Allworth.

*All.* Grant all these beat off,  
Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,  
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in  
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much  
land,

To make her more remarkable, as would tire  
A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.  
O my good lord! These powerful aids,  
which would

Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful—  
Yet are but ornaments to give her luster,  
That in herself is all perfection—must<sup>20</sup>  
Prevail for her. I here release your trust.  
'Tis happiness enough for me to serve you  
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look  
upon her.

*Lov.* Why, shall I swear?

*All.* O, by no means, my lord;  
And wrong not so your judgment to the  
world

As from your fond indulgence to a boy,  
Your page, your servant, to refuse a bless-  
ing

Divers great men are rivals for.

*Lov.* Suspend  
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it  
To Overreach's house?

*All.* At the most, some  
half hour's riding;  
You'll soon be there.

*Lov.* And you the sooner freed  
From your jealous fears.

*All.* O that I durst but hope it!  
*Exeunt*

## SCENE II

[A Room in Overreach's House]

[Enter] OVERREACH, GREEDY, and MARRALL

*Over.* Spare for no cost; let my dressers  
crack with the weight  
Of curious viands.

*Greedy.* 'Store indeed's no sore,' sir.

<sup>1</sup> Reinforced.

*Over.* That proverb fits your stomach,  
Master Greedy.

And let no plate be seen but what's pure  
gold,

Or such whose workmanship exceeds the  
matter

That it is made of. Let my choicest linen  
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the  
water,

With precious powders mixed, so please my  
lord,

That he may with envy wish to bathe so  
ever.

*Mar.* 'Twill be very chargeable.<sup>1</sup>

*Over.* Avaunt, you drudge! <sup>10</sup>  
Now all my labored ends are at the stake,  
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my  
daughter.

[Exit MARRALL]

And, Master Justice, since you love choice  
dishes,

And plenty of 'em—

*Greedy.* As I do, indeed, sir,  
Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em.

*Over.* I do confer that providence,<sup>2</sup> with  
my power  
Of absolute command to have abundance,  
To your best care.

*Greedy.* I'll punctually discharge it,  
And give the best directions. Now am I,  
In mine own conceit, a monarch; at the  
least,

Arch-president of the boiled, the roast, the  
baked;

For which I will eat often, and give thanks  
When my belly's braced up like a drum:  
and that's pure justice. *Exit*

*Over.* It must be so. Should the foolish  
girl prove modest,  
She may spoil all. She had it not from me,  
But from her mother. I was ever forward,  
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare  
her.

[Enter] MARGARET

Alone,—and let your women wait without.

*Marg.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Over.* Ha! this is a neat dressing!  
These orient pearls and diamonds well  
placed too!

The gown affects me not,<sup>3</sup> it should have  
been

<sup>1</sup> Expensive.

<sup>2</sup> Foresight.

<sup>3</sup> I do not like.



Embroidered o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;

But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.

And how below? since oft the wanton eye,  
The face observed, descends unto the foot,  
Which being well proportioned, as yours is,  
Invites as much as perfect white and red,  
Though without art. How like you your new woman,

The Lady Downfallen?

*Marg.* Well, for a companion;  
Not as a servant.

*Over.* Is she humble, Meg? <sup>40</sup>  
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?

*Marg.* I pity her fortune.

*Over.* Pity her! Trample on her.  
I took her up in an old tamin<sup>1</sup> gown—  
Even starved for want of twopenny chops—  
to serve thee,

And if I understand she but repines  
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,  
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged him,

Into the counter,<sup>2</sup> and there let them howl together.

*Marg.* You know your own ways; but for me, I blush

When I command her, that was once attended <sup>50</sup>

With persons not inferior to myself  
In birth.

*Over.* In birth! Why, art thou not my daughter,

The blest child of my industry and wealth?  
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great

That I have run, and still pursue, those ways  
That hail down curses on me, which I mind not?

Part with these humble thoughts, and apt<sup>3</sup> thyself

To the noble state I labor to advance thee;  
Or, by my hopes to see thee honorable,  
I will adopt a stranger to<sup>4</sup> my heir, <sup>60</sup>  
And throw thee from my care. Do not provoke me.

*Marg.* I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.

<sup>1</sup> Linsey wolsey.

<sup>2</sup> Prison.

<sup>3</sup> Fit.

<sup>4</sup> For.

### Re-enter GREEDY

*Over.* How! interrupted!

*Greedy.* 'Tis matter of importance.  
The cook, sir, is self-willed, and will not learn

From my experience. There's a fawn brought in, sir,

And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it  
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it;  
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling

'Tis not worth three-pence.

*Over.* Would it were whole in thy belly,  
To stuff it out! Cook it any way. Prithee, leave me. <sup>70</sup>

*Greedy.* Without order for the dumpling?

*Over.* Let it be dumped  
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald him

In his own cauldron.

*Greedy.* I had lost my stomach<sup>1</sup>  
Had I lost my mistress dumpling. I'll give thanks for't. *[Exit]*

*Over.* But to our business, Meg. You have heard who dines here?

*Marg.* I have, sir.

*Over.* 'Tis an honorable man;  
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment  
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,  
A bold and understanding one. And to be  
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume, <sup>80</sup>  
Is granted unto few but such as rise up  
The kingdom's glory.

### Re-enter GREEDY

*Greedy.* I'll resign my office,  
If I be not better obeyed.

*Over.* 'Slight, art thou frantic?

*Greedy.* Frantic! 'twould make me frantic,  
and stark mad,  
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,

Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.

There are a dozen of woodcocks<sup>2</sup>—

*Over.* Make thyself  
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.

*Greedy.* I am contented,  
So they may be dressed to my mind. He has found out

<sup>1</sup> Courage as well as appetite.

<sup>2</sup> Regarded a foolish bird.



A new device for sauce, and will not dish  
them

With toasts and butter. My father was a  
tailor,

And my name, though a justice, Greedy  
Woodcock;

And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused,  
I'll give up my commission.

*Over.* [*loudly*] Cook!—Rogue, obey him!  
I have given the word, pray you now re-  
move yourself

To a collar of brawn,<sup>1</sup> and trouble me no  
further.

*Greedy.* I will, and meditate what to eat  
at dinner.

*Over.* And as I said, Meg, when this gull<sup>2</sup>  
disturbed us,

This honorable lord, this colonel,  
I would have thy husband.

*Marg.* There's too much disparity<sup>100</sup>  
Between his quality<sup>3</sup> and mine, to hope it.

*Over.* I more than hope, and doubt not  
to effect it.

Be thou no enemy to thyself. My wealth  
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you  
equals.

Now for the means to assure him, thine,  
observe me;

Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,  
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore,  
when

He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it.  
This mincing modesty has spoiled many a  
match

By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.<sup>110</sup>

*Marg.* You'll have me, sir, preserve the  
distance that

Confines a virgin?

*Over.* Virgin me no virgins!

I must have you lose that name, or you lose  
me.

I will have you private—start not—I say,  
private.

If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,  
Thou wilt venture alone with one man,  
though he came

Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off<sup>4</sup> too;  
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss  
close.

*Marg.* I have heard this is the strumpet's  
fashion, sir,

<sup>1</sup> "Neck of a boar." Neilson.

<sup>2</sup> Fool.

<sup>3</sup> Position, station.

<sup>4</sup> And succeed.

Which I must never learn.

*Over.* Learn any thing<sup>120</sup>

And from any creature that may make thee  
great;

From the devil himself.

*Marg.* [*aside*] This is but devilish  
doctrine.

*Over.* Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose  
he offer

Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,  
But meet his ardor. If a couch be near,  
Sit down on't, and invite him.

*Marg.* In your house,  
Your own house, sir; for heaven's sake,  
what are you then?

Or what shall I be, sir?

*Over.* Stand not on form;  
Words are no substances.

*Marg.* Though you could dispense  
With your own honor, cast aside religion,<sup>130</sup>  
The hopes of heaven, or fear of hell, excuse  
me,

In worldly policy, this is not the way  
To make me his wife; his whore, I grant it  
may do.

My maiden honor so soon yielded up,  
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him  
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight  
When<sup>1</sup> tempted by others; so, in judgment,  
When to his lust I have given up my honor,  
He must and will forsake me.

*Over.* How! Forsake thee!

Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this  
arm

Shrunk up or withered? Does there live a  
man<sup>140</sup>

Of that large list I have encountered with<sup>2</sup>  
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground  
Not purchased with his blood that did op-  
pose me?

Forsake thee when the thing is done! He  
dares not.

Give me but proof he has enjoyed thy  
person,

Though all his captains, echoes to his will,  
Stood armed by his side to justify the  
wrong,

And he himself in the head of his bold  
troop,

Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,<sup>150</sup>  
Or the judge's favor, I will make him render

<sup>1</sup> Q. reads: *when he is.*

<sup>2</sup> Supply *who.*



A bloody and a strict account, and force him,  
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honor!  
I have said it.

*Re-enter MARRALL*

*Mar.* Sir, the man of honor's come,  
Newly alighted.

*Over.* In, without reply;  
And do as I command, or thou art lost.

*Exit MARGARET*

Is the loud music I gave order for  
Ready to receive him?

*Mar.* 'Tis, sir.

*Over.* Let them sound  
A princely welcome. [*Exit MARRALL*]  
Roughness awhile leave me;  
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,<sup>100</sup>  
Must make way for me.

*Loud music. Enter Lord LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, and MARRALL*

*Lov.* Sir, you meet your trouble.

*Over.* What you are pleased to style so  
is an honor  
Above my worth and fortunes.

*All. [aside]* Strange, so humble.

*Over.* A justice of peace, my lord.

*Presents GREEDY to him*

*Lov.* Your hand, good sir.

*Greedy. [aside]* This is a lord, and some  
think this a favor;

But I had rather have my hand in my  
dumpling.

*Over.* Room for my lord.

*Lov.* I miss, sir, your fair daughter  
To crown my welcome.

*Over.* May it please my lord  
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and  
suddenly<sup>1</sup>

She shall attend my lord.

*Lov.* You'll be obeyed, sir.<sup>170</sup>

*Exeunt all but OVERREACH*

*Over.* 'Tis to my wish. As soon as come,  
ask for her!

Why, Meg! Meg Overreach.—

[*Re-enter MARGARET*]

How! tears in your eyes!  
Hah! dry them quickly or I'll dig 'em out.

<sup>1</sup> At once.

Is this a time to whimper? Meet that great-  
ness

That flies into thy bosom, think what 'tis  
For me to say, 'My honorable daughter;'  
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, 'Put  
on,'

Or, 'Father, you forget yourself.' No more;  
But be instructed, or expect—he comes.

*Re-enter Lord LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, and MARRALL*

A black-browed girl,<sup>1</sup> my lord.

*Lov.* As I live, a rare one.<sup>180</sup>  
*They salute*

*All. [aside]* He's ta'en already. I am lost.

*Over.* That kiss  
Came twanging off, I like it. Quit the room.

[*Exeunt all but OVERREACH, LOVELL, and MARGARET*]

A little bashful, my good lord, but you,  
I hope, will teach her boldness.

*Lov.* I am happy  
In such a scholar; but—

*Over.* I am past learning,  
And therefore leave you to yourselves.—Re-  
member. [*Aside to MARGARET, and exit*]

*Lov.* You see, fair lady, your father is  
solicitous,

To have you change the barren name of  
virgin

Into a hopeful wife.

*Marg.* His haste, my lord,  
Holds no power o'er my will.

*Lov.* But o'er your duty.<sup>190</sup>

*Marg.* Which forced too much, may break.

*Lov.* Bend rather, sweetest.

Think of your years.

*Marg.* Too few to match with yours;  
And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot  
and wither.

*Lov.* Do you think I am old?

*Marg.* I am sure I am too young.

*Lov.* I can advance you.

*Marg.* To a hill of sorrow,  
Where every hour I may expect to fall,  
But never hope firm footing. You are  
noble,

I of a low descent, however rich;  
And tissues matched with scarlet suit but ill.<sup>2</sup>  
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that

<sup>1</sup> A deprecatory remark.

<sup>2</sup> Silks matched with woolens.



I dare not trust these walls.

*Lov.* Pray you, trust my ear then.<sup>201</sup>

*Re-enter OVERREACH [behind], listening*

*Over.* Close at it! Whispering! This is excellent!

And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

*Re-enter GREEDY behind*

*Greedy.* Sir Giles, Sir Giles!

*Over.* The great fiend stop that clapper!

*Greedy.* It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.

The baked-meats are run out, the roast turned powder.

*Over.* I shall powder you.

*Greedy.* Beat me to dust, I care not. In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.

*Over.* Marry, and shall, you barathrum<sup>1</sup> of the shambles! *Strikes him*

*Greedy.* How! strike a justice of peace!

'Tis petty treason, <sup>210</sup>

*Edwardi quinto.*<sup>2</sup> But that you are my friend,

I would commit you without bail or main-prize.<sup>3</sup>

*Over.* Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit you

Where you shall not dine to-day. Disturb my lord,

When he is in discourse!

*Greedy.* Is't a time to talk When we should be munching?

*Lov.* Hah! I heard some noise.

*Over.* Mum, villain; vanish! Shall we break a bargain

Almost made up? *Thrusts GREEDY off*

*Lov.* Lady, I understand you, And rest most happy in your choice, believe it.

I'll be a careful pilot to direct <sup>220</sup> Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

*Marg.* So shall your honor save two lives, and bind us

Your slaves for ever.

*Lov.* I am in the act rewarded, Since it is good. Howe'er, you must put on An amorous carriage towards me to delude

Your subtle father.

*Marg.* I am prone<sup>1</sup> to that.

*Lov.* Now break we off our conference.—

Sir Giles!

Where is Sir Giles?

[OVERREACH comes forward]

*Re-enter ALLWORTH, MARRALL, and GREEDY*

*Over.* My noble lord; and how Does your lordship find her?

*Lov.* Apt, Sir Giles, and coming; And I like her the better.

*Over.* So do I too. <sup>230</sup>

*Lov.* Yet should we take forts at the first assault,

'Twere poor in the defendant. I must confirm her

With a love-letter or two, which I must have Delivered by my page, and you give way to't.

*Over.* With all my soul—a towardly gentleman!

Your hand, good Master Allworth. Know my house

Is ever open to you.

*All. [aside]* 'Twas shut till now.

*Over.* Well done, well done, my honorable daughter!

Thou'rt so already. Know this gentle youth, And cherish him, my honorable daughter. <sup>240</sup>

*Marg.* I shall, with my best care.

*Noise within, as of a coach*

*Over.* A coach!

*Greedy.* More stops Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH and WELLBORN*

*L. All.* If I find a welcome, You share in it; if not, I'll back again, Now I know your ends; for I come armed for all<sup>2</sup>

Can be objected.

*Lov.* How! the Lady Allworth!

*Over.* And thus attended!

LOVELL salutes Lady ALLWORTH;

Lady ALLWORTH salutes MARGARET

*Mar.* No, 'I am a dolt!

The spirit of lies hath entered me!

*Over.* Peace, patch,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Glutton.

<sup>2</sup> The year of the statute.

<sup>3</sup> Writ commanding the sheriff to take bail.

<sup>1</sup> Ready to do that.

<sup>2</sup> Supply that.

<sup>3</sup> Fool.



'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment  
That does possess me wholly!

*Lov.* Noble lady,  
This is a favor, to prevent<sup>1</sup> my visit, 250  
The service of my life can never equal.

*L. All.* My lord, I laid wait for you, and  
much hoped  
You would have made my poor house your  
first inn;  
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,  
Or too long dwell here, having such ample  
cause,

In this unequalled beauty, for your stay,  
And fearing to trust any but myself  
With the relation<sup>2</sup> of my service to you,  
I borrowed so much from my long restraint  
And took the air in person to invite you. 260

*Lov.* Your bounties are so great, they rob  
me, madam,  
Of words to give you thanks.

*L. All.* Good Sir Giles Overreach.—  
[Salutes him]

How dost thou, Marrall? Liked you my  
meat so ill,

You'll dine no more with me?

*Greedy.* I will, when you please,  
An it like<sup>3</sup> your ladyship.

*L. All.* When you please, Master Greedy.  
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.  
And now, my lord, pray take into your  
knowledge

This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse,  
*Presents WELLBORN*

His inward linings are as fine and fair  
As any man's. Wonder not I speak at  
large; <sup>270</sup>

And howsoe'er his humor carries him  
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever,  
For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,  
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank him-  
self

With some that have contemned him. Sir  
Giles Overreach,

If I am welcome, bid him so.

*Over.* My nephew!  
He has been too long a stranger. Faith you  
have,

Pray let it be mended.

*LOVELL confers aside with WELLBORN*

*Mar.* Why, sir, what do you mean?  
This is 'rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,

That should hang or drown himself;' no  
man of worship, 280  
Much less your nephew.

*Over.* Well, sirrah, we shall reckon  
For this hereafter.

*Mar.* I'll not lose my jeer,  
Though I be beaten dead for't.

*Well.* Let my silence plead  
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure  
Offer itself to hear a full relation  
Of my poor fortunes.

*Lov.* I would hear, and help 'em.

*Over.* Your dinner waits you.

*Lov.* Pray you lead, we follow.

*L. All.* Nay, you are my guest. Come,  
dear Master Wellborn.

*Exeunt all but GREEDY*

*Greedy.* 'Dear Master Wellborn!' So  
she said. Heaven! heaven!

If my belly would give me leave, I could  
ruminate 290

All day on this. I have granted twenty  
warrants

To have him committed, from all prisons  
in the shire,

To Nottingham jail; and now, 'Dear  
Master Wellborn!'

And 'My good nephew!' But I play the  
fool

To stand here prating, and forget my  
dinner.—

*Re-enter MARRALL*

Are they set, Marrall?

*Mar.* Long since. Pray you a word, sir.

*Greedy.* No wording now.

*Mar.* In troth, I must. My master,  
Knowing you are his good friend, makes  
bold with you,

And does entreat you, more guests being  
come in

Than he expected, especially his nephew, 300  
The table being full too, you would excuse  
him,

And sup with him on the cold meat.

*Greedy.* How! No dinner,  
After all my care?

*Mar.* 'Tis but a penance for  
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.

*Greedy.* That was  
But a bit to stay my stomach. A man in  
commission

Give place to a tatterdemalion!

<sup>1</sup> Anticipate.

<sup>2</sup> Expression.

<sup>3</sup> If you please.

<sup>4</sup> Freely.



*Mar.* No bug words,<sup>1</sup> sir.  
Should his worship hear you—

*Greedy.* Lose my dumpling too,  
And buttered toasts, and woodcocks!

*Mar.* Come, have patience.  
If you will dispense a little with your wor-  
ship,<sup>2</sup>

And sit with the waiting women, you'll have  
dumpling,

Woodcock, and buttered toasts too. 310

*Greedy.* This revives me.  
I will gorge there sufficiently.

*Mar.* This is the way, sir.  
*Exeunt*

### SCENE III

[Another Room in Overreach's House]

[Enter] OVERREACH, as from dinner

*Over.* She's caught! O women! She ne-  
glects my lord,  
And all her compliments applied to Well-  
born!

The garments of her widowhood laid by,  
She now appears as glorious as the spring,  
Her eyes fixed on him, in the wine she  
drinks,

He being her pledge, she sends him burning  
kisses,

And sits on thorns, till she be private with  
him.

She leaves my meat<sup>3</sup> to feed upon his looks,  
And if in our discourse he be but named,  
From her a deep sigh follows. And why  
grieve I

At this? It makes for me. If she prove his,  
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him. 10

*Enter MARRALL*

*Mar.* Sir, the whole board is troubled at  
your rising.

*Over.* No matter, I'll excuse it. Prithee,  
Marrall,  
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew  
To speak with me in private.

*Mar.* Who? 'The rogue  
The lady scorned to look on?'

*Over.* You are a wag.

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH and WELLBORN*

*Mar.* See, sir, she's come, and cannot be  
without him.

<sup>1</sup> Threats.

<sup>2</sup> Importance.

<sup>3</sup> Food.

*L. All.* With your favor, sir, after a plen-  
teous dinner,  
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two, 20  
In your rare garden.

*Over.* There's an arbor too,  
If your ladyship please to use it.

*L. All.* Come, Master Wellborn.

*Exeunt Lady ALLWORTH and WELLBORN*

*Over.* Grosser and grosser! Now I believe  
the poet

Feigned not, but was historical, when he  
wrote

Pasiphaë was enamored of a bull.

This lady's lust's more monstrous.—My  
good lord,

*Enter Lord LOVELL, MARGARET, and the rest*

Excuse my manners.

*Lov.* There needs none, Sir Giles,  
I may ere long say father, when it pleases  
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

*Over.* She shall seal to it, my lord, and  
make me happy. 30

*Re-enter WELLBORN and Lady ALLWORTH*

*Marg.* My lady is returned.

*L. All.* Provide my coach,  
I'll instantly away. My thanks, Sir Giles,  
For my entertainment.

*Over.* 'Tis your nobleness  
To think it such.

*L. All.* I must do you a further wrong  
In taking away your honorable guest.

*Lov.* I wait on you, madam. Farewell,  
good Sir Giles.

*L. All.* Good Mistress Margaret! Nay,  
come, Master Wellborn,  
I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I  
must not.

*Over.* Rob me not, madam, of all joys at  
once

Let my nephew stay behind. He shall have  
my coach, 40

And, after some small conference between  
us,

Soon overtake your ladyship.

*L. All.* Stay not long, sir.

*Lov.* This parting kiss. [Kisses MARGARET]

You shall every day hear from me,  
By my faithful page.

*All.* 'Tis a service I am proud of.



*Exeunt* Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, Allworth, and Marrall

*Over.* Daughter, to your chamber.— *Exit* MARGARET] You may wonder, nephew, After so long an enmity between us, I should desire your friendship.

*Well.* So I do, sir. 'Tis strange to me.

*Over.* But I'll make it no wonder; And what is more, unfold my nature to you. We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen

Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand To lift them up, but rather set our feet Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom.

As, I must yield,<sup>1</sup> with you I practised it. But, now I see in you a way to rise, I can and will assist you. This rich lady— And I am glad of't—is enamored of you. 'Tis too apparent, nephew.

*Well.* No such thing. Compassion rather, sir.

*Over.* Well, in a word, Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,

She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

*Well.* [aside] He'll run into the noose, and save my labor.

*Over.* You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence, In pawn. I will redeem 'em; and that no clamor

May taint your credit for your petty debts, You shall have a thousand pounds to cut 'em off,

And go a free man to the wealthy lady.

*Well.* This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else—

*Over.* As it is, nephew—

*Well.* Binds me still your servant. <sup>70</sup>

*Over.* No compliments, you are staid for. Ere you have supped

You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew.

To-morrow I will visit you.

*Well.* Here's an uncle

In a man's extremes!<sup>2</sup> How much they do belie you,

That say you are hard-hearted!

<sup>1</sup> Admit.

<sup>2</sup> Extremities.

*Over.* My deeds, nephew, Shall speak my love. What men report I weigh not. *Exeunt*

## ACT IV, SCENE I

[A Room in Lady Allworth's House]

[Enter Lord] Lovell and Allworth

*Lov.* 'Tis well; give me my cloak. I now discharge you From further service. Mind your own affairs, I hope they will prove successful.

*All.* What is blest With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.

Let aftertimes report, and to your honor, How much I stand engaged, for I want language

To speak my debt. Yet if a tear or two Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply My tongue's defects, I could—

*Lov.* Nay, do not melt. This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous. <sup>10</sup>

*Over.* [within] Is my lord stirring?

*Lov.* 'Tis he! O, here's your letter. Let him in.

*Enter* Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall

*Over.* A good day to my lord!

*Lov.* You are an early riser, Sir Giles.

*Over.* And reason, to attend your lordship.

*Lov.* And you, too, Master Greedy, up so soon!

*Greedy.* In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,

I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favor,

I have a serious question to demand Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.

*Lov.* Pray you use your pleasure. <sup>20</sup>

*Greedy.* How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me

Upon your credit, hold you it to be From your manor-house, to this of my Lady's Allworth's?



*Over.* Why, some four mile.

*Greedy.* How! four mile, good Sir Giles—  
Upon your reputation, think better.  
For if you do abate but one half-quarter  
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong  
That can be in the world; for four miles  
riding

Could not have raised so huge an appetite  
As I feel gnawing on me.

*Mar.* Whether you ride, <sup>30</sup>  
Or go afoot, you are that way still<sup>1</sup> pro-  
vided,  
An it please your worship.

*Over.* How now, sirrah? Prating  
Before my lord! No difference! Go to my  
nephew,  
See all his debts discharged, and help his  
worship  
To fit on his rich suit.

*Mar.* [aside] I may fit you too.  
Tossed like a dog still! *Exit*

*Lov.* I have writ this morning  
A few lines to my mistress, your fair  
daughter.

*Over.* 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly  
yours already.  
Sweet Master Allworth, take my ring.  
'Twill carry you  
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and  
there plead <sup>40</sup>

For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.  
That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a  
license,  
Still by this token. I'll have it dispatched,  
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,  
My honorable, nay, right honorable  
daughter.

*Greedy.* Take my advice, young gentle-  
man, get your breakfast.  
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting. I'll eat  
with you,  
And eat to purpose.

*Over.* Some Fury's in that gut.  
Hungry again! Did you not devour, this  
morning,  
A shield of brawn,<sup>2</sup> and a barrel of Col-  
chester oysters? <sup>50</sup>

*Greedy.* Why, that was, sir, only to scour  
my stomach,  
A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,  
I will not have you feed like the hangman  
of Flushing,<sup>3</sup>

Alone, while I am here.

*Lov.* Haste your return.

*All.* I will not fail, my lord.

*Greedy.* Nor I, to line  
My Christmas coffer.

*Exeunt GREEDY and ALLWORTH*

*Over.* To my wish. We are private.  
I come not to make offer with my daughter  
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial.  
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,  
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods, <sup>60</sup>  
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall  
you have

One motive to induce you to believe  
I live too long, since every year I'll add  
Something unto the heap, which shall be  
yours too.

*Lov.* You are a right kind father.

*Over.* You shall have reason  
To think me such. How do you like this  
seat? <sup>1</sup>

It is well wooded, and well watered, the  
acres  
Fertile and rich. Would it not serve for  
change

To entertain your friends in a summer  
progress?  
What thinks my noble lord?

*Lov.* 'Tis a wholesome air, <sup>70</sup>  
And well-built pile; and she that's mistress  
of it.

Worthy the large revénue.

*Over.* She the mistress!  
It may be so for a time. But let my lord  
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,  
I say, ere long 'tis his.

*Lov.* Impossible.

*Over.* You do conclude too fast, not  
knowing me,  
Nor the engines<sup>2</sup> that I work by. 'Tis not  
alone

The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once  
Wellborn's—

As by her dotage on him I know they will  
be—

Shall soon be mine; but point out any  
man's <sup>80</sup>

In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,  
And useful for your lordship, and once more  
I say aloud, they are yours.

*Lov.* I dare not own  
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted.  
My fame and credit are more dear to me,

<sup>1</sup> Place of residence. <sup>2</sup> Devices.

<sup>1</sup> Always.

<sup>2</sup> Boar's neck.

<sup>3</sup> No one would eat with a hangman.



Than so to expose 'em to be censured by  
The public voice.

*Over.* You run, my lord, no hazard.  
Your reputation shall stand as fair,  
In all good men's opinions, as now;  
Nor can my actions, though condemned for  
ill,

Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.  
For, though I do condemn report myself  
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender  
Of what concerns you, in all points of honor,  
That the immaculate whiteness of your  
fame,

Nor your unquestioned integrity,  
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot  
That may take from your innocence and  
candor.<sup>1</sup>

All my ambition is to have my daughter  
Right honorable, which my lord can make  
her.

And might I live to dance upon my knee  
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,  
I write *nil ultra*<sup>2</sup> to my proudest hopes.

As for possessions and annual rents,  
Equivalent to maintain you in the port<sup>3</sup>  
Your noble birth and present state requires,  
I do remove that burthen from your  
shoulders,

And take it on mine own. For, though I  
ruin

The country to supply your riotous waste,  
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never  
find you.

*Lov.* Are you not frightened with the im-  
precations

And curses of whole families, made wretched  
By your sinister practices?

*Over.* Yes, as rocks are,  
When foamy billows split themselves against  
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved  
When wolves, with hunger pined,<sup>4</sup> howl at  
her brightness.

I am of a solid temper, and, like these,  
Steer on a constant course. With mine own  
sword,

If called into the field, I can make that  
right,

Which fearful enemies murmured at as  
wrong.

Now, for these other piddling complaints  
Breathed out in bitterness; as when they  
call me

Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder  
On my poor neighbor's right, or grand in-  
closer

Of what was common,<sup>1</sup> to my private use;  
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows'  
cries,

And undone orphans wash with tears my  
threshold,

I only think what 'tis to have my daughter  
Right honorable; and 'tis a powerful charm  
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,<sup>130</sup>  
Or the least sting of conscience.

*Lov.* I admire<sup>2</sup>  
The toughness of your nature.

*Over.* 'Tis for you,  
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.  
Nay more, if you will have my character  
In little, I enjoy more true delight

In my arrival to my wealth these dark  
And crooked ways than you shall e'er take  
pleasure

In spending what my industry hath com-  
passed.

My haste commands me hence. In one  
word, therefore,  
Is it a match?

*Lov.* I hope, that is past doubt now.<sup>140</sup>

*Over.* Then rest secure. Not the hate of  
all mankind here,

Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,  
Shall make me study aught but your ad-  
vancement

One story higher,—an earl, if gold can do it.  
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith.

Though I am borne thus headlong by my  
will,

You may make choice of what belief you  
please,

To me they are equal; so, my lord, good  
morrow. *Exit*

*Lov.* He's gone. I wonder how the earth  
can bear

Such a portent! I, that have lived a soldier,  
And stood the enemy's violent charge un-  
daunted,<sup>151</sup>

To hear this blasphemous beast am bathed  
all over

In a cold sweat. Yet, like a mountain, he—  
Confirmed in atheistical assertions—

Is no more shaken than Olympus<sup>3</sup> is  
When angry Boreas loads his double head  
With sudden drifts of snow.

<sup>1</sup> A frequent offense.

<sup>2</sup> Wonder.

<sup>3</sup> Probably a slip for Parnassus.

<sup>1</sup> Stainlessness.

<sup>2</sup> Nothing beyond.

<sup>3</sup> Dignity.

<sup>4</sup> Famished.



*Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman,  
and AMBLE*

*L. All.* Save you, my lord!  
Disturb I not your privacy?

*Lov.* No, good madam.  
For your own sake I am glad you came no  
sooner,  
Since this bold bad man, Sir Giles Over-  
reach, 100  
Made such a plain discovery of himself,  
And read this morning such a devilish  
matins,<sup>1</sup>

That I should think it a sin next to his  
But to repeat it.

*L. All.* I ne'er pressed, my lord,  
On others' privacies; yet, against my will,  
Walking, for health' sake, in the gallery  
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made—  
So vehement and loud he was—partaker  
Of his tempting offers.

*Lov.* Please you to command  
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly  
hear 170  
Your wiser counsel.

*L. All.* 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,  
But true and hearty.—Wait in the next  
room,  
But be within call; yet not so near<sup>2</sup> to force  
me  
To whisper my intents.

*Amb.* We are taught better  
By you, good madam.

*Woman.* And well know our distance.

*L. All.* Do so, and talk not. 'Twill be-  
come your breeding.

*Exeunt AMBLE and Woman*  
Now, my good lord. If I may use my free-  
dom,

As to an honored friend—

*Lov.* You lessen else  
Your favor to me.

*L. All.* I dare then say thus:  
As you are noble—howe'er common men 180  
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end  
Of their industrious aims—'twill not agree  
With those of eminent blood, who are en-  
gaged

More to prefer<sup>3</sup> their honors than to in-  
crease

The state left to 'em by their ancestors,  
To study large additions to their fortunes,

And quite neglect their births; though I  
must grant,  
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,  
But a bad master.

*Lov.* Madam, 'tis confessed;  
But what infer you from it?

*L. All.* This, my lord, 190  
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one  
scale,  
Slide of themselves off when right fills the  
other,

And cannot bide the trial; so all wealth,  
I mean if ill-acquired, cemented to honor  
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely  
purchased,

Is but as rubbish poured into a river—  
Howe'er intended to make good the bank—  
Rendering the water, that was pure before,  
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow 190

The heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,  
A maid well qualified and the richest match  
Our north part can make boast of. Yet she  
cannot,

With all that she brings with her, fill their  
mouths,<sup>1</sup>

That never will forget who was her father;  
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and  
Wellborn's—

How wrung from both needs now no repeti-  
tion—

Were real motives that more worked your  
lordship

To join your families, than her form and  
virtues.

You may conceive the rest.

*Lov.* I do, sweet madam,  
And long since have considered it. I know,  
The sum of all that makes a just man  
happy 211

Consists in the well choosing of his wife;  
And there, well to discharge<sup>2</sup> it, does require  
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;  
For beauty being poor, and not cried up  
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with  
neither;

And wealth, where there's such difference in  
years,

And fair descent, must make the yoke un-  
easy.

But I come nearer.

*L. All.* Pray you do, my lord.

*Lov.* Were Overreach's states thrice  
centupled, his daughter 220

<sup>1</sup> Stop the gossip. <sup>2</sup> Properly to accomplish it.

<sup>1</sup> Morning service.

<sup>2</sup> Supply as.

<sup>3</sup> Promote.



Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,  
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse  
me,

I would not so adulterate my blood  
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my  
issue

Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet,  
And the other London blue.<sup>1</sup> In my own  
tomb :

I will inter my name first.

*L. All.* [aside] I am glad to hear this.  
Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage  
to her?

Dissimulation but ties false knots  
On that straight line by which you, hitherto,  
Have measured all your actions.

*Lov.* I make answer, <sup>231</sup>  
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have  
you,

That, since your husband's death, have lived  
a strict

And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given  
yourself

To visits and entertainments? Think you,  
madam,

'Tis not grown public conference,<sup>2</sup> or the  
favors

Which you too prodigally have thrown on  
Wellborn,

Being too reserved before, incur not censure?

*L. All.* I am innocent here; and, on my  
life, I swear

My ends are good.

*Lov.* On my soul, so are mine <sup>240</sup>  
To Margaret; but leave both to the event.

And since this friendly privacy does serve  
But as an offered means unto ourselves,

To search each other farther, you having  
shown

Your care of me, I my respect to you,  
Deny me not, but still in chaste words,

madam,

An afternoon's discourse.

*L. All.* So<sup>3</sup> I shall hear you.  
[Exeunt]

## SCENE II

[Before Tapwell's House]

[Enter] TAPWELL and FROTH

*Tap.* Undone, undone! This was your  
counsel, Froth.

<sup>1</sup> Blue was the servant's color.

<sup>2</sup> Talk.

<sup>3</sup> On these conditions.

*Froth.* Mine! I defy thee. Did not  
Master Marrall—

He has marred all, I am sure—strictly com-  
mand us,

On pain of Sir Giles Overreach's displeasure,  
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

*Tap.*

'Tis true.

But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got  
Master Justice Greedy, since he filled his  
belly

At his commandment, to do anything.

Woe, woe to us!

*Froth.*

He may prove merciful.

*Tap.* Troth, we do not deserve it at his  
hands.

Though he knew all the passages<sup>1</sup> of our  
house,

As the receiving of stolen goods, and  
bawdry,

When he was rogue Wellborn no man would  
believe him,

And then his information could not hurt us.  
But now he is right worshipful again,

Who dares but doubt his testimony? Me-  
thinks,

I see thee, Froth, already in a cart,

For a close<sup>2</sup> bawd, thine eyes even pelted  
out \*

With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand  
hissing,

If I scape the halter, with the letter R<sup>3</sup> <sup>20</sup>  
Printed upon it.

*Froth.*

Would that were the worst!

That were but nine days wonder. As for  
credit,

We have none to lose, but we shall lose the  
money

He owes us, and his custom; there's the hell  
on't.

*Tap.* He has summoned all his creditors  
by the drum

And they swarm about him like so many  
soldiers

On the pay day; and has found out such  
A NEW WAY

TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely  
He shall be chronicled for it!

*Froth.*

He deserves it

More than ten pageants. But are you sure  
his worship

Comes this way, to my lady's?

A cry within: Brave master Wellborn!

<sup>1</sup> Doings.

<sup>2</sup> The branded R for rogue.

<sup>3</sup> Secret.



*Tap.* Yes; I hear him.

*Froth.* Be ready with your petition, and present it  
To his good grace.

*Enter WELLBORN in a rich habit, [MARRALL,] GREEDY, ORDER, FURNACE, and Creditors; TAPWELL kneeling, delivers his bill of debt*

*Well.* How's this! petitioned too?  
But note what miracles the payment of  
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,  
Can work upon these rascals! I shall be,  
I think, Prince Wellborn.

*Mar.* When your worship's married,  
You may be—I know what I hope to see  
you.

*Well.* Then look thou for advancement.

*Mar.* To be known  
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot  
at.

*Well.* And thou shalt hit it.

*Mar.* Pray you sir, dispatch  
These needy followers, and for my admit-  
tance,<sup>1</sup>

Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,  
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say some-  
thing

You shall give thanks for.

*Well.* Fear me not<sup>2</sup> Sir Giles  
*This interim, TAPWELL and FROTH flat-  
tering and bribing Justice Greedy*

*Greedy.* Who, Tapwell? I remember thy  
wife brought me,

Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkeys.

*Tap.* And shall do every Christmas, let  
your worship

But stand my friend now.

*Greedy.* How! With Master Wellborn?  
I can do anything with him on such terms. <sup>30</sup>  
See you this honest couple, they are good  
souls

As ever drew out fosset. Have they not  
A pair of honest faces?

*Well.* I o'erheard you,  
And the bribe he promised. You are  
cozened in them;

For, of<sup>3</sup> all the scum that grew rich by my  
riots,

This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,  
For a base bawd and whore, have worst de-  
served me,

And therefore speak not for 'em. By your  
place

You are rather to do me justice; lend me  
your ear.

Forget his turkeys, and call in his license <sup>30</sup>  
And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke  
of oxen

Worth all his poultry.

*Greedy.* I am changed on the sudden  
In my opinion! Come near; nearer, rascal.  
And, now I view him better, did you e'er  
see

One look so like an arch-knave? His very  
countenance,

Should an understanding judge but look  
upon him,

Would hang him, though he were innocent.

*Tap., Froth.* Worshipful sir.

*Greedy.* No, though the great Turk came,  
instead of turkeys,

To beg my favor, I am inexorable.

Thou hast an ill name. Besides thy musty  
ale, <sup>70</sup>

That hath destroyed many of the king's  
liege people,

Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay  
men's stomachs,

A piece of Suffolk cheese or gammon of  
bacon,

Or any esculent,<sup>1</sup> as the learned call it,  
For their emolument, but sheer drink only.

For which gross fault I here do damn thy  
licence,

Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;

For, instantly, I will, in mine own person,  
Command the constable to pull down thy  
sign,

And do it before I eat.

*Froth.* No mercy?

*Greedy.* Vanish! <sup>80</sup>

If I show any, may my promised oxen gore  
me!

*Tap.* Unthankful knaves are ever so re-  
warded.

*Exeunt GREEDY, TAPWELL, and FROTH*

*Well.* Speak; what are you?

*1 Cred.* A decayed vintner, sir,  
That might have thrived, but that your  
worship broke me

With trusting you with muscadine<sup>2</sup> and  
eggs,

And five-pound suppers, with your after  
drinkings,

<sup>1</sup> Appointment. <sup>2</sup> Do not fear. <sup>3</sup> Q. reads *by*.

<sup>1</sup> Edible.

<sup>2</sup> A sweet wine.



When you lodged upon the Bankside.<sup>1</sup>

*Well.* I remember.

1 *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you;

And therefore, sir—

*Well.* Thou art an honest fellow, I'll set thee up again. See his bill paid.—<sup>100</sup> What are you?

2 *Cred.* A tailor once, but now mere botcher.<sup>2</sup>

I gave you credit for a suit of clothes, Which was all my stock, but you failing in payment,

I was removed from the shopboard, and confined

Under a stall.

*Well.* See him paid; and botch no more.

2 *Cred.* I ask no interest, sir.

*Well.* Such tailors need not. If their bills are paid in one and twenty year,

They are seldom losers.—O, I know thy face, [To 3 Creditor

Thou wert my surgeon. You must tell no tales;

Those days are done. I will pay you in private. <sup>100</sup>

*Ord.* A royal gentleman!

*Furn.* Royal as an emperor! He'll prove a brave master. My good lady knew

To choose a man.

*Well.* See all men else discharged; And since old debts are cleared by a new way,

A little bounty will not misbecome me. There's something, honest cook, for thy good breakfasts;

And this, for your respect. [To ORDER]

Take't, 'tis good gold, And I able to spare it.

*Ord.* Your are too munificent.

*Furn.* He was ever so.

*Well.* Pray you, on before.

3 *Cred.* Heaven bless you!

*Mar.* At four o'clock; the rest know where to meet me. <sup>110</sup>

*Exeunt* ORDER, FURNACE, and Creditors

*Well.* Now, Master Marrall, what's the weighty secret

You promised to impart?

*Mar.* Sir, time nor place

Allow me to relate each circumstance,

This only, in a word: I know Sir Giles

Will come upon you for security

For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to.

As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,

Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt

Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land.

I had a hand in't—I speak it to my shame—

When you were defeated<sup>1</sup> of it.

*Well.* That's forgiven. <sup>121</sup>

*Mar.* I shall deserve it. Then urge him to produce

The deed in which you passed it over to him,

Which I know he'll have about him, to deliver

To the Lord Lovell, with many other writings,

And present monies. I'll instruct you further,

As I wait on your worship. If I play not my prize<sup>2</sup>

To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,

Hang up Jack Marrall.

*Well.* I rely upon thee. *Exeunt*

### SCENE III

[A Room in Overreach's House]

*Enter* ALLWORTH and MARGARET

*All.* Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's

Unequalled temperance or your constant sweetness

That I yet live, my weak hands fastened on Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair, I yet rest doubtful.

*Marg.* Give it to Lord Lovell; For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.

I make but payment of a debt to which My vows, in that high office<sup>3</sup> registered, Are faithful witnesses.

*All.* 'Tis true, my dearest. Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones <sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Robbed.

<sup>2</sup> Play not my part.

<sup>3</sup> In heaven.

<sup>1</sup> The author's own place of lodging.

<sup>2</sup> Mender.



Make wilful shipwrecks of their faiths, and  
oaths  
To God and man, to fill the arms of great-  
ness,  
And you rise up [no] less than a glorious  
star,  
To the amazement of the world, hold out  
Against the stern authority of a father,  
And spurn at honor, when it comes to court  
you;

I am so tender of your good, that faintly,  
With your wrong, I can wish myself that  
right

You yet are pleased to do me.

*Marg.* Yet, and ever.  
To me what's title, when content is want-  
ing?

Or wealth, raked up together with much  
care,

And to be kept with more, when the heart  
pines

In being dispossessed of what it longs for  
Beyond the Indian mines? or the smooth  
brow

Of a pleasèd sire, that slaves me to his will,  
And, so his ravenous humor may be feasted  
By my obedience, and he see me great,  
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power  
To make her own election? <sup>1</sup>

*All.* But the dangers  
That follow the repulse—

*Marg.* To me they are nothing. <sup>20</sup>  
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.  
Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill  
me,

A tear or two, by you dropped on my hearse,  
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life  
So far as but to say, that I die yours:

I then shall rest in peace. Or should he  
prove

So cruel, as one death would not suffice  
His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering  
torments

In mind and body I must waste to air,  
In poverty joined with banishment; so you  
share

In my afflictions, which I dare not wish  
you,

So high I prize you, I could undergo 'em  
With such a patience as should look down  
With scorn on his worst malice.

*All.* Heaven avert  
Such trials of your true affection to me!

<sup>1</sup> Selection.

Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,  
Show so much rigor. But since we must  
run

Such desperate hazards, let us do our best  
To steer between them.

*Marg.* Your lord's ours, and sure;  
And, though but a young actor, second me <sup>20</sup>  
In doing to the life what he has plotted,

*Enter OVERREACH [behind]*

The end may yet prove happy. Now, my  
Allworth. *[Seeing her father]*

*All.* To your letter, and put on a seeming  
anger.

*Marg.* I'll pay my lord all debts due to  
his title;

And when with terms, not taking from his  
honor,

He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.  
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding  
way,

To appoint a meeting, and, without my  
knowledge,

A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone  
Till death unloose it, is a confidence <sup>20</sup>  
In his lordship <sup>1</sup> will deceive him.

*All.* I hope better,  
Good lady.

*Marg.* Hope, sir, what you please. For  
me

I must take a safe and secure course. I  
have

A father, and without his full consent,  
Though all lords of the land kneeled for my  
favor,

I can grant nothing.

*Over.* I like this obedience.  
*[Comes forward]*

But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and  
shall be

Accepted and embraced. Sweet Master All-  
worth,

You show yourself a true and faithful  
servant

To your good lord; he has a jewel of you. <sup>20</sup>  
How! frowning, Meg? are these looks to re-  
ceive

A messenger from my lord? What's this?  
Give me it.

*Marg.* A piece of arrogant paper, like the  
inscriptions.

<sup>1</sup> Supply *that*.



*Over.* [*reads*] 'Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys  
That we can hope for, if deferred, prove toys;<sup>1</sup>

Therefore this instant, and in private, meet  
A husband, that will gladly at your feet  
Lay down his honors, tendering them to you  
With all content, the church being paid her due.'

Is this the arrogant piece of paper? Fool! <sup>80</sup>  
Will you still be one? In the name of  
madness, what

Could his good honor write more to content  
you?

Is there aught else to be wished, after these  
two,

That are already offered, marriage first,  
And lawful pleasure after; what would you  
more?

*Marg.* Why, sir, I would be married like  
your daughter,  
Not hurried away i' th' night I know not  
whither,

Without all ceremony; no friends invited  
To honor the solemnity.

*All.* An't please your honor,  
For so before to-morrow I must style you, <sup>90</sup>  
My lord desires this privacy, in respect  
His honorable kinsmen are afar off,  
And his desires to have it done brook not  
So long delay as to expect<sup>2</sup> their coming;  
And yet he stands resolved, with all due  
pomp,

As running at the ring, plays, masks, and  
tilting,

To have his marriage at court celebrated,  
When he has brought your honor up to  
London.

*Over.* He tells you true; 'tis the fashion,  
on my knowledge.

Yet the good lord, to please your peevish-  
ness, <sup>100</sup>

Must put it off, forsooth, and lose a night,  
In which perhaps he might get two boys on  
thee.

Tempt me no further, if you do, this goad  
[*Points to his sword*]  
Shall prick you to him.

*Marg.* I could be contented,  
Were you but by, to do a father's part,  
And give me in the church.

*Over.* So my lord have you,

<sup>1</sup> Trifles.

<sup>2</sup> Await.

What do I care who gives you? Since my  
lord

Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross  
him.

I know not, Master Allworth, how my lord  
May be provided, and therefore there's a  
purse <sup>110</sup>

Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense.  
To-morrow

I'll furnish him with any sums. In the mean  
time,

Use my ring to my chaplain; he is beneficed  
At my manor of Got'em, and called Parson  
Willdo.

'Tis no matter for a license, I'll bear him  
out in't.

*Marg.* With your favor, sir, what war-  
rant is your ring?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways,  
Without your knowledge; and then to be  
refused

Were such a stain upon me! If you pleased,  
sir,

Your presence would do better.

*Over.* Still perverse! <sup>120</sup>

I say again, I will not cross my lord.

Yet I'll prevent<sup>1</sup> you too.—Paper and ink,  
there!

*All.* I can furnish you.

*Over.* I thank you, I can write then.

*Writes on his book*

*All.* You may, if you please, put out the  
name of my lord,

In respect he comes disguised, and only  
write,

'Marry her to this gentleman.'

*Over.* Well advised.

'Tis done; away. [*MARGARET kneels*] My  
blessing, girl? Thou hast it.

Nay, no reply, be gone.—Good Master All-  
worth,

This shall be the best night's work you ever  
made. <sup>129</sup>

*All.* I hope so, sir.

*Exeunt ALLWORTH and MARGARET*

*Over.* Farewell!—Now all's cocksure.  
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies  
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with  
Your honorable daughter? Has her honor  
Slept well to-night? or, will her honor please  
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroquit—  
This is state in ladies—or my eldest son  
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?

<sup>1</sup> Anticipate.



My ends, my ends are compassed—then for  
Wellborn  
And the lands. Were he once married to  
the widow—  
I have him here—I can scarce contain my-  
self,  
I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over. *Exit*

## ACT V, SCENE I

[A Room in Lady Allworth's House]

[Enter Lord] LOVELL, Lady ALLWORTH, and  
AMBLE

*L. All.* By this you know how strong the  
motives were  
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense  
A little, with my gravity, to advance,  
In personating some few favors to him,  
The plots and projects of the down-trod  
Wellborn.  
Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer  
In some few men's opinions for't, the action;  
For he that ventured all for my dear  
husband  
Might justly claim an obligation from me  
To pay him such a courtesy; which had I  
Coyly or over-curiously<sup>1</sup> denied,  
It might have argued me of little love  
To the deceased.

*Lov.* What you intended, madam,  
For the poor gentleman hath found good  
success;

For, as I understand, his debts are paid,  
And he once more furnished for fair em-  
ployment.

But all the arts that I have used to raise  
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young  
Allworth,

Stand yet in supposition, though I hope  
well;

For the young lovers are in wit more  
pregnant

Than their years can promise; and for their  
desires,

On my knowledge, they are equal.

*L. All.* As my wishes  
Are with yours, my lord, yet give me leave  
to fear

The building, though well grounded. To  
deceive

<sup>1</sup> Fastidiously.

Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox  
In his proceedings, were a work beyond  
The strongest undertakers; not the trial  
Of two weak innocents.

*Lov.* Despair not, madam.  
Hard things are compassed oft by easy  
means;

And judgment, being a gift derived from  
heaven,

Though sometimes lodged i' th' hearts of  
worldly men,

That ne'er consider from whom they receive  
it,

For sakes such as abuse the giver of it.

Which is the reason that the politic

And cunning statesman, that believes he  
fathoms

The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,  
Is by simplicity oft over-reached.

*L. All.* May he be so! Yet, in his name  
to express it,

Is a good omen.

*Lov.* May it to myself  
Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you!  
What think you of the motion?

*L. All.* Troth, my lord,  
My own unworthiness may answer for me;  
For had you, when that I was in my prime,  
My virgin flower uncropped, presented me  
With this great favor; looking on my low-  
ness

Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,  
I could not but have thought it, as a blessing  
Far, far beyond my merit.

*Lov.* You are too modest,  
And undervalue that which is above  
My title, or whatever I call mine.

I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry  
A widow might disparage me; but being  
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find  
How it can taint my honor. Nay, what's  
more,

That which you think a blemish is to me  
The fairest lustre. You already, madam,  
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can  
cherish

A husband that deserves you; which con-  
firms me,

That, if I am not wanting in my care  
To do you service, you'll be still the same

That you were to your Allworth. In a word,  
Our years, our states, our births are not  
unequal,

You being descended nobly, and allied so.



If then you may be won to make me happy,  
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be  
A solemn contract.

*L. All.* I were blind to my own good,  
Should I refuse it. [*Kisses him*] Yet, my  
lord, receive me

As such a one, the study of whose whole life  
Shall know no other object but to please  
you.

*Lov.* If I return not, with all tenderness, <sup>70</sup>  
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

*L. All.* There needs no protestation; my  
lord,  
To her that cannot doubt.—

*Enter WELLBORN, handsomely apparelled*

You are welcome, sir.  
Now you look like yourself.

*Well.* And will continue  
Such in my free acknowledgment, that I  
am

Your creature, madam, and will never hold  
My life mine own, when you please to com-  
mand it.

*Lov.* It is a thankfulness that well be-  
comes you.  
You could not make choice of a better shape  
To dress your mind in.

*L. All.* For me, I am happy <sup>80</sup>  
That my endeavors prospered. Saw you of  
late

Sir Giles, your uncle?

*Well.* I heard of him, madam,  
By his minister, Marrall; he's grown into  
strange passions  
About his daughter. This last night he  
looked for

Your lordship at his house, but missing you,  
And she not yet appearing, his wise head  
Is much perplexed and troubled.

*Lov.* It may be,  
Sweetheart, my project took.

*L. All.* I strongly hope.

*Over.* [*within*] Ha! find her, booby, thou  
huge lump of nothing,

I'll bore thine eyes out else.

*Well.* May it please your lordship, <sup>90</sup>  
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw  
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,  
You may, perhaps, have sport.

*Lov.* You shall direct me.

*Steps aside*

*Enter OVERREACH, with distracted looks,*  
*driving in MARRALL before him, [with*  
*a box]*

*Over.* I shall *sol fa* you, rogue!

*Mar.* Sir, for what cause

Do you use me thus?

*Over.* Cause, slave! why, I am angry,  
And thou a subject only fit for beating,  
And so to cool my choler. Look to the  
writing.

Let but the seal be broke upon the box  
That has slept in my cabinet these three  
years,

I'll rack thy soul for't.

*Mar.* [*aside*] I may yet cry quittance,  
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. <sup>101</sup>

*Over.* Lady, by your leave, did you see  
my daughter, lady,  
And the lord her husband? Are they in your  
house?

If they are, discover, that I may bid them  
joy;

And, as an entrance to her place of honor,  
See your ladyship on her left hand, and  
make curtsies

When she nods on you; which you must re-  
ceive

As a special favor.

*L. All.* When I know, Sir Giles,  
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall  
pay it.

But, in the mean time, as I am myself, <sup>110</sup>  
I give you to understand, I neither know  
Nor care where 'her honor' is.

*Over.* When you once see her  
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,  
You'll be taught better.—Nephew.

*Well.* Sir.

*Over.* No more! <sup>1</sup>

*Well.* 'Tis all I owe you.

*Over.* Have your redeemed rags  
Made you thus insolent?

*Well.* [*in scorn*] Insolent to you!  
Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,  
At the best, more than myself?

*Over.* [*aside*] His fortune swells him.  
'Tis rank, he's married.

*L. All.* This is excellent!

*Over.* Sir, in calm language, though I  
seldom use it, <sup>120</sup>  
I am familiar with the cause that makes  
you

<sup>1</sup> No more than "sir"?



Bear up thus bravely. There's a certain buzz<sup>1</sup>

Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen marriage,

In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozened.<sup>2</sup>

I name no parties.

*Well.* Well, sir, and what follows?

*Over.* Marry, this; since you are peremptory. Remember,

Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you

A thousand pounds. Put me in good security,

And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute, Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you

Dragged in your lavender robes<sup>3</sup> to the jail.

You know me, And therefore do not trifle.

*Well.* Can you be So cruel to your nephew, now he's in The way to rise? Was this the courtesy You did me 'in pure love, and no ends else'?

*Over.* End me no ends! Engage the whole estate, And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger

And revel in bawdy taverns.

*Well.* And beg after; Mean you not so?

*Over.* My thoughts are mine, and free. Shall I have security?

*Well.* No, indeed you shall not, Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment.

Your great looks fright not me.

*Over.* But my deeds shall. Outbraved!

*L. All.* Help, murder! murder!

*Enter Servants*

*Well.* Let him come on, With all his wrongs and injuries about him, Armed with his cut-throat practises to guard him.

<sup>1</sup> Rumor.

<sup>2</sup> Fooled.

<sup>3</sup> Clothes recently in pawn.

The right that I bring with me will defend me,

And punish his extortion.

*Over.* That I had thee But single in the field!

*L. All.* You may; but make not My house your quarrelling scene.

*Over.* Were't in a church, By heaven and hell, I'll do't!

*Mar.* Now put him to The showing of the deed.

[*Aside to WELLBORN*] *Well.* This rage is vain, sir.

For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full,

Upon the least incitement; and whereas You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,

If there be law—howe'er you have no conscience—

Either restore my land, or I'll recover A debt, that's truly due to me from you, In value ten times more than what you challenge.

*Over.* I in thy debt! O impudence! Did I not purchase

The land left by thy father, that rich land, That had continued in Wellborn's name Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool, Thou didst make sale of it? Is not here, inclosed,

The deed that does confirm it mine?

*Mar.* Now, now!

*Well.* I do acknowledge none; I ne'er passed over

Any such land. I grant, for a year or two You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,

Surrendering the possession, you shall ease Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law, Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,

Must of necessity follow.

*L. All.* In my judgment He does advise you well.

*Over.* Good! good! conspire With your new husband, lady; second him In his dishonest practices. But when This manor is extended<sup>1</sup> to my use, You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favor.

*L. All.* Never; do not hope it.

*Well.* Let despair first seize me.

<sup>1</sup> Seized.



*Over.* Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and  
make thee give  
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out 180  
The precious evidence. If thou canst for-  
swear  
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of  
*Opens the box, [and displays the bond]*  
Thy ears to the pillory, see! Here's that  
will make  
My interest clear—ha!

*L. All.* A fair skin of parchment.<sup>1</sup>  
*Well.* Indented, I confess, and labels too;  
But neither wax nor words. How! Thun-  
derstruck?  
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise  
uncle,  
Is this your precious evidence, is this that  
makes  
Your interest clear?

*Over.* I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!  
What prodigy is this? What subtle devil 190  
Hath razed out the inscription? The wax  
Turned into dust! The rest of my deeds  
whole  
As when they were delivered, and this only  
Made nothing! Do you deal with witches,  
rascal?  
There is a statute for you,<sup>2</sup> which will bring  
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there  
is.  
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater,  
know  
This juggling shall not save you.

*Well.* To save thee,  
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

*Over.* Marrall!

*Mar.* Sir.

*Over.* [*flattering him*] Though the wit-  
nesses are dead, your testimony 200  
Help with an oath or two; and for thy  
master,  
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,  
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash  
This cunning sleight. Besides, I know thou  
art  
A public notary, and such stand in law  
For a dozen witnesses. The deed being  
drawn too  
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered  
When thou wert present, will make good my  
title.  
Wilt thou not swear this?

*Mar.* I! No, I assure you.  
I have a conscience not seared up like yours.  
I know no deeds.

*Over.* Wilt thou betray me?

*Mar.* Keep him 211  
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,  
To his no little torment.

*Over.* Mine own varlet  
Rebel against me!

*Mar.* Yes, and uncase<sup>1</sup> you too.  
'The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,  
The property fit only to be beaten  
For your morning exercise,' your 'football,'  
or  
'Th' unprofitable lump of flesh,' your  
'drudge,'  
Can now anatomize you, and lay open  
All your black plots, and level with the  
earth 220  
Your hill of pride, and, with these gabions<sup>2</sup>  
guarded,  
Unload my great artillery, and shake,  
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend  
you.

*L. All.* How he foams at the mouth with  
rage!

*Well.* To him again.

*Over.* O that I had thee in my gripe, I  
would tear thee  
Joint after joint!

*Mar.* I know you are a tearer,  
But Ill have first your fangs pared off, and  
then  
Come nearer to you. When I have dis-  
covered,<sup>3</sup>  
And made it good before the judge, what  
ways,  
And devilish practices, you used to cozen<sup>4</sup>  
with 230  
An army of whole families, who yet alive,  
And but enrolled for soldiers, were able  
To take in<sup>4</sup> Dunkirk.

*Well.* All will come out.

*L. All.* The better.

*Over.* But that I will live, rogue, to  
torture thee,  
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to  
die,  
These swords that keep thee from me should  
fix here,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A skin with no writing on it.<sup>2</sup> The law against witchcraft.<sup>1</sup> As a fox is driven out of his hole.<sup>2</sup> Wicker protections to trench diggers in war.<sup>3</sup> Disclosed.<sup>4</sup> Capture.<sup>5</sup> In my breast.



Although they made my body but one wound,  
But I would reach thee.

*Lov. [aside]* Heaven's hand is in this;  
One bandog<sup>1</sup> worry the other!

*Over.* I play the fool,  
And make my anger but ridiculous. <sup>240</sup>  
There will be a time and place, there will  
be, cowards,  
When you shall feel what I dare do.

*Well.* I think so.  
You dare do any ill, yet want true valor  
To be honest, and repent.

*Over.* They are words I know not,  
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's  
virtue,

*Enter GREEDY and Parson WILLDO*

Shall find no harbor here. After these  
storms

At length a calm appears. Welcome, most  
welcome!

There's comfort in thy looks. Is the deed  
done?

Is my daughter married? Say but so, my  
chaplain,

And I am tame.

*Willdo.* Married! Yes, I assure you. <sup>250</sup>

*Over.* Then vanish all sad thoughts!  
There's more gold for thee.

My doubts and fears are in the titles  
drowned

Of my honorable, my right honorable  
daughter.

*Greedy.* Here will I be feasting, at least  
for a month!

I am provided. Empty guts, croak no more.  
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with  
wind,

But bearing<sup>2</sup> dishes.

*Over.* Instantly be here?

(*Whispering to WILLDO*)

To my wish! to my wish! Now you that  
plot against me,

And hoped to trip my heels up, that con-  
temned me,

Think on't and tremble. (*Loud music*)

They come! I hear the music. <sup>260</sup>

A lane there for my lord!

*Well.* This sudden heat

May yet be cooled, sir.

*Over.* Make way there for my lord!

*Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET*

*Marg.* Sir, first your pardon, then your  
blessing, with  
Your full allowance of the choice I have  
made.

As ever you could make use of your reason,  
[*Kneeling*]

Grow not in passion; since you may as well  
Call back the day that's past, as untie the  
knot

Which is too strongly fastened. Not to  
dwell

Too long on words, this is my husband.

*Over.* How!

*All.* So I assure you; all the rites of mar-  
riage, <sup>270</sup>

With every circumstance, are past. Alas, sir,  
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,  
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns  
not for it;

And, for right honorable son-in-law, you  
may say,

Your dutiful daughter.

*Over.* Devil! Are they married?

*Willdo.* Do a father's part, and say,  
heaven give them joy!

*Over.* Confusion and ruin! Speak, and  
speak quickly,

Or thou art dead.

*Willdo.* They are married.

*Over.* Thou hadst better  
Have made a contract with the king of  
fiends,

Than these. My brain turns!

*Willdo.* Why this rage to me? <sup>280</sup>  
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the  
words?

'Marry her to this gentleman.'

*Over.* It cannot—

Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not.  
That I, that in all passages I touched  
At worldly profit have not left a print  
Where I have trod for the most curious  
search

To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by  
children,

Baffled and fooled, and all my hopes and  
labors

Defeated and made void.

*Well.*

As it appears,

<sup>1</sup> Fierce dog.

<sup>2</sup> Solid.



You are so, my grave uncle.

*Over.* Village nurses <sup>290</sup>  
Revenge their wrongs with curses. I'll not  
waste  
A syllable but thus I take the life  
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

[*Offers to kill* MARGARET  
*Lov.* [*coming forward*] Hold, for  
your own sake!

Though charity to your daughter hath quite  
left you,

Will you do an act, though in your hopes  
lost here,

Can leave no hope for peace or rest here-  
after?

Consider; at the best you are but a man,  
And cannot so create your aims, but that  
They may be crossed.

*Over.* Lord! Thus I spit at thee,  
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,  
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valor <sup>301</sup>  
Dares show itself where multitude and ex-  
ample

Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and  
change

Six words in private.

*Lov.* I am ready.

*L. All.* Stay, sir,  
Contest with one distracted!

*Well.* You'll grow like him,  
Should you answer his vain challenge.

*Over.* Are you pale?  
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it  
odds,

I'll stand against both as I am, hemmed in—  
Thus!

Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil, <sup>310</sup>  
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,

And only spends itself, I'll quit the place.  
Alone I can do nothing. But I have servants  
And friends to second me; and if I make  
not

This house a heap of ashes—by my wrongs,  
What I have spoke I will make good—or  
leave

One throat uncut,—if it be possible,  
Hell, add to my afflictions! *Exit*

*Mar.* Is't not brave sport?

*Greedy.* Brave sport! I am sure it has  
ta'en away my stomach;

I do not like the sauce.

*All.* Nay, weep not, dearest, <sup>320</sup>  
Though it express your pity. What's de-  
creed

Above, we cannot alter.

*L. All.* His threats move me  
No scruple, madam.

*Mar.* Was it not a rare trick,  
An it please your worship, to make the deed  
nothing?

I can do twenty neater, if you please  
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be  
Such a solicitor and steward for you,  
As never worshipful had.

*Well.* I do believe thee.  
But first discover the quaint<sup>1</sup> means you  
used

To raze out the conveyance?

*Mar.* They are mysteries <sup>330</sup>  
Not to be spoke in public. Certain minerals  
Incorporated in the ink and wax—  
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed  
me

With hopes and blows; but that was the in-  
ducement

To this conundrum. If it please your  
worship

To call to memory, this mad beast once  
caused me

To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;  
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

*Well.* You are a rascal! He that dares  
be false

To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be  
true <sup>340</sup>

To any other. Look not for reward  
Or favor from me. I will shun thy sight  
As I would do a basilisk's. Thank my pity,  
If thou keep thy ears. Howe'er, I will take  
order

Your practice shall be silenced.

*Greedy.* I'll commit him,  
If you'll have me, sir.

*Well.* That were to little purpose;  
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,  
But instantly be gone.

*Ord.* Take this kick with you.

*Amb.* And this.

*Furn.* If that I had my cleaver here,  
I would divide your knave's head.

*Mar.* This is the haven <sup>350</sup>  
False servants still<sup>2</sup> arrive at. *Exit*

#### Re-enter OVERREACH

*L. All.* Come again!  
*Lov.* Fear not, I am your guard.

<sup>1</sup> Clever.

<sup>2</sup> Ever.



*Well.* His looks are ghastly.

*Willdo.* Some little time I have spent,  
under your favors,  
In physical studies, and if my judgment err  
not,  
He's mad beyond recovery. But observe  
him,  
And look to yourselves.

*Over.* Why, is not the whole world  
Included in myself? To what use then  
Are friends and servants? Say there were a  
squadron  
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I  
am mounted  
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge  
them?  
No. I'll through the battalia, and that  
routed,

*Flourishing his sword sheathed*<sup>1</sup>  
I'll fall to execution. Ha! I am feeble.  
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,  
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,  
Glued to my scabbard with wronged  
orphans' tears,  
Will not be drawn. Ha, what are these?  
Sure, hangmen,  
That come to bind my hands, and then to  
drag me  
Before the judgment-seat. Now they are  
new shapes,  
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips  
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then  
fall  
Ingloriously, and yield? No; spite of Fate,  
I will be forced to hell like to myself.  
Though you were legions of accursèd spirits,  
Thus would I fly among you.

*[Rushes forward, and flings  
himself on the ground]*

*Well.* There's no help.  
Disarm him first, then bind him.

*Greedy.* Take a mittimus,<sup>2</sup>  
And carry him to Bedlam.

*Lov.* How he foams!

*Well.* And bites the earth!

*Willdo.* Carry him to some dark room,<sup>3</sup>  
There try what art can do for his recovery.

*Marg.* O my dear father!

*They force OVERREACH off*

*All.* You must be patient, mistress.

*Lov.* Here is a precedent to teach wicked  
men,

That when they leave religion, and turn  
atheists,

Their own abilities leave 'em. Pray you  
take comfort,

I will endeavor you shall be his guardians  
In his distractions; and for your land, Mas-  
ter Wellborn,

Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire  
Between you, and this, th' undoubted heir  
Of Sir Giles Overreach. For me, here's the  
anchor

That I must fix on.

*All.* What you shall determine,  
My lord, I will allow of.

*Well.* 'Tis the language  
That I speak too. But there is something  
else

Beside the repossession of my land,  
And payment of my debts, that I must  
practise.

I had a reputation, but 'twas lost  
In my loose course; and until I redeem it  
Some noble way, I am but half made up.  
It is a time of action. If your lordship  
Will please to confer a company upon me  
In your command, I doubt not in my service  
To my king and country but I shall do  
something

That may make me right again.

*Lov.* Your suit is granted,<sup>300</sup>  
And you loved for the motion.<sup>1</sup>

*Well.* [coming forward] Nothing  
wants then

But your allowance—

## THE EPILOGUE

But your allowance, and in that our all  
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,  
Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free,  
Without your manumission; which if you  
Grant willingly, as a fair favor due  
To the poet's and our labors—as you may,  
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play—  
We jointly shall profess your grace hath  
might

To teach us action, and him how to write.<sup>300</sup>  
[Exeunt]

<sup>1</sup> For making it.

<sup>1</sup> Q. reads *unsheathed*.

<sup>2</sup> A committal to the madhouse.

<sup>3</sup> The usual contemporary treatment.



THE  
CHRONICLE  
HISTORIE  
OF  
PERKIN WARBECK.

---

A Strange Truth.

---

Acted ( some-times ) by the Queenes  
MAIESTIES Servants at the  
*Phenix in Drurie lane.*

---

*Fide Honor.*

---

---

LONDON,  
Printed by T. F. for Hugh Beefton, and at  
be sold at his Shop, nere the Castle in  
*Cornhill. 1634. h.*



*The Chronicle History of Perkin Warbeck* was printed in 1634 soon after its acting at the Phoenix Theater in Drury Lane. Although Ford's name is not on the title, his motto or anagram *Fide Honor* supplies this defect. While this play is a deliberate effort to revive a species of drama extinct for nearly a generation, it is difficult to believe that Ford was not attracted to the subject largely because of its romantic and problematic character. The poet followed an admirable source in Bacon's *History of King Henry VII*, but went further to Halle's *Chronicle* for some particulars. The fine, romantic conception not only of Perkin, but of his devoted wife, Lady Katherine Gordon, her noble if testy old father and Lord Daliell are of Ford's own invention. Nor has he fallen short, though closer to his model, in the crafty, seemingly humane and outspoken Henry VII. There is only the text of the quarto for this play.

John Ford was a Devonshire man, born in 1586, of Oxford and the Middle Temple. His dramatic writing belongs between 1626 and 1639, when he drops out of sight. The play of the text is less distinctive of the peculiar and decadent art of Ford than one or two others, *The Broken Heart* among them. Whatever his choice of topic at times, Ford is no decadent in the beauty of his diction and the music of his verse.

The complete edition of Ford is that of Alexander Dyce, 3 vols., 1869. Also the Mermaid edition by H. Ellis, 1888.



## THE PERSONS PRESENTED

HENRY THE SEVENTH  
 [LORD] DAWBENEY  
 SIR WILLIAM STANLEY  
 [EARL OF] OXFORD  
 [EARL OF] SURREY  
 [FOX], *Bishop of Durham*  
 URSWICK, *Chaplain to King Henry*  
 SIR ROBERT CLIFFORD  
 LAMBERT SIMNEL  
 HIALAS, *a Spanish Agent*  
 Constable, Officers, Serving men and Sol-  
 diers  
 JAMES THE FOURTH, *King of Scotland*  
 EARL OF HUNTLEY

EARL OF CRAWFORD  
 LORD DALIELL  
 MARCHMOUNT, *a Herald*  
 PERKIN WARBECK  
 [STEPHEN] FRION, *his Secretary*  
 [JOHN A WATER], *Mayor of Cork*  
 HERON, *a Mercer*  
 SKETON, *a Tailor*  
 ASTLEY, *a Scrivener*

### WOMEN

LADY KATHERINE GORDON, *wife to Perkin*  
 COUNTESS OF CRAWFORD  
 JANE DOUGLAS, *Lady Kath[erine's] Maid*

THE SCENE: The Continent of Great Britain.



## PROLOGUE

Studies have of this nature been of late  
So out of fashion, so unfollowed, that  
It is become more justice<sup>1</sup> to revive  
The antic<sup>2</sup> follies of the times than strive  
To countenance wise industry: no want  
Of art doth render wit or lame or scant  
Or slothful in the purchase of fresh bays;  
But want of truth in them who give the praise  
To their self-love, presuming to out-do  
The writer, or—for need<sup>3</sup>—the actors too.  
But such this author's silence best befits,  
Who bids them be in love with their own wits.  
From him to clearer judgments we can say  
He shows a history<sup>4</sup> couched in a play;  
A history of noble mention, known  
Famous and true; most noble, 'cause our own;  
Not forged from Italy, from France, from Spain,  
But chronicled at home; as rich in strain  
Of brave attempts as ever fertile rage  
In action could beget to grace the stage.  
We cannot limit scenes, for the whole land  
Itself appeared too narrow to withstand  
Competitors for kingdoms; nor is here  
Unnecessary mirth forced to endear  
A multitude: on these two rests the fate  
Of worthy expectation,—truth and state.

<sup>1</sup> Judicious.

<sup>2</sup> Grotesque.

<sup>3</sup> At need.

<sup>4</sup> Trisyllabic.



# THE CHRONICLE HISTORY OF PERKIN WARBECK

JOHN FORD

## ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA

[*Westminster. The royal presence-chamber*]

*Enter* KING HENRY, DURHAM, OXFORD, SURREY, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, *Lord Chamberlain*, LORD DAWBENEY. *The KING supported to his throne by STANLEY and DURHAM. A Guard.*

*King.* Still<sup>1</sup> to be haunted, still to be pursued  
Still to be frightened with false apparitions  
Of pageant majesty and new-coined greatness,  
As if we were a mockery king in state,  
Only ordained to lavish sweat and blood,  
In scorn and laughter, to the ghosts of York,<sup>2</sup>  
Is all below our merits: yet, my lords,  
My friends and counsellors, yet we sit fast  
In our own royal birthright; the rent face  
And bleeding wounds of England's slaughtered people<sup>10</sup>  
Have been by us as by the best physician,  
At last both thoroughly cured and set in safety;  
And yet, for all this glorious work of peace,  
Ourselves is scarce secure.

*Dur.* The rage of malice  
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of York.

For ninety years ten English kings and princes,

Threescore great dukes and earls, a thousand lords

And valiant knights, two hundred fifty thousand

Of English subjects have in civil wars  
Been sacrificed to an uncivil thirst<sup>20</sup>

Of discord and ambition: this hot vengeance  
Of the just powers above to utter ruin

And desolation had reigned on, but that  
Mercy did gently sheathe the sword of justice,

In lending to this blood-shrunk commonwealth

A new soul, new birth, in your sacred person.  
*Daw.* Edward the Fourth, after a doubtful fortune,

Yielded to nature, leaving to his sons,  
Edward and Richard, the inheritance  
Of a most bloody purchase:<sup>1</sup> these young princes,<sup>30</sup>

Richard the tyrant, their unnatural uncle,  
Forced to a violent grave:—so just is heaven,

Him hath your majesty by your own arm,  
Divinely strengthened, pulled from his boar's sty,<sup>2</sup>

And struck the black usurper to a carcass.  
Nor doth the house of York decay in honors,  
Though Lancaster doth repossess his right;  
For Edward's daughter is King Henry's queen,

A blessed union, and a lasting blessing<sup>30</sup>  
For this poor panting island, if some shreds,  
Some useless remnant of the house of York,  
Grudge not at this content.

*Oxf.* Margaret of Burgundy  
Blows fresh coals of division.

*Sur.* Painted fires,  
Without or heat to scorch or light to cherish.

*Daw.* York's headless trunk, her father;  
Edward's fate,  
Her brother, king; the smothering of her nephews

By tyrant Gloster, brother to her nature;  
Nor Gloster's own confusion,—all decrees  
Sacred in heaven,—can move this woman-monster,

But that she still, from the unbottomed mine<sup>30</sup>

Of devilish policies, doth vent the ore  
Of troubles and sedition.

*Oxf.* In her age,—  
Great sir, observe the wonder—she grows fruitful,

Who in her strength of youth was always barren,

<sup>1</sup> Ever.

<sup>2</sup> Pretenders, Simnel and Warbeck.

<sup>1</sup> Acquisition.

<sup>2</sup> In allusion to the arms of Richard III.



Nor are her births as other mothers' are.  
At nine or ten months end, she has been  
with child

Eight or seven years at least; whose twins  
being born—

A prodigy in nature—even the youngest  
Is fifteen years of age at his first entrance.  
As soon as known i' the world; tall strip-  
lings, strong

And able to give battle unto kings,  
Idols of Yorkish malice.

*Daw.* And but idols:

A steely<sup>1</sup> hammer crushes 'em to pieces.

*King.* Lambert, the eldest, lords, is in our  
service,

Preferred by an officious care of duty  
From the scullery to a falconer; strange ex-  
ample,

Which shows the difference between noble  
natures

And the base-born: but for<sup>2</sup> the upstart  
duke,

The new revived York, Edward's second son,  
Murdered long since i' th' Tower,—he lives  
again,

And vows to be your king.

*Stan.* The throne is filled, sir.

*King.* True, Stanley; and the lawful heir  
sits on it:

A guard of angels and the holy prayers  
Of loyal subjects are a sure defence  
Against all force and counsel of intrusion.

But now, my lords, put case, some of our  
nobles,

Our great ones, should give countenance and  
courage

To trim Duke Perkin; you will all confess  
Our bounties have unthriftilly been scattered  
Amongst unthankful men.

*Daw.* Unthankful beasts, so  
Dogs, villains, traitors!

*King.* Dawbeney, let the guilty  
Keep silence; I accuse none, though I know  
Foreign attempts against a state and king-  
dom

Are seldom without some great friends at  
home.

*Stan.* Sir, if no other abler reasons else  
Of duty or allegiance could divert

A headstrong resolution, yet the dangers  
So lately passed by men of blood and for-  
tunes

In Lambert Simnel's party must command

<sup>1</sup> Of steel.

<sup>2</sup> As to.

More than a fear, a terror, to conspiracy. so  
The high-born Lincoln, son to De la Pole,  
The Earl of Kildare, the Lord Geraldine,  
Francis Lord Lovell, and the German baron  
Bold Martin Swart, with Broughton and the  
rest,—

Most spectacles of ruin, some of mercy,—  
Are precedents sufficient to forewarn  
The present times, or any that live in them,  
What folly, nay, what madness, 'twere to lift  
A finger up in all defence but yours,

Which can be but imposturous in a title. 100  
*King.* Stanley, we know thou lov'st us,  
and thy heart

Is figured on thy tongue; nor think we less  
Of any's here.—How closely we have hunted  
This cub, since he unlodged, from hole to  
hole,

Your knowledge is our chronicle: first Ire-  
land,

The common stage of novelty, presented  
This gewgaw<sup>1</sup> to oppose us; there the Ger-  
aldines

And Butlers once again stood in support  
Of this colossic statue: Charles of France  
Thence called him into his protection, 110  
Dissembled<sup>2</sup> him the lawful heir of Eng-  
land;

Yet this was all but French dissimulation,  
Aiming at peace with us; which being  
granted

On honorable terms on our part, suddenly  
This smoke of straw was packed from  
France again,

To infect some grosser air: and now we  
learn—

Maugre the malice of the bastard Nevill,  
Sir Taylor, and a hundred English rebels—  
They're all retired to Flanders, to the dam  
That nursed this eager whelp, Margaret of  
Burgundy. 120

But we will hunt him there too; we will  
hunt him,

Hunt him to death, even in the beldam's  
closet,

Though the archduke were his buckler.

*Sur.* She has styled him, 'the fair white  
rose of England.'

*Daw.* Jolly gentleman, more fit to be a  
swabber<sup>3</sup>

To the Flemish after a drunken surfeit.

<sup>1</sup> Puppet.

<sup>2</sup> Pretended.

<sup>3</sup> Ship's drudge.



*Enter URSWICK*

*Urs.* Gracious sovereign, please you  
peruse this paper.

*Dur.* The king's countenance gathers a  
sprightly blood.

*Daw.* Good news, believe it.

*King.* Urswick, thine ear.  
Thou'st lodged him?

*Urs.* Strongly safe, sir. <sup>130</sup>

*King.* Enough:—is Barley come too?

*Urs.* No, my lord.

*King.* No matter—pew! he's but a run-  
ning weed,

At pleasure to be plucked-up by the roots:  
But more of this anon.—I have bethought  
me.

My lords, for reasons which you shall par-  
take,

It is our pleasure to remove our court  
From Westminster to th' Tower: we will  
lodge

This very night there; give, Lord Chamber-  
lain,

A present order for it.

*Stan. [aside]* The Tower!—I shall, sir.

*King.* Come, my true, best, fast friends:  
these clouds will vanish, <sup>140</sup>  
The sun will shine at full; the heavens are  
clearing. *Exeunt. Flourish*

## [SCENE II]

[*Edinburgh. An Apartment in the Earl of  
Huntley's House*]

*Enter HUNTLEY and [LORD] DALIELL*

*Hunt.* You trifle time, sir.

*Dal.* O, my noble lord,  
You conster<sup>1</sup> my griefs to so hard a sense,  
That where the text is argument of pity,  
Matter of earnest love, your gloss<sup>2</sup> corrupts  
it

With too much ill-placed mirth.

*Hunt.* Much mirth, Lord Daliell!  
Not so, I vow. Observe me, sprightly gal-  
lant.

I know thou art a noble lad, a handsome,  
Descended from an honorable ancestry,  
Forward and active, dost resolve to wrestle  
And ruffle in the world by noble actions <sup>10</sup>  
For a brave mention to posterity:

<sup>1</sup> Construe.

<sup>2</sup> Commentary.

I scorn not thy affection to my daughter,  
Not I, by good Saint Andrew; but this bug-  
bear,

This whoreson tale of honor,—honor,  
Daliell!—

So hourly chats and tattles in mine ear  
The piece of royalty that is stitched-up  
In my Kate's blood,<sup>1</sup> that 'tis as dangerous  
For thee, young lord, to perch so near an  
eaglet

As foolish for my gravity to admit it:  
I have spoke all at once.

*Dal.* Sir, with this truth <sup>20</sup>  
You mix such wormwood, that you leave  
no hope

For my disordered palate e'er to relish  
A wholesome taste again: alas, I know, sir,  
What an unequal distance lies between  
Great Huntley's daughter's birth and Da-  
liell's fortunes;

She's the king's kinswoman, placed near the  
crown,

A princess of the blood, and I a subject.

*Hunt.* Right; but a noble subject; put in  
that too.

*Dal.* I could add more; and in the right-  
est line

Derive my pedigree from Adam Mure, <sup>30</sup>  
A Scottish knight; whose daughter was the  
mother

To him who first begot the race of Jameses,  
That sway the scepter to this very day.  
But kindreds are not ours<sup>2</sup> when once the  
date

Of many years have swallowed up the  
memory

Of their originals; so pasture-fields  
Neighboring too near the ocean are  
swooped-up,

And known no more; for stood I in my first  
And native<sup>3</sup> greatness, if my princely mis-  
tress

Vouchsafed me not her servant,<sup>4</sup> 'twere as  
good <sup>40</sup>

I were reduced to clownery,<sup>5</sup> to nothing,  
As to a throne of wonder.

*Hunt. [aside]* Now by Saint Andrew  
A spark<sup>6</sup> of mettle a has a brave fire in  
him:

I would he had my daughter, so I knew't  
not.

<sup>1</sup> Huntley had married the king's sister.

<sup>2</sup> Recognized.

<sup>3</sup> Peasant birth.

<sup>4</sup> Inherited.

<sup>5</sup> Youth.

<sup>6</sup> Suitor.



But [it] must not be so, must not.—Well,  
young lord,  
This will not do yet: if the girl be head-  
strong,

And will not hearken to good counsel, steal  
her,

And run away with her; dance galliards,<sup>1</sup> do,  
And frisk about the world to learn the lan-  
guages:

'Twill be a thriving trade; you may set up  
by't

*Dal.* With pardon, noble Gordon, this dis-  
dain

Suits not your daughter's virtue or my con-  
stancy.

*Hunt.* You are angry.—[*Aside*] Would a  
would beat me, I deserve it.—

*Daliell*, thy hand; w'are friends: follow thy  
courtship,

Take thine own time and speak; if thou  
prevail'st

With passion more than I can with my  
counsel,

She's thine; nay, she is thine: 'tis a fair  
match,

Free and allowed. I'll only use my tongue,  
Without a father's power; use thou thine:  
Self do, self have: no more words; 'win and  
wear her.

*Dal.* You bless me; I am now too poor  
in thanks

To pay the debt I owe you.

*Hunt.* Nay, th'art poor  
Enough.—[*Aside*] I love his spirit in-  
finitely.—

Look ye, she comes: to her now, to her, to  
her!

*Enter* [Lady] KATHERINE and JANE

*Kath.* The king commands your presence,  
sir.

*Hunt.* The gallant—  
This, this, this lord, this servant, Kate, of  
yours,

Desires to be your master.

*Kath.* I acknowledge him  
A worthy friend of mine.

*Dal.* Your humblest creature.

*Hunt.* [aside] So, so! the game's a-foot;  
I'm in cold hunting;

The hare and hounds are parties.<sup>2</sup>

*Dal.* Princely lady, <sup>70</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A lively dance.

<sup>2</sup> Allies.

How most unworthy I am to employ  
My services in honor of your virtues,  
How hopeless my desires are to enjoy  
Your fair opinion, and much more your love,  
Are only matter of despair, unless  
Your goodness give large warrant to my  
boldness,

My feeble-winged ambition.

*Hunt.* [aside] This is scurvy.<sup>1</sup>

*Kath.* My lord, I interrupt you not.

*Hunt.* [aside] Indeed!

Now, on my life, she'll court him.—Nay,  
nay, on, sir.

*Dal.* Oft have I tuned the lesson of my  
sorrows <sup>80</sup>

To sweeten discord and enrich<sup>2</sup> your pity;  
But all in vain: here had my comforts sunk,  
And never risen again to tell a story  
Of the despairing lover, had not now,  
Even now, the earl your father—

*Hunt.* [aside] He means me, sure.

*Dal.* After some fit disputes of your con-  
dition,

Your highness and my lowness, given a li-  
cense

Which did not more embolden than en-  
courage

My faulting<sup>3</sup> tongue.

*Hunt.* How, how? how's that? embolden!  
Encourage! I encourage ye! d'ye hear, sir?—  
A subtle trick, a quaint one:—will you hear,  
man? <sup>91</sup>

What did I say to you? come, come, to the  
point.

*Kath.* It shall not need,<sup>4</sup> my lord.

*Hunt.* Then hear me, Kate.—

Keep you on that hand of her, I on this.—  
Thou stand'st between a father and a suitor,  
Both striving for an interest in thy heart:  
He courts thee for affection, I for duty;  
He as a servant<sup>5</sup> pleads, but by the privilege  
Of nature though I might command, my  
care

Shall only counsel what it shall not force. <sup>100</sup>  
Thou canst but make one choice; the ties  
of marriage

Are tenures not at will, but during life.

Consider whose thou art, and who; a prin-  
cess,

A princess of the royal blood of Scotland,

<sup>1</sup> Wretched.

<sup>2</sup> Increase.

<sup>3</sup> Faltering.

<sup>4</sup> He need not.

<sup>5</sup> Suitor.



In the full spring of youth and fresh in beauty.

The king that sits upon the throne is young,  
And yet unmarried, forward in attempts  
On any least occasion to endanger  
His person: wherefore, Kate, as I am confident

Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education, 110

By yielding to a common servile rage  
Of female wantonness, so I am confident  
Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side

Thy equals, if not equal thy superiors.  
My Lord of Daliell, young in years, is old  
In honors, but nor eminent in titles  
[N]or in estate, that may support or add to  
The expectation of thy fortunes. Settle  
Thy will and reason by a strength of judgment;

For, in a word, I give thee freedom;<sup>1</sup> take it. 120

If equal fates have not ordained to pitch  
Thy hopes above my height, let not thy passion

Lead thee to shrink<sup>2</sup> mine honor in oblivion:

Thou art thine own; I have done.

*Dal.* O, y'are all oracle,  
The living stock and root of truth and wisdom!

*Kath.* My worthiest lord and father, the indulgence

Of your sweet composition<sup>3</sup> thus commands  
The lowest of obedience; you have granted  
A liberty so large, that I want skill

To choose without direction of example: 130  
From which I daily learn, by how much more

You take off from the roughness of a father,  
By so much more I am engaged to tender  
The duty of a daughter. For respects  
Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,  
I nor admire nor slight them; all my studies  
Shall ever aim at this perfection only:

To live and die so, that you may not blush  
In any course of mine to own me yours.

*Hunt.* Kate, Kate, thou grow'st upon my heart like peace, 140

Creating every other hour a jubilee.

*Kath.* To you, my lord of Daliell, I address

Some few remaining words: the general fame

That speaks your merit, even in vulgar tongues

Proclaims it clear; but in the best, a precedent.

*Hunt.* Good wench,<sup>1</sup> good girl, i' faith!

*Kath.* For my part, trust me,  
I value mine own worth at higher rate  
'Cause you are pleased to prize it: if the stream

Of your protested service—as you term it—  
Run in a constancy more than a compliment, 150

It shall be my delight that worthy love  
Leads you to worthy actions, and these guide ye

Richly to wed<sup>2</sup> an honorable name:  
So every virtuous praise in after-ages  
Shall be your heir, and I in your brave mention

Be chronicled the mother of that issue,  
That glorious issue.

*Hunt.* O, that I were young again!  
She'd make me court proud danger, and suck spirit

From reputation.<sup>3</sup>

*Kath.* To the present motion<sup>4</sup>  
Here's all that I dare answer: when a ripeness 160

Of more experience, and some use<sup>5</sup> of time,  
Resolves to treat the freedom of my youth  
Upon exchange of troths, I shall desire  
No surer credit of a match with virtue  
Than such as lives in you: meantime my hopes are

Preserved secure in having you a friend.

*Dal.* You are a blessed lady, and instruct  
Ambition not to soar a farther flight  
Than in the perfumed air of your soft voice.—

My noble Lord of Huntley, you have lent 170  
A full extent of bounty to this parley;  
And for it shall command your humblest servant.

*Hunt.* Enough: we are still friends, and will continue

A hearty love.—O, Kate, thou art mine own!—

No more. My Lord of Crawford.

<sup>1</sup> A term of endearment here.

<sup>2</sup> Make an honorable name your bride.

<sup>3</sup> Gain spirit from repute.

<sup>4</sup> This proposal.

<sup>5</sup> Elapse.

<sup>1</sup> I.e. of choice. <sup>2</sup> Perhaps sink. <sup>3</sup> Nature.



*Enter [Earl of] CRAWFORD*

*Craw.* From the king  
I come, my Lord of Huntley, who in council  
Requires your present aid.

*Hunt.* Some weighty business?

*Craw.* A secretary from a Duke of York,  
The second son to the late English Edward,  
Concealed, I know not where, these fourteen  
years,  
Craves audience from our master; and 'tis  
said

The duke himself is following to the court

*Hunt.* Duke upon duke; 'tis well, 'tis  
well; here's bustling  
For majesty. My lord, I will along with ye.

*Craw.* My service, noble lady!

*Kath.* Please ye walk, sir?

*Dal. [aside]* Times have their changes;  
sorrow makes men wise;  
The sun itself must set as well as rise;  
Then, why not I?—Fair madam, I wait on  
ye.

*Ereunt*

### [SCENE III]

*[London. An Apartment in the Tower]*

*Enter [the Bishop of] DURHAM, SIR ROBERT  
CLIFFORD, and URSWICK. Lights*

*Dur.* You find, Sir Robert Clifford, how  
securely<sup>1</sup>

King Henry, our great master, doth commit  
His person to your loyalty; you taste  
His bounty and his mercy even in this,  
That at a time of night so late, a place  
So private as his closet, he is pleased  
To admit you to his favor. Do not falter  
In your discovery;<sup>2</sup> but as you covet  
A liberal grace, and pardon for your follies,  
So labor to deserve it by laying open<sup>10</sup>  
All plots, all persons that contrive against it.

*Urs.* Remember not the witchcraft or the  
magic,  
The charms and incantations, which the  
sorceress  
Of Burgundy hath cast upon your reason:  
Sir Robert, be your own friend now, dis-  
charge

Your conscience freely; all of such as love  
you

Stand sureties for your honesty and truth.  
Take heed you do not dally with the king;

<sup>1</sup> Freely.

<sup>2</sup> Disclosure.

He is wise as he is gentle.

*Clif.*

I am miserable,

If Henry be not merciful.

*Urs.*

The king comes. <sup>20</sup>

*Enter King HENRY*

*King.* Clifford!

*Clif. [Kneels]* Let my weak knees rot<sup>1</sup>  
on the earth,

If I appear as leperous in my treacheries  
Before your royal eyes, as to mine own  
I seem a monster by my breach of truth.

*King.* Clifford, stand up; for instance<sup>2</sup> of  
thy safety,

I offer thee my hand.

*Clif.*

A sovereign balm

For my bruised soul, I kiss it with a greediness.  
*[Rises]*

Sir, you are a just master, but I—

*King.*

Tell me,

Is every circumstance thou hast set down  
With thine own hand within this paper  
true? <sup>30</sup>

Is it a sure intelligence<sup>3</sup> of all  
The progress of our enemies' intents  
Without corruption?

*Clif.*

True, as I wish heaven,

Or my infected honor white again.

*King.* We know all, Clifford, fully, since  
this meteor,

This airy apparition first disradled  
From Tournay into Portugal, and thence  
Advanced his fiery blaze for adoration  
To the superstitious Irish; since the beard  
Of this wild comet, conjured into France, <sup>40</sup>  
Sparkled in antic flames in Charles his<sup>4</sup>  
court;

But shrunk again from thence, and, hid in  
darkness,

Stole into Flanders<sup>5</sup> . . . . .

. . . . . flourishing the rags  
Of painted power on the shore of Kent,  
Whence he was beaten back with shame and  
scorn,

Contempt, and slaughter of some naked out-  
laws:

But tell me what new course now shapes  
Duke Perkin?

<sup>1</sup> Dyce reads *root*.

<sup>2</sup> Token.

<sup>3</sup> Certain news.

<sup>4</sup> A familiar form of possessive

<sup>5</sup> A break here.



*Clif.* For Ireland, mighty Henry; so instructed  
 By Stephen Frion, sometimes<sup>1</sup> secretary 50  
 In the French tongue unto your sacred excellence,  
 But Perkin's tutor now.  
*King.* A subtle villain,  
 That Frion, Frion. You, my Lord of Durham,  
 Knew well the man.  
*Dur.* French both in heart and actions.  
*King.* Some Irish heads work in this mine  
 of treason;  
 Speak 'em.<sup>2</sup>  
*Clif.* Not any of the best; your fortune  
 Hath dulled their spleens.<sup>3</sup> Never had  
 counterfeit  
 Such a confused rabble of lost bankrouts<sup>4</sup>  
 For counsellors: first Heron, a broken  
 mercer,  
 Then John a Water, sometimes Mayor of  
 Cork, 60  
 Sketon, a tailor, and a scrivener<sup>5</sup>  
 Called Astley: and whate'er these list to  
 treat of,  
 Perkin must hearken to; but Frion, cunning  
 Above these dull capacities, still prompts  
 him  
 To fly to Scotland to young James the  
 Fourth,  
 And sue for aid to him: this is the latest  
 Of all their resolutions.  
*King.* Still more Frion!  
 Pestilent adder, he will hiss out poison  
 As dangerous as infectious. We must match  
 'em.  
 Clifford, thou hast spoke home; we give thee  
 life: 70  
 But, Clifford, there are people of our own  
 Remain behind untold; who are they,  
 Clifford?  
 Name those, and we are friends, and will to  
 rest;  
 'Tis thy last task.  
*Clif.* O, sir, here I must break  
 A most unlawful oath to keep a just one.  
*King.* Well, well, be brief, be brief.  
*Clif.* The first in rank  
 Shall be John Ratcliffe, Lord Fitzwater,  
 then

Sir Simon Mountford and Sir Thomas  
 Thwaites,  
 With William Dawbeney, Cressoner, Ast-  
 wood,  
 Worseley the Dean of Paul's, two other  
 friars, 80  
 And Robert Ratcliffe.  
*King.* Churchmen are turned devils.  
 These are the principal?  
*Clif.* One more remains  
 Unnamed, whom I could willingly forget.  
*King.* Ha, Clifford! one more?  
*Clif.* Great sir, do not hear him;  
 For when Sir William Stanley, your lord  
 chamberlain,  
 Shall come into the list, as he is chief,  
 I shall lose credit with ye; yet this lord  
 Last named is first against you.  
*King.* Urswick, the light!  
 View well my face, sirs; is there blood left  
 in it?  
*Dur.* You alter strangely, sir.  
*King.* Alter, lord bishop! 90  
 Why, Clifford stabbed me, or I dreamed he  
 stabbed me.—  
 Sirrah, it is a custom with the guilty  
 To think they set their own stains off by  
 laying  
 Aspersions on some nobler than them-  
 selves;  
 Lies wait on treasons, as I find it here.  
 Thy life again is forfeit; I recall  
 My word of mercy, for I know thou dar'st  
 Repeat the name no more.  
*Clif.* I dare, and once more,  
 Upon my knowledge, name Sir William  
 Stanley  
 Both in his counsel and his purse the chief  
 Assistant to the feigned Duke of York. 101  
*Dur.* Most strange!  
*Urs.* Most wicked!  
*King.* Yet again, once more.  
*Clif.* Sir William Stanley is your secret  
 enemy,  
 And, if time fit, will openly profess it.  
*King.* Sir. William Stanley! Who? Sir  
 William Stanley?  
 My chamberlain, my counsellor, the love,  
 The pleasure of my court, my bosom-friend,  
 The charge and the controlment of my  
 person,  
 The keys and secrets of my treasury,  
 The all of all I am! I am unhappy. 110

<sup>1</sup> At one time.<sup>2</sup> Declare them.<sup>3</sup> Malice.<sup>4</sup> Bankrupts.<sup>5</sup> Notary.



Misery of confidence,—let me turn traitor  
To mine own person, yield my scepter up  
To Edward's sister and her feignèd duke!

*Dur.* You lose your constant temper.

*King.* Sir William Stanley!

O, do not blame me; he, 'twas only he,  
Who, having rescued me in Bosworth-field  
From Richard's bloody sword, snatched from  
his head

The kingly crown, and placed it first on  
mine.

He never failed me: what have I deserved  
To lose this good man's heart, or he his  
own? 120

*Urs.* The night doth waste; this passion  
ill becomes ye;

Provide against your danger.

*King.* Let it be so.

Urswick, command straight Stanley to his  
chamber;

'Tis well we are i' the Tower; set a guard  
on him.

Clifford, to bed; you must lodge here to-  
night;

We'll talk with you to-morrow. My sad soul  
Divines strange troubles.

*Daw.* [within] Ho! the king, the king!  
I must have entrance.

*King.* Dawbeney's voice; admit him.  
What new combustions huddle next, to  
keep

Our eyes from rest?

*Enter* [Lord] DAWBENEY

The news?

*Daw.* Ten thousand Cornish, 130  
Grudging to pay your subsidies, have  
gathered

A head; led by a blacksmith and a lawyer,  
They make for London, and to them is  
joined

Lord Audley: as they march, their number  
daily

Increases; they are—

*King.* Rascals! talk no more;  
Such are not worthy of my thoughts to-  
night.

And if I cannot sleep, I'll wake: to bed.

When counsels fail, and there's in man no  
trust,

Even then an arm from heaven fights for  
the just.

*Exeunt*

## ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMA

[*Edinburgh. The Presence-chamber in the  
Palace*]

*Enter above* [the] Countess of CRAWFORD,  
[Lady] KATHERINE, JANE [DOUGLAS],  
with other Ladies

*Coun.* Come ladies, here's a solemn  
preparation

For entertainment of this English prince;  
The king intends grace more than ordinary:  
'Twere pity now if a should prove a coun-  
terfeit.

*Kath.* Bless the young man, our nation  
would be laughed at

For honest souls through Christendom. My  
father

Hath a weak stomach to the business,  
madam,

But that the king must not be crossed.

*Coun.* A brings

A goodly troop, they say, of gallants with  
him;

But very modest people, for they strive  
not 10

To fame<sup>1</sup> their names too much; their god-  
fathers

May be beholding to them, but their fathers  
Scarce owe them thanks: they are disguised  
princes,

Brought up, it seems, to honest trades; no  
matter,

They will break forth in season.

*Jane.*

Or break out;<sup>2</sup>

For most of 'em are broken<sup>3</sup> by report—

*Flourish*

The king!

*Kath.* Let us observe 'em and be silent.

*Enter* King JAMES, [Earls of] HUNTLEY  
[and] CRAWFORD, [Lord] DALIELL, [and  
other Noblemen]

*K. Ja.* The right of kings, my lords, ex-  
tends not only

To the safe conservation of their own,

But also to the aid of such allies 20

As change of time and state hath oftentimes

Hurled down from careful crowns to undergo  
An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes:

<sup>1</sup> Boast.

<sup>2</sup> Into rebellion.

<sup>3</sup> Bankrupt.



So English Richard, surnamed Cœur-de-Lion,  
So Robert Bruce, our royal ancestor,  
Forced by the trial of the wrongs they felt,  
Both sought and found supplies from foreign  
kings,

To repossess their own. Then grudge<sup>1</sup> not,  
lords,

A much distressed prince: King Charles of  
France

And Maximilian of Bohemia both 30

Have ratified his credit<sup>2</sup> by their letters;  
Shall we, then, be distrustful? No, com-  
passion

Is one rich jewel that shines in our crown,  
And we will have it shine there.

*Hunt.* Do your will, sir.

*K. Ja.* The young duke is at hand:  
Daliell, from us

First greet him, and conduct him on; then  
Crawford

Shall meet him next; and Huntley, last of  
all,

Present him to our arms. Sound sprightly  
music,

Whilst majesty encounters majesty.

*Hautboys*

*DALIELL goes out, brings in PERKIN at the door where CRAWFORD entertains him, and from CRAWFORD, HUNTLEY salutes him and presents him to the KING. They embrace, PERKIN in state retires some few paces back. During which ceremony the noble-men slightly salute FRION, HERON a Mercer, SKETON a Taylor, ASTLEY a scrivener, with JOHN A WATER<sup>3</sup> all PERKIN'S followers. Salutations ended, cease music*

*War.* Most high, most mighty king! that  
now there stands 40

Before your eyes, in presence of your peers,  
A subject of the rarest kind of pity  
That hath in any age touched noble hearts,  
The vulgar<sup>4</sup> story of a prince's ruin  
Hath made it too apparent: Europe knows,  
And all the western world, what persecution  
Hath raged in malice against us, sole heir  
To the great throne of old Plantagenets.  
How from our nursery we have been hurried

Unto the sanctuary, from the sanctuary 50  
Forced to the prison, from the prison haled  
By cruel hands to the tormentor's fury,  
Is registered already in the volume  
Of all men's tongues; whose true relation  
draws

Compassion, melted into weeping eyes  
And bleeding souls: but our misfortunes  
since

Have ranged a larger progress through  
strange lands,

Protected in our innocence by heaven.  
Edward the Fifth, our brother, in his tragedy  
Quenched their hot thirst of blood, whose  
hire to murder 60

Paid them their wages of despair and horror;  
The softness of my childhood smiled upon  
The roughness of their task, and robbed  
them farther

Of hearts to dare, or hands to execute.  
Great king, they spared my life, the butchers  
spared it;

Returned the tyrant, my unnatural uncle,  
A truth of my dispatch: I was conveyed  
With secrecy and speed to Tournay; fostered  
By obscure means, taught to unlearn my-  
self: <sup>1</sup>

But as I grew in years, I grew in sense 70  
Of fear and of disdain; fear of the tyrant  
Whose power swayed the throne then: when  
disdain

Of living so unknown, in such a servile  
And abject lowness, prompted me to  
thoughts

Of recollecting who I was, I shook off  
My bondage, and made haste to let my  
aunt

Of Burgundy acknowledge me her kinsman,  
Heir to the crown of England, snatched by  
Henry

From Richard's head; a thing scarce known  
i' th' world.<sup>2</sup>

*K. Ja.* My lord, it stands not with your  
counsel now 80

To fly upon invectives: <sup>3</sup> if you can  
Make this apparent what you have dis-  
coursed

In every circumstance, we will not study  
An answer, but are ready in your cause.

*War.* You are a wise and just king, by the  
powers

<sup>1</sup> Begrudge to help.

<sup>2</sup> Confirmed his trustworthiness.

<sup>3</sup> *Q. Watring.*

<sup>4</sup> Common.

<sup>1</sup> Forget who I was.

<sup>2</sup> Unparalleled.

<sup>3</sup> Turn to abuse.



Above reserved, beyond all other aids,  
To plant me in mine own inheritance,  
To marry these two kingdoms in a love  
Never to be divorced while time is time.  
As for the manner, first of my escape, 90  
Of my conveyance next, of my life since,  
The means and persons who were instruments,

Great sir, 'tis fit I over-pass in silence;  
Reserving the relation to the secrecy  
Of your own princely ear, since it concerns  
Some great ones living yet, and others dead,  
Whose issue might be questioned. For your  
bounty,

Royal magnificence to him that seeks it,  
We vow hereafter to demean ourself  
As if we were your own and natural  
brother,<sup>1</sup> 100

Omitting no occasion in our person  
To express a gratitude beyond example.

*K. Ja.* He must be more than subject who  
can utter

The language of a king, and such is thine.  
Take this for answer: be whate'er thou  
art,

Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put  
Thy cause and person into my protection.  
Cousin of York, thus once more we embrace  
thee;

Welcome to James of Scotland! for thy  
safety,

Know, such as love thee not shall never  
wrong thee. 110

Come, we will taste a while our court de-  
lights,

Dream hence afflictions past, and then pro-  
ceed

To high attempts of honor. On, lead on!  
Both thou and thine are ours, and we will  
guard ye.

Lead on! *Exeunt. Manent Ladies above*

*Coun.* I have not seen a gentleman  
Of a more brave aspect or goodlier carriage;  
His fortunes move not him.—Madam, you are  
passionate.<sup>2</sup>

*Kath.* Beshrew me,<sup>3</sup> but his words have  
touched me home,  
As if his cause concerned me: I should pity  
him 120

If a should prove another than he seems.

<sup>1</sup> Brother in blood.

<sup>2</sup> Compassionate, touched.

<sup>3</sup> A mild imprecation.

[*Re-*]enter [Earl of] CRAWFORD

*Craw.* Ladies, the king commands your  
presence instantly  
For entertainment of the duke.

*Kath.* The duke  
Must, then, be entertained, the king obeyed;  
It is our duty.

*Coun.* We will all wait on him.  
*Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

[*London. The Tower*]

[*A flourish. Enter King HENRY, [the  
Earls of] Oxford [and] Surrey, [and  
the Bishop of] Durham*

*King.* Have ye condemned my chamber-  
lain?

*Dur.* His treasons  
Condemned him, sir; which were as clear  
and manifest

As foul and dangerous; besides, the guilt  
Of his conspiracy pressed him so nearly,<sup>1</sup>  
That it drew from him free confession  
Without an importunity.

*King.* O, lord bishop,  
This argued shame and sorrow for his folly,  
And must not stand in evidence against  
Our mercy and the softness of our nature:  
The rigor and extremity of law 10  
Is sometimes too-too bitter; but we carry  
A chancery<sup>2</sup> of pity in our bosom.  
I hope we may relieve him from the sen-  
tence

Of death; I hope we may.

*Dur.* You may, you may;  
And so persuade your subjects that the title  
Of York is better, nay, more just and lawful,  
Than yours of Lancaster! so Stanley holds:  
Which if it be not treason in the highest,<sup>3</sup>  
Then we are traitors all, perjured and false,  
Who have took oath to Henry and the  
justice 20

Of Henry's title; Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney,  
With all your other peers of state and  
church,

Forsworn, and Stanley true alone to heaven  
And England's lawful heir!

*Oxf.* By Vere's old honors,

<sup>1</sup> Closely.

<sup>2</sup> The chancellor could mitigate the rigor of the  
law.

<sup>3</sup> Degree.



I'll cut his throat dares speak it.

*Sur.* 'Tis a quarrel  
To engage a soul in.

*King.* What a coil<sup>1</sup> is here  
To keep my gratitude sincere and perfect!  
Stanley was once my friend, and came in  
time

To save my life; yet, to say truth, my lords,  
The man stayed long enough to endanger it.  
But I could see no more into his heart <sup>31</sup>

Than what his outward actions did present;  
And for 'em have rewarded 'em so fully,  
As<sup>2</sup> that there wanted nothing in our gift  
To gratify his merit, as I thought,  
Unless I should divide my crown with him,  
And give him half; though now I well per-  
ceive

'Twould scarce have served his turn without  
the whole.

But I am charitable, lords; let justice  
Proceed in execution, whiles I mourn <sup>40</sup>  
The loss of one whom I esteemed a friend.

*Dur.* Sir, he is coming this way.

*King.* If a speak to me,  
I could deny him nothing; to prevent it,  
I must withdraw. Pray, lords, commend my  
favours

To his last peace, which I with him will  
pray for:

That done, it doth concern us to consult  
Of other following troubles. *Exeunt*

*Oxf.* I am glad  
He's gone: upon my life, he would have  
pardoned

The traitor, had a seen him.

*Sur.* 'Tis a king  
Composed of gentleness.

*Dur.* Rare and unheard of: <sup>50</sup>  
But every man is nearest<sup>3</sup> to himself;  
And that the king observes; 'tis fit a  
should.

*Enter* [Sir WILLIAM] STANLEY, Executioner,  
[Confessor,] URSWICK, and [Lord]  
DAWBENEY

*Stan.* May I not speak with Clifford ere  
I shake

This piece of frailty off?

*Daw.* You shall; he's sent for.

*Stan.* I must not see the king?

*Dur.* From him, Sir William,  
These lords and I am sent; he bade us say

That he commends his mercy to your  
thoughts;

Wishing the laws of England could remit  
The forfeit of your life as willingly

As he would in the sweetness of his nature <sup>60</sup>  
Forget your trespass: but howe'er your body  
Fall into dust, he vows, the king himself

Doth vow, to keep a requiem for your soul,  
As for a friend close treasured in his bosom.

*Oxf.* Without remembrance of your errors  
past,

I come to take my leave, and wish you  
heaven.

*Sur.* And I; good angels guard ye!

*Stan.* O, the king,  
Next to my soul, shall be the nearest subject  
Of my last prayers. My grave Lord of  
Durham,

My Lords of Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney, all,  
Accept from a poor dying man a farewell. <sup>70</sup>  
I was as you are, once—great, and stood  
hopeful

Of many flourishing years; but fate and  
time

Have wheeled about, to turn me into  
nothing.

*Enter* [Sir] ROBERT CLIFFORD

*Daw.* Sir Robert Clifford comes—the  
man, Sir William,  
You so desire to speak with.

*Dur.* Mark their meeting.

*Clif.* Sir William Stanley, I am glad your  
conscience

Before your end hath emptied every burthen  
Which charged it, as that<sup>1</sup> you can clearly  
witness

How far I have proceeded in a duty <sup>80</sup>  
That both concerned my truth and the  
state's safety.

*Stan.* Mercy, how dear is life to such as  
hug it!

Come hither; by this token think on me!

*Makes a cross on CLIFFORD'S  
face with his finger*

*Clif.* This token! What! I am abused?

*Stan.* You are not.

I wet upon your cheeks a holy sign,  
The cross, the Christian's badge, the traitor's  
infamy:

Wear, Clifford, to thy grave this painted  
emblem;

<sup>1</sup> So that.

<sup>1</sup> Hubbub.

<sup>2</sup> That.

<sup>3</sup> Dearest.



Water shall never wash it off; all eyes  
That gaze upon thy face shall read there  
written

A state-informer's character; more ugly<sup>100</sup>  
Stamped on a noble name than on a base.  
The heavens forgive thee! Pray, my lords,  
no change

Of words; this man and I have used too  
many.

*Clif.* Shall I be disgraced  
Without reply?

*Dur.* Give losers leave to talk;  
His loss is irrecoverable.

*Stan.* Once more,  
To all a long farewell! The best of great-  
ness

Preserve the king! My next suit is, my  
lords,

To be remembered to my noble brother,  
Derby, my much-grieved brother: O, per-  
suade him<sup>100</sup>

That I shall stand no blemish to his house  
In chronicles writ in another age.

My heart doth bleed for him and for his  
sighs:

Tell him, he must not think the style<sup>1</sup> of  
Derby,

Nor being husband to King Henry's<sup>2</sup> mother,  
The league with peers, the smiles of fortune,  
can

Secure his peace above the state of man.

I take my leave, to travel to my dust:

Subjects deserve their deaths whose kings  
are just.

Come, confessor. On with thy axe, friend,  
on! *Exeunt*<sup>110</sup>

*Clif.* Was I called hither by a traitor's  
breath

To be upbraided? Lords, the king shall  
know it.

[Re-]enter King HENRY with a white staff

*King.* The king doth know it, sir; the  
king hath heard

What he or you could say. We have given  
credit

To every point of Clifford's information,  
The only evidence 'gainst Stanley's head:  
A dies for't; are you pleased?

*Clif.* I pleased, my Lord!

*King.* No echoes: for your service, we  
dismiss

<sup>1</sup> Title.

Your more attendance on the court; take  
ease,

And live at home; but, as you love your  
life,<sup>120</sup>

Stir not from London without leave from  
us.

We'll think on your reward: away!

*Clif.* I go, sir. *Exit*

*K. Hen.* Die all our griefs with Stanley!

Take this staff

Of office, Dawbeney; henceforth be our  
chamberlain.

*Daw.* I am your humble servant.

*King.* We are followed

By enemies at home, that will not cease  
To seek their own confusion; 'tis most true  
The Cornish under Audley are marched on  
As far as Winchester; but let them come,  
Our forces are in readiness; we'll catch  
'em<sup>130</sup>

In their own toils.

*Daw.* Your army, being mustered,  
Consists in all, of horse and foot, at least  
In number six-and-twenty thousand; men  
Daring and able, resolute to fight,  
And loyal in their truths.

*King.* We know it, Dawbeney:  
For them we order thus; Oxford in chief,  
Assisted by bold Essex and the Earl  
Of Suffolk, shall lead on the first battalia;<sup>1</sup>  
Be that your charge.

*Oxf.* I humbly thank your majesty.

*King.* The next division we assign to  
Dawbeney:<sup>140</sup>

These must be men of action, for on those  
The fortune of our fortunes must rely.  
The last and main ourself commands in  
person;

As ready to restore the fight at all times  
As to consummate an assured victory.

*Daw.* The king is still oraculous.<sup>2</sup>

*King.* But, Surrey,

We have employment of more toil for thee:  
For our intelligence comes swiftly to us,  
That James of Scotland late hath enter-  
tained

Perkin the counterfeit with more than com-  
mon<sup>150</sup>

Grace and respect, nay, courts him with rare  
favors.

The Scot is young and forward; we must  
look for

A sudden storm to England from the north;

<sup>1</sup> Division.

<sup>2</sup> Wise.



Which to withstand, Durham shall post to  
Norham,  
To fortify the castle and secure  
The frontiers against an invasion there.  
Surrey shall follow soon, with such an army  
As may relieve the bishop, and encounter  
On all occasions the death-daring Scots.  
You know your charges all; 'tis now a time  
To execute, not talk: heaven is our guard  
still. 161  
War must breed peace; such is the fate of  
kings. *Exeunt*

## [SCENE III]

[*Edinburgh. An Apartment in the Palace*]

*Enter* [Earl of] CRAWFORD and [Lord]  
DALIELL

*Craw.* 'Tis more than strange; my reason  
cannot answer  
Such argument of fine imposture, couched  
In witchcraft of persuasion, that it fashions  
Impossibilities, as if appearance  
Could cozen truth itself: this dukeling  
mushroom  
Hath doubtless charmed the king.

*Dal.* He courts the ladies,  
As if his strength of language chained atten-  
tion  
By power of prerogative.

*Craw.* It madded  
My very soul to hear our master's motion: <sup>1</sup>  
What surety both of amity and honor <sup>10</sup>  
Must of necessity ensue upon  
A match betwixt some noble of our nation  
And this brave prince, forsooth.

*Dal.* 'Twill prove too fatal;  
Wise Huntley fears the threatening. Bless  
the lady  
From such a ruin.

*Craw.* How the council privy  
Of this young Phaëthon do screw their faces  
Into a gravity their trades, good people,  
Were never guilty of! the meanest of 'em  
Dreams of at least an office in the state.

*Dal.* Sure, not the hangman's; 'tis be-  
spoke already <sup>20</sup>  
For service to their roguiships—Silence!

*Enter* King JAMES and [Earl of] HUNTLEY

*K. Ja.* Do not  
Argue against our will; we have descended

<sup>1</sup> Proposal.

Somewhat—as we may term it—too  
familiarily

From justice of our birthright, to examine  
The force of your allegiance,—sir, we have,  
But find it short of duty.

*Hunt.* Break my heart,  
Do, do, king! Have my services, my  
loyalty,—  
Heaven knows untainted ever,—drawn upon  
me  
Contempt now in mine age, when I but  
wanted <sup>1</sup>

A minute of a peace not to be troubled, <sup>20</sup>  
My last, my long one? Let me be a dotard,  
A bedlam, a poor sot, <sup>2</sup> or what you please  
To have me, so you will not stain your  
blood,

Your own blood, royal sir, though mixed  
with mine,  
By marriage of this girl to a straggler:  
Take, take my head, sir; whilst my tongue  
can wag,  
It cannot name him other.

*K. Ja.* Kings are counterfeits  
In your repute, grave oracle, not presently <sup>3</sup>  
Set on their thrones with scepters in their  
fists.

But use your own detraction; <sup>4</sup> 'tis our  
pleasure <sup>40</sup>  
To give our cousin York for wife our kins-  
woman,

The Lady Katherine: instinct <sup>5</sup> of sover-  
eignty  
Designs the honor, though her peevish father  
Usurps our resolution. <sup>6</sup>

*Hunt.* O, 'tis well,  
Exceeding well. I never was ambitious  
Of using congees to my daughter-queen:  
A queen! perhaps a queen! Forgive me,  
Daliell,

Thou honorable gentleman; none here  
Dare speak one word of comfort?

*Dal.* Cruel misery!

*Craw.* The lady, gracious prince, may be  
hath settled <sup>50</sup>

Affection on some former choice.

*Dal.* Enforcement

Would prove but tyranny.

*Hunt.* I thank [th]ee <sup>7</sup> heartily.

<sup>1</sup> As yet lack.<sup>2</sup> Fool.<sup>3</sup> Actually.<sup>4</sup> Act to your own disadvantage.<sup>5</sup> Intuition.<sup>6</sup> Puts his opinion in place of ours.<sup>7</sup> Q. 'ec.



Let any yeoman of our nation challenge  
An interest in the girl, then the king  
May add a jointure of ascent in titles,  
Worthy a free consent; now a pulls down  
What old desert hath builded.

*K. Ja.* Cease persuasions.  
I violate no pawns of faiths,<sup>1</sup> intrude not  
On private loves: that I have played the  
orator

For kingly York to virtuous Kate, her grant  
Can justify, referring her contents<sup>61</sup>  
To our provision. The Welsh Harry<sup>2</sup> hence-  
forth

Shall therefore know, and tremble to  
acknowledge,

That not the painted idol of his policy  
Shall fright the lawful owner from a king-  
dom.

We are resolved.

*Hunt.* Some of thy subjects' hearts,  
King James, will bleed for this.

*K. Ja.* Then shall their bloods  
Be nobly spent. No more disputes; he is  
not

Our friend who contradicts us.

*Hunt.* Farewell, daughter!  
My care by one is lessened, thank the king  
for't:

I and my griefs will dance now. Look,<sup>70</sup>  
lords, look;

Here's hand in hand already!

*Enter PERKIN WARBECK, leading [Lady]  
KATHERINE, complimenting; Countess of  
CRAWFORD, JANE [DOUGLAS,] FRION, Mayor  
of Cork, ASTLEY, HERON, and SKETON*

*K. Ja.* Peace, old frenzy!—  
How like a king a looks! Lords, but ob-  
serve

The confidence of his aspect; dross cannot  
Cleave to so pure a metal, royal youth!  
Plantagenet undoubted!

*Hunt. [aside]* Ho, brave youth!<sup>3</sup>  
But no Plantagenet, by'r lady, yet,  
By red rose or by white.

*War.* An union this way  
Settles possession in a monarchy  
Established rightly, as is my inheritance:<sup>80</sup>  
Acknowledge me but sovereign of this king-  
dom,

<sup>1</sup> Plighted vows.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Tudor.

<sup>3</sup> Q. reads *brave Lady!*

Your heart, fair princess, and the hand of  
providence  
Shall crown you queen of me and my best  
fortunes.

*Kath.* Where my obedience is, my lord, a  
duty,

Love owes true service.

*War.* Shall I—

*K. Ja.* Cousin, yes,  
Enjoy her; from my hand accept your  
bride; [*He joins their hands*]

And may they live at enmity with comfort  
Who grieve at such an equal pledge of  
troths!

Y'are the prince's wife now.

*Kath.* By your gift, sir.

*War.* Thus I take seizure<sup>1</sup> of mine own.

*Kath.* I miss yet<sup>80</sup>

A father's blessing. Let me find it; humbly  
Upon my knees I seek it.

*Hunt.* I am Huntley,

Old Alexander Gordon, a plain subject,  
Nor more nor less; and, lady, if you wish  
for

A blessing, you must bend your knees to  
heaven;

For heaven did give me you. Alas, alas,  
What would you have me say? May all  
the happiness

My prayers ever sued to fall upon you  
Preserve you in your virtues!—Prithee,  
Daliell,

Come with me; for I feel thy griefs as full<sup>100</sup>  
As mine; let's steal away, and cry together.

*Dal.* My hopes are in their ruins.

*Exeunt [Earl of] HUNTLEY*

*and [Lord] DALIELL*

*K. Ja.* Good, kind Huntley

Is overjoyed: a fit solemnity<sup>2</sup>  
Shall perfect these delights.—Crawford,  
attend

Our order for the preparation. *Exeunt*

*Manent FRION, MAYOR, ASTLEY,*

*HERON and SKETON*

*Fri.* Now, worthy gentlemen, have I not  
followed

My undertakings with success? *Here's*  
entrance

Into a certainty above a hope.

*Her.* Hopes are but hopes; I was ever  
confident, when I traded but in remnants,<sup>100</sup>  
that my stars had reserved me to the title of

<sup>1</sup> Possession.

<sup>2</sup> Festivity.



a viscount at least: honor is honor, though cut out of any stuffs.

*Ske.* My brother Heron hath right wisely delivered his opinion; for he that threads his needle with the sharp eyes of industry shall in time go through-stitch<sup>1</sup> with the new suit of preferment.

*Ast.* Spoken to the purpose, my fine-witted brother Sketon; for as no indenture but has its counterpawn,<sup>2</sup> no moverint<sup>3</sup> but his condition or defeasance; so no right but may have claim, no claim but may have possession, any act of parliament to the contrary notwithstanding.

*Fri.* You are all read in mysteries of state, And quick of apprehension, deep in judgment,

Active in resolution; and 'tis pity  
Such counsel should lie buried in obscurity.  
But why, in such a time and cause of triumph,

Stands the judicious Mayor of Cork so silent?

Believe it, sir, as English Richard prospers,  
You must not miss employment of high nature.

*Mayor.* If men may be credited in their mortality, which I dare not peremptorily aver but they may or not be, presumptions by this marriage are then, in sooth, of fruitful expectation. Or else I must not justify other men's belief, more than other should rely on mine.

*Fri.* Pith of experience! those that have borne office  
Weigh every word before it can drop from them.

But, noble counsellors, since now the present  
Requires in point of honor,—pray, mistake not,—

Some service to our lord, 'tis fit the Scots  
Should not engross all glory to themselves  
At this so grand and eminent solemnity.

*Ske.* The Scots! the motion is defied: I had rather, for my part, without trial of my country, suffer persecution under the pressing-iron of reproach; or let my skin be punched<sup>4</sup> full of eyelet-holes with the bodkin of derision.

*Ast.* I will sooner lose both my ears on the pillory of forgery.

<sup>1</sup> Complete.

<sup>2</sup> Half of an indenture.

<sup>3</sup> Deed or bond.

<sup>4</sup> Repudiated.

<sup>5</sup> Q. *pincht*.

*Her.* Let me first live a bankrout, and die in the lousy Hole<sup>1</sup> of hunger, without compounding for sixpence in the pound.

*Mayor.* If men fail not in their expectations, there may be spirits also that digest<sup>2</sup> no rude affronts, Master Secretary Frion, or I am cozened; which is possible, I grant.

*Fri.* Resolved like men of knowledge: at this feast then,

In honor of the bride, the Scots, I know,  
Will in some show, some masque, or some device,

Prefer their duties: now it were uncomely  
That we be found less forward for our prince  
Than they are for their lady; and by how much

We outshine them in persons of account,  
By so much more will our endeavors meet with

A livelier applause. Great emperors  
Have for their recreations undertook  
Such kind of pastimes: as for the conceit,<sup>3</sup>  
Refer it to my study; the performance  
You all shall share a thanks in: 'twill be grateful.

*Her.* The motion is allowed: I have stole to a dancing school when I was a prentice.

*Ast.* There have been Irish hubbubs,<sup>4</sup> when I have made one too.

*Ske.* For fashioning of shapes and cutting a cross caper, turn me off to my trade again.

*Mayor.* Surely there is, if I be not deceived, a kind of gravity in merriment; as there is, or perhaps ought to be, respect of persons in the quality of carriage, which is as it is construed, either so or so.

*Fri.* Still you come home to me; upon occasion

I find you relish courtship<sup>5</sup> with discretion;  
And such are fit for statesmen of your merits.

Pray ye wait<sup>7</sup> the prince, and in his ear acquaint him

With this design; I'll follow and direct ye.

*Exeunt, manet FRION*

O, the toil  
Of humoring this abject scum of mankind,

<sup>1</sup> The meanest cell of the Counter prison.

<sup>2</sup> Digest.

<sup>3</sup> Idea.

<sup>4</sup> The suggestion is accepted.

<sup>5</sup> Wakes and fairs.

<sup>6</sup> Courtiership.

<sup>7</sup> Wait upon.

AMAR SINGH



Muddy-brained peasants! princes feel a  
misery  
Beyond impartial sufferance, whose extremes  
Must yield to such abettors:—yet<sup>1</sup> our tide  
Runs smoothly, without adverse winds: run  
on!

Flow to a full seal time alone debates  
Quarrels forewritten in the book of fates. <sup>200</sup>  
*Exit*

### ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA PRIMA

[*Westminster, the Palace*]

*Enter King HENRY, with his gorget<sup>2</sup> on, his  
sword, plume of feathers, and leading-  
staff, and URSWICK*

*King.* How runs the time of day?

*Urs.* Past ten, my lord.

*King.* A bloody hour will it prove to  
some,

Whose disobedience, like the sons o' th'  
earth,<sup>3</sup>

Throw a defiance 'gainst the face of heaven.

Oxford, with Essex and stout De la Pole,

Have quieted the Londoners, I hope,

And set them safe from fear.

*Urs.* They are all silent.

*King.* From their own battlements they  
may behold

Saint George's-fields o'erspread with armed  
men;

Amongst whom our own royal standard  
threatens <sup>10</sup>

Confusion to opposers; we must learn

To practise war again in time of peace,

Or lay our crown before our subjects' feet;

Ha, Urrswick, must we not?

*Urs.* The powers who seated  
King Henry on his lawful throne will ever  
Rise up in his defence.

*King.* Rage shall not fright  
The bosom of our confidence: in Kent

Our Cornish rebels, cozened of their hopes,  
Met brave resistance by that country's<sup>4</sup>  
earl,

George Abergeny, Cobham, Poynings, Guil-  
ford, <sup>20</sup>

And other loyal hearts; now, if Blackheath

<sup>1</sup> Thus far.

<sup>2</sup> A piece of armor for the throat.

<sup>3</sup> The Titans.

<sup>4</sup> County's.

Must be reserved the fatal tomb to swallow  
Such stiff-necked abjects<sup>1</sup> as with weary  
marches

Have travelled from their homes, their  
wives and children,

To pay, instead of subsidies, their lives,

We may continue sovereign. Yet, Urrswick,

We'll not abate one penny what in parlia-  
ment

Hath freely been contributed; we must not;  
Money gives soul to action. Our competi-  
tor,

The Flemish counterfeit, with James of  
Scotland, <sup>30</sup>

Will prove what courage need and want can  
nourish,

Without the food of fit supplies:—but,  
Urrswick,

I have a charm in secret that shall loose

The witchcraft wherewith young King James  
is bound,

And free it at my pleasure without blood-  
shed.

*Urs.* Your majesty's a wise king, sent from  
heaven,

Protector of the just.

*King.* Let dinner cheerfully

Be served in; this day of the week is ours,

Our day of providence; for Saturday

Yet never failed in all my undertakings <sup>40</sup>

*A flourish*

To yield me rest at night. What means this  
warning?

Good fate, speak peace to Henry!

*Enter [Lord] DAWBENEY, [Earl of] Ox-  
FORD, and Attendants*

*Daw.* Live the king,  
Triumphant in the ruin of his enemies!

*Oxf.* The head of strong rebellion is cut  
off,

The body hewed in pieces.

*King.* Dawbeney, Oxford,  
Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands  
The comfort of your wishes?

*Daw.* Briefly thus.

The Cornish under Audley, disappointed  
Of flattered expectation, from the Kentish—  
Your majesty's right-trusty liegemen—flew,  
Feathered by rage and heartened by pre-  
sumption, <sup>50</sup>

To take the field even at your palace-gates,

<sup>1</sup> Wretches.



And face you in your chamber-royal:  
arrogance  
Improved their ignorance; for they, sup-  
posing,  
Mised by rumor, that the day of battle  
Should fall on Monday, rather braved your  
forces

Than doubted any onset; yet this morning,  
When in the dawning I, by your direction,  
Strove to get Deptford strand bridge, there  
I found

Such a resistance as might show what  
strength

Could make: here arrows hailed in showers  
upon us

A full yard long at least; but we prevailed.  
My Lord of Oxford, with his fellow peers  
Environing the hill, fell fiercely on them  
On the one side, I on the other, till, great  
sir,—

Pardon the oversight,—eager of doing  
Some memorable act, I was engaged<sup>1</sup>  
Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soon  
As sensible of danger: now the fight  
Began in heat, which quenched in the blood  
of

Two thousand rebels, and as many more  
Reserved to try your mercy, have returned  
A victory with safety.

*King.* Have we lost  
An equal number with them?

*Oxf.* In the total  
Scarcely four hundred. Audley, Flammock,  
Joseph,

The ringleaders of this commotion,  
Railed in ropes,<sup>2</sup> fit ornaments for traitors,  
Wait your determinations.

*King.* We must pay  
Our thanks where they are only due: O,  
lords,

Here is no victory, nor shall our people  
Conceive that we can triumph in their  
falls.

Alas, poor souls! let such as are escaped  
Steal to the country back without pursuit:  
There's not a drop of blood spilt but hath  
drawn

As much of mine; their swords could have  
wrought wonders

On their king's part, who faintly were un-  
sheathed

Against their prince, but wounded their  
own breasts.

Lords, we are debtors to your care; our  
payment

Shall be both sure and fitting your deserts.

*Daw.* Sir, will you please to see those  
rebels, heads

Of this wild monster-multitude?

*King.* Dear friend,  
My faithful Dawbeney, no; on them our  
justice

Must frown in terror; I will not vouchsafe  
An eye of pity to them. Let false Audley  
Be drawn upon an hurdle<sup>1</sup> from the New-  
gate

To Tower-hill in his own coat of arms  
Painted on paper, with the arms reversed,  
Defaced and torn; there let him lose his  
head.

The lawyer and the blacksmith shall be  
hanged,

Quartered; their quarters into Cornwall sent  
Examples to the rest, whom we are  
pleased

To pardon and dismiss from further quest.<sup>2</sup>  
My Lord of Oxford, see it done.

*Oxf.* I shall, sir.

*King.* Urswick!

*Urs.* My lord?

*King.* To Dinham, our high-treasurer,  
Say, we command commissions be new  
granted

For the collection of our subsidies  
Through all the west, and that speedily.  
Lords, we acknowledge our engagements due  
For your most constant services.

*Daw.* Your soldiers  
Have manfully and faithfully acquitted  
Their several duties.

*King.* For it we will throw  
A largess free amongst them, which shall  
hearten

And cherish-up their loyalties. More yet  
Remains of like employment; not a man  
Can be dismissed, till enemies abroad,  
More dangerous than these at home, have  
felt

The puissance of our arms. O happy kings  
Whose thrones are raised in their subjects'  
hearts!

*Exeunt omnes*

<sup>1</sup> Entangled.

<sup>2</sup> Tied with ropes.

<sup>1</sup> A species of cart or sled.

<sup>2</sup> Trial.



## [SCENE II]

[Edinburgh. The Palace]

*Enter* [Earl of] HUNTLEY and [Lord]

DALIELL

*Hunt.* Now, sir, a modest<sup>1</sup> word with you,  
sad gentleman;Is not this fine, I trow, to see the gambols,  
To hear the jigs, observe the frisks, be enchantedWith the rare discord of bells, pipes, and  
tabors,Hotch-potch of Scotch and Irish twingle-  
twangles,

Like to so many quiristers of Bedlam

Trolling a catch!<sup>2</sup> The feasts, the manly  
stomachs,The health in usquebaugh<sup>3</sup> and bonny-  
clabber,The ale in dishes never fetched from China,<sup>4</sup>The hundred-thousand knacks<sup>5</sup> not to be  
spoken of,—<sup>10</sup>And all this for King Oberon and Queen  
Mab,—Should put a soul into ye. Look ye, good  
man,How youthful I am grown: but, by your  
leave,This new queen-bride must henceforth be no  
more

My daughter; no, by'r lady, 'tis unfit:

And yet you see how I do bear this change,

Methinks courageously: then shake off care

In such a time of jollity.

*Dal.*

Alas, sir,

How can you cast a mist upon your griefs?

Which howsoe'er you shadow, but present<sup>20</sup>

To any judging eye the perfect substance,

Of which mine are but counterfeits.

*Hunt.*

Foh, Daliell!

Thou interrupt'st the part I bear in music

To this rare bridal-feast; let us be merry,

Whilst flattering calms secure us against  
storms:

Tempests, when they begin to roar, put out

The light of peace, and cloud the sun's  
bright eyeIn darkness of despair; yet<sup>6</sup> we are safe.<sup>1</sup> Quiet.<sup>2</sup> A song.<sup>3</sup> Whiskey.<sup>4</sup> In no dainty vessels.<sup>5</sup> Trifles.<sup>6</sup> As yet.*Dal.* I wish you could as easily forget  
The justice of your sorrows as my hopes<sup>20</sup>  
Can yield to destiny.*Hunt.*

Pish! then I see

Thou dost not know the flexible condition  
Of my apt nature: I can laugh, laugh  
heartily,When the gout cramps my joints; let but  
the stoneStop my bladder, I am straight a-singing;  
The quartan-fever, shrinking every limb,  
Sets me a-capering straight; do but betray  
me,And bind me a friend ever: what! I trust  
The losing of a daughter, though I doted  
On every hair that grew to trim her head,<sup>40</sup>  
Admits not any pain like one of these.Come, thou'rt deceived in me: give me a  
blow,A sound blow on the face, I'll thank thee  
for't;I love my wrongs: still thou'rt deceived in  
me.*Dal.* Deceived! O, noble Huntley, my  
few years

Have learnt experience of too ripe an age

To forfeit fit credulity: forgive

My rudeness, I am bold.

*Hunt.*

Forgive me first

A madness of ambition; by example

Teach me humility, for patience scorns<sup>50</sup>Lectures, which schoolmen use to read to  
boys

Uncapable of injuries; though old,

I could grow tough in fury, and disclaim

Allegiance to my king; could fall at odds

With all my fellow-peers that durst not  
standDefendants 'gainst the rape done on mine  
honor;But kings are earthly gods, there is no med-  
dlingWith their anointed bodies; for their actions  
They only are accountable to heaven.Yet in the puzzle of my troubled brain<sup>60</sup>One antidote's reserved against the poison  
Of my distractions; 'tis in thee to apply it.*Dal.* Name it; O, name it quickly, sir!*Hunt.*

A pardon

For my most foolish slighting thy deserts;

I have culled out this time to beg it:  
prithee,

Be gentle; had I been so, thou hadst owned



A happy bride, but now a castaway,  
And never child of mine more.

*Dal.* Say not so, sir;  
It is not fault in her.

*Hunt.* The world would prate  
How she was handsome; young I know she  
was,

Tender and sweet in her obedience:  
But lost now: what a bankrupt am I made  
Of a full stock of blessings! Must I hope  
A mercy from thy heart?

*Dal.* A love, a service,  
A friendship to posterity.<sup>1</sup>

*Hunt.* Good angels  
Reward thy charity! I have no more  
But prayers left me now.

*Dal.* I'll lend you mirth, sir,  
If you will be in consort.<sup>2</sup>

*Hunt.* Thank ye truly:  
I must; yes, yes, I must; here's yet some  
ease,

A partner in affliction; look not angry. <sup>80</sup>

*Dal.* Good, noble sir! [*Flourish*]

*Hunt.* O, hark! we may be quiet,  
The king and all the others come; a meeting  
Of gaudy sights: this day's the last of  
revels;

To-morrow sounds of war; then new ex-  
change;

Fiddles must turn to swords. Unhappy  
marriage!

[*A*] *flourish*. Enter KING JAMES, WARBECK  
leading [Lady] KATHERINE, [Earl of]  
CRAWFORD [and his] Countess; JANE  
[DOUGLAS, and other Ladies,] [Earl of]  
HUNTLEY and [Lord] DALIELL fall in  
among them

*K. Ja.* Cousin of York, you and your  
princely bride  
Have liberally enjoyed such soft delights  
As a new-married couple could forethink;  
Nor has our bounty shortened<sup>3</sup> expecta-  
tion;

But after all those pleasures of repose, <sup>90</sup>  
Or amorous safety, we must rouse the ease  
Of dalliance with achievements of more  
glory

Than sloth and sleep can furnish: yet, for  
farewell,

<sup>1</sup> Famous in future times.

<sup>2</sup> Agreement.

<sup>3</sup> Come short of.

Gladly we entertain a truce with time,  
To grace the joint endeavors of our servants.  
*War.* My royal cousin, in your princely  
favor

The extent of bounty hath been so unlim-  
ited,

As<sup>1</sup> only an acknowledgment in words  
Would breed suspicion in<sup>2</sup> our state and  
quality.

When we shall, in the fulness of our fate, <sup>100</sup>  
Whose minister, necessity, will perfect,  
Sit on our own throne; then our arms, laid  
open

To gratitude, in sacred memory  
Of these large benefits, shall twine them  
close,

Even to our thoughts and heart, without  
distinction.

Then James and Richard, being in effect  
One person, shall unite and rule one people,  
Divisible in titles only.

*K. Ja.* Seat ye.  
Are the presenters ready?

*Craw.* All are entering.

*Hunt.* Dainty sport toward, Daliell! sit;  
come, sit, <sup>110</sup>  
Sit and be quiet; here are kingly bug's-  
words! <sup>3</sup>

*Enter at one door* Four Scotch Antics,<sup>4</sup> ac-  
cordingly habited; *enter at another,*  
[WARBECK'S followers, as] Four Wild  
Irish in trowsers,<sup>5</sup> long-haired and accord-  
ingly habited. *Music. The Masquers*  
*dance*

*K. Ja.* To all a general thanks!  
*War.* In the next room.  
Take your own shapes again; you shall re-  
ceive

Particular acknowledgment.  
[*Exeunt the Masquers*]

*K. Ja.* Enough  
Of merriments. Crawford, how far's our  
army

Upon the march?

*Craw.* At Hedon-hall, great king;  
Twelve thousand, well-prepared.

*K. Ja.* Crawford, to-night  
Post thither. We in person, with the prince,

<sup>1</sup> That.

<sup>2</sup> Concerning.

<sup>3</sup> Words to amaze.

<sup>4</sup> Fantastic personages.

<sup>5</sup> Strosses or tight trowsers.



By four o'clock to-morrow after dinner  
Will be wi' ye: speed away!

*Craw.* I fly, my lord. 129  
[Exit]

*K. Ja.* Our business grows to head now:  
where's your secretary,  
That he attends ye not to serve?

*War.* With Marchmont,  
Your herald.

*K. Ja.* Good! the proclamation's ready;  
By that it will appear how the English stand  
Affected to your title. Huntley, comfort  
Your daughter in her husband's absence;  
fight

With prayers at home for us, who for your  
honors

Must toil in fight abroad.

*Hunt.* Prayers are the weapons  
Which men so near their graves as I do use;  
I've little else to do.

*K. Ja.* To rest, young beauties! 130  
We must be early stirring; quickly part:  
A kingdom's rescue craves both speed and  
art.

Cousins, good-night. *Flourish*

*War.* Rest to our cousin-king.

*Kath.* Your blessing, sir.

*Hunt.* Fair blessings on your highness!  
sure, you need 'em.

*Exeunt omnes, manent WARBECK,  
[Lady] KATHERINE, [and JANE]*

*War.* Jane, set the lights down, and from  
us return<sup>1</sup>

To those in the next room this little purse;  
Say we'll deserve their loves.

*Jane.* It shall be done, sir.  
*Exit*

*War.* Now, dearest, ere sweet sleep shall  
seal those eyes, 139  
Love's precious tapers, give me leave to use  
A parting ceremony; for to-morrow  
It would be sacrilege to intrude upon  
The temple of thy peace: swift as the morn-  
ing

Must I break from the down of thy em-  
braces,  
To put on steel, and trace the paths which  
lead

Through various hazards to a careful<sup>2</sup>  
throne.

*Kath.* My lord, I would fain go wi' ye;  
there's small fortune  
In staying here behind.

<sup>1</sup> Give as a bounty.

<sup>2</sup> Full of care.

*War.* The churlish brow  
Of war, fair dearest, is a sight of horror  
For ladies' entertainment: if thou hear'st 140  
A truth of my sad ending by the hand  
Of some unnatural subject, thou withal  
Shalt hear how I died worthy of my right,  
By falling like a king; and in the close,  
Which my last breath shall sound, thy name,  
thou fairest,

Shall sing a requiem to my soul, unwilling  
Only of greater glory, 'cause divided  
From such a heaven on earth as life with  
thee.

But these are chimes for funerals: my busi-  
ness 149

Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph;  
For love and majesty are reconciled,  
And vow to crown thee empress of the west.

*Kath.* You have a noble language, sir;  
your right

In me is without question, and however  
Events of time may shorten my deserts  
In others' pity, yet it shall not stagger  
Or constancy or duty in a wife.  
You must be king of me; and my poor heart  
Is all I can call mine.

*War.* But we will live,  
Live, beauteous virtue, by the lively test 150  
Of our own blood to let the counterfeit  
Be known the world's contempt.

*Kath.* Pray, do not use  
That word;<sup>1</sup> it carries fate in't. The first  
suit

I ever made, I trust your love will grant.

*War.* Without denial, dearest.

*Kath.* That hereafter,  
If you return with safety, no adventure  
May sever us in tasting any fortune:  
I ne'er can stay behind again.

*War.* Y'are lady  
Of your desires, and shall command your  
will;

Yet 'tis too hard to promise.

*Kath.* What our destinies 150  
Have ruled-out in their books we must not  
search,

But kneel to.

*War.* Then to fear when hope is  
fruitless,  
Were to be desperately miserable;  
Which poverty our greatness dares not  
dream of,

<sup>1</sup> Counterfeit.



And much more scorns to stoop to: some  
few minutes  
Remain yet; let's be thrifty in our hopes.  
*Exeunt*

## [SCENE III]

[*The Palace at Westminster*]*Enter* King HENRY, HIALAS, and URSWICK

*King.* Your name is Pedro Hialas, a Spaniard?

*Hial.* Sir, a Castilian born.

*King.* King Ferdinand,  
With wise Queen Isabel his royal consort,  
Write ye<sup>1</sup> a man of worthy trust and candor.  
Princes are dear to heaven who meet with  
subjects

Sincere in their employments; such I find  
Your commendation, sir. Let me deliver<sup>2</sup>  
How joyful I repute the amity  
With your most fortunate master, who al-  
most

Comes near a miracle in his success<sup>10</sup>  
Against the Moors, who had devoured his  
country,

Entire now to his scepter. We, for our part,  
Will imitate his providence, in hope  
Of partage<sup>3</sup> in the use on't: we repute  
The privacy of his advisement to us  
By you, intended an ambassador  
To Scotland, for a peace between our king-  
doms,

A policy of love, which well becomes  
His wisdom and our care.

*Hial.* Your majesty  
Doth understand him rightly.

*King.* Else<sup>20</sup>  
Your knowledge can instruct me; wherein,  
sir,

To fall<sup>4</sup> on ceremony would seem useless,  
Which shall not need; for I will be as  
studious

Of your concealment in our conference  
As any council shall advise

*Hial.* Then, sir,  
My chief request is that, on notice given,  
At my dispatch in Scotland, you will send  
Some learned man of power and experience  
To join entreaty with me.

*King.* I shall do it,<sup>20</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Describe.  
<sup>2</sup> Declare.

<sup>3</sup> Participation.  
<sup>4</sup> Have recourse to.

Being that way well provided by<sup>1</sup> a servant  
Which may attend ye ever.

*Hial.* If King James,  
By any indirection,<sup>2</sup> should perceive  
My coming near your court, I doubt the  
issue

Of my employment.

*King.* Be not your own herald:  
I learn sometimes without a teacher.

*Hial.* Good days  
Guard all your princely thoughts!

*King.* Urswick, no further  
Than the next open gallery attend him.

A hearty love go with you!

*Hial.* Your vowed beadsman.<sup>3</sup>

*Exeunt* URSWICK and HIALAS

*King.* King Ferdinand is not so much a  
fox,

But that a cunning huntsman may in time<sup>40</sup>  
Fall on the scent: in honorable actions  
Safe imitation best deserves a praise.

[*Re-*]enter URSWICK

What, the Castilian's passed away?

*Urs.* He is,  
And undiscovered; the two hundred marks<sup>4</sup>  
Your majesty conveyed,<sup>5</sup> a gently pursed  
With a right modest gravity.

*King.* What was't  
A muttered in the earnest<sup>6</sup> of his wisdom?  
A spoke not to be heard; 'twas about—

*Urs.* Warbeck:  
How if King Henry were but sure of sub-  
jects,<sup>40</sup>

Such a wild runagate<sup>7</sup> might soon be caged,  
No great ado withstanding.

*King.* Nay, nay; something  
About my son Prince Arthur's match.

*Urs.* Right, right, sir:  
A hummed it out, how that King Ferdinand  
Swore that the marriage 'twixt the Lady  
Katherine

His daughter and the Prince of Wales your  
son

Should never be consummated as long  
As any Earl of Warwick lived in England,<sup>8</sup>  
Except by new creation.

*King.* I remember  
'Twas so, indeed: the king his master swore  
it?

<sup>1</sup> With.  
<sup>2</sup> Indirectly.  
<sup>3</sup> Your devoted servant.  
<sup>4</sup> A coin worth 3s. 6d.

<sup>5</sup> Sent.  
<sup>6</sup> Gravity.  
<sup>7</sup> Rascal.  
<sup>8</sup> See below, line 64.



*Urs.* Directly, as he said.

*King.* An Earl of Warwick! <sup>60</sup>  
Provide a messenger for letters instantly  
To Bishop Fox. Our news from Scotland  
creeps;

It comes so slow, we must have airy spirits; <sup>1</sup>  
Our time requires dispatch. [*Aside*] The  
Earl of Warwick!

Let him be son to Clarence, younger brother  
To Edward! Edward's daughter is, I think,  
Mother to our Prince Arthur. Get a mes-  
senger. *Exeunt*

#### [SCENE IV]

[*Before the Castle of Norham*]

*Enter* King JAMES, WARBECK, [Earl of]  
CRAWFORD, [Lord] DALIELL, HERON, AST-  
LEY, Mayor, SKETON and Soldiers

*K. Ja.* We trifle time against these castle-  
walls;  
The English prelate will not yield: once  
more  
Give him a summons.

[*A*] *parley* [*is sounded*]

*Enter above* [*the Bishop of*] DURHAM, a  
*trunchcon* in his hand, and Soldiers

*War.* See, the jolly clerk  
Appears, trimmed <sup>2</sup> like a ruffian!

*K. Ja.* Bishop, yet  
Set ope the ports, and to your lawful sov-  
ereign,  
Richard of York, surrender up this castle,  
And he will take thee to his grace; else  
Tweed  
Shall overflow his <sup>3</sup> banks with English  
blood,  
And wash the sand that céments those hard  
stones  
From their foundation.

*Dur.* Warlike King of Scotland, <sup>10</sup>  
Vouchsafe a few words from a man enforced  
To lay his book aside and clap on arms  
Unsuitable to my age or my profession.  
Courageous prince, consider on what grounds  
You rend the face of peace, and break a  
league

With a confederate king that courts your  
amity;  
For whom too? for a vagabond, a straggler,

<sup>1</sup> Spirited messengers. <sup>2</sup> Armed. <sup>3</sup> Its.

Not noted in the world by birth or name,  
An óbscure peasant, by the rage of hell  
Loosed from his chains to set great kings  
at strife. <sup>20</sup>

What nobleman, what common man of note,  
What ordinary subject hath come in,  
Since first you footed on our territories,  
To only feign a welcome? Children laugh at  
Your proclamations, and the wiser pity  
So great a potentate's abuse by one  
Who juggles merely with the fawns <sup>1</sup> and  
youth

Of an instructed compliment: such spoils,  
Such slaughters as the rapine of your sol-  
diers

Already have committed, is enough <sup>30</sup>  
To show your zeal in a conceited <sup>2</sup> justice.  
Yet, great king, wake not yet my master's  
vengeance

But shake that viper off which gnaws your  
entrails.

I and my fellow-subjects are resolved,  
If you persist, to stand your utmost fury,  
Till our last blood drop from us.

*War.* O, sir, lend  
No <sup>3</sup> ear to this traducer of my honor!  
What shall I call thee, thou grey-bearded  
scandal,  
That kick'st against the sovereignty to  
which

Thou ow'st allegiance?—Treason is bold-  
faced <sup>40</sup>

And eloquent in mischief: sacred king,  
Be deaf to his known malice.

*Dur.* Rather yield  
Unto those holy motions <sup>4</sup> which inspire  
The sacred heart of an anointed body.  
It is the surest policy in princes  
To govern well their own than <sup>5</sup> seek en-  
croachment  
Upon another's right.

*Craw.* The king is serious,  
Deep in his meditation[s].

*Dal.* Lift them up  
To heaven, his better genius!

*War.* Can you study  
While such a devil raves? O, sir!

*K. Ja.* Well, bishop, <sup>50</sup>  
You'll not be drawn to mercy?

*Dur.* Construe me  
In like case by a subject of your own:

<sup>1</sup> Fawnings.

<sup>2</sup> Imagined.

<sup>3</sup> Q. *me*.

<sup>4</sup> Feelings.

<sup>5</sup> Rather than.



My resolution's fixed: King James, be counselled,

A greater fate waits on thee.

*Exit* [Bishop of] DURHAM *cum suis*

*K. Ja.* Forage through  
The country; spare no prey of life or goods.

*War.* O, sir, then give me leave to yield  
to nature;

I am most miserable: had I been  
Born what this clergyman would by de-  
fame<sup>1</sup>

Baffle belief with, I had never sought  
The truth of mine inheritance with rapes<sup>2</sup>  
Of women or of infants murdered, virgins  
Deflowered, old men butchered, dwellings  
fired,

My land depopulated, and my people  
Afflicted with a kingdom's devastation:  
Show more remorse,<sup>3</sup> great king, or I shall  
never

Endure to see such havoc with dry eyes;  
Spare, spare, my dear, dear England!

*K. Ja.* You fool<sup>3</sup> your piety,  
Ridiculously careful of an interest  
Another man possesseth. Where's your fac-  
tion?

Shrewdly the bishop guessed of your adher-  
ents,<sup>70</sup>

When not a petty burgess of some town,  
No, not a villager hath yet appeared  
In your assistance: that should make ye  
whine,

And not your country's sufferance,<sup>4</sup> as you  
term it.

*Dal.* The king is angry.

*Craw.* And the passionate duke  
Effeminately dolent.

*War.* The experience  
In former trials, sir, both of mine own  
Or other princes cast out of their thrones,  
Have so acquainted me how misery  
Is destitute of friends or of relief,<sup>80</sup>  
That I can easily submit to taste  
Lowest reproof without contempt or words.

*K. Ja.* An humble-minded man!

*Enter FRION*

Now, what intelligence  
Speaks Master Secretary Frion?

*Fri.* Henry  
Of England hath in open field o'erthrown

<sup>1</sup> Defamation.  
<sup>2</sup> Pity.

<sup>3</sup> Make a fool of.  
<sup>4</sup> Suffering.

The armies who opposed him in the right  
Of this young prince.

*K. Ja.* His subsidies,<sup>1</sup> you mean:  
More, if you have it?

*Fri.* Howard, Earl of Surrey,  
Backed by twelve earls and barons of the  
north,

An hundred knights and gentlemen of name,  
And twenty thousand soldiers, is at hand<sup>91</sup>  
To raise your siege. Brooke, with a goodly  
navy,

Is admiral at sea; and Dawbeney follows  
With an unbroken army for a second.

*War.* 'Tis false! they come to side with us.

*K. Ja.* Retreat!  
We shall not find them stones and walls to  
cope with.

Yet, Duke of York, for such thou sayest  
thou art,

I'll try thy fortune to the height: to Surrey,  
By Marchmont, I will send a brave defiance  
For single combat; once a king will venter<sup>2</sup>  
His person to an earl, with condition<sup>3</sup><sup>101</sup>  
Of spilling lesser blood: Surrey is bold,  
And James resolved.

*War.* O, rather, gracious sir,  
Create me<sup>4</sup> to this glory, since my cause  
Doth interest<sup>5</sup> this fair quarrel; valued  
least,

I am his equal.

*K. Ja.* I will be the man.—  
March softly off: where victory can reap  
A harvest crowned with triumph, toil is  
cheap. *Exeunt omnes*

#### ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA

[*The English Camp near Ayton, on the  
Borders*]

*Enter* [Earl of] SURREY, [Bishop of] DUR-  
HAM, Soldiers, *with drums and colors*

*Sur.* Are all our braving enemies shrunk  
back

Hid in the fogs of their distempered<sup>6</sup> cli-  
mate,

Not daring to behold our colors wave  
In spite of this infected air? Can they

<sup>1</sup> Auxiliaries.

<sup>2</sup> Venture.

<sup>3</sup> Proposal.

<sup>4</sup> Give me the opportunity to achieve this glory.

<sup>5</sup> Give interest to.

<sup>6</sup> Intemperate.



Look on the strength of Cundrestine de-  
faced

The glory of Hedon-hall devastated, that  
Of Edington cast down, the pile of Fulden  
O'erthrown, and this the strongest of their  
forts,

Old Ayton castle, yielded and demolished,  
And yet not peep abroad? The Scots are  
bold,

Hardy in battle; but it seems the cause  
They undertake, considered, appears  
Unjointed in the frame on't.

*Dur.* Noble Surrey,  
Our royal master's wisdom is at all times  
His fortune's harbinger; for when he draws  
His sword to threaten war, his providence  
Settles on peace, the crowning of an empire.

[A] trumpet [within]

*Sur.* Rank all in order: 'tis a herald's  
sound;  
Some message from King James: keep a  
fixed station.

*Enter MARCHMOUNT and another Herald in  
their [herald's] coats*

*March.* From Scotland's awful majesty we  
come  
Unto the English general.

*Sur.* To me?  
Say on.

*March.* Thus, then; the waste and prod-  
igal  
Effusion of so much guiltless blood  
As in two potent armies of necessity  
Must glut the earth's dry womb, his sweet  
compassion

Hath studied to prevent; for which to thee,  
Great Earl of Surrey, in a single fight  
He offers his own royal person; fairly  
Proposing these conditions only, that  
If victory conclude our master's right,  
The earl<sup>1</sup> shall deliver for his ransom  
The town of Berwick to him, with the fish-  
garths;<sup>2</sup>

If Surrey shall prevail, the king will pay  
A thousand pounds down present for his  
freedom,  
And silence further arms: so speaks King  
James.

*Sur.* So speaks King James! so like a king  
a speaks.  
Heralds, the English general returns

<sup>1</sup> Dissyllabic.

<sup>2</sup> Weirs.

A sensible devotion<sup>1</sup> from his heart,  
His very soul, to this unfellowed<sup>2</sup> grace: 39  
For let the king know, gentle heralds, truly,  
How his descent from his great throne, to  
honor

A stranger subject with so high a title  
As his compeer in arms, hath conquered  
more

Than any sword could do; for which—my  
loyalty

Respected—I will serve his virtues ever  
In all humility: but Berwick, say,  
Is none of mine to part with; in affairs  
Of princes, subjects cannot traffic rights  
Inherent to the crown. My life is mine;  
That I dare freely hazard; and—with  
pardon

To some unbribed vainglory—if his majesty  
Shall taste a change of fate, his liberty  
Shall meet no articles. If I fall, falling  
So bravely, I refer me to his pleasure  
Without condition; and for this dear favor,  
Say, if not countermanded,<sup>3</sup> I will cease  
Hostility, unless provoked.

*March.* This answer  
We shall relate unpartially.

*Dur.* With favor,  
Pray have a little patience. [Aside to SUR-  
REY] Sir, you find

By these gay flourishes how wearied travail  
Inclines a willing rest; here's but a prologue,  
However confidently uttered, meant  
For some ensuing acts of peace: consider  
The time of year, unseasonableness of  
weather,

Charge, barrenness of profit; and occasion  
Presents itself for honorable treaty,  
Which we may make good use of. I will  
back,

As sent from you, in point of noble grati-  
tude

Unto King James, with these his heralds:  
you

Shall shortly hear from me, my lord, for  
order

Of breathing or proceeding; and King  
Henry,

Doubt not, will thank the service.

*Sur.* [aside to DURHAM] To your wisdom,  
Lord Bishop, I refer it.

*Dur.* [aside to SURREY] Be it so, then.

<sup>1</sup> A devotion which he feels.

<sup>2</sup> Unequalled.

<sup>3</sup> Commanded to the contrary.



*Sur.* Heralds, accept this chain and these few crowns.

*March.* Our duty, noble general.

*Dur.* In part  
Of retribution<sup>1</sup> for such princely love,  
My lord the general is pleased to show  
The king your master his sincerest zeal,  
By further treaty, by no common man:  
I will myself return with you.

*Sur.* Y' oblige<sup>so</sup>  
My faithfulest affections t'ye, Lord Bishop.

*March.* All happiness attend your lordship!

*Sur.* Come, friends  
And fellow-soldiers; we, I doubt, shall meet  
No enemies but woods and hills to fight  
with;

Then 'twere as good to feed and sleep at home:

We may be free from danger, not secure.

*Exeunt omnes*

## [SCENE II]

[*The Scottish Camp*]

*Enter [PERKIN] WARBECK and FRION*

*War.* Frion, O, Frion, all my hopes of glory

Are at a stand! the Scottish king grows dull,  
Frosty, and wayward, since this Spanish agent

Hath mixed discourses with him; they are private,

I am not called to council now. Confusion  
On all his crafty shrugs! I feel the fabric  
Of my designs are tottering.

*Fri.* Henry's policies  
Stir with too many engines.<sup>2</sup>

*War.* Let his mines,  
Shaped in the bowels of the earth, blow up  
Works raised for my defence, yet can they  
never<sup>10</sup>

Toss into air the freedom of my birth,  
Or disavow my blood Plantagenet's:

I am my father's son still. But, O, Frion,  
When I bring into count with my disasters  
My wife's companionship, my Kate's, my  
life's,

Then, then my frailty feels an earthquake.

Mischief

<sup>1</sup> Requit.

<sup>2</sup> Contrivances.

Damn Henry's plots! I will be England's king,

Or let my aunt of Burgundy report

My fall in the attempt deserved<sup>1</sup> our ancestors!

*Fri.* You grow too wild in passion: if you will<sup>20</sup>

Appear a prince indeed, confine your will  
To moderation.

*War.* What a saucy rudeness  
Prompts this distrust! If? If I will appear!  
Appear a prince! death throttle such deceits  
Even in their birth of utterance! cursèd  
cozenage

Of trust! Ye make me mad: 'twere best, it seems,

That I should turn impostor to myself,  
Be mine own counterfeit, belie the truth  
Of my dear mother's womb, the sacred bed  
Of a prince murdered and a living baffled.<sup>30</sup>

*Fri.* Nay, if you have no ears to hear, I have

No breath to spend in vain.

*War.* Sir, sir, take heed!  
Gold and the promise of promotion rarely  
Fail in temptation.

*Fri.* Why to me this?

*War.* Nothing.  
Speak what you will; we are not sunk so low

But your advice may piece again the heart  
Which many cares have broken: you were wont

In all extremities to talk of comfort;  
Have ye none left now? I'll not interrupt ye.

Good, bear with my distractions. If King James<sup>40</sup>

Deny us dwelling here, next whither must I?  
I prithee, be not angry.

*Fri.* Sir, I told ye  
Of letters come from Ireland; how the Cornish

Stomach their last defeat, and humbly sue  
That with such forces as you could partake<sup>2</sup>  
You would in person land in Cornwall,  
where

Thousands will entertain your title gladly.

*War.* Let me embrace thee, hug thee; th' hast revived

My comforts; if my cousin-king will fail,  
Our cause will never.

<sup>1</sup> Was worthy of.

<sup>2</sup> Cause to partake.



*Enter* MAYOR, HERON, ASTLEY and SKETON

Welcome, my tried friends! 60  
You keep your brains awake in our defence.  
Frien, advise with them of these affairs,  
In which be wondrous secret; I will listen  
What else concerns us here: be quick and  
wary. *Exit* WARBECK

*Ast.* Ah, sweet young prince! Secretary,  
my fellow-counsellors and I have consulted,  
and jump all in one opinion directly; an if  
these Scotch garboils<sup>1</sup> do not fadge<sup>2</sup> to our  
minds, we will pell-mell run amongst the  
Carnish choughs<sup>3</sup> presently and in a trice. 60

*Ske.* 'Tis but going to sea and leaping  
ashore, cut ten or twelve thousand unneces-  
sary throats, fire seven or eight towns, take  
half a dozen cities, get into the market-place,  
crown him Richard the Fourth, and the  
business is finished.

*Mayor.* I grant ye, quoth I, so far forth  
as men may do, no more than men may  
do; for it is good to consider when con-  
sideration may be to the purpose, other- 70  
wise—still you shall pardon me—little said  
is soon amended.

*Fri.* Then you conclude the Cornish  
action surest?

*Her.* We do so, and doubt not but to  
thrive abundantly. Ho, my masters, had  
we known of the commotion when we set  
sail out of Ireland, the land had been ours  
ere this time. 70

*Ske.* Pish, Pish! 'tis but forbearing being  
an earl or a duke a month or two longer.  
I say, and say it again, if the work go not  
on apace, let me never see new fashion  
more. I warrant ye, I warrant ye; we will  
have it so, and so it shall be.

*Ast.* This is but a cold phlegmatic  
country, not stirring enough for men of  
spirit. Give me the heart of England for  
my money!

*Ske.* A man may batten there in a week 80  
only, with hot loaves and butter, and a  
lusty cup of muscadine<sup>4</sup> and sugar at  
breakfast, though he make never a meal all  
the month after.

*Mayor.* Surely, when I bore office I found  
by experience that to be much troublesome  
was to be much wise and busy: I have ob-  
served how filching and bragging has been

the best service in these last wars; and  
therefore conclude peremptorily on the 100  
design in England. If things and things  
may fall out, as who can tell what or how  
—but the end will show it.

*Fri.* Resolved like men of judgment.

Here to linger

More time is but to lose it: cheer the prince  
And haste him on to this; on this depends  
Fame in success, or glory in our ends.

*Exeunt omnes*

### [SCENE III]

[*Another part of the same*]

*Enter* King JAMES, [*the Bishop of*] DURHAM  
and HIALAS on either side

*Hial.* France, Spain, and Germany com-  
bine a league  
Of amity with England: nothing wants  
For settling peace through Christendom, but  
love  
Between the British monarchs, James and  
Henry.

*Dur.* The English merchants, sir, have  
been received  
With general procession into Antwerp;  
The emperor confirms the combination.

*Hial.* The King of Spain resolves a  
marriage  
For Katherine his daughter with Prince  
Arthur.

*Dur.* France courts this holy contract.

*Hial.* What can hinder 10  
A quietness in England.—

*Dur.* But your suffrage  
To such a silly creature, mighty sir,  
As is but in effect an apparition,  
A shadow, a mere trifle?

*Hial.* To this union  
The good of both the church and common-  
wealth

Invite ye—

*Dur.* To this unity, a mystery  
Of providence points out a greater blessing  
For both these nations than our human  
reason

Can search into. King Henry hath a  
daughter,  
The Princess Margaret; I need not urge 20  
What honor, what felicity can follow  
On such affinity 'twixt two Christian kings

<sup>1</sup> Tumults.

<sup>2</sup> Turn out.

<sup>3</sup> Crows.

<sup>4</sup> A sweet wine.



Inleagued<sup>1</sup> by ties of blood; but sure I am,  
If you, sir, ratify the peace proposed,  
I dare both motion and effect this marriage  
For weal of both the kingdoms.

*K. Ja.* Dar'st thou, lord bishop?

*Dur.* Put it to trial, royal James, by sending

Some noble personage to the English court  
By way of embassy.

*Hial.* Part of the business  
Shall suit my mediation.

*K. Ja.* Well; what heaven<sup>30</sup>  
Hath pointed out to be, must be: you two  
Are ministers, I hope, of blessed fate.  
But herein only I will stand acquitted  
No blood of innocents shall buy my peace:  
For Warbeck, as you nick<sup>2</sup> him, came to  
me,

Commended by the states of Christendom,  
A prince, though in distress; his fair demeanor,

Lovely behavior, unappallèd spirit,  
Spoke him not base in blood, however  
clouded.

The brute beasts have both rocks and caves  
to fly to, <sup>40</sup>

And men the altars of the church; to us  
He came for refuge: kings come near in  
nature

Unto the gods in being touched with pity.  
Yet, noble friends, his mixture with our  
blood,

Even with our own, shall no way interrupt  
A general peace; only I will dismiss him  
From my protection, throughout my  
dominions,

In safety; but not ever to return.

*Hial.* You are a just king

*Dur.* Wise, and herein happy.

*K. Ja.* Nor will we dally in affairs of  
weight: <sup>50</sup>

Huntley, lord bishop, shall with you to  
England

Ambassador from us; we will throw down  
Our weapons; peace on all sides. Now repair

Unto our council; we will soon be with you.

*Hial.* Delay shall question no dispatch;  
heaven crown it.

*Exeunt* [Bishop of]  
DURHAM and HIALAS

*K. Ja.* A league with Ferdinand! a marriage

<sup>1</sup> United.

<sup>2</sup> Nick-name.

With English Margaret! a free release  
From restitution for the late affronts!  
Cessation from hostility! and all  
For Warbeck, not delivered, but dismissed. <sup>60</sup>  
We could not wish it better.—Daliell.

*Enter* Lord DALIELL

*Dal.* Here, sir.

*K. Ja.* Are Huntley and his daughter sent  
for?

*Dal.* Sent for  
And come, my lord.

*K. Ja.* Say to the English prince,  
We want his company.

*Dal.* He is at hand, sir.

*Enter* WARBECK, [Lady] KATHERINE, JANE,  
FRION, HERON, SKETON, MAYOR and  
ASTLEY

*K. Ja.* Cousin, our bounty, favors, gentleness,

Our benefits, the hazard of our person,  
Our people's lives, our land, hath evidenced  
How much we have engaged on your behalf:

How trivial and how dangerous our hopes  
Appear, how fruitless our attempts in war, <sup>70</sup>  
How windy, rather smoky, your assurance  
Of party<sup>1</sup> shows, we might in vain repeat:  
But now obedience to the mother church,  
A father's care upon his country's weal,  
The dignity of state, directs our wisdom  
To seal an oath of peace through Christendom;

To which we are sworn already: 'tis you  
Must only seek new fortunes in the world,  
And find an harbor elsewhere. As I  
promised

On your arrival, you have met no usage <sup>80</sup>  
Deserves repentance in your being here;  
But yet I must live master of mine own:  
However, what is necessary for you  
At your departure, I am well content  
You be accommodated with, provided  
Delay prove not my enemy.

*War.* It shall not,  
Most glorious prince. The fame of my designs

Soars higher than report of ease and sloth  
Can aim at: I acknowledge all your favors  
Boundless and singular; am only wretched <sup>90</sup>  
In words as well as means to thank the grace

<sup>1</sup> Support.



That flowed so liberally. Two empires  
firmly  
You're lord of,—Scotland and Duke  
Richard's heart:

My claim to mine inheritance shall sooner  
Fail than my life to serve you, best of  
kings;

And, witness Edward's blood in me! I am  
More loath to part with such a great ex-  
ample

Of virtue than all other mere respects.  
But, sir, my last suit is, you will not force  
From me what you have given,—this chaste  
lady,

Resolved on all extremes.<sup>1</sup>

*Kath.* I am your wife;  
No human power can or shall divorce  
My faith from duty.

*War.* Such another treasure  
The earth is bankerout of.

*K. Ja.* I gave her, cousin,  
And must avow the gift; will add withal  
A furniture<sup>2</sup> becoming her high birth  
And unsuspected<sup>3</sup> constancy; provide  
For your attendance: we will part good  
friends.

*Exit KING and [Lord] DALIELL*

*War.* The Tudor hath been cunning in  
his plots:

His Fox of Durham would not fail at last.<sup>110</sup>  
But what! our cause and courage are our  
own:

Be men, my friends, and let our cousin-king  
See how we follow fate as willingly  
As malice follows us. Ye are all resolved  
For the west parts of England?

*Omnes.* Cornwall, Cornwall!

*Fri.* The inhabitants expect you daily.

*War.* Cheerfully  
Draw all our ships out of the harbor,  
friends;

Our time of stay doth seem too long, we  
must

Prevent<sup>4</sup> intelligence; about it suddenly.

*Omnes.* A prince, a prince, a prince!<sup>120</sup>

*Excunt Counsellors*

*War.* Dearest, admit not into thy pure  
thoughts

The least of scruples, which may charge  
their softness

With burden of distrust. Should I prove  
wanting

To noblest courage now, here were the trial:  
But I am perfect, sweet; I fear no change,  
More than thy being partner in my suffer-  
ance.<sup>1</sup>

*Kath.* My fortunes, sir, have armed me to  
encounter

What chance soe'er they meet with.—Jane,  
'tis fit

Thou stay behind, for whither wilt thou  
wander?

*Jane.* Never till death will I forsake my  
mistress,

Nor then in wishing to die with ye gladly.<sup>130</sup>

*Kath.* Alas, good soul!

*Fri.* Sir, to your aunt of Burgundy  
I will relate your present undertakings:  
From her expect on all occasions welcome.  
You cannot find me idle in your services.

*War.* Go, Frion, go: wise men know how  
to soothe

Adversity, not serve it: thou hast waited  
Too long on expectation; never yet  
Was any nation read of so besotted  
In reason as to adore the setting sun.<sup>140</sup>  
Fly to the archduke's court; say to the  
duchess,

Her nephew, with fair Katherine his wife,  
Are on their expectation to begin  
The raising of an empire: if they fail,  
Yet the report will never. Farewell, Frion.

*Exit FRION*

This man, Kate, has been true, though now  
of late

I fear too much familiar with the Fox.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter HUNTLEY and DALIELL*

*Hunt.* I come to take my leave: you need  
not doubt

My interest in this sometime child of mine;  
She's all yours now, good sir. O, poor lost  
creature,

Heaven guard thee with much patience! if  
thou canst<sup>150</sup>

Forget thy title to old Huntley's family,  
As much of peace will settle in thy mind  
As thou canst wish to taste but in thy grave.  
Accept my tears yet, prithee; they are  
tokens

Of charity as true as of affection.

*Kath.* This is the cruelest farewell!

*Hunt.* Love, young gentleman,

<sup>1</sup> Suffering.

<sup>2</sup> Bishop of Durham.

<sup>1</sup> Determined to endure all extremities.

<sup>2</sup> Portion.

<sup>3</sup> Unquestioned.

<sup>4</sup> Anticipate.



This model of my griefs; she calls you  
husband;

Then be not jealous of a parting kiss,  
It is a father's, not a lover's offering; 160  
Take it, my last. [*Kisses her*].—I am too  
much a child.

Exchange of passion is to little use,  
So<sup>1</sup> I should grow too foolish: goodness  
guide thee! *Exit HUNT[LEY]*

*Kath.* Most miserable daughter!—Have  
you aught

To add, sir, to our sorrows?

*Dal.* I resolve,  
Fair lady, with your leave, to wait on all  
Your fortunes in my person, if your lord  
Vouchsafe me entertainment.

*War.* We will be bosom-friends, most  
noble Daliell;

For I accept this tender of your love 170  
Beyond ability of thanks to speak it.  
Clear thy drowned eyes, my fairest: time  
and industry

Will show us better days, or end the worst.  
*Exeunt omnes*

#### [SCENE IV]

[*The Palace at Westminster*]

*Enter OXFORD and DAWBENEY*

*Oxf.* No news from Scotland yet, my  
lord?

*Daw.* Not any  
But what King Henry knows himself: I  
thought

Our armies should have marched that way;  
his mind,

It seems, is altered.

*Oxf.* Victory attends  
His standard everywhere.

*Daw.* Wise princes, Oxford,  
Fight not alone with forces. Providence<sup>2</sup>  
Directs and tutors strength; else elephants  
And barbèd<sup>3</sup> horses might as well prevail  
As the most subtle stratagems of war.

*Oxf.* The Scottish king showed more than  
common bravery 10

In proffer of a combat hand to hand  
With Surrey.

*Daw.* And but showed it: northern bloods  
Are gallant being fired; but the cold climate,  
Without good store of fuel, quickly freezeth  
The glowing flames.

*Oxf.* Surrey, upon my life,  
Would not have shrunk an hair's-breadth.

*Daw.* May a forfeit  
The honor of an English name and nature,  
Who would not have embraced it with a  
greediness

As violent as hunger runs to food!  
'Twas an addition<sup>1</sup> any worthy spirit 20  
Would covet, next to immortality,  
Above all joys of life: we all missed shares  
In that great opportunity.

*Enter King HENRY, and URSWICK whispering*

*Oxf.* The king.

See, a comes smiling.

*Daw.* O, the game runs smooth  
On his side, then, believe it: cards well  
shuffled

And dealt with cunning bring some gamester  
thrift,

But others must rise losers.

*King.* The train<sup>2</sup> takes?

*Urs.* Most prosperously.

*King.* I knew it should not miss.  
He fondly<sup>3</sup> angles who will hurl his bait  
Into the water 'cause the fish at first 30  
Plays round about the line and dares not  
bite.

Lords, we may reign your king yet: Daw-  
beney, Oxford,

Urswick, must Perkin wear the crown?

*Daw.* A slave!

*Oxf.* A vagabond!

*Urs.* A glow-worm!

*King.* Now, if Frion,  
His practised politician, wear a brain  
Of proof, King Perkin will in progress ride  
Through all his large dominions; let us  
meet him,

And tender homage: ha, sirs! liegemen  
ought

To pay their fealty.

*Daw.* Would the rascal were,  
With all his rabble, within twenty miles 40  
Of London.

*King.* Farther off is near enough  
To lodge<sup>4</sup> him in his home: I'll wager odds,  
Surrey and all his men are either idle  
Or hasting back; they have not work, I  
doubt,

To keep them busy.

<sup>1</sup> Distinction.  
<sup>2</sup> Device.

<sup>3</sup> Foolishly.  
<sup>4</sup> Trap.

<sup>1</sup> Thus.

<sup>2</sup> Foresight.

<sup>3</sup> Armed.



*Daw.* 'Tis a strange conceit, sir.

*King.* Such voluntary favors as our people  
In duty aid us with, we never scattered  
On cobweb parasites, or lavished out  
In riot or a needless hospitality:  
No undeserving favorite doth boast  
His issues<sup>1</sup> from our treasury; our charge  
Flows through all Europe, proving us but  
steward

Of every contribution which provides  
Against the creeping canker of disturbance.  
Is it not rare,<sup>2</sup> then, in this toil of state  
Wherein we are embarked, with breach of  
sleep,

Cares, and the noise of trouble, that our  
mercy

Returns nor thanks nor comfort? Still the  
west

Murmur and threaten innovation,<sup>3</sup>  
Whisper our government tyrannical,

Deny us what is ours, nay, spurn their lives,  
Of which they are but owners by our gift:  
It must not be.

*Oxf.* It must not, should not.

*Enter a Post*<sup>4</sup>

*King.* So then—  
To whom?

*Mess.* This packet to your sacred majesty.

*King.* Sirrah, attend without.

[*Exit Post*]

*Oxf.* News from the north, upon my life.

*Daw.* Wise Henry

Divines aforehand of events; with him  
Attempts and execution are one act.

*King.* Urswick, thine ear: Frion is caught,  
the man

Of cunning is outreached; we must be safe.  
Should reverend Morton, our archbishop,  
move

To a translation higher yet,<sup>5</sup> I tell thee  
My Durham owns a brain deserves that  
see;<sup>6</sup>

He is nimble in his industry: and mount-  
ing:<sup>7</sup>

Thou hear'st me?

*Urs.* And conceive your highness fitly.

*King.* Dawbeney and Oxford, since our  
army stands

Entire, it were a weakness to admit  
The rust of laziness to eat amongst them:

<sup>1</sup> Money issued, for spies.

<sup>2</sup> Strange.

<sup>3</sup> Revolution.

<sup>4</sup> Messenger.

<sup>5</sup> *I.e.*, die.

<sup>6</sup> Of Canterbury.

<sup>7</sup> Ambitious.

Set forward toward Salisbury; the plains  
Are most commodious for their exercise. <sup>80</sup>  
Ourselves will take a muster of them there;  
And or disband them with reward, or else  
Dispose as best concern us.

*Daw.* Salisbury?

Sir, all is peace at Salisbury.

*King.* Dear friend,  
The charge must be our own; we would a  
little

Partake the pleasure with our subjects'  
ease.—

Shall I entreat your loves?

*Oxf.* Command our lives.

*King.* Y'are men know how to do, not to  
forethink.

My bishop is a jewel tried and perfect;  
A jewel, lords. The post who brought these  
letters <sup>80</sup>

Must speed another to the Mayor of  
Exeter;

Urswick, dismiss him not.

*Urs.* He waits your pleasure.

*King.* Perkin a king? a king!

*Urs.* My gracious lord.

*King.* Thoughts busied in the sphere of  
royalty

Fix not on creeping worms, without their  
stings

Mere excrements of earth. The use of time  
Is thriving safety, and a wise prevention  
Of ills expected. W'are resolved for Salis-  
bury. *Excunt omnes*

## [SCENE V]

[*The coast of Cornwall*]

*A general shout within. Enter WARBECK,  
DALIELL, [Lady] KATHERINE, and JANE*

*War.* After so many storms as wind and  
seas  
Have threatened to our weather-beaten  
ships,

At last, sweet fairest, we are safe arrived  
On our dear mother earth, ingrateful only  
To heaven and us in yielding sustenance  
To sly usurpers of our throne and right.  
These general acclamations are an omen  
Of happy process<sup>1</sup> to their welcome lord:  
They flock in troops, and from all parts with  
wings

<sup>1</sup> Progress.



Of duty fly to lay their hearts before us. 10  
Unequalled pattern of a matchless wife,  
How fares my dearest yet?

*Kath.* Confirmed in health,  
By which I may the better undergo  
The roughest face of change; but I shall  
learn  
Patience to hope, since silence courts affliction

For comforts, to this truly noble gentleman,  
Rare unexampled pattern of a friend,  
And my beloved Jane, the willing follower  
Of all misfortunes.

*Dal.* Lady, I return  
But barren crops of early protestations, 20  
Frost-bitten in the spring of fruitless hopes.

*Jane.* I wait but as the shadow to the  
body;

For madam, without you, let me be nothing.

*War.* None talk of sadness; we are on the  
way

Which leads to victory: keep cowards'  
thoughts

With desperate sullenness. The lion faints  
not

Locked in a grate, but loose disdains all  
force

Which bars his prey,—and we are lion-  
hearted,—

Or else no king of beasts. *Another shout*  
[within] Hark, how they shout,

Triumphant in our cause! Bold confidence  
Marches on bravely, cannot quake at  
danger. 31

*Enter SKETON*

*Ske.* Save King Richard the Fourth! save  
thee, king of hearts! The Cornish blades  
are men of mettle; have proclaimed, through  
Bodmin and the whole county, my sweet  
prince monarch of England; four thousand  
tall yeomen, with bow and sword, already  
vow to live and die at the foot of King  
Richard. 39

*Enter ASTLEY*

*Ast.* The mayor, our fellow-counsellor, is  
servant for an emperor. Exeter is ap-  
pointed for the rendezvous, and nothing  
wants to victory but courage and resolu-  
tion. *Sigillatum et datum decimo Septem-*  
*bris, anno regni regis primo, et caetera;*  
*confirmatum est.* All's cock-sure.

*War.* To Exeter! to Exeter, march on!

Commend us to our people: we in person  
Will lend them double spirits; tell them so.

*Ske. and Ast.* King Richard! King  
Richard! 50

*War.* A thousand blessings guard our law-  
ful arms!

A thousand horrors pierce our enemies'  
souls!

Pale fear unedge their weapons' sharpest  
points.

And when they draw their arrows to the  
head,

Numbness shall strike their sinews. Such  
advantage

Hath majesty in its pursuit of justice,  
That on the proppers-up of Truth's old  
throne

It both enlightens counsel and gives heart  
To execution; whiles the throats of traitors

Lie bare before our mercy. O, divinity 60  
Of royal birth! how it strikes dumb the  
tongues

Whose prodigality of breath is bribed  
By trains to greatness. Princes are but  
men

Distinguished in the fineness of their frailty,  
Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind;

For there's a fire more sacred purifies  
The dross of mixture. Herein stand the

odds,  
Subjects are men on earth, kings men and  
gods. *Exeunt omnes*

## ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA PRIMA

[*St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall*]

*Enter* [Lady] KATHERINE and JANE in  
riding-suits, with one Servant

*Kath.* It is decreed; and we must yield  
to fate,

Whose angry justice, though it threaten ruin,  
Contempt, and poverty, is all but trial  
Of a weak woman's constancy in suffering.

Here, in a stranger's and an enemy's land,  
Forsaken and unfurnished<sup>1</sup> of all hopes

But such as wait on misery, I range,  
To meet affliction wheresoe'er I tread.

My train and pomp of servants is reduced  
To one kind gentlewoman and this groom. 10  
Sweet Jane, now whither must we?

<sup>1</sup> Bereft.



*Jane.* To your ships,  
Dear lady, and turn home.

*Kath.* Home! I have none.  
Fly thou to Scotland; thou hast friends will weep

For joy to bid thee welcome; but, O, Jane,  
My Jane! my friends are desperate of comfort,

As I must be of them: the common charity,  
Good people's alms and prayers of the gentle,

Is the revenue must support my state.  
As for my native country, since it once  
Saw me a princess in the height of greatness

My birth allowed me, here I make a vow  
Scotland shall never see me being fallen  
Or lessened in my fortunes. Never, Jane,  
Never to Scotland more will I return.

Could I be England's queen,—a glory, Jane,  
I never fawned on<sup>1</sup>—yet the king who gave me

Hath sent me with my husband from his presence,

Delivered us suspected to his<sup>2</sup> nation,  
Rendered us spectacles to time and pity;  
And is it fit I should return to such,

As only listen after our descent  
From happiness enjoyed to misery  
Expected, though uncertain? Never, never.  
Alas, why dost thou weep? and that poor creature

Wipe his wet cheeks too? let me feel alone  
Extremities, who know to give them harbor;  
Nor thou nor he has cause: you may live safely.

*Jane.* There is no safety whiles your dangers, madam,  
Are every way apparent.

*Serv.* Pardon, lady,  
I cannot choose but show my honest heart;—

You were ever my good lady.

*Kath.* O, dear souls,  
Your shares in grief are too too much!

*Enter DALIELL*

*Dal.* I bring,  
Fair princess, news of further sadness yet  
Than your sweet youth hath been acquainted with.

*Kath.* Not more, my lord, than I can welcome: speak it;

<sup>1</sup> Flattered for.

<sup>2</sup> Perkin's.

The worst, the worst I look for.

*Dal.* All the Cornish  
At Exeter were by the citizens  
Repulsed, encountered by the Earl of Devonshire

And other worthy gentlemen of the country.  
Your husband marched to Taunton, and was there

Affronted<sup>1</sup> by King Henry's chamberlain;  
The king himself in person with his army  
Advancing nearer to renew the fight

On all occasions: but the night before  
The battles<sup>2</sup> were to join, your husband privately,

Accompanied with some few horse, departed

From out the camp, and posted none knows whither.

*Kath.* Fled without battle given?

*Dal.* Fled, but followed  
By Dawbeney; all his parties<sup>3</sup> left to taste  
King Henry's mercy,—for to that they yielded,—

Victorious without bloodshed.

*Kath.* O, my sorrows!  
If both our lives had proved the sacrifice  
To Henry's tyranny, we had fallen like princes,

And robbed him of the glory of his pride.

*Dal.* Impute it not to faintness or to weakness

Of noble courage, lady, but to foresight;  
For by some secret friend he had intelligence

Of being bought and sold by his base followers.

Worse yet remains untold.

*Kath.* No, no, it cannot.

*Dal.* I fear y'are betrayed: the Earl of Oxford

Runs hot in your pursuit.

*Kath.* A shall not need;  
We'll run as hot in resolution gladly

To make the earl our jailor.

*Jane.* Madam, madam,  
They come, they come!

*Enter Earl of OXFORD with Followers*

*Dal.* Keep back! or he who dares  
Rudely to violate the law of honor  
Runs on my sword.

<sup>1</sup> Confronted.

<sup>2</sup> Those in battle array.

<sup>3</sup> Partisans.



*Kath.* Most noble sir, forbear.  
What reason draws you hither, gentlemen?  
Whom seek ye?

*Oxf.* All stand off!—With favor, lady,  
From Henry, England's king, I would  
present

Unto the beauteous princess Katherine  
Gordon,  
The tender of a gracious entertainment.

*Kath.* We are that princess, whom your  
master-king

Pursues with reaching arms to draw into  
His power: let him use his tyranny,  
We shall not be his subjects.

*Oxf.* My commission  
Extends no further, excellentest lady,  
Than to a service; 'tis King Henry's  
pleasure

That you, and all that have relation t' ye,  
Be guarded as becomes your birth and great-  
ness;

For, rest assured, sweet princess, that not  
aught

Of what you do call yours shall find dis-  
turbance,

Or any welcome other than what suits  
Your high condition.

*Kath.* By what title, sir,  
May I acknowledge you?

*Oxf.* Your servant, lady,  
Descended from the line of Oxford's earls,  
Inherits what his ancestors before him  
Were owners of.

*Kath.* Your king is herein royal,  
That by a peer so ancient in desert  
As well as blood commands us to his  
presence.

*Oxf.* Invites ye, princess, not commands.

*Kath.* Pray use<sup>100</sup>  
Your own phrase as you list: to your pro-  
tection

Both I and mine submit.

*Oxf.* There's in your number  
A nobleman whom fame hath bravely  
spoken.

To him the king my master bade me say  
How willingly he courts his friendship; far  
From an enforcement, more than what in  
terms

Of courtesy so great a prince may hope for.

*Dal.* My name is Daliell.

*Oxf.* 'Tis a name hath won  
Both thanks and wonder from report, my  
lord:

The court of England emulates your merit,  
And covets to embrace ye.

*Dal.* I must wait on<sup>111</sup>  
The princess in her fortunes.

*Oxf.* Will you please,  
Great lady, to set forward?

*Kath.* Being driven  
By fate, it were in vain to strive with  
heaven. *Exeunt omnes*

## [SCENE II]

[Salisbury]

*Enter* King HENRY, SURREY, URSWICK, and  
a guard of Soldiers

*King.* The counterfeit, King Perkin, is  
escaped:—

Escape, so let him; he is hedged too fast  
Within the circuit of our English pale  
To steal out of our ports, or leap the walls  
Which guard our land; the seas are rough  
and wider

Than his weak arms can tug with. Surrey,  
henceforth

Your king may reign in quiet; turmoils past,  
Like some unquiet dream, have rather  
busied

Our fancy than affrighted rest of state.

But, Surrey, why, in articling a peace<sup>10</sup>  
With James of Scotland, was not restitution  
Of losses which our subjects did sustain  
By the Scotch inroads questioned?

*Sur.* Both demanded  
And urged, my lord; to which the king  
replied,

In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,  
How that our master Henry was much abler  
To bear the detriments than he repay them.

*King.* The young man, I believe, spake  
honest truth;

A studies to be wise betimes. Has, Urswick,  
Sir Rice ap Thomas, and Lord Brooke our  
steward,<sup>20</sup>

Returned the Western gentlemen full thanks  
From us for their tried loyalties?

*Urs.* They have;  
Which, as if health and life had reigned  
amongst 'em,

With open hearts they joyfully received.

*King.* Young Buckingham is a fair-  
natured prince,

Lovely in hopes, and worthy of his father;  
Attended by an hundred knights and squires



Of special name he tendered humble service,  
Which we must ne'er forget: and Devon-  
shire's wounds,  
Though slight, shall find sound cure in our  
respect. 30

*Enter DAWBENEY with [a Guard, leading in]  
WARBECK, HERON, JOHN A WATER, ASTLEY,  
[and] SKETON*

*Daw.* Life to the king, and safety fix his  
throne!

I here present you, royal sir, a shadow  
Of majesty, but in effect a substance  
Of pity; a young man, in nothing grown  
To ripeness but th' ambition of your mercy,  
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder.

*King.* Dawbeney,  
We observe no wonder: I behold, 'tis true,  
An ornament of nature, fine and polished,  
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire<sup>1</sup>  
him.

How came he to thy hands?

*Daw.* From sanctuary 40  
At Bewley, near Southampton; registered,  
With these few followers, for persons  
privileged.

*King.* I must not thank you, sir; you were  
to blame

To infringe the liberty of houses sacred:  
Dare we be irreligious?

*Daw.* Gracious Lord,  
They voluntarily resigned themselves  
Without compulsion

*King.* So? 'twas very well;  
'Twas very, very well.—Turn now thine  
eyes,

Young man, upon thyself and thy past  
actions;

What revels in combustion through our  
kingdom 50

A frenzy of aspiring youth had danced,  
Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have  
slipt

To break thy neck.

*War.* But not my heart; my heart  
Will mount till every drop of blood be  
frozen

By death's perpetual winter: if the sun  
Of majesty be darkened, let the sun  
Of life be hid from me in an eclipse  
Lasting and universal. Sir, remember

<sup>1</sup> Wonder at.

There was a shooting-in of light when Rich-  
mond, 60

Not aiming at a crown, retired, and gladly,  
For comfort to the Duke of Bretaine's court.  
Richard, who swayed the scepter, was re-  
puted

A tyrant then; yet then a dawning glim-  
mered

To some few wandering remnants, promising  
day

When first they ventured on a frightful  
shore

At Milford Haven;—

*Daw.* Whither speeds his boldness?  
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

*King.* O, let him range:  
The player's on the stage still, 'tis his part;  
A does but act.—What followed?

*War.* Bosworth Field;  
Where, at an instant, to the world's amaze-  
ment, 70

A morn to Richmond, and a night to  
Richard,

Appeared at once: the tale is soon applied;  
Fate, which crowned these attempts when  
least assured,

Might have befriended others like resolved.

*King.* A pretty gallant! Thus your aunt  
of Burgundy,

Your duchess-aunt, informed her nephew;  
so,

The lesson prompted and well conned, was  
moulded

Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,  
Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for  
truth.

*War.* Truth, in her pure simplicity, wants  
art 80

To put a feigned blush on: scorn wears  
only

Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes  
Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath

The sphere of majesty: in such a court  
Wisdom and gravity are proper robes,

By which the sovereign is best distinguished  
From zanies<sup>1</sup> to his greatness.

*King.* Sirrah, shift  
Your antic<sup>2</sup> pageantry, and now appear  
In your own nature, or you'll taste the  
danger

Of fooling out of season.

*War.* I expect 90

<sup>1</sup> Mimics.

<sup>2</sup> Masquerading.



No less than what severity calls justice,  
 And politicians safety; let such beg  
 As feed on alms: but if there can be mercy  
 In a protested enemy, then may it  
 Descend to these poor creatures, whose en-  
 gagements,  
 To th' bettering of their fortunes, have  
 incurred  
 A loss of all; to them if any charity  
 Flow from some noble orator, in death  
 I owe the fee of thankfulness.

*King.* So brave!  
 What a bold knave is this—Which of these  
 rebels 100  
 Has been the Mayor of Cork!

*Daw.* This wise formality.  
 Kneel to the king, ye rascals!

*King.* Canst thou hope  
 A pardon where thy guilt is so apparent?

*Mayor.* Under your good favors, as men  
 are men, they may err; for I confess, re-  
 spectively, in taking great parts, the one  
 side prevailing, the other side must go  
 down: herein the point is clear, if the  
 proverb hold, that hanging goes by destiny,  
 that it is to little purpose to say, this 110  
 thing or that shall be thus or thus; for, as  
 the Fates will have it, so it must be; and  
 who can help it?

*Daw.* O, blockhead! thou a privy-coun-  
 sellor?  
 Beg life, and cry aloud, 'Heaven save King  
 Henry!'

*Mayor.* Every man knows what is best,  
 as it happens; for my own part, I believe it  
 is true, if I be not deceived, that kings must  
 be kings and subjects subjects; but which  
 is which, you shall pardon me for that; 120  
 whether we speak or hold our peace, all are  
 mortal; no man knows his end.

*King.* We trifle time with follies.  
*Omnes.* Mercy, mercy!

*King.* Urswick, command the dukeling  
 and these fellows  
 To Digby, the lieutenant of the Tower;  
 With safety let them be conveyed to  
 London.

It is our pleasure no uncivil outrage,  
 Taunts or abuse be suffered to their persons;  
 They shall meet fairer law than they de-  
 serve.

Time may restore their wits, whom vain  
 ambition 130

Hath many years distracted.

*War.* Noble thoughts  
 Meet freedom in captivity: the Tower,  
 Our childhood's dreadful nursery!

*King.* No more.  
*Urs.* Come, come, you shall have leisure  
 to bethink ye.

Exit URSWICK with PERKIN  
 and his [Followers]

*King.* Was ever so much impudence in  
 forgery?

The custom, sure, of being styled a king  
 Hath fastened in his thought that he is  
 such;

But we shall teach the lad another language:  
 'Tis good we have him fast.

*Daw.* The hangman's physic  
 Will purge this saucy humor.

*King.* Very likely; 140  
 Yet we could temper mercy with extremity,  
 Being not too far provoked.

Enter OXFORD, [Lady] KATHERINE in her  
 richest attire, [Lord DALIELL,] JANE,  
 and Attendants

*Oxf.* Great sir, be pleased,  
 With your accustomed grace to entertain  
 The Princess Katherine Gordon.

*King.* Oxford, herein  
 We must beshrew thy knowledge of our  
 nature.

A lady of her birth and virtues could not  
 Have found us so unfurnished of good man-  
 ners

As not, on notice given, to have met her  
 Half way in point of love. Excuse, fair  
 cousin,

The oversight: O, fie! you may not kneel;  
 'Tis most unfitting: first, vouchsafe this wel-  
 come, 151

A welcome to your own; for you shall find  
 us

But guardian to your fortune and your  
 honors.

*Kath.* My fortunes and mine honors are  
 weak champions,

As both are now befriended, sir: however,  
 Both bow before your clemency.

*King.* Our arms  
 Shall circle them from malice.—A sweet  
 lady!

Beauty incomparable!—here lives majesty  
 At league with love.

*Kath.* O, sir, I have a husband.



*King.* We'll prove your father, husband,  
friend and servant.

Prove what you wish to grant us.—Lords,  
be careful

A patent presently be drawn for issuing  
A thousand pounds from our exchequer  
yearly

During our cousin's life.—Our queen shall  
be

Your chief companion, our own court your  
home,

Our subjects all your servants.

*Kath.* But my husband?

*King.* By all descriptions, you are noble  
Daliell,

Whose generous truth hath famed a rare  
observance.

We thank ye; 'tis a goodness gives addition  
To every title boasted from your ancestry,  
In all most worthy.

*Dal.* Worthier than your praises, <sup>171</sup>  
Right princely sir, I need not glory in.

*King.* Embrace him, lords.—Whoever  
calls you mistress

Is lifted in our charge.—A goodlier beauty  
Mine eyes yet ne'er encountered.

*Kath.* Cruel misery  
Of fate! what rests to hope for?

*King.* Forward, lords,  
To London.—Fair, ere long I shall present  
ye

With a glad object, peace, and Huntley's  
blessing.

*Exeunt omnes*

### [SCENE III]

[*London: The Tower Hill*]

*Enter Constable and Officers, WARBECK,  
URSWICK, and LAMBERT SIMNEL like a  
Falconer, [followed by the rabble], a  
pair of stocks*

*Const.* Make room there! keep off, I re-  
quire ye; and none come within twelve foot  
of his majesty's new stocks, upon pain of  
displeasure.—Bring forward the malefactors.  
—Friend, you must to this gear,<sup>1</sup> no remedy.  
—Open the hole, and in with his legs, just  
in the middle hole; there, that hole. [*WAR-  
BECK is put in the stocks*].—Keep off, or I'll  
commit you all; shall not a man in  
authority be obeyed!—So, so, there; 'tis <sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Business.

as it should be: put on the padlock, and  
give me the key.—Off, I say, keep off!

*Urs.* Yet, Warbeck, clear thy conscience;  
thou hast tasted

King Henry's mercy liberally; the law  
Has forfeited thy life; an equal<sup>1</sup> jury  
Have doomed thee to the gallows; twice  
most wickedly,

Most desperately, hast thou escaped the  
Tower,

Inveigling to thy party with thy witchcraft  
Young Edward Earl of Warwick, son to  
Clarence,

Whose head must pay the price of that at-  
tempt;

Poor gentleman, unhappy in his fate,  
And ruined by thy cunning! so a mongrel  
May pluck the true stag down. Yet, yet,  
confess

Thy parentage; for yet the king has mercy.

*Sim.*<sup>2</sup> You would be Dick the Fourth;  
very likely!

Your pedigree is published; you are known  
For Osbeck's son of Tournay, a loose runa-  
gate,

A landloper;<sup>3</sup> your father was a Jew,  
Turned Christian merely to repair his  
miseries:

Where's now your kingship?

*War.* Baited to my death? <sup>20</sup>  
Intolerable cruelty! I laugh at  
The Duke of Richmond's practice on my  
fortunes:

Possession of a crown ne'er wanted heralds.

*Sim.* You will not know who I am?

*Urs.* Lambert Simnel,

Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar;  
But, on submission, not alone received  
To grace, but by the king vouchsafed his  
service.

*Sim.* I would be Earl of Warwick, toiled  
and ruffled

Against my master, leaped to catch the  
moon,

Vaunted my name Plantagenet, as you do;  
An earl, forsooth! whenas in truth I was, <sup>4</sup>  
As you are, a mere rascal: yet his majesty,  
A prince composed of sweetness,—heaven  
protect him!—

Forgave me all my villainies, reprieved  
The sentence of a shameful end, admitted <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Impartial.

<sup>2</sup> Q. here and elsewhere, *Lambert*.

<sup>3</sup> Vagrant.

<sup>4</sup> Accepted.



My surety of obedience to his service,  
And I am now his falconer; live plenteously,  
Eat from the king's purse, and enjoy the  
sweetness

Of liberty and favor; sleep securely:  
And is not this, now, better than to buffet  
The hangman's clutches, or to brave the  
cordage

Of a tough halter which will break your  
neck?

So, then, the gallant totters!—prithee,  
Perkin,

Let my example lead thee; be no longer  
A counterfeit; confess and hope for pardon.

*War.* For pardon! hold, my heart-strings,  
whiles contempt

Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance  
To this base man's foul language!—Thou  
poor vermin,

How darest thou creep so near me? thou an  
earl!

Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness<sup>60</sup>  
As all the swing of slight ambition flew at.

A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle,  
By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapor  
To infect the purer air, which drops again  
Into the muddy pool that first exhaled it.  
Bread and a slavish ease, with some assur-  
ance

From the base beadle's whip, crowned all  
thy hopes:

But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one  
drop

Of such a royal blood as flows in mine,  
Thou wouldst not change condition, to be<sup>70</sup>  
second

In England's state, without the crown itself.  
Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence:

But let the world, as all to whom I am  
This day a spectacle, to time deliver,  
And by tradition fix<sup>1</sup> posterity

Without another chronicle than truth,  
How constantly my resolution suffered  
A martyrdom of majesty.

*Sim.* He's past

Recovery; a Bedlam cannot cure him.

*Urs.* Away, inform the king of his be-<sup>80</sup>  
havior.

*Sim.* Perkin, beware the rope! the hang-  
man's coming. *Exit SIMNEL*

*Urs.* If yet thou hast no pity of thy body,  
Pity thy soul!

<sup>1</sup> Assure.

*Enter* [Lady] KATHERINE, JANE, [Lord]  
DALIELL, and OXFORD

*Jane.* Dear lady!

*Oxf.* Whither will ye,

Without respect of shame?

*Kath.* Forbear me,<sup>1</sup> sir,

And trouble not the current of my duty.—

O, my loved lord! can any scorn be yours

In which I have no interest?—Some kind  
hand

Lend me assistance, that I may partake  
Th' infliction of this penance.—My life's  
dearest,

Forgive me; I have stayed too long from  
tendering<sup>90</sup>

Attendance on reproach; yet bid me wel-  
come.

*War.* Great miracle of constancy! my  
miseries

Were never bankrout of their confidence  
In worst afflictions, till this; now I feel them.  
Report and thy deserts, thou best of crea-  
tures,

Might to eternity have stood a pattern  
For every virtuous wife without this con-  
quest.

Thou hast outdone belief; yet may their  
ruin

In after-marriages be never pitied,  
To whom thy story shall appear a fable! <sup>100</sup>  
Why wouldst thou prove so much unkind to  
greatness

To glorify thy vows by such a servitude?  
I cannot weep; but trust me, dear, my heart  
Is liberal of passion.—Harry Richmond,  
A woman's faith hath robbed thy fame of  
triumph!

*Oxf.* Sirrah, leave-off your juggling, and  
tie up

The devil that ranges in your tongue.

*Urs.*

Thus witches,

Possessed, even [to] their deaths deluded,  
say

They have been wolves and dogs, and sailed  
in egg-shells

Over the sea, and rid on fiery dragons, <sup>110</sup>  
Passed in the air more than a thousand  
miles,

All in a night. The enemy of mankind  
Is powerful, but false, and falsehood confi-  
dent.

<sup>1</sup> Let me alone.



*Orf.* Remember, lady, who you are; come from

That impudent imposter.

*Kath.* You abuse us:

For when the holy churchman joined our hands,

Our vows were réâl then; the ceremony

Was not in apparition,<sup>1</sup> but in act.—

Be what these people term thee, I am certain

Thou art my husband, no divorce in heaven  
Has been sued-out between us; 'tis injustice

For any earthly power to divide us:

Or we will live or let us die together.

There is a cruel mercy.

*War.* Spite of tyranny

We reign in our affections, blessèd woman!

Read in my destiny the wrack of honor;

Point out, in my contempt of death, to memory

Some miserable happiness; since herein,

Even when I fell, I stood enthroned a monarch

Of one chaste wife's troth pure and uncorrupted.

Fair angel of perfection, immortality

Shall raise thy name up to an adoration,

Court every rich opinion of true merit,

And saint it in the calendar of Virtue,

When I am turned into the self-same dust

Of which I was first formed.

*Orf.* The lord ambassador,  
Huntley, your father, madam, should a look on

Your strange subjection in a gaze so public,  
Would blush on your behalf, and wish his country

Unleft for entertainment to such sorrow.

*Kath.* Why art thou angry, Oxford? I must be

More peremptory in my duty. Sir,

Impute it not unto immodesty

That I presume to press you to<sup>2</sup> a legacy

Before we part for ever.

*War.* Let it be, then,

My heart, the rich remains of all my fortunes.

*Kath.* Confirm it with a kiss, pray.

*War.* O, with that

I wish to breathe my last! upon thy lips,

Those equal twins of comeliness, I seal

The testament of honorable vows:

Whoever be that man who shall unkiss

<sup>1</sup> Semblance.

<sup>2</sup> Ask you for.

This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty

In this world's just applause, not more desertful!

*Kath.* By this sweet pledge of both our souls, I swear

To die a faithful widow to thy bed;

Not to be forced or won: O, never, never!

*Enter SURREY, DAWBENEY, HUNTLEY, and CRAWFORD*

*Daw.* Free the condemnèd person; quickly free him!

What has a yet confessed?

[WARBECK is taken out of the stocks]

*Urs.* Nothing to purpose;

But still a will be king.

*Sur.* Prepare your journey

To a new kingdom, then, unhappy madman,<sup>1</sup>

Wilfully foolish!—See, my lord ambassador,

Your lady daughter will not leave the counterfeit

In this disgrace of fate.

*Hunt.* I never pointed<sup>2</sup>

Thy marriage, girl; but yet, being married, Enjoy thy duty to a husband freely.

The griefs are mine. I glory in thy constancy;

And must not say I wished that I had missed

Some partage<sup>3</sup> in these trials of a patience.

*Kath.* You will forgive me, noble sir?

*Hunt.* Yes, yes;

In every duty of a wife and daughter

I dare not disavow thee. To your husband,—

For such you are, sir,—I impart a farewell Of manly pity; what your life has passed through,

The dangers of your end will make apparent;

And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance,<sup>4</sup>

No cordial, but the wonder of your frailty, Which keeps so firm a station. We are parted.

*War.* We are. A crown of peace renew thy age,

Most honorable Huntley.—Worthy Crawford,

<sup>1</sup> Q. Madam.

<sup>2</sup> Appointed.

<sup>3</sup> Share.

<sup>4</sup> Suffering.



We may embrace; I never thought thee injury. 180

*Craw.* Nor was I ever guilty of neglect  
Which might procure such thought. I take  
my leave, sir.

*War.* To you, Lord Daliell,—what? accept  
a sigh,

'Tis hearty and in earnest.

*Dal.* I want utterance  
My silence is my farewell.

*Kath.* O, O!

*Jane.* Sweet madam,  
What do you mean?—My lord, your hand.

*Dal.* Dear lady,  
Be pleased that I may wait<sup>1</sup> ye to your  
lodging.

*Exeunt DALIELL, [Lady]  
KATHERINE and JANE*

*Enter Sheriff and Officers, SKETON, ASTLEY,  
HERON, and Mayor, with halters about  
their necks*

*Oxf.* Look ye; behold your followers, ap-  
pointed

To wait on ye in death!

*War.* Why, peers of England,  
We'll lead 'em on courageously: I read 100  
A triumph over tyranny upon  
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the  
moment

Of victory! our ends, and Warwick's head,  
Innocent Warwick's head,—for we are pro-  
logue

But to his tragedy,—conclude the wonder  
Of Henry's fears; and then the glorious race  
Of fourteen kings, Plantagenets, determines  
In this last issue male; heaven be obeyed!  
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends,  
And we will prove as trusty in our payments  
As prodigal to nature in our debts. 201

Death? pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of  
air;

A minute's storm, or not so much: to  
tumble

From bed to bed, be massacred alive  
By some physicians, for a month or two,

<sup>1</sup> Attend.

In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,  
Might stagger manhood; here the pain is  
past

Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!  
Spurn coward passion! so illustrious mention  
Shall blaze our names, and style us kings  
o'er death. 210

*Daw.* Away, impostor beyond precedent!

*Exeunt all Officers and Prisoners*  
No chronicle records his fellow.

*Hunt.* I have  
Not thoughts left: 'tis sufficient in such  
cases

Just laws ought to proceed.

*Enter King HENRY, [the Bishop of] DUR-  
HAM and HIALAS*

*King.* We are resolved  
Your business, noble lords, shall find success  
Such as your king importunes.

*Hunt.* You are gracious.

*King.* Perkin, we are informed, is armed  
to die,

In that we'll honor him. Our lords shall  
follow

To see the execution; and from hence  
We gather this fit use,<sup>1</sup>—that public states,  
As our particular bodies, taste most good 211  
In health when purged of corrupted blood.

*Exeunt omnes*

## EPILOGUE

Here has appeared, though in a several  
fashion,

The threats of majesty, the strength of pas-  
sion,

Hopes of an empire, change of fortunes; all  
What can to theaters of greatness fall,  
Proving their weak foundations. Who will  
please,

Amongst such several sights, to censure<sup>2</sup>  
these,

No birth's abortive, nor a bastard brood  
(Shame to a parentage or sisterhood)

May warrant by their loves all just excuses,  
And often find a welcome to the Muses.

<sup>1</sup> Profitable deduction. <sup>2</sup> Pass judgment on.



822-3

S 327

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

1548 310

1548 310

De 1848 157

8<sup>10</sup>/54 278

27<sup>6</sup>/57 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65 B 12



# THE LADY OF PLEASURE.

## A COMEDIE,

As it was Acted by her Ma-  
jesties Servants, at the private  
House in Drury Lane.

---

Written by *James Shirly.*

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LONDON,  
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*,  
and *William Cooks*.



822.3

S 327

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

48 310

48 310

De 2.4.4

8<sup>15</sup> 278

27<sup>6</sup>/56 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65- 0 12



*The Lady of Pleasure* was licensed by the Master of the Revels in October, 1635, and acted by the Queen's players at their private house in Drury Lane. It was very popular from the first and was printed in quarto in 1637. The variety of its personages and the firmness of the picture of contemporary manners suggest a rescript from life and presage the social, or society, comedy of the Restoration and later. Sir Thomas Barnwell is a progenitor direct of Sir Peter Teazle, nor are their Ladies more remotely related.

James Shirley, youngest of the great Elizabethan brotherhood, wrote wholly in the reign of King Charles. He was born in 1596 in London, educated at the Merchant Taylors' School and at Cambridge, becoming for a time a schoolmaster at St. Albans. Turning to the drama about the time of the death of Fletcher, he succeeded to his leadership as the most popular writer for the stage, leaving nearly as many plays behind him as Shakespeare. He, too, was as notable for tragicomedy and tragedy as for comedy, *The Politician* and *The Opportunity*, being good examples of the first of these; *The Traitor* and *The Cardinal* examples of his best in tragedy. But for a certain license of speech that had come more and more to rule the stage, *The Witty Fair One* or *The Gamester* are as favorable specimens of Shirley's comedy of manners as that of the text. Shirley died, after years of poverty during Commonwealth times, in 1666.

The Complete Works of Shirley were edited by A. Dyce, 6 vols., 1833. The Mermaid edition, by E. Gosse, 1888, contains five plays and a Masque.



## PERSONS OF THE COMEDY

LORD		SECRETARY <i>to Lord</i>
SIR THOMAS BORNWELL		Servants, etc.
SIR WILLIAM SCENTLOVE,	} [Gallants]	ARETINA, <i>Sir Thomas Bornwell's Lady</i>
MR. ALEXANDER KICKSHAW,		CELESTINA, <i>a young Widow</i>
MR. JOHN LITTLEWORTH,		ISABELLA, }
MR. HAIRCUT, <i>a Barber</i>		MARIANA, } [Friends of Celestina]
MR. FREDERICK, [ <i>nephew to Lady Bornwell</i> ]		MADAM DECOY, [ <i>a Procuress</i> ]
STEWARD <i>to the Lady Aretina</i>		[Gentlewoman]
STEWARD <i>to the Lady Celestina</i>		

SCENE: The Strand.



# THE LADY OF PLEASURE

JAMES SHIRLEY

## THE FIRST ACT, [SCENE I]

[A Room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's House]

*Enter ARETINA and her Steward*

*Stew.* Be patient, madam; you may have your pleasure.

*Are.* 'Tis that I came to town for. I would not

Endure again the country conversation,  
To be the lady of six shires! The men,  
So near the primitive making, they retain  
A sense of nothing but the earth; their  
brains,

And barren heads standing as much in want  
Of plowing as their ground. To hear a  
fellow

Make himself merry and his horse, with  
whistling

Sellinger's Round!<sup>1</sup> To observe with what  
solemnity<sup>10</sup>

They keep their wakes, and throw for pew-  
ter candle-sticks!

How they become the morris<sup>2</sup> with whose  
bells

They ring all in to Whitsun-ales; and sweat,  
Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the  
hobby-horse

Tire, and the Maid Marian, dissolved to a  
jelly,

Be kept for spoon meat!

*Stew.* These, with your pardon, are no  
argument

To make the country life appear so hateful;  
At least to your particular,<sup>3</sup> who enjoyed

A blessing in that calm, would you be  
pleased<sup>20</sup>

To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom;  
While your own will commanded what  
should move

Delights, your husband's love and power  
joined

To give your life more harmony. You lived  
there

Secure, and innocent, beloved of all;  
Praised for your hospitality, and prayed for:  
You might be envièd; but malice knew  
Not where you dwelt. I would not proph-  
esy,

But leave to your own apprehension,  
What may succeed your change. <sup>30</sup>

*Are.* You do imagine,

No doubt, you have talked wisely, and con-  
futed

London past all defence. Your master  
should

Do well to send you back into the country,  
With title of superintendent-bailiff.

*Stew.* How, madam!

*Are.* Even so, sir.

*Stew.* I am a gentleman,  
Though now your servant.

*Are.* A country gentleman, <sup>40</sup>  
By your affection to converse with stubble.  
His tenants will advance your wit, and  
plump it so

With beef and bag-pudding!

*Stew.* You may say your pleasure,  
It becomes not me dispute.

*Are.* Complain to  
The lord of the soil, your master.

*Stew.* Y'are a woman  
Of an ungoverned passion, and I pity you.

*Enter Sir THOMAS BORNWELL*

*Born.* How now? What's the matter? <sup>50</sup>

*Stew.* Nothing, sir. [Exit]

*Born.* Angry, sweetheart?

*Are.* I am angry with myself,  
To be so miserably restrained in things,  
Wherein it doth concern your love and  
honor

To see me satisfied.

*Born.* In what, Aretina,  
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obeyed  
All thy desires? against mine own opinion  
Quitted the country, and removed the hope  
Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship <sup>61</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An old fashioned dance tune.

<sup>2</sup> Morris dance in which Maid Marian and the  
hobby-horse both figured.

<sup>3</sup> So far as you are concerned.



We lived in? changed a calm and retired life  
For this wild town, composed of noise and  
charge?<sup>1</sup>

*Are.* What charge, more than is necessary  
for

A lady of my birth and education?

*Born.* I am not ignorant how much nobil-  
ity

Flows in your blood; your kinsmen great  
and powerful

I' th' state; but with this, lose not you  
memory

Of being my wife. I shall be studious,

Madam, to give the dignity of your birth <sup>70</sup>

All the best ornaments which become my  
fortune;

But would not flatter it, to ruin both,

And be the fable of the town, to teach

Other men loss of wit by mine, employed

To serve your vast expenses.

*Are.* Am I then

Brought in the balance? So, sir!

*Born.* Though you weigh

Me in a partial<sup>2</sup> scale, my heart is honest,

And must take liberty to think you have <sup>80</sup>

Obedied no modest counsel, to affect,<sup>3</sup>

Nay, study ways of pride and costly cere-  
mony:

Your change of gaudy furniture, and pic-  
tures

Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman's

Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,

Brought home on engines; the superfluous  
plate,

Antique and novel; vanities of tires;<sup>4</sup>

Fourscore-pound suppers for my lord, your  
kinsman.

Banquets for 'tother lady aunt, and cousins,

And perfumes that exceed all: train of ser-  
vants, <sup>90</sup>

To stifle us at home, and show abroad

More motley than the French or Venetian,

About your coach, whose rude postillion

Must pester<sup>5</sup> every narrow lane, till pas-  
sengers<sup>6</sup>

And tradesmen curse your choking up their  
stalls;

And common cries pursue your ladyship,

For hindering o' their market.

*Are.* Have you done, sir?

<sup>1</sup> Expense.

<sup>2</sup> Prejudiced.

<sup>3</sup> Desire.

<sup>4</sup> Head-dressings.

<sup>5</sup> Obstruct.

<sup>6</sup> Passers by.

*Born.* I could accuse the gaiety of your  
wardrobe,

And prodigal embroideries, under which <sup>100</sup>

Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare

Not show their own complexions; your  
jewels,

Able to burn out the spectators' eyes,

And show like bonfires on you by the  
tapers:

Something might here be spared, with safety  
of

Your birth and honor, since the truest  
wealth

Shines from the soul, and draws up just  
admirers.—

I could urge something more.

*Are.* Pray do, I like

Your homily of thrift. <sup>110</sup>

*Born.* I could wish, madam,

You would not game so much.

*Are.* A gamester too!

*Born.* But are not come to that acquaint-  
ance<sup>1</sup> yet,

Should teach you skill enough to raise your  
profit.

You look not through the subtilty of cards,

And mysteries of dice; nor can you save

Charge with the box,<sup>2</sup> buy petticoats and  
pearls,

And keep your family by the precious in-  
come;

Nor do I wish you should: my poorest ser-  
vant <sup>120</sup>

Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,  
Purchased beneath my honor. You make

play

Not a pastime but a tyranny, and vex

Yourself and my estate by it.

*Are.* Good! proceed.

*Born.* Another game you have, which con-  
sumes more

Your fame than purse; your revels in the  
night,

Your meetings called the Ball, to which re-  
pair,

As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants,

And ladies, thither bound by a subpoena <sup>130</sup>

Of Venus, and small Cupid's high displeas-  
ure;

'Tis but the Family of Love<sup>3</sup> translated

<sup>1</sup> Q. repentance.

<sup>2</sup> Expenditure with the dice-box.

<sup>3</sup> A peculiar sect, concerning which there was  
scandal; Middleton wrote a play on the topic.



Into more costly sin! There was a play  
on't,<sup>1</sup>  
And had the poet not been bribed to a  
modest

Expression of your antic gambols in't,  
Some darks<sup>2</sup> had been discovered, and the  
deeds too

In time he may repent, and make some  
blush,

To see the second part danced on the stage.  
My thoughts acquit you for dishonoring me  
By any foul act; but the virtuous know, <sup>140</sup>  
'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the  
Suspensions of our shame.

*Are.* Have you concluded  
Your lecture?

*Born.* I ha' done; and howsoever  
My language may appear to you, it carries  
No other than my fair and just intent  
To your delights, without curb to their  
modest,  
And noble freedom.

*Are.* I'll not be so tedious <sup>150</sup>  
In my reply; but, without art or elegance,  
Assure you, I keep still my first opinion:  
And though you veil your avaricious mean-  
ing

With handsome names of modesty and  
thrift,

I find you would intrench and wound the  
liberty

I was born with. Were my desires unprivi-  
leged

By example, while my judgment thought  
'em fit,

You ought not to oppose; but when the  
practice

And track of every honorable lady  
Authorize me, I take it great injustice <sup>160</sup>  
To have my pleasures circumscribed, and  
taught me.

A narrow-minded husband is a thief  
To his own fame, and his preferment too;  
He shuts his parts and fortunes from the  
world,

While, from the popular vote and knowl-  
edge, men

Rise to employment in the state.

*Born.* I have  
No great ambition to buy preferment at  
So dear a rate.

<sup>1</sup> Shirley wrote a play on the Ball, or subscription  
dance, a new thing in his day.

<sup>2</sup> Things to be concealed.

*Are.* Nor I to sell my honor, <sup>170</sup>  
By living poor and sparingly; I was not  
Bred in that ebb of fortune, and my fate  
Shall not compel me t' it.

*Born.* I know not,  
Madam; but you pursue these ways—

*Are.* What ways?

*Born.* In the strict sense of honesty, I dare  
Make oath they are innocent.

*Are.* Do not divert,  
By busy troubling of your brain, those  
thoughts <sup>180</sup>

That should preserve 'em.

*Born.* How was that?

*Are.* 'Tis English.

*Born.* But carries some unkind sense.

*Enter Madam Decoy*

*Dec.* Good morrow, my sweet madam.

*Are.* Decoy! welcome;

This visit is a favor.

*Dec.* Alas, sweet madam,  
I cannot stay; I came but to present  
My service to your ladyship; I could not <sup>190</sup>  
Pass by your door, but I must make the  
boldness

To tender my respects.

*Are.* You oblige me, madam;  
But I must not dispense so with your ab-  
sence.

*Dec.* Alas, the coach, madam, stays for  
me at the door.

*Are.* Thou sha't command mine; prithee,  
sweet Decoy—

*Dec.* I would wait on you, madam, but I  
have many

Visits to make this morning; I beseech—

*Are.* So you will promise to dine with me.

*Dec.* I shall <sup>200</sup>  
Present a guest.

*Are.* Why, then good morrow, madam.

*Dec.* A happy day shine on your lady-  
ship! *Exit*

*[Re-]enter Steward*

*Are.* What's your news, sir?

*Stew.* Madam, two gentlemen.

*Are.* What gentlemen? Have they no  
names?

*Stew.* They are,  
The gentleman with his own head of hair,  
Whom you commended for his horseman-  
ship

In Hyde Park, and becoming so the saddle,



The t'other day.

*Are.* What circumstance is this  
To know him by?

*Stew.* His name's at my tongue's end:—  
He liked the fashion of your pearl chain,  
madam;

And borrowed it for his jeweler to take  
A copy by it.

*Born.* What cheating gallant's this?

[*Aside*]

*Stew.* That never walks without a lady's  
busk,<sup>1</sup>

And plays with fans—Master Alexander  
Kickshaw,—

I thought I should remember him.

*Are.* What's the other?

*Stew.* What an unlucky memory I have!  
The gallant that still<sup>2</sup> danceth in the street,  
And wears a gross of ribbon in his hat;  
That carries oringado<sup>3</sup> in his pocket,  
And sugar-plums, to sweeten his discourse;  
That studies compliment, defies all wit  
In black, and censures plays that are not  
bawdy—

Master John Littleworth.

*Are.* They are welcome; but  
Pray entertain them a small time, lest I  
Be unprovided.

*Born.* Did they ask for me?

*Stew.* No, sir.

*Born.* It matters not, they must be wel-  
come.

*Are.* Fie! how's this hair disordered?  
Here's a curl

Straddles most impiously. I must to my  
closet.

[*Exit*]

*Born.* Wait on 'em; my lady will return  
again.

[*Exit Steward*]

I have to such a height fulfilled<sup>4</sup> her humor,  
All application's<sup>5</sup> dangerous: these gallants  
Must be received, or she will fall into  
A tempest, and the house be shook with  
names

Of all her kindred. 'Tis a servitude  
I may in time shake off.

*Enter KICKSHAW and LITTLEWORTH*

*Kick.<sup>6</sup> and Little.* Save you, Sir Thomas!

*Born.* Save you, gentlemen!

<sup>1</sup> Being corseted like a woman.

<sup>2</sup> Ever.

<sup>3</sup> Candied orange-peel.

<sup>4</sup> Indulged.

<sup>5</sup> Appeal.

<sup>6</sup> *Alex.*, here and elsewhere.

*Kick.* I kiss your hand.

*Born.* What day is it abroad?<sup>1</sup>

*Little.* The morning rises from your lady's  
eye:

If she look clear, we take the happy omen  
Of a fair day.

*Born.* She'll instantly appear,  
To the discredit of your compliment;  
But you express your wit thus.

*Kick.* And you modesty,  
Not to affect<sup>2</sup> the praises of your own.

*Born.* Leaving this subject, what game's  
now on foot?

What exercise carries the general vote  
O' the town, now? nothing moves without  
your knowledge.

*Kick.* The cocking<sup>3</sup> now has all the noise;  
I'll have

A hundred pieces on one battle.—O,  
These birds of Mars!

*Little.* Venus is Mars his bird too.

*Kick.* Why, and the pretty doves are  
Venus's,

To show that kisses draw the chariot.

*Little.* I am for that skirmish.

*Born.* When shall we have  
More booths and bagpipes upon Banstead  
downs?

No mighty race is expected?—But my lady  
Returns!

[*Re-*]enter ARETINA

*Are.* Fair morning to you, gentlemen!  
You went not late to bed by<sup>4</sup> your early  
visit.

You do me honor.

*Kick.* It becomes our service.

*Are.* What news abroad? you hold  
precious intelligence.

*Little.* All tongues are so much busy with  
your praise,  
They have not time to frame other dis-  
course.

Will't please you, madam, taste a sugar-  
plum?

*Born.* What does the goldsmith think the  
pearl is worth

You borrowed of my lady?

*Kick.* 'Tis a rich one.

*Born.* She has many other toys, whose  
fashion you

Will like extremely: you have no intention

<sup>1</sup> What's the weather.

<sup>2</sup> Like.

<sup>3</sup> Cock-fighting.

<sup>4</sup> Considering.



To buy any of her jewels?

*Kick.* Understand me—

*Born.* You had rather sell, perhaps. But leaving this.

I hope you'll dine with us.

*Kick.* I came a' purpose.

*Are.* And where were you last night 290

*Kick.* I, madam? where

I slept not; it had been sin, where so much Delight and beauty was to keep me waking.

There is a lady, madam, will be worth

Your free society; my conversation

Ne'er knew so elegant and brave a soul,

With most incomparable flesh and blood;

So spirited! so courtly! speaks the languages,

Sings, dances, plays o' the lute to admiration!

Is fair, and paints not; games too, keeps a table, 300

And talks most witty satire; has a wit

Of a clean<sup>1</sup> Mercury—

*Little.* Is she married?

*Kick.* No.

*Are.* A virgin?

*Kick.* Neither.

*Little.* What! a widow! something Of this wide commendation might have been

Excused. This such a prodigy! 310

*Kick.* Repent,

Before I name her: she did never see

Yet full sixteen, an age, in the opinion

Of wise men, not contemptible. She has Mourned out her year too for the honest knight

That had compassion of her youth, and died So timely. Such a widow is not common;

And now she shines more fresh and tempting

Than any natural virgin.

*Are.* What's her name?

*Kick.* She was christened Celestina; by her husband, 320

The Lady Bellamour: this ring was hers.

*Born.* You borrowed it to copy out the posy.

*Kick.* Are they not pretty rubies? 'twas a grace

She was pleased to show me, that I might have one

Made of the self-same fashion; for I love

All pretty forms.

<sup>1</sup> Veritable.

*Are.* And is she glorious?

*Kick.* She is full of jewels, madam; but I am

Most taken with the bravery of her mind, Although her garments have all grace and ornament. 330

*Are.* You have been high in praises.

*Kick.* I come short;

No flattery can reach her.

*Born.* [*aside*] Now my lady

Is troubled, as she feared to be eclipsed:

This news will cost me somewhat.

*Are.* You deserve

Her favor, for this noble character.

*Kick.* And I possess it, by my stars benevolence.

*Are.* You must bring us acquainted. 340

*Born.* I pray do, sir;

I long to see her too.—Madam, I have

Thought upon't, and corrected my opinion.

Pursue what ways of pleasure your desires

Incline you to, not only with my state,

But with my person; I will follow you.

I see the folly of my thrift, and will

Repent in sack and prodigality,

To your own heart's content.

*Are.* But do not mock. 350

*Born.* Take me to your embraces, gentlemen,

And tutor me.

*Little.* And will you kiss the ladies?

*Born.* And sing and dance. I long to see this beauty;

I would fain lose a hundred pounds at dice now.—

Thou sha't have another gown and petticoat To-morrow;—will you sell me running-horses?

We have no Greek wine in the house, I think;

Pray send one of your footmen to the merchant,

And throw the hogsheads of March-beer into 360

The kennel,<sup>1</sup> to make room for sacks and claret.

What think you to be drunk yet before dinner?

We will have constant music, and maintain

Them and their fiddles in fantastic liveries:

I'll tune my voice to catches.—I must have

My dining-room enlarged, to invite ambassadors.

<sup>1</sup> Gutter.



We'll feast the parish in the fields, and teach  
The military men new discipline,  
Who shall charge all their great artillery  
With oranges and lemons, boy, to play 370  
All dinner upon our capons.

*Kick.* He's exalted!

*Born.* I will do anything to please my  
lady,  
Let that suffice; and kiss o' the same condi-  
tion.

I am converted; do not you dispute,  
But patiently allow the miracle.

*Are.* I am glad to hear you, sir, in so good  
tune.

*Enter Servant*

*Serv.* Madam, the painter.

*Are.* I am to sit this morning.

*Born.* Do, 380  
While I give new directions to my steward.

*Kick.* With your favor, we'll wait on you.  
Sitting's but a melancholy exercise without  
Some company to discourse.

*Are.* It does conclude  
A lady's morning work. We rise, make fine,  
Sit for our picture, and 'tis time to dine.

*Little.* Praying's forgot.

*Kick.* 'Tis out of fashion. *Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

[A Room in Celestina's House]

*Enter CELESTINA and her Steward*

*Cel.* Fie! what an air this room has!

*Stew.* 'Tis perfumed.

*Cel.* With some cheap stuff. Is it your  
wisdom's thrift  
To infect my nostrils thus? or is't to favor  
The gout in your worship's hand, you are  
afraid

To exercise your pen in your account book?  
Or do you doubt my credit to discharge  
Your bills?

*Stew.* Madam, I hope you have not found  
My duty, with the guilt of sloth or jealousy,  
Unapt to your command. 11

*Cel.* You can extenuate  
Your faults with language, sir; but I expect  
To be obeyed. What hangings have we  
here!

*Stew.* They are arras, madam.

*Cel.* Impudence! I know't.

I will have fresher, and more rich; not  
wrought

With faces that may scandalize a Christian,  
With Jewish stories stuffed with corn and  
camels.<sup>1</sup>

You had best wrap all my chambers in wild  
Irish, 20

And make a nursery of monsters here,  
To fright the ladies come to visit me.

*Stew.* Madam, I hope—

*Cel.* I say I will have other,  
Good Master Steward, of a finer loom;  
Some silk and silver, if your worship please  
To let me be at so much cost. I'll have  
Stories to fit the seasons of the year,  
And change as often as I please.

*Stew.* You shall, madam. 30

*Cel.* I am bound to your consent, for-  
sooth! And is  
My coach brought home?

*Stew.* This morning I expect it.

*Cel.* The inside, as I gave directions,  
Of crimson plush?

*Stew.* Of crimson camel plush.

*Cel.* Ten thousand moths consume't!  
Shall I ride through

The streets in penance, wrapt up round in  
hair cloth?

Sell't to an alderman, 'twill serve his wife  
To go a feasting to their country-house; 40  
Or fetch a merchant's nurse-child, and come  
home

Laden with fruit and cheese-cakes. I  
despise it!

*Stew.* The nails adorn it, madam, set in  
method,  
And pretty forms.

*Cel.* But single gilt, I warrant.

*Stew.* No, madam.

*Cel.* Another solecism! O fie!  
This fellow will bring me to a consumption  
With fretting at his ignorance. Some lady  
Had rather never pray, than go to church  
in't. 50

The nails not double gilt! To market  
with't; 2

'Twill hackney out to Mile-end, or convey  
Your city tumblers, 3 to be drunk with cream  
And prunes at Islington.<sup>4</sup>

*Stew.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cel.* I'll rather be beholding to my aunt

<sup>1</sup> The story of Joseph and his brethren.

<sup>2</sup> Q. reads *wo't*.

<sup>3</sup> Common women.

<sup>4</sup> A suburban resort.



The countess, for her mourning coach, than  
be  
Disparaged so. Shall any juggling trades-  
man

Be at charge to shoe his running-horse with  
gold,<sup>1</sup>

And shall my coach nails be but single gilt!  
How dare these knaves abuse me so? <sup>61</sup>

*Stew.* Vouchsafe

To hear me speak.

*Cel.* Is my sedan yet finished,  
And liveries for my men-mules,<sup>2</sup> according  
As I gave charge?

*Stew.* Yes, madam, it is finished,  
But without tilting-plumes at the four cor-  
ners;

The scarlet's pure, but not embroidered.

*Cel.* What mischief were it to your con-  
science <sup>70</sup>

Were my coach lined with tissue, and my  
harness

Covered with needle-work? if my sedan  
Had all the story of the prodigal  
Embroidered with pearl?

*Stew.* Alas, good madam,  
I know 'tis your own cost; I am but your  
steward,

And would discharge my duty the best way.  
You have been pleased to hear me; 'tis not  
for

My profit that I manage your estate,  
And save expense, but for your honor,  
madam. <sup>80</sup>

*Cel.* How, sir! my honor?

*Stew.* Though you hear it not,  
Men's tongues are liberal in your character,  
Since you began to live thus high. I know  
Your fame is precious to you.

*Cel.* I were best  
Make you my governor: audacious varlet!  
How dare you interpose your doating coun-  
sell

Mind your affairs with more obedience,  
Or I shall ease you of an office, sir. <sup>90</sup>

Must I be limited to please your honor,  
Or, for the vulgar breath, confine my  
pleasures?

I will pursue 'em in what shapes I fancy,  
Here, and abroad; my entertainments shall  
Be oftener, and more rich. Who shall con-  
trol me?

I live i' th' Strand, whither few ladies come  
To live, and purchase more than fame. I  
will

Be hospitable then, and spare no cost  
That may engage all generous report  
To trumpet forth my bounty and my  
bravery, <sup>100</sup>

Till the court envy, and remove. I'll have  
My house the academy of wits, who shall  
Exalt their genius with rich sack and stur-  
geon,<sup>1</sup>

Write panegyrics of my feasts, and praise  
The method of my witty superfluities.<sup>2</sup>

The horses shall be taught, with frequent  
waiting

Upon my gates, to stop in their career  
Toward Charing-cross, spite of the coach-  
man's fury;

And not a tilter<sup>3</sup> but shall strike his plume,  
When he sails by my window: my balcony  
Shall be the courtier's idol, and more gazed  
at <sup>111</sup>

Than all the pageantry at Temple Bar,  
By country clients.

*Stew.* Sure my lady's mad.

*Cel.* Take that for your ill manners.

[*Strikes him*]

*Stew.* Thank you, madam.—

I would there were less quicksilver in your  
fingers. *Exit*

*Cel.* There's more than simple honesty in  
a servant

Required to his full duty; none should dare  
But with a look, much less a saucy lan-  
guage, <sup>120</sup>

Check at their mistress' pleasure. I'm re-  
solved

To pay for some delight, my estate will  
bear it;

I'll rein it shorter when I please.

[*Re-*]enter Steward

*Stew.* A gentleman  
Desires to speak with your ladyship.

*Cel.* His name?

*Stew.* He says you know him not: he  
seems to be

Of quality.

*Cel.* Admit him.

[*Exit Steward*]

<sup>1</sup> A delicacy.

<sup>2</sup> Clever extravagance.

<sup>3</sup> Gentlemen riding by to tilt.

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to a favorite horse of the day.

<sup>2</sup> Chair-men.



*Enter HAIRCUT*

Sir, with me?

*Hair.* Madam, I know not how you may receive 130

This boldness from me; but my fair intents Known, will incline you to be charitable.

*Cel.* No doubt, sir.

*Hair.* He must live obscurely, madam, That hath not heard what virtues you possess;

And I, a poor admirer of your fame, Am come to kiss your hand.

*Cel.* That all your business?

*Hair.* Though it were worth much travel, I have more 140

In my ambition.

*Cel.* Speak it freely, sir.

*Hair.* You are a widow.

*Cel.* So!

*Hair.* And I a bachelor.

*Cel.* You come a wooing, sir, and would perhaps

Show me a way to reconcile the two?

*Hair.* And bless my stars for such a happiness.

*Cel.* I like you, sir, the better, that you do not

Wander about, but shoot home to the meaning; 150

It is a confidence will make a man

Know sooner what to trust to: but I never

Saw you before, and I believe you come not

With hope to find me desperate upon marriage.

If maids, out of their ignorance of what

Men are, refuse these offers, widows may,

Out of their knowledge, be allowed some coyness

And yet I know not how much happiness

A peremptory answer may deprive me of;—

You may be some young lord, and though I see not 160

Your footmen and your groom, they may not be

Far off, in conference with your horse. Please you

To instruct me with your title, against which I would not willingly offend.

*Hair.* I am

A gentleman; my name is Haircut, madam.

*Cel.* Sweet Master Haircut! are you a courtier?

*Hair.* Yes.

*Cel.* I did think so, by your confidence.

Not to detain you, sir, with circumstance, 170  
I was not so unhappy in my husband,  
But that 'tis possible I may be a wife  
Again; but I must tell you, he that wins  
My affection, shall deserve me.

*Hair.* I will hope,

If you can love, I shall not present, madam,  
An object to displease you in my person:  
And when time, and your patience, shall possess you

With further knowledge of me, and the truth

Of my devotion, you will not repent 180

The offer of my service.

*Cel.* You say well.

How long do you imagine you can love, sir?

Is it a quotidian, or will it hold

But every other day?

*Hair.* You are pleasant,<sup>1</sup> madam.

*Cel.* Does 't take you with a burning at the first,

Or with a cold fit? for you gentlemen

Have both your summer and your winter service.

*Hair.* I am ignorant what you mean; but I shall never 190

Be cold in my affection to such beauty.

*Cel.* And 'twill be somewhat long ere I be warm in't.

*Hair.* If you vouchsafe me so much honor, madam,

That I may wait on you sometimes, I shall not

Despair to see a change.

*Cel.* But, now I know

Your mind, you shall not need to tell it when

You come again; I shall remember it.

*Hair.* You make me fortunate.

*[Re-]enter Steward*

*Stew.* Madam, your kinswomen, 200  
The lady Novice, and her sister, are  
New lighted from their coach.

*Cel.* I did expect 'em,  
They partly are my pupils. I'll attend them.

*[Exit Steward]*

*Hair.* Madam, I have been too great a trespasser

Upon your patience; I will take my leave:  
You have affairs, and I have some employment

<sup>1</sup> Jocular.



Calls me to court; I shall present again  
A servant to you.

*Cel.* Sir, you may present,<sup>1</sup> 210  
But not give fire, I hope.—*Exit HAIR.* Now  
to the ladies.

This recreation's past, the next must be  
To read to them some court philosophy.  
*Exeunt*

## THE SECOND ACT, [SCENE I]

[A Room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's House]

*Enter Sir THOMAS BORNWELL*

*Born.* 'Tis a strange humor I have under-  
taken,  
To dance, and play, and spend as fast as  
she does;  
But I am resolved: it may do good upon  
her,  
And fright her into thrift. Nay, I'll en-  
deavor  
To make her jealous too; if this do not  
Allay her gamboling, she's past a woman,  
And only a miracle must tame her.

*Enter Steward*

*Stew.* 'Tis master Frederick, my lady's  
nephew

*Born.* What of him?

*Stew.* Is come from the university. 10

*Born.* By whose directions?

*Stew.* It seems, my lady's.

*Born.* Let me speak with him  
Before he sees his aunt. [*Exit Stew.*—I do  
not like it.—

*Enter [Steward, with] Mr. FREDERICK, [in  
his college dress]*

Master Frederick, welcome! I expected not  
So soon your presence; what's the hasty  
cause?

*Fred.* These letters, from my tutor, will  
acquaint you.

[*Gives BORNWELL letters*]

*Stew.* Welcome home, sweet Master  
Frederick!

*Fred.* Where's my aunt?

*Stew.* She's busy about her painting, in  
her closet; 20

<sup>1</sup> Present arms.

The outlandish<sup>1</sup> man of art is copying out  
Her countenance.

*Fred.* She is sitting for her picture?

*Stew.* Yes, sir; and when 'tis drawn she  
will be hanged

Next the French cardinal, in the dining-  
room.

But when she hears you 're come, she will  
dismiss

The Belgic gentleman, to entertain  
Your worship.

*Fred.* Change of air has made you witty.

*Born.* Your tutor gives you a handsome  
character, 30

Frederick, and is sorry your aunt's pleasure  
Commands you from your studies; but I  
hope

You have no quarrel to the liberal arts:  
Learning is an addition<sup>2</sup> beyond  
Nobility of birth. Honor of blood,  
Without the ornament of knowledge, is  
A glorious<sup>3</sup> ignorance.

*Fred.* I never knew  
More sweet and happy hours than I em-  
ployed

Upon my books. I heard 40  
A part of my philosophy, and was so  
Delighted with the harmony of nature,  
I could have wasted my whole life upon it.

*Born.* [*aside*] 'Tis pity a rash indulgence  
should corrupt  
So fair a genius! She's here; I'll observe.

*Enter ARETINA, KICKSHAW, LITTLEWORTH,  
Steward*

*Fred.* My most loved aunt!

*Are.* Support me, I shall faint.

*Little.* What ails your ladyship?

*Are.* Is that Frederick?  
In black? 50

*Kick.* Yes, madam; but the doublet's  
satin.

*Are.* The boy's undone!

*Fred.* Madam, you appear troubled.

*Are.* Have I not cause? Was not I  
trusted with

Thy education, boy, and have they sent thee  
Home like a very scholar!

*Kick.* 'Twas ill done,  
Howe'er they used him in the university,  
To send him to his friends thus.

*Fred.* Why, sir? black, 60

<sup>1</sup> Foreign.

<sup>2</sup> Title.

<sup>3</sup> Vain glorious.



(For 'tis the color that offends your eyesight,)

Is not, within my reading, any blemish;  
Sables are no disgrace in heraldry.

*Kick.* 'Tis coming from the college thus,  
that makes it

Dishonorable. While you wore it for  
Your father, it was commendable; or were  
Your aunt dead, you might mourn, and  
justify.

*Are.* What luck<sup>1</sup> I did not send him into  
France

They would have given him generous education,

Taught him another garb, to wear his lock,<sup>2</sup>  
And shape, as gaudy as the summer; how <sup>π</sup>  
To dance, and wag his feather *à-la-mode*,  
To compliment, and cringe;<sup>3</sup> to talk not  
modestly,<sup>4</sup>

Like, 'ay forsooth,' and 'no forsooth;' to  
blush,

And look so like a chaplain!—There he  
might

Have learned a brazen confidence, and observed

So well the custom of the country, that  
He might, by this time, have invented  
fashions

For us, and been a benefit to the kingdom;  
Preserved our tailors in their wits, and  
saved <sup>80</sup>

The charge of sending into foreign courts  
For pride and antic<sup>5</sup> fashions.—Observe  
In what a posture he does hold his hat now!

*Fred.* Madam, with your pardon you have  
practised

Another dialect than was taught me when  
I was commended to your care and breeding.

I understand not this; Latin or Greek  
Are more familiar to my apprehension:  
Logic was not so hard in my first lectures  
As your strange language. <sup>90</sup>

*Are.* Some strong waters; O!

*Little.* Comfits<sup>6</sup> will be as comfortable to  
your stomach, madam.

[Offers his box]

*Are.* I fear he's spoiled for ever! he did  
name

<sup>1</sup> What a pity.

<sup>2</sup> Love lock of hair.

<sup>3</sup> Bow.

<sup>4</sup> Bashfully.

<sup>5</sup> Novel.

<sup>6</sup> Sweets, in America, candy.

Logic, and may, for aught I know, be gone  
So far to understand it. I did always  
Suspect they would corrupt him in the  
college.—

Will your Greek saws and sentences discharge

The mercer? or is Latin a fit language  
To court a mistress in?—Master Alexander,  
If you have any charity, let me <sup>100</sup>

Commend him to your breeding.—I suspect  
I must employ my doctor first, to purge  
The university that lies in's head;  
It alters his complexion.

*Kick.* If you dare

Trust me to serve him—

*Are.* Master Littleworth,  
Be you joined in commission.

*Little.* I will teach him  
Postures and rudiments. <sup>110</sup>

*Are.* I have no patience  
To see him in this shape; it turns my  
stomach.

When he has cast his academic skin  
He shall be your's. I am bound in conscience

To see him bred; his own state shall maintain

The charge, while he's my ward.—Come  
hither, sir.

*Fred.* What does my aunt mean to do  
with me?

*Stew.* To make you a fine gentleman, and  
translate you

Out of your learned language, sir, into  
The present Goth and Vandal, which is  
French. <sup>120</sup>

*Born.* [Aside] Into what mischief will  
this humor ebb?

She will undo the boy; I see him ruined.  
My patience is not manly: but I must  
Use stratagem to reduce her: open ways  
Give me no hope.

*Stew.* You shall be obeyed, madam.

*Exeunt* [all but FREDERICK  
and Steward

*Fred.* Master Steward, are you sure we do  
not dream?

Was't not my aunt you talked to?

*Stew.* One that loves you

Dear as her life. These clothes do not become you, <sup>130</sup>

You must have better, sir—

*Fred.* These are not old.



*Stew.* More suitable to the town and time; we keep  
 No Lent here, nor is't my lady's pleasure you  
 Should fast from anything you have a mind to;  
 Unless it be your learning, which she would have you  
 Forget with all convenient speed that may be,  
 For the credit of your noble family.  
 The case is altered since we lived i' th' country;  
 We do not now invite the poor o' th' parish <sup>140</sup>  
 To dinner, keep a table for the tenants;  
 Our kitchen does not smell of beef; the cellar  
 Defies the price of malt and hops; the footmen  
 And coach-drivers may be drunk like gentlemen,  
 With wine; nor will three fiddlers upon holidays,  
 With aid of bag-pipes, that called in the country  
 To dance, and plough the hall up with their hob-nails,  
 Now make my lady merry. We do feed  
 Like princes, and feast nothing else but princes;  
 And are these robes fit to be seen amongst 'em? <sup>150</sup>  
*Fred.* My lady keeps a court then! Is Sir Thomas  
 Affected<sup>1</sup> with this state and cost?  
*Stew.* He was not;  
 But is converted: and I hope you wo' not  
 Persist in heresy, but take a course  
 Of riot, to content your friends; you shall  
 Want nothing, if you can be proud, and spend it  
 For my lady's honor. Here are a hundred  
 Pieces, will serve you till you have new clothes;  
 I will present you with a nag of mine, <sup>160</sup>  
 Poor tender of my service, please you accept;  
 My lady's smile more than rewards me for it.  
 I must provide fit servants to attend you,  
 Monsieurs, for horse and foot.

*Fred.* I shall submit,

<sup>1</sup> Delighted.

If this be my aunt's pleasure, and be ruled;  
 My eyes are opened with this purse already,  
 And sack will help to inspire me. I must spend it?

*Stew.* What else, sir?

*Fred.* I'll begin with you: to encourage <sup>170</sup>  
 You to have still a special care of me,  
 There is five pieces,—not for your nag.

*Stew.* No, sir; I hope it is not.

*Fred.* Buy a beaver

For thy own block;<sup>1</sup> I shall be ruled. Who does

Command the wine cellar?

*Stew.* Who commands but you, sir?

*Fred.* I'll try to drink a health or two, my aunt's,

Or anybody's; and if that foundation  
 Stagger me not too much, I will commence  
 In all the arts of London. <sup>181</sup>

*Stew.* If you find, sir,  
 The operation of the wine exalt  
 Your blood to the desire of any female  
 Delight, I know your aunt wo' not deny  
 Any of her chambermaids to practise on;  
 She loves you but too well.

*Fred.* I know not how  
 I may be for that exercise—Farewell.  
 Aristotle!

Prithee commend me to the library <sup>190</sup>  
 At Westminster; my bones I bequeath  
 thither,

And to the learned worms that mean to  
 visit 'em.

I will compose myself; I begin to think  
 I have lost time indeed.—Come to the  
 wine cellar. *Exeunt*

## [SCENE II]

### [A Room in Celestina's House]

*Enter CELESTINA, MARIANA, [and] ISABELLA*

*Mar.* But shall we not, madam, expose  
 ourselves

To censure for this freedom?

*Cel.* Let them answer,

That dare mistake us. Shall we be so  
 much

Cowards, to be frightened from our pleasure,  
 Because men have malicious tongues, and  
 show

<sup>1</sup> Block-head.



What miserable souls they have? No,  
cousin,

We hold our life and fortunes upon no  
Man's charity; if they dare show so little  
Discretion to traduce our fames, we will  
Be guilty of so much wit to laugh at 'em.

*Isab.* 'Tis a becoming fortitude.

*Cel.* My stars

Are yet kind to me; for, in a happy minute,  
Be 't spoke, I'm not in love, and men shall  
never

Make my heart lean with sighing, nor with  
tears

Draw on my eyes the infamy of spectacles.  
'Tis the chief principle to keep your heart  
Under your own obedience; jest, but love  
not.

I say my prayers, yet can wear good clothes,  
And only satisfy my tailor for 'em.

I wo' not lose my privilege.

*Mar.* And yet they say your entertain-  
ments are,

Give me your pardon, madam, to proclaim  
Yourself a widow, and to get a husband.

*Cel.* As if a lady of my years, some  
beauty,

Left by her husband rich, that had mourned  
for him

A twelvemonth too, could live so obscure  
i' th' town,

That gallants would not know her, and in-  
vite

Themselves, without her chargeable<sup>1</sup> proc-  
lamations!

Then we are worse than citizens: no widow  
Left wealthy can be thoroughly warm in  
mourning,

But some one noble blood, or lusty kindred,  
Claps in, with his gilt coach, and Flandrian<sup>2</sup>  
trotters.

And hurries her away to be a countess.

Courtiers have spies, and great ones with  
large titles,

Cold in their own estates, would warm  
themselves

At a rich city bonfire.

*Isab.* Most true, madam.

*Cel.* No matter for corruption of the  
blood:

Some undone courtier made her husband  
rich,

And this new lord receives it back again.

Admit it were my policy, and that

<sup>1</sup> Expensive.

<sup>2</sup> Flemish.

My entertainments pointed to acquaint me  
With many suitors, that I might be safe,  
And make the best election,<sup>1</sup> could you  
blame me?

*Mar.* Madam, 'tis wisdom.

*Cel.* But I should be

In my thoughts miserable, to be fond<sup>2</sup>  
Of leaving the sweet freedom I possess,  
And court myself into new marriage fetters.  
I now observe men's several wits, and wind-  
ings,<sup>3</sup>

And can laugh at their follies.

*Mar.* You have given

A most ingenious satisfaction.

*Cel.* One thing I'll tell you more, and this  
I give you

Worthy your imitation, from my practice:  
You see me merry, full of song and dancing,  
Pleasant in language, apt to all delights  
That crown a public meeting; but you can-  
not

Accuse me of being prodigal of my favors  
To any of my guests. I do not summon,  
By any wink, a gentleman to follow me,  
To my withdrawing chamber; I hear all  
Their pleas in court, nor can they boast  
abroad,

And do me justice, after a salute,  
They have much conversation with my lip.  
I hold the kissing of my hand a courtesy,  
And he that loves me, must, upon the  
strength

Of that, expect till I renew his favor.  
Some ladies are so expensive in their graces,  
To those that honor 'em, and so prodigal,  
That in a little time they have nothing but  
The naked sin left to reward their servants  
Whereas, a thrift in our rewards will keep  
Men long in their devotion, and preserve  
Ourselves in stock, to encourage those that  
honor us.

*Isab.* This is an art worthy a lady's  
practice.

*Cel.* It takes not from the freedom of our  
mirth,

But seems to advance it, when we can  
possess

Our pleasures with security of our honor;  
And, that preserved, I welcome all the joys  
My idocy can let in. In this I have given

<sup>1</sup> Selection.

<sup>2</sup> To be so foolish as to leave.

<sup>3</sup> Intrigues.



The copy of my mind, nor do I blush  
You understand it.

*Isab.* You have honored us.

*Enter CELESTINA'S Gentlewoman*

*Gentlew.* Madam, Sir William Scentlove's come, to wait on you.

*Cel.* There's one would be a client.—  
Make excuse

For a few minutes.

[*Exit Gentlewoman*]

*Mar.* One that comes a wooing? <sup>90</sup>

*Cel.* Such a thing he would seem, but in  
his guiltiness

Of little land, his expectation is not

So valiant as it might be. He wears rich  
clothes

And feeds with noblemen; to some, I hear,  
No better than a wanton emissary,

Or scout for Venus' wild fowl; which made  
tame,

He thinks no shame to stand court sentinel,  
In hope of the reversion.

*Mar.* I have heard

That some of them are often my lord's  
tasters, <sup>100</sup>

The first fruits they condition for, and will  
Exact as fees, for the promotion.

*Cel.* Let them agree, there's no account  
shall lie

For me among their traffic.

[*Re-Enter Gentlewoman*]

*Gentlew.* Master Haircut, madam,  
Is new come in, to tender you his service.

*Cel.* Let him discourse a little with Sir  
William. *Exit Gentlewoman*

*Mar.* What is this gentleman, Master  
Haircut, madam?

I note him very gallant, and much courted  
By gentlemen of quality. <sup>110</sup>

*Cel.* I know not,

More than a trim gay man; he has some  
great office.

Sure, by his confident behavior:

He would be entertained under the title

Of servant<sup>1</sup> to me, and I must confess,

He is the sweetest of all men that visit me.

*Isab.* How mean you, madam?

*Cel.* He is full of powder;

<sup>1</sup> Suitor.

He will save much in perfume for my cham-  
ber, <sup>119</sup>

Were he but constant here. Give 'em access.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM SCENTLOVE and Mr.  
HAIRCUT*

*Scent.* Madam, the humblest of your  
servants is

Exalted to a happiness, if you smile  
Upon my visit.

*Hair.* I must beg your charity

Upon my rudeness, madam; I shall give  
That day up lost to any happiness,

When I forget to tender you my service.

*Cel.* You practise courtship, gentlemen.

*Scent.* But cannot

Find wherewith more desert to exercise it.

What lady's this, I pray? <sup>121</sup>

*Cel.* A kinswoman

Of mine, Sir William.

*Scent.* I am more her servant.

*Cel.* You came from court, now, I pre-  
sume?

*Hair.* 'Tis, madam,

The sphere I move in, and my destiny  
Was kind to place me there, where I enjoy  
All blessings that a mortal can possess,  
That lives not in your presence; and I  
should <sup>140</sup>

Fix my ambition, when you would vouch-  
safe

Me so much honor, to accept from me  
An humble entertainment there.

*Cel.* But by

What name shall I be known? in what  
degree

Shall I be of kindred to you?

*Hair.* How mean you, madam?

*Cel.* Perhaps you'll call me sister, I shall  
take it

A special preferment; or it may be

I may pass under title of your mistress, <sup>150</sup>

If I seem rich, and fair enough to engage

Your confidence to own me.

*Hair.* I would hope—

*Cel.* But 'tis not come to that yet: you  
will, sir,

Excuse my mirth.

*Hair.* Sweet madam!

*Cel.* Shall I take

Boldness to ask what place you hold in  
court?

'Tis an uncivil curiosity;



But you'll have mercy to a woman's question. 160

*Hair.* My present condition, madam, carries

Honor and profit, though not to be named  
With that employment I expect i' th' state,  
Which shall discharge the first maturity  
Upon your knowledge; until then, I beg  
You allow a modest silence.

*Cel.* I am charmed, sir;  
And if you 'scape ambassador, you cannot  
Reach a preferment wherein I'm against  
you.

But where is Sir William Scentlove? 170

*Hair.* Give him leave  
To follow his nose, madam, while he hunts;  
In view, he'll soon be at a fault.<sup>1</sup>

*Cel.* You know him?

*Hair.* Know Scentlove? not a page but  
can decipher him;  
The waiting-women know him to a scruple;  
He's called the blister-maker of the town.

*Cel.* What's that?

*Hair.* The laundry ladies can resolve you,  
And you may guess: an arrant epicure, 180  
As this day lives, born to a pretty wit,  
A knight, too; but no gentleman. I must  
Be plain to you;—your ladyship may have  
Use of this knowledge, but conceal the  
author.

*Scent.* I kiss your fairest hand.

*Mar.* You make a difference;  
Pray reconcile them to an equal whiteness.

*Scent.* You wound my meaning, lady.

*Cel.* Nay, Sir William  
Has the art of compliment. 190

*Scent.* Madam, you honor me  
'Bove my desert of language.

*Cel.* Will you please  
To enrich me with your knowledge of that  
gentleman?

*Scent.* Do you not know him, madam?

*Cel.* What is he?

*Scent.* A camphire ball; you shall know  
more hereafter;  
He shall tell you himself, and save my  
character;

Till then,—you see he's proud.

*Cel.* One thing, gentlemen, 200  
I observe in your behavior, which is rare  
In two that court one mistress: you pre-  
serve

A noble friendship; there's no gum within

<sup>1</sup> Lose track of the game.

Your hearts; you cannot fret,<sup>1</sup> or show an  
envy

Of one another's hope; some would not  
govern

Their passions with that temper!

*Scent.* The whole world  
Sha' not divorce our friendship.—Master  
Haircut!

Would I had lives to serve him! he is lost  
To goodness does not honor him. 210

*Hair.* My knight!

*Cel.* This is right playing at court shuttle-  
cock. [Aside]

[Re-]enter Gentlewoman

*Gentlew.* Madam, there is a gentleman  
desires

To speak wi' ye, one Sir Thomas Bornwell.

*Cel.* Bornwell?

*Gentlew.* He says he is a stranger to your  
ladyship.

*Scent.* I know him.

*Hair.* Your neighbor, madam.

*Scent.* Husband to  
The lady that so revels in the Strand. 220

*Hair.* He has good parts, they say, but  
cannot help  
His lady's bias.

*Cel.* They have both much fame  
I' th' town, for several merits. Pray admit  
him. [Exit Gentlewoman]

*Hair.* What comes he for? [Aside]

Enter Sir THOMAS [BORNWELL]

*Born.* Your pardon, noble lady, that I  
have

Presumed, a stranger to your knowledge,—  
[Salutes CELESTINA]

*Cel.* Sir,  
Your worth was here before you, and your  
person

Cannot be here ungrateful.

*Born.* 'Tis the bounty 230  
Of your sweet disposition, madam.—Make  
me

Your servant, lady, by her fair example,  
To favor me. [Offers to salute ISABELLA,  
*who turns from him. Aside]*—I never  
knew one turn

Her cheek to a gentleman that came to kiss  
her,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *I Henry IV.* i.



But she'd a stinking breath—Your servant,  
gentlemen.

Will Scentlove, how is't?

*Cel.* I am sorry, coz,  
To accuse you; we in nothing more betray  
Ourselves to censure of ridiculous pride,  
Than answering a fair salute too rudely. 240  
O, it shows ill upon a gentlewoman  
Not to return the modest lip, if she  
Would have the world believe her breath is  
not

Offensive.

*Born.* Madam, I have business  
With you.

*Scent.* His looks are pleasant.

*Cel.* With me, sir?

*Born.* I hear you have an exc'llent wit,  
madam;  
I see you 're fair. 250

*Cel.* The first is but report;  
And do not trust your eye-sight for the last,  
'Cause I presume y'are mortal, and may err.

*Hair.* He is very gamesome.

*Born.* Y'have an exc'llent voice,  
(They say you caught it from a dying  
swan,)

Which, joined to the harmony of your lute,  
You ravish all mankind.

*Cel.* Ravish mankind?

*Born.* With their consent. 260

*Cel.* It were the stranger rape;  
But there's the less indictment lies against  
it:

And there is hope your little honesties  
Cannot be much the worse, for men do  
rather

Believe they had a maidenhead, than put  
Themselves to th' rack of memory how long  
'Tis since they left the burden of their  
innocence.

*Born.* Why, you are bitter, madam!

*Cel.* So is physic;  
I do not know your constitution. 270

*Born.* You shall, if't please you, madam.

*Cel.* Y'are too hasty,  
I must examine what certificate  
You have first, to prefer you.

*Born.* Fine! certificate?

*Cel.* Under your lady's hand and seal.

*Born.* Go to;

I see you are a wag.

*Cel.* But take heed how  
You trust to't. 280

*Born.* I can love you in my wedlock,

As well as that young gallant o' the first  
hair,

Or the knight-bachelor; and can return  
As amorous delight to thy soft bosom.

*Cel.* Your person and your language are  
both strangers.

*Born.* But may be more familiar; I have  
those

That dare make affidavit for my body.

*Cel.* D'ye mean your surgeon?

*Born.* My surgeon, madam?

I know not how you value my abilities, 290  
But I dare undertake as much, to express  
My service to your ladyship, and with  
As fierce ambition fly to your commands,  
As the most valiant of these lay siege to  
you.

*Cel.* You dare not, sir.

*Born.* How, madam?

*Cel.* I will justify 't.

You dare not marry me; and I imagine  
Some here, should I consent, would fetch a  
priest

Out of the fire. 300

*Born.* I have a wife indeed.

*Cel.* And there's a statute not repealed, I  
take it.

*Born.* Y'are in the right; I must confess  
y'have hit

And bled me in a master vein.

*Cel.* You think

I took you on the advantage; use your best  
Skill at defence, I'll come up to your valor,  
And show another work you dare not do:  
You dare not, sir, be virtuous.

*Born.* I dare, 310

By this fair hand I dare; and ask a pardon,  
If my rude words offend your innocence,  
Which, in a form so beautiful, would shine  
To force a blush in them suspected it,  
And from the rest draw wonder.

*Hair.* I like not

Their secret parley; shall I interrupt 'em?

*Isab.* By no means, sir.

*Scent.* Sir Thomas was not wont  
To show so much a courtier. 320

*Mar.* He cannot

Be prejudicial to you; suspect not  
Your own deserts so much; he's married.

*Born.* I have other business, madam: you  
keep music:

I came to try how you can dance.

*Cel.* You did?—I'll try his humor out of  
breath. [Aside]



Although I boast no cunning, sir, in revels,  
If you desire to show your art that way,  
I can wait on you.

*Born.* You much honor me; 220  
Nay, all must join to make a harmony.

*They dance*

*Born.* I have nothing now, madam, but to  
beseech,

After a pardon for my boldness, you  
Would give occasion to pay my gratitude:  
I have a house will be much honored,  
If you vouchsafe your presence; and a wife  
Desires to present herself your servant.  
I came with the ambition to invite you,  
Deny me not; your person you shall trust  
On fair security. 240

*Cel.* Sir, although I use not  
This freedom with a stranger, you shall have  
No cause to hold me obstinate.

*Born.* You grace me.

Sir William Scentlove—

*Hair.* I must take my leave.  
You will excuse me, madam; court atten-  
dances—

*Cel.* By any means.

*Born.* Ladies, you will vouchsafe  
Your company? 250

*Isab.* We wait upon you, sir. Exeunt

### THE THIRD ACT, [SCENE I]

[*Lord's House*]

*Enter Lord, undressed.<sup>1</sup> HAIRCUT preparing  
his periwig, table and looking glass*

*Lord.* [*within*].—What hour is't?

*Hair.* 'Bout three o'clock, my lord.

*Lord.* 'Tis time to rise.

*Hair.* Your lordship went but late  
To bed last night.

*Lord.* 'Twas early in the morning.

*Sec.* [*within*].—Expect<sup>2</sup> awhile, my lord is  
busy.

*Enter Secretary*

*Lord.* What's the matter?

*Sec.* Here is a lady  
Desires access to you upon some affairs, 10  
She says, may specially concern your lord-  
ship.

*Lord.* A lady? what's her name?

<sup>1</sup> Undressed.

<sup>2</sup> Wait.

*Sec.* Madam Decoy.

*Lord.* Decoy? Prithee admit her.—

[*Exit Secretary*]

*Enter DECOY*

Have you business, madam,  
With me?

*Dec.* And such, I hope, as will not be  
Offensive to your lordship.

*Lord.* I pray speak it.

*Dec.* I would desire your lordship's ear  
more private. 20

*Lord.* Wait i' th' next chamber till I call.  
[*Exit HAIRCUT*].—Now, madam.

*Dec.* Although I am a stranger to your  
lordship,  
I would not lose a fair occasion offered,  
To show how much I honor, and would  
serve you.

*Lord.* Please you to give me the particu-  
lar,  
That I may know the extent of my engage-  
ment.<sup>1</sup>

I am ignorant by what desert you should  
Be encouraged to have care of me.

*Dec.* My lord, 30  
I will take boldness to be plain; beside  
Your other excellent parts, you have much  
fame

For your sweet inclination to our sex.

*Lord.* How d'ye mean, madam?

*Dec.* I' that way your lordship  
Hath honorably practised upon some  
Not to be named. Your noble constancy  
To a mistress, hath deserved our general  
vote;

And I, a part of womankind, have thought  
How to express my duty. 40

*Lord.* In what, madam?

*Dec.* Be not so strange, my lord; I knew  
the beauty  
And pleasures of your eyes; that handsome  
creature

With whose fair life all your delight took  
leave,

And to whose memory you have paid too  
much

Sad tribute.

*Lord.* What's all this?

*Dec.* This: if your lordship  
Accept my service, in pure zeal to cure

<sup>1</sup> Obligation.



Your melancholy, I could point where you  
might

Repair your loss.

*Lord.* Your ladyship, I conceive,  
Doth traffic in flesh merchandize.

*Dec.* To men  
Of honor, like yourself. I am well known  
To some in court, and come not with ambi-  
tion

Now to supplant your officer.

*Lord.* What is  
The Lady of Pleasure you prefer?

*Dec.* A lady  
Of birth and fortune, one upon whose virtue  
I may presume, the Lady Aretina.

*Lord.* Wife to Sir Thomas Bornwell?

*Dec.* The same, sir.

*Lord.* Have you prepared her?

*Dec.* Not for your lordship, till I have  
found your pulse.

I am acquainted with her disposition,  
She has a very appliable<sup>1</sup> nature.

*Lord.* And, madam, when expect you to  
be whipped

For doing these fine favors?

*Dec.* How, my lord?

Your lordship does but jest, I hope; you  
make

A difference between a lady that  
Does honorable offices, and one  
They call a bawd. Your lordship was not  
wont

To have such coarse opinion of our practice.

*Lord.* The Lady Aretina is my kins-  
woman.

*Dec.* What if she be, my lord? the nearer  
blood,

The dearer sympathy.

*Lord.* I'll have thee carted.<sup>2</sup>

*Dec.* Your lordship will not so much stain  
your honor

And education, to use a woman  
Of my quality—

*Lord.* 'Tis possible you may  
Be sent off with an honorable convoy  
Of halberdiers.

*Dec.* O, my good lord!

*Lord.* Your ladyship shall be no protec-  
tion,

If you but stay three minutes.

*Dec.* I am gone.—

When next you find rebellion in your blood,

May all within ten mile o' th' court turn  
honest!<sup>1</sup>

*Lord.* I do not find that proneness, since  
the fair

Bella Maria died; my blood is cold,  
Nor is there beauty enough surviving  
To heighten me to wantonness.—Who  
waits?

[*Re-*]enter HAIRCUT [*and* Secretary]

And what said my lady?

*Hair.* The silent language of her face, my  
lord,

Was not so pleasant, as it showed upon  
Her entrance.

*Lord.* Would any man that meets  
This lady take her for a bawd?

*Hair.* She does  
The trade an honor, credit to the profession.  
We may, in time, see baldness, quarter  
noses,

And rotten legs to take the wall<sup>2</sup> of foot-  
cloths.<sup>3</sup>

*Lord.* I have thought better; call the lady  
back.—

I wo' not lose this opportunity.—

Bid her not fear. [*Exit* Secretary]—The  
favor is not common,

And I'll reward it. I do wonder much  
Will Scentlove was not here to-day.

*Hair.* I heard him say this morning he  
would wait

Upon your lordship.—

She is returned, sir.

[*Re-*]enter Secretary and DECOY

*Sec.* Madam, be confident, my lord's not  
angry.

*Lord.* You return welcome, madam; you  
are better

Read in your art, I hope, than to be frightened  
With any shape of anger, when you bring  
Such news to gentlemen. Madam, you shall  
Soon understand how I accept the office.

*Dec.* You are the first lord, since I studied  
carriage,

That showed such infidelity and fury  
Upon so kind a message. Every gentleman

<sup>1</sup> Chaste.

<sup>2</sup> Take precedence of.

<sup>3</sup> The caparison of a horse of state.

<sup>1</sup> Accessible.

<sup>2</sup> Whipped at the tail of a cart.



Will show some breeding; but if one right honorable

Should not have noble blood—

*Lord.* You shall return

My compliment, in a letter, to my lady Aretina. Favor me with a little patience.— Show her that chamber.

*Dec.* I'll attend your lordship. 130

*Exeunt* [DECOY and HAIRCUT. SECRETARY seats himself at a table]

*Lord.* Write,—‘Madam where your honor is in danger, my love must not be silent.’

*Enter* [Sir WILLIAM] SCENTLOVE and KICKSHAW

Scentlove and Kickshaw!

*Kick.* Your lordship's busy.

*Lord.* Writing a letter;—nay, it shall not bar

Any discourse.

[Walks alternately to the Secretary and to SCENTLOVE and KICKSHAW]

*Sec.* ‘Silent.’

*Lord.* ‘Though I be no physician, I may prevent a fever in your blood.’—

And where have you spent the morning's conversation? 140

*Scent.* Where you would have given the best barbary

In your stable, to have met on honorable terms.

*Lord.* What new beauty? You acquaint yourselves

With none but wonders.

*Scent.* ‘Tis too low,—a miracle.

*Lord.* It will require a strong faith.

*Sec.* ‘Your blood.’

*Lord.* ‘If you be innocent, preserve your fame, lest this Decoy-madam betray it, to your repentance.’— 150

By what name is she known?

*Scent.* Ask Alexander.

He knows her.

*Kick.* Whom?

*Scent.* The lady Celestina.

*Lord.* He has a vast knowledge of ladies.

‘Las, poor Alexander!

When dost thou mean thy body shall lie fallow?

*Kick.* When there is mercy in a petticoat: I must turn pilgrim for some breath.

*Lord.* I think

‘Twere cooler travel, if you examine it, 160

Upon the hoof through Spain.

*Scent.* Through Ethiopia.

*Lord.* Nay, less laborious to serve a prenticeship

In Peru, and dig gold out of the mine, Though all the year were dog-days.

*Sec.* ‘To repentance.’

*Lord.* ‘In brief, this lady, could you fall from virtue, within my knowledge, will not blush to be a bawd.’ 170

*Scent.* But hang ‘t, ‘tis honorable journey-work;

Thou art famous by it, and thy name's up.

*Kick.* So, sir!

Let me ask you a question, my dear knight: Which is less servile, to bring up the pheasant,

And wait, or sit at table uncontrolled, And carve to my own appetite?

*Scent.* No more;

Thou'rt witty, as I am.

*Sec.* ‘A bawd.’ 180

*Scent.* How's that?

*Kick.* O,

You are famous by't, and your name's up, sir.

*Lord.* ‘Be wise, and reward my caution with timely care of yourself, so I shall not repent to be known your loving kinsman and servant’—

Gentlemen, the lady Celestina, Is she so rare a thing?

*Kick.* If you'll have my 190  
Opinion, my lord, I never saw  
So sweet, so fair, so rich a piece of nature.

*Lord.* I'll show thee a fairer presently, to shame

Thy eyes and judgment; look o' that.

[Gives him a miniature]—So; I'll subscribe. [Signs his name to the letter]

Seal it; I'll excuse your pen for the direction.

*Kick.* Bella Maria's picture! she was handsome.

*Scent.* But not to be compared—

*Lord.* Your patience, gentlemen; I'll return instantly. *Exit*

*Kick.* Whither is my lord gone?

*Sec.* To a lady i' th' next chamber. 200

*Scent.* What is she?

*Sec.* You shall pardon me, I am his secretary.

*Scent.* I was wont to be of his counsel. A new officer,



And I not know't? I am resolved to batter  
All other with the praise of Celestina:  
I must retain him.

[*Re-enter*] Lord

*Lord.* Has not that object  
Convinced your erring judgments?

*Kick.* What! this picture?

*Lord.* Were but your thoughts as capable  
as mine 210

Of her idea,<sup>1</sup> you would wish no thought  
That were not active in her praise, above  
All worth and memory of her sex.

*Scent.* She was fair,  
I must confess; but had your lordship  
looked

With eyes more narrow, and some less affec-  
tion,

Upon her face,—

*Kick.* I do not love the copies  
Of any dead, they make me dream of  
goblins;

Give me a living mistress, with but half 220  
The beauty of Celestina. [*Returns the  
miniature*] Come, my lord,

'Tis pity that a lord of so much flesh  
Should waste upon a ghost, when they are  
living

Can give you a more honorable consump-  
tion.

*Scent.* Why, do you mean, my lord, to  
live an infidel?

Do, and see what will come on't; observe  
still,<sup>2</sup>

And dote upon your vigils; build a cham-  
ber

Within a rock, a tomb among the worms,  
Not far off, where you may, in proof  
apocryphal, 230

Court 'em not to devour the pretty pile  
Of flesh your mistress carried to the grave.  
There are no women in the world; all eyes,  
And tongues, and lips, are buried in her  
coffin!

*Lord.* Why, do you think yourselves com-  
petent judges

Of beauty, gentlemen?

*Both.* What should hinder us?

*Kick.* I have seen and tried as many as  
another,

With a mortal back.

*Lord.* Your eyes are bribed, 240

<sup>1</sup> Image.

<sup>2</sup> Worship ever.

And your hearts chained to some desires;  
you cannot

Enjoy the freedom of a sense.

*Kick.* Your lordship

Has a clear eyesight, and can judge and  
penetrate.

*Lord.* I can, and give a perfect censure<sup>1</sup>  
of

Each line and point; distinguish beauty  
from

A thousand forms, which your corrupted  
optics

Would pass for natural.

*Scent.* I desire no other

Judge should determine<sup>2</sup> us, and if your  
lordship 250

Dare venture but your eyes upon this lady,  
I'll stand their justice, and be confident

You shall give Celestina victory,

And triumph, o'er all beauties past and  
living.

*Kick.* I dare, my lord, venture a suit of  
clothes,

You'll be o'ercome.

*Lord.* You do not know my fortitude.

*Scent.* Nor frailty; you dare not trust  
yourself to see her.

*Lord.* Think you so, gentlemen? I dare  
see this creature

To make you know your errors, and the  
difference 260

Of her, whose memory is my saint. Not  
trust

My senses! I dare see, and speak with her.  
Which holds the best acquaintance to pre-  
pare

My visit to her?

*Scent.* I will do't, my lord.

*Kick.* She is a lad. free in entertainments.

*Lord.* I would give this advantage to your  
cause,

Bid her appear in all the ornaments

Did ever wait on beauty, all the riches

Pride can put on, and teach her face more  
charms 270

Than ever poet drest up Venus in;

Bid her be all the Graces, and the queen

Of love in one, I'll see her, Scentlove, and

Bring off my heart, armed but with a single  
thought

Of one that's dead, without a wound; and  
when

<sup>1</sup> Judgment.

<sup>2</sup> Decide for us.



I have made your folly prisoner, I'll laugh at you.

*Scent.* She shall expect you; trust to me for knowledge.

*Lord.* I'm for the present somewhere else engaged;

Let me hear from you. [Exit]

*Scent.* So! I am glad he's yet 280  
So near conversion.

*Kick.* I am for Aretina.

*Scent.* No mention of my lord.

*Kick.* Prepare his lady,  
'Tis time he were reduced<sup>1</sup> to the old sport;  
One lord like him more would undo the court. Exeunt

### [SCENE II]

[A Room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's House]

Enter ARETINA with a letter, [and] DECOY

*Dec.* He is the ornament of your blood, madam;

I am much bound to his lordship.

*Are.* He gives you

A noble character,

*Dec.* 'Tis his goodness, madam.

*Are.* I wanted such an engine. \*My lord has

Done me a courtesy, to disclose her nature;  
I now know one to trust, and will employ her.— [Aside]

Touching my lord, for reasons which I shall  
Offer to your ladyship hereafter, I 10  
Desire you would be silent; but, to show  
How much I dare be confident in your  
secrecy,

I pour my bosom forth: I love a gentleman,  
On whom there wo' not need much con-  
juration

To meet.—Your ear. [Whispers her]

*Dec.* I apprehend you, and I shall  
Be happy to be serviceable. I am sorry  
Your ladyship did not know me before now:  
I have done offices: and not a few  
Of the nobility but have done feats 20  
Within my house, which is convenient  
For situation, and artful chambers,  
And pretty pictures to provoke the fancy.

Enter LITTLEWORTH

*Little.* Madam, all pleasures languish in  
your absence.

<sup>1</sup> Brought back.

*Are.* Your pardon a few minutes, sir.—

You must  
Contrive it thus.

[Walks aside with DECOY]

*Little.* I attend, and shall account it  
Honor to wait on your return.

*Are.* He must not  
Have the least knowledge of my name or  
person. 30

*Dec.* I have practised that already for  
some great ones,  
And dare again, to satisfy you, madam;  
I have a thousand ways to do sweet  
offices.

*Little.* If this Lady Aretina should be  
honest,

I have lost time: she's free as air; I must  
Have closer conference, and if I have art,  
Make her affect<sup>1</sup> me in revenge.

*Dec.* This evening?  
Leave me to manage things.

*Are.* You will oblige me. 40

*Dec.* You shall command my art, and  
thank me after. Exit

*Are.* I hope the revels are maintained  
within?

*Little.* By Sir Thomas and his mistress.

*Are.* How? his mistress?

*Little.* The lady Celestina; I never saw  
Eyes shoot more amorous interchange.

*Are.* Is't so?

*Little.* He wears her favor with mere<sup>2</sup>  
pride—

*Are.* Her favor?

*Little.* A feather that he ravished from  
her fan; 50  
And is so full of courtship! which she smiles  
on.

*Are.* 'Tis well.

*Little.* And praises her beyond all poetry.

*Are.* I am glad he has so much wit.

*Little.* [aside] Not jealous!

*Are.* [aside] This secures me. What  
would make other ladies pale  
With jealousy, gives but license to my wan-  
derings.

Let him now tax<sup>3</sup> me, if he dare; and yet  
Her beauty's worth my envy, and I wish  
Revenge upon it, not because he loves, 60  
But that it shines above my own.

<sup>1</sup> Love.

<sup>2</sup> Unmixed. Q. ore.

<sup>3</sup> Accuse.



*Enter KICKSHAW*

*Kick.* Dear madam!

*Are.* I have it.—You two gentlemen profess

Much service to me; if I have a way  
To employ your wit and secrecy?—

*Both.* You'll honor us.

*Are.* You gave a high and worthy character

Of Celestina.

*Kick.* I remember, madam.

*Are.* Do either of you love her? 70

*Kick.* Not I, madam.

*Little.* I would not, if I might.

*Are.* She's now my guest,

And, by a trick, invited by my husband,  
To disgrace me.—You, gentlemen, are held  
Wits of the town, the consuls that do govern  
The senate here, whose jeers are all  
authentic.

The taverns and the ordinaries are  
Made academies, where you come, and all  
Your sins and surfeits made the time's  
example. 80

Your very nods can quell a theater,  
No speech or poem good without your seal;  
You can protect scurrility, and publish,  
By your authority believed, no rapture  
Ought to have honest meaning.

*Kick.* Leave our characters.

*Little.* And name the employment.

*Are.* You must exercise

The strength of both your wits upon this  
lady,

And talk her into humbleness or anger, 90  
Both which are equal, to my thought. If  
you

Dare undertake this slight thing for my sake,  
My favor shall reward it; but be faithful,  
And seem to let all spring from your own  
freedom.

*Kick.* This all! We can defame her; if  
you please,

My friend shall call her whore, or any thing,  
And never be endangered to a duel.

*Are.* How's that?

*Kick.* He can endure a cudgeling, and no  
man

Will fight after so fair a satisfaction: 100  
But leave us to our art, and do not limit us.

*Are.* They are here; begin not till I  
whisper you.

*Enter Sir THOMAS BORNWELL, CELESTINA,  
MARIANA, [and] ISABELLA*

*Are.* Je vous prie, madame, d'excuser  
l'importunité de mes affaires, qui m'ont fait  
offenser, par mon absence, une dame de  
laquelle j'ai reçu tant d'obligations.

*Cel.* Pardonnez-moi, madame; vous me  
faites trop d'honneur.

*Are.* C'est bien de la douceur de votre  
naturel, que vous tenez cette langage; 110  
mais j'espère que mon mari n'a pas manqué  
de vous entretenir en mon absence.

*Cel.* En vérité, monsieur nous a fort  
obligé.

*Are.* Il eût trop failli, s'il n'eût taché de  
tout son pouvoir à vous rendre toutes sortes  
de services.

*Cel.* C'est de sa bonté qu'il nous a tant  
favorisé.

*Are.* De la vôtre plutôt, madame, que 120  
vous fait donner d'interprétation si bénigne  
à ses efforts.

*Cel.* Je vois bien que la victoire sera  
toujours à madame, et de langage et de la  
courtesie.

*Are.* Vraiment, madame, que jamais per-  
sonne a plus désiré l'honneur de votre com-  
pagnie que moi.

*Cel.* Laissons-en, je vous supplie, des com-  
plimens, et permettez à votre servante de 130  
vous baiser les mains.

*Are.* Vous m'obligez trop.

*Born.* I have no more patience; let's be  
merry again

In our own language: madam, our mirth  
cools.

Our nephew!

*Enter FREDERICK [intoricated, and STEWARD]*

*Are.* Passion of my brain!

*Fred.* Save you, gentlemen! save you,  
ladies!

*Are.* I am undone.

*Fred.* I must salute; no matter at which  
end I begin. [Salutes CELESTINA]

*Are.* There's a compliment! 140

*Cel.* Is this your nephew, madam?

*Are.* Je vous prie, madame, d'excuser les  
habits et le rude comportement de mon  
cousin. Il est tout fraîchement venu de  
l'université, où on l'a tout gâté.



*Cel.* Excusez moi, madame, il est bien accompli.

*Fred.* This language should be French by the motions of your heads, and the mirth of your faces. 150

*Are.* I am dishonored.

*Fred.* 'Tis one of the finest tongues for ladies to show their teeth in: if you'll Latin it, I am for you, or Greek it; my tailor has not put me into French yet. *Mille basia, basia mille.*

*Cel.* Je ne vous entends pas, monsieur; I understand you not, sir.

*Fred.* Why, so!

You and I then shall be in charity; 160  
For though we should be abusive, we ha' the benefit

Not to understand one another. Where's my aunt?

I did hear music somewhere; and my brains,  
Tuned with a bottle of your capering claret,  
Made haste to show their dancing.

*Little.* Please you, madam,

[Offering his box of sweet-meats to CELESTINA]

They are very comfortable.<sup>1</sup>

*Stew.* Alas, madam,

How would you have me help it? I did use  
All means I could, after he heard the music,  
To make him drunk, in hope so to contain  
him; 171

But the wine made him lighter, and his head  
Flew hither, ere I missed his heels.

*Kick.* Nay, he

Spoke Latin to the lady.

*Are.* O, most unpardonable!

Get him off quickly, and discreetly too.

Or, if I live—

*Stew.* It is not in my power; he swears I  
am

An absurd sober fellow; and if you keep 180  
A servant in his house to cross his humor,  
When the rich sword and belt comes home,  
he'll kill him.

*Are.* What shall I do? Try your skill,  
Master Littleworth.

*Little.* He has ne'er a sword.—Sweet  
Master Frederick—

*Born.* 'Tis pity, madam, such a scion  
should

Be lost; but you are clouded.

*Cel.* Not I, sir,

I never found myself more clear at heart.

<sup>1</sup> Comforting.

*Born.* I could play with a feather; your  
fan, lady.—

Gentlemen, Aretina, ta, ra, ra, ra! Come,  
madam. 190

*Fred.* Why, my good tutor in election,  
You might have been a scholar.

*Little.* But I thank

My friends, they brought me up a little  
better.

Give me the town wits, that deliver jests  
Clean from the bow, that whistle in the air,  
And cleave the pin<sup>1</sup> at twelvescore! Ladies  
do

But laugh at a gentleman that has any  
learning;

'Tis sin enough to have your clothes sus-  
pected.

Leave us, and I will find a time to instruct  
you. 200

Come, here are sugar plums; 'tis a good  
Frederick.

*Fred.* Why, is not this my aunt's house in  
the Strand?

The noble rendezvous? Who laughs at me?  
Go, I will root here if I list, and talk  
Of rhetoric, logic, Latin, Greek, or any  
thing,

And understand 'em too; who says the con-  
trary?

Yet, in a fair way, I condemn all learning,  
And will be as ignorant as he, or he,  
Or any taffata, satin, scarlet, plush,  
Tissue, or cloth o' bodkin<sup>2</sup> gentleman, 210  
Whose manners are most gloriously in-  
fected.—

Did you laugh at me, lady?

*Cel.* Not I, sir;

But if I did show mirth upon your question,  
I hope you would not beat me, little gen-  
tleman?

*Fred.* How! 'little gentleman?' you dare  
not say

These words to my new clothes, and fighting  
sword.

*Are.* Nephew Frederick!

*Fred.* 'Little gentleman!'

'Tis an affront both to my blood and per-  
son. 220

I am a gentleman of as tall a birth  
As any<sup>3</sup> boast nobility; though my clothes  
Smell o' the lamp, my coat is honorable,

<sup>1</sup> Bull's eye.

<sup>2</sup> Of silk and gold thread.

<sup>3</sup> Supply *that*.



Right honorable, full of or and argent.—  
A 'little gentleman!'

*Born.* Coz, you must be patient;  
My lady meant you no dishonor, and  
You must remember she's a woman.

*Fred.* Is she a woman? that's another  
matter.—

Do you hear? my uncle tells me what you  
are.

*Cel.* So, sir. 230

*Fred.* You called me 'little gentleman.'

*Cel.* I did, sir.

*Fred.* A little pink<sup>1</sup> has made a lusty ship  
Strike her top-sail; the crow may beard the  
elephant,

A whelp may tame the tiger, spite of all  
False decks and murderers;<sup>2</sup> and a 'little  
gentleman'

Be hard enough to grapple with your lady-  
ship,

Top and top-gallant.—Will you go drink,  
uncle,

T' other enchanted bottle? you and I  
Will tipple, and talk philosophy. 240

*Born.* Come, nephew.—

You will excuse a minute's absence,  
madam.—

Wait you on us.

*Stew.* My duty, sir.

*Exeunt all but CELESTINA,*

*KICKSHAW and LITTLEWORTH*

*Are.* Now, gentlemen.

*Kick.* Madam, I had rather you excuse  
my language

For speaking truth, than virtue suffer in  
My further silence; and it is my wonder  
That you, whose noble carriage hath de-  
served

All honor and opinion, should now 250  
Be guilty of ill manners.

*Cel.* What was that  
You told me, sir?

*Little.* Do you not blush, madam,  
To ask that question?

*Cel.* You amaze rather  
My cheek to paleness. What mean you by  
this?

I am not troubled with the hickup, gentle-  
men,

You should bestow this fright upon me.

*Little.* Then 260

Pride and ill memory go together.

*Cel.* How, sir?

<sup>1</sup> Small boat.

<sup>2</sup> Cannon.

*Kick.* The gentleman on whom you exer-  
cise[d]

Your thin wit, was a nephew to the lady  
Whose guest you are; and though her  
modesty

Look calm on the abuse of one so near  
Her blood, the affront was impious.

*Little.* I am ashamed on't.

You an ingenious lady, and well mannered!  
I'll teach a bear as much civility. 270

*Cel.* You may be master of the college,  
sir,

For aught I know.

*Little.* What college?

[*Cel.*] Of the bears.

Have you a plot upon me? Do you possess  
Your wits, or know me, gentlemen?

[*Re-]enter [Sir THOMAS] BORNWELL*  
[*behind*]

*Born.* How's this?

*Kick.* Know you? yes; we do know you  
to an atom.

*Little.* Madam, we know what stuff your  
soul is made on.

*Cel.* But do not bark so like a mastiff,  
pray.— 280

Sure they are mad.—Let your brains stand  
awhile,

And settle, gentlemen; you know not me;  
What am I?

*Little.* Th'art a puppet, a thing made  
Of clothes and painting, and not half so  
handsome

As that which played Susanna in the fair.

*Cel.* I heard you visited those canvas  
tragedies,

One of their constant audience, and so taken  
With Susan, that you wished yourself a  
rival

With the two wicked elders. 290

*Kick.* You think this  
Is wit now. Come, you are—

*Cel.* What, I beseech you?  
Your character will be full of salt and satire,  
No doubt. What am I?

*Kick.* Why, you are a woman—

*Cel.* And that's at least a bow wide of  
your knowledge.

*Kick.* Wo'd be thought handsome, and  
might pass i' th' country 299  
Upon a market day; but so miserably  
Forfeit to pride and fashions, that if heaven



Were a new gown, you'd not stay in't a fortnight.

*Cel.* It must be miserably out of fashion then.

Have I no sin but pride?

*Kick.* Hast any virtue,

Or but a good face, to excuse that want?

*Cel.* You praised it yesterday.

*Kick.* That made you proud.

*Cel.* More pride!

*Kick.* You need not:—to close up the praise, 309

I have seen a better countenance in a sybil.

*Cel.* When you wore spectacles of sack,<sup>1</sup> mistook

The painted cloth,<sup>2</sup> and kissed it for your mistress.

*Kick.* Let me ask you a question: how much

Have you consumed in expectation

That I would love you?

*Cel.* Why I think as much

As you have paid away in honest debts

This seven year. 'Tis a pretty impudence,

But cannot make me angry.

*Little.* Is there any 320

Man that will cast away his limbs upon her?

*Kick.* You do not sing so well as I imagined,

Nor dance; you reel in your coranto,<sup>3</sup> and pinch

Your petticoat too hard: y'ave no good ear To th' music, and incline too much one shoulder,

As you were dancing on the rope, and falling.

You speak abominable French, and make A curtesy like a dairy-maid.—[*Aside*] Not mad!

*Little.* Do we not sting her handsomely?

*Born.* A conspiracy! 330

*Kick.* Your state is not so much as 'tis reported,

When you confer notes, all your husband's debts,

And your own reconciled; but that's not it Will so much spoil your marriage.

*Cel.* As what, sir?

Let me know all my faults.

*Kick.* Some men do whisper

You are not over honest.<sup>1</sup>

*Cel.* All this shall not

Move me to more than laughter, and some pity, 340

Because you have the shapes of gentlemen; And though you have been insolent upon me,

I will engage no friend to kick or cudgel you,

To spoil your living and your limbs together:

I leave that to diseases that offend you, And spare my curse, poor silken vermin!

and

Hereafter shall distinguish men from monkeys.

*Born.* [*coming forward*] Brave soul!—

You brace of horse-leeches!—I have heard

Their barbarous language, madam; y'are too merciful:

They shall be silent to your tongue; pray punish 'em. 350

*Cel.* They are things not worth my character,<sup>2</sup> nor mention

Of any clean breath; so lost in honesty, They cannot satisfy for wrongs enough, Though they should steal out of the world at Tyburn.<sup>3</sup>

*Little.* We are hanged already.

*Cel.* Yet I will talk a little to the pilchards.<sup>4</sup>

You two, that have not 'twixt you both the hundred

Part of a soul, coarse woollen-witted fellows, Without a nap, with bodies made for burdens!

You, that are only stuffings for apparel, 360

As you were made but engines<sup>5</sup> for your tailors

To frame their clothes upon, and get them custom,

Until men see you move; yet, then you dare not,

Out of your guilt<sup>6</sup> of being the ignobler beast,

But give a horse the wall,<sup>7</sup> whom you excel Only in dancing of the brawls,<sup>8</sup> because

<sup>1</sup> Chaste.

<sup>2</sup> Characterization.

<sup>3</sup> Be hanged as criminals.

<sup>4</sup> A small fish; here a term of reproach.

<sup>5</sup> Mannikins.

<sup>6</sup> Consciousness.

<sup>7</sup> A show of respect.

<sup>8</sup> A species of dance.

<sup>1</sup> Were drunk.

<sup>2</sup> A cheap substitute for arras.

<sup>3</sup> A quick dance.



The horse was not taught the French way.  
 Your two faces,  
 One fat, like Christmas, t' other lean, like  
 Candlemas,  
 And prologue to a Lent, both bound to-  
 gether,  
 Would figure Janus, and do many cures <sup>370</sup>  
 On agues, and the green disease,<sup>1</sup> by fright-  
 ing,  
 But neither can, with all the characters  
 And conjuring circles, charm a woman,  
 though  
 Sh'ad fourscore years upon her, and but one  
 Tooth in her head, to love, or think well  
 of you:  
 And I were miserable, to be at cost  
 To court such a complexion, as your malice  
 Did impudently insinuate. But I waste  
 time,  
 And stain my breath in talking to such tad-  
 poles.  
 Go home, and wash your tongues in barley-  
 water, <sup>380</sup>  
 Drink<sup>2</sup> clean tobacco, be not hot i' th'  
 mouth,  
 And you may 'scape the beadle; so I leave  
 you  
 To shame, and your own garters!<sup>3</sup>—Sir, I  
 must  
 Entreat you, for my honor, do not penance  
 them  
 They are not worth your anger. How shall I  
 Acquit your lady's silence?  
*Born.* Madam, I  
 Am sorry to suspect, and dare revenge.  
*Cel.* No cause of mine.  
*Born.* It must become me to attend you  
 home. <sup>390</sup>  
*Cel.* You are noble.—Farewell, mush-  
 rooms.  
 [Exit with Sir THOMAS BORN-  
 WELL; re-enter ARETINA]  
*Are.* Is she gone?  
*Little.* I think we peppered her.  
*Kick.* I'm glad 'tis over;  
 But I repent no service for you, madam.—  
*Enter Servant, with a letter [and a jewel,  
 which he delivers] to KICKSHAW*  
 To me? from whence?—a jewel! a good  
 preface.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps here jaundice (Neilson).<sup>2</sup> The usual word for *smoke* tobacco.<sup>3</sup> To be used as halters.

Be happy the conclusion!

*He smiles upon it*

*Are.* Some love letter.

*Little.* He has a hundred mistresses: you  
 may

Be charitable, madam, I ha' none; <sup>400</sup>

He surfeits, and I fall away i' th' kidneys.

[Exit Servant]

*Kick.* I'll meet.—[Aside]

'Tis some great lady, questionless, that has  
 Taken notice, and would satisfy her appe-  
 tite.

*Are.* Now, Master Alexander, you look  
 bright o' the sudden;

Another spirit's in your eye.

*Kick.* Not mine, madam;

Only a summons to meet a friend.

*Are.* What friend?

*Little.* By this jewel, I know her not. <sup>410</sup>

*Are.* 'Tis a she-friend. I'll follow, gentle-  
 men;

We may have a game at cent<sup>1</sup> before you  
 go.

*Kick.* I shall attend you, madam.

*Little.* 'Tis our duty.

[Exeunt KICKSHAW and LITTLEWORTH]

*Are.* I blush while I converse with my  
 own thoughts.

Some strange fate governs me, but I must  
 on;

The ways are cast already, and we thrive  
 When our sin fears no eye nor perspective.

*Exit*

## THE FOURTH ACT, [SCENE I]

[A Room in Decoy's House]

*Enter two men leading KICKSHAW blinded,  
 and go off suddenly*

*Kick.* I am not hurt; my patience to obey  
 'em,

Not without fear to ha' my throat cut else,  
 Did me a courtesy. Whither ha' they  
 brought me? [Pulls off a bandage]

'Tis devilish dark; the bottom of a well  
 At midnight, with but two stars on the top,  
 Were broad day to this darkness. I but  
 think

How like a whirlwind the rogues caught me  
 up,

And smothered my eyesight. Let me see,

<sup>1</sup> A game like piquet; also called *saint*.



These may be spirits, and, for aught I know,  
Have brought me hither over twenty  
steeples. 10

Pray heaven they were not bailiffs! that's  
more worth

My fear, and this a prison. All my debts  
Reek in my nostril, and my bones begin  
To ache with fear to be made dice; and yet  
This is too calm and quiet for a prison.—  
What if the riddle prove I am robbed? and  
yet

I did not feel 'em search me. How now!  
music! [Music within]

*Enter DECOY, like an old Woman, with a  
light*

And a light! What beldam's this? I cannot  
pray.—

What art?

*Dec.* A friend. Fear not, young man, I  
am 20

No spirit.

*Kick.* Off!

*Dec.* Despise me not for age,  
Or this coarse outside, which I wear not out  
Of poverty: thy eyes be witness; 'tis  
No cave, or beggar's cell, th'art brought to;  
let

That gold speak here's no want, which thou  
mayst spend,

And find a spring to tire even prodigality,  
If thou be'st wise. [Gives him a purse]

*Kick.* The devil was a coiner 30  
From the beginning; yet the gold looks  
current.

*Dec.* Thou'rt still in wonder: know, I am  
mistress of

This house, and of a fortune that shall serve  
And feed thee with delights; 'twas I sent  
for thee;

The jewel and the letter came from me.  
It was my art thus to contrive our meeting,  
Because I would not trust thee with my  
fame,

Until I found thee worth a woman's honor.

*Kick.* Honor and fame! [Aside] The  
devil means to have 39

A care on's credit. Though she sent for me,  
I hope she has another customer  
To do the trick withal; I would not turn  
Familiar to a witch.

*Dec.* What say'st? Canst thou  
Dwell in my arms to-night? shall we change  
kisses,

And entertain the silent hours with pleasure,  
Such as old Time shall be delighted with,  
And blame the too swift motion of his  
wings,

While we embrace?

*Kick.* [aside] Embrace! she has had no  
teeth 50

This twenty years, and the next violent  
cough

Brings up her tongue; it cannot possibly  
Be sound at root. I do not think but one  
Strong sneeze upon her, and well meant,  
would make

Her quarters fall away; one kick would  
blow

Her up like gunpowder, and loose all her  
limbs.

She is so cold, an incubus would not heat  
her;

Her phlegm would quench a furnace, and  
her breath

Would damp a musket bullet.

*Dec.* Have you, sir, 60

Considered?

*Kick.* What?

*Dec.* My proposition.

Canst love?

*Kick.* I could have done; whom do you  
mean?

I know you are pleased but to make sport.

*Dec.* Thou art not

So dull of soul as thou appear'st.

*Kick.* This is

But some device; my grannam<sup>1</sup> has some  
trick in't.— 70

Yes, I can love.

*Dec.* But canst thou affect me?

*Kick.* Although to reverence so grave a  
matron

Were an ambitious word in me, yet since  
You give me boldness, I do love you.

*Dec.* Then

Thou art my own.

*Kick.* Has she no cloven foot?

*Dec.* And I am thine, and all that I com-  
mand,

Thy servants; from this minute thou art  
happy, 80

And fate in thee will crown all my de-  
sires.

I grieved a proper<sup>2</sup> man should be com-  
pelled

<sup>1</sup> Grandmother.

<sup>2</sup> Handsome.



To bring his body to the common market.  
 My wealth shall make thee glorious; and,  
     the more  
 To encourage thee, howe'er this form may  
     fright  
 Thy youthful eyes, yet thou wo't find, by  
     light  
 Of thy own sense, for other light is banished  
 My chamber, when our arms tie lovers'  
     knots,  
 And kisses seal the welcome of our lips,      50  
 I shall not there affright thee, nor seem old,  
 With rivelled<sup>1</sup> veins; my skin is smooth and  
     soft  
 As ermines, with a spirit to meet thine,  
 Active, and equal to the queen of love's,  
 When she did court Adonis.  
*Kick.* [*aside*] This doth more  
 Confirm she is a devil, and I am  
 Within his own dominions. I must on,  
 Or else be torn o' pieces. I have heard  
 These succubæ must not be crossed.  
*Dec.* We trifle      100  
 Too precious time away; I'll show you a  
     prospect  
 Of the next chamber, and then out the  
     candle.  
*Kick.* Have you no sack i' th' house? I  
     would go armed  
 Upon this breach.  
*Dec.* It sha' not need.  
*Kick.* One word,  
 Mother; have not you been a cat in your  
     days  
*Dec.* I am glad you are so merry, sir.  
     You observe  
 That bed?      [*Opens a door*]  
*Kick.* A very brave one.      110  
*Dec.* When you are  
 Disrobed, you can come thither in the  
     dark.  
 You sha' not stay for me? Come, as you  
     wish  
 For happiness.      *Exit*  
*Kick.* I am preferred, if I  
 Be modest and obey: she cannot have  
 The heart to do me harm, an she were  
     Hecate,  
 Herself. I will have a strong faith, and  
     think  
 I march upon a mistress, the less evil.  
 If I 'scape fire now, I defy the devil.      *Exit*

<sup>1</sup> Wrinkled.

## [SCENE II]

[*A Room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's House*]

*Enter* FREDERICK [*gaily dressed,*] LITTLE-  
 WORTH, [*and*] Steward

*Fred.* And how d'ye like me now?

*Stew.* Most excellent.

*Fred.* Your opinion, Master Littleworth.

*Little.* Your French tailor

Has made you a perfect gentleman; I may  
 Converse now with you, and preserve my  
     credit.

D'ye find no alteration in your body  
 With these new clothes?

*Fred.* My body altered? No.

*Little.* You are not yet in fashion then?  
     that must      10

Have a new motion, garb, and posture too,  
 Or all your pride is cast away; it is not  
 The cut of your apparel makes a gallant,  
 But the geometrical wearing of your clothes.

*Stew.* Master Littleworth tells you right;  
     you wear your hat  
 Too like a citizen.

*Little.* 'Tis like a midwife  
 Place it with best advantage of your hair.  
 Is half your feather moulted? This does  
     make

No show; it should spread over, like a  
     canopy      20

Your hot-reined monsieur wears it for a  
     shade,

And cooler to his back. Your doublet must  
 Be more unbuttoned hereabouts; you'll not  
 Be a sloven else, a foul shirt is no blemish;  
 You must be confident, and outface clean  
     linen.

Your doublet and your breeches must be al-  
     lowed

No private meeting here; your cloak's too  
     long,

It reaches to your buttock, and doth smell  
 Too much of Spanish gravity; the fashion  
 Is to wear nothing but a cape; a coat      30  
 May be allowed a covering for one elbow,  
 And some, to avoid the trouble choose to  
     walk

In *querpo*,<sup>1</sup> thus.

*Stew.* [*aside*] Your coat and cloak's a  
     brushing

<sup>1</sup> Stripped of the upper garment.



In Long-lane, Lombard.<sup>1</sup>

*Fred.* But what if it rain?

*Little.* Your belt about your shoulder is sufficient

To keep off any storm; beside, a reed  
But waved discreetly, has so many pores,  
It sucks up all the rain that falls about one.  
With this defence, when other men have  
been

Wet to the skin through all their cloaks, I  
have

Defied a tempest, and walked by the taverns  
Dry as a bone.

*Stew.* [aside] Because he had no money  
To call for wine.

*Fred.* Why, do you walk enchanted?  
Have you such pretty charms in town? But  
stay;

Who must I have to attend me?

*Little.* Is not that

Yet thought upon?

*Stew.* I have laid out<sup>2</sup> for servants.

*Little.* They are everywhere.

*Stew.* I cannot yet be furnished  
With such as I would put into his hands.

*Fred.* Of what condition must they be,  
and how

Many in number, sir?

*Little.* Beside your fencing,  
Your singing, dancing, riding, and French  
master,

Two may serve domestic, to be constant  
waiters

Upon a gentleman; a fool, a pimp.

*Stew.* For these two officers I have en-  
quired,

And I am promised a convenient whiskein:<sup>3</sup>  
I could save charges, and employ the pie-  
wench,

That carries her intelligence in whitepots;<sup>4</sup>  
Or 'tis but taking order<sup>5</sup> with the woman  
That trolls<sup>6</sup> the ballads, she could fit him  
with

A concubine to any tune; but I  
Have a design to place a fellow with him  
That has read all Sir Pandarus' works; a  
Trojan<sup>7</sup>

That lies concealed, and is acquainted with  
Both city and suburban fripperies,<sup>8</sup>

Can fetch 'em with a spell at midnight to  
him,

And warrant which are for his turn; can, for  
A need, supply the surgeon too.

*Fred.* I like thy providence; such a one  
deserves

A livery twice a year.

*Stew.* It sha' not need; a cast suit of your  
worship's

Will serve; he'll find a cloak to cover it,  
Out of his share with those he brings to bed  
to you,

*Fred.* But must I call this fellow pimp?

*Little.* It is

Not necessary; or Jack, or Harry,  
Or what he's known abroad by, will sound  
better,

That men may think he is a Christian.

*Fred.* But hear you, Master Littleworth:  
is there not

A method, and degrees of title in  
Men of this art?

*Little.* According to the honor  
Of men that do employ 'em. An emporor<sup>9</sup>  
May give this office to a duke; a king  
May have his viceroy to negotiate for him;  
A duke may use a lord; the lord a knight,  
A knight may trust a gentleman; and when  
They are abroad, and merry, gentlemen  
May pimp to one another.

*Fred.* Good, good fellowship!  
But for the fool now, that should wait on  
me,

And break me jests?

*Little.* A fool is necessary.

*Stew.* By any means.<sup>1</sup>

*Fred.* But which of these two servants  
Must now take place?<sup>2</sup>

*Little.* That question, Master Frederick,  
The school of heraldry should conclude  
upon:

But if my judgment may be heard, the fool  
Is your first man; and it is known a point  
Of state to have a fool.

*Stew.* But, sir, the other  
Is held the finer servant; his employments  
Are full of trust, his person clean and  
nimble,

And none so soon can leap into preferment,  
Where fools are poor.

*Little.* Not all; there's story<sup>3</sup> for't;  
Princes have been no wiser than they should  
be.

<sup>1</sup> At any rate.    <sup>2</sup> Precedence.    <sup>3</sup> Example.

<sup>1</sup> A locality famed for pawn-shops.

<sup>2</sup> Arranged.

<sup>3</sup> Go-between.

<sup>4</sup> Milk-puddings.

<sup>5</sup> Arranging.

<sup>6</sup> Q. holds.

<sup>7</sup> Rascal.

<sup>8</sup> Fast women.



Would any nobleman, that were no fool,  
Spend all in hope of the philosopher's stone,  
To buy new lordships in another country?  
Would knights build colleges, or gentlemen  
Of good estates challenge the field, and fight,  
Because a whore wo' not be honest? Come,  
Fools are a family over all the world; <sup>122</sup>  
We do affect one naturally; <sup>1</sup> indeed  
The fool is leiger <sup>2</sup> with us.

*Stew.* Then the pimp  
Is extraordinary.

*Fred.* Do not you fall out  
About their places.—Here's my noble aunt!

*Enter ARETINA*

*Little.* How do you like your nephew,  
madam, now?

*Are.* Well! turn about, Frederick. Very  
well! <sup>130</sup>

*Fred.* Am I not now a proper <sup>3</sup> gentleman?  
The virtue of rich clothes! Now could I  
take

The wall of Julius Cæsar, or affront  
Great Pompey's upper lip, and defy the  
senate.

Nay, I can be as proud as your own heart,  
madam,

You may take that for your comfort; I put  
on

That virtue with my clothes, and I doubt  
not

But in a little time I shall be impudent  
As any page, or player's boy. I am  
Beholding to this gentleman's good dis-  
cipline; <sup>140</sup>

But I shall do him credit in my practice.  
Your steward has some pretty notions too,  
In moral mischief.

*Are.* Your desert in this  
Exceeds all other service, and shall bind me  
Both to acknowledge and reward.

*Little.* Sweet madam,  
Think me but worth your favor; I would  
creep

Upon my knees to honor you, and for every  
Minute you lend to my reward, I'll pay <sup>150</sup>  
A year of serviceable tribute.

*Are.* You  
Can compliment.

<sup>1</sup> Love one by nature.

<sup>2</sup> Resident as an ambassador.

<sup>3</sup> Handsome.

*Little.* [aside] Thus still she puts me off;  
unless I speak  
The downright word, she'll never understand  
me.

A man would think that creeping on one's  
knees

Were English to a lady.

*Enter KICKSHAW*

*Kick.* How is't, Jack?—Pleasures attend  
you, madam!

How does my plant of honor?

*Are.* Who is this? <sup>160</sup>

*Kick.* 'Tis Alexander.

*Are.* Rich and glorious!

*Little.* 'Tis Alexander the Great.

*Kick.* And my Bucephalus  
Waits at the door.

*Are.* Your case is altered, sir.

*Kick.* I cannot help these things, the  
Fates will have it;

'Tis not my land does this.

*Little.* But thou hast a plough  
That brings it in. <sup>170</sup>

*Are.* Now he looks brave and lovely.

*Fred.* Welcome, my gallant Macedonian.

*Kick.* Madam, you gave your nephew for  
my pupil.

I read <sup>1</sup> but in a tavern; if you'll honor us,  
The Bear at the Bridge foot <sup>2</sup> shall entertain  
you.

A drawer is my Ganymede, he shall skink <sup>3</sup>  
Brisk nectar to us; we will only have  
A dozen partridge in a dish; as many  
pheasants,

Quails, cocks, and godwits shall come march-  
ing up <sup>179</sup>

Like the trained-band; <sup>4</sup> a fort of sturgeon <sup>5</sup>  
Shall give most bold defiance to an army,  
And triumph o'er the table.—

*Are.* Sir, it will  
But dull the appetite to hear more, and  
mine

Must be excused. Another time I may be  
Your guest.

*Kick.* 'Tis grown in fashion now with  
ladies;

When you please, I'll attend you. Little-  
worth.—

<sup>1</sup> Hold forth.

<sup>2</sup> A tavern at Strand-bridge.

<sup>3</sup> Draw, unbottle.

<sup>4</sup> City militia.

<sup>5</sup> A sturgeon-pasty.



Come, Frederick.

*Fred.* We'll have music; I love noise. 100  
We will out-roar the Thames, and shake the  
bridge, boy.

*Exit [with KICKSHAW]*

*Little.* Madam, I kiss your hand; would  
you would think  
Of your poor servant; flesh and blood is  
frail,

And troublesome to carry, without help.

*Are.* A coach will easily convey it, or  
You may take water at Strand-bridge.

*Little.* But I

Have taken fire.

*Are.* The Thames will cool it, sir.

*Little.* But never quench my heart; your  
charity 200

Can only do that.

*Are.* I will keep it cold

Of purpose.

*Little.* Now you bless me, and I dare  
Be drunk in expectation. *[Exit]*

*Are.* I am confident

He knows me not, and I were worse than  
mad

To be my own betrayer. Here's my hus-  
band.

*Enter [Sir THOMAS] BORNWELL*

*Born.* Why, how now, Aretina? What!  
alone?

The mystery of this solitude? My house 210  
Turn desert o' the sudden! all the gamesters  
Blown up! Why is the music put to silence?  
Or have their instruments caught a cold,  
since we

Gave 'em the last heat? I must know thy  
ground

Of melancholy.

*Are.* You are merry, as  
You came from kissing Celestina.

*Born.* I

Feel her yet warm upon my lip; she is  
Most excellent company: I did not think 220  
There was that sweetness in her sex. I must  
Acknowledge, 'twas thy care<sup>1</sup> to disenchant  
me

From a dull husband to an active lover.

With such a lady I could spend more years  
Than since my birth my glass hath run soft  
minutes,

<sup>2</sup>Q. cure.

And yet be young; her presence has a spell  
To keep off age; she has an eye would strike  
Fire through an adamant.

*Are.* I have heard as much

Bestowed upon a dull-faced chambermaid, 230  
Whom love and wit would thus commend.

True beauty

Is mocked when we compare thus,<sup>1</sup> itself  
being

Above what can be fetched<sup>2</sup> to make it  
lovely;

O<sup>3</sup> could our thoughts reach something to  
declare

The glories of a face, or body's elegance,  
That touches but our sense, when beauty  
spreads

Over the soul, and calls up understanding  
To look when thence<sup>4</sup> is offered, and admire.

In both I must acknowledge Celestina

Most excellently fair, fair above all 240

The beauties I ha' seen, and one most  
worthy

Man's love and wonder.

*Born.* Do you speak, Aretina,  
This with a pure sense to commend? or is't  
The mockery of my praise?

*Are.* Although it shame  
Myself, I must be just, and give her all  
The excellency of women; and were I  
A man—

*Born.* What then? 250

*Are.* I know not with what loss  
I should attempt her love. She is a piece  
So angelically moving, I should think  
Frailty excused to dote upon her form,  
And almost virtue to be wicked with her.

*Exit*

*Born.* What should this mean? This is no  
jealousy,

Or she believes I counterfeit. I feel  
Something within me, like a heat, to give  
Her cause, would Celestina but consent.  
What a frail thing is man! It is not worth 260  
Our glory to be chaste, while we deny  
Mirth and converse with women. He is  
good

That dares the tempter, yet corrects his  
blood. *Exit*

<sup>1</sup> Make comparisons such as these.

<sup>2</sup> Brought into comparison.

<sup>3</sup> Q. or. Could but our thoughts, etc. . . . could  
we but declare, etc. when beauty, etc.

<sup>4</sup> I.e., from understanding.



## [SCENE III]

[A Room in Celestina's House]

[Enter] CELESTINA, MARIANA, [and] ISABELLA

*Cel.* I have told you all my knowledge:  
since he is pleased  
To invite himself, he shall be entertained,  
And you shall be my witnesses.

*Mar.* Who comes with him?

*Cel.* Sir William Scentlove, that prepared  
me for  
The honorable encounter. I expect  
His lordship every minute.

Enter [Sir WILLIAM] SCENTLOVE

*Scent.* My lord is come.

*Cel.* He has honored me.

Enter LORD [and] HAIRCUT

*Scent.* My lord, your periwig is awry. 10

*Lord.* You, sir—

*While HAIRCUT is busy about his  
hair, SCENTLOVE goes to CELESTINA*

*Scent.* You may guess at the gentleman  
that's with him.

It is his barber, madam, d'ye observe?  
An your ladyship wants a shaver.

*Hair.* She is here, sir.

I am betrayed.—Scentlove, your plot. I  
may

Have opportunity to be revenged. *Exit*

*Scent.* She in the midst.

*Lord.* She's fair, I must confess; 10  
But does she keep this distance out of state?

*Cel.* Though I am poor in language to  
express

How much your lordship honors me, my  
heart

Is rich and proud in such a guest. I shall  
Be out of love with every air abroad,  
And for this grace done my unworthy house,  
Be a fond prisoner, become anchorite,  
And spend my hours in prayer, to reward  
The blessing and the bounty of this pres-  
ence.

*Lord.* Though you could turn each place  
you move in to

A temple, rather than a wall should hide 20  
So rich a beauty from the world, it were  
Less want to lose our piety and your prayer.

A throne were fitter to present you to  
Our wonder, whence your eyes, more worth  
than all

They look on, should chain every heart a  
prisoner.

*Scent.* 'Twas pretty well come off.

*Lord.* By your example  
I shall know how to compliment; in this,  
You more confirm my welcome.

*Cel.* I shall love

My lips the better, if their silent language  
Persuade your lordship but to think so truly.

*Lord.* You make me smile, madam.

*Cel.* I hope you came not  
With fear that any sadness here should  
shake

One blossom from your eye. I should be  
miserable

To present any object should displease  
you.—

*Lord.* You do not, madam.

*Cel.* As I should account

It no less sorrow, if your lordship should 20  
Lay too severe a censure on my freedom.  
I wo' not court a prince against his justice,  
Nor bribe him with a smile to think me  
honest.

Pardon, my lord, this boldness, and the  
mirth

That may flow from me. I believe my  
father

Thought of no winding-sheet when he begot  
me.

*Lord.* She has a merry soul.—It will be-  
come

Me ask your pardon, madam, for my rude  
Approach, so much a stranger to your  
knowledge.

*Cel.* Not, my lord, so much stranger to  
my knowledge; 20

Though I have but seen your person afar  
off,

I am acquainted with your character,  
Which I have heard so often, I can speak  
it.

*Lord.* You shall do me an honor.

*Cel.* If your lordship will  
Be patient.

*Lord.* And glad to hear my faults.

*Cel.* That as your conscience can agree  
upon 'em:

However, if your lordship give me privilege,  
I'll tell you what's the opinion of the world.



*Lord.* You cannot please me better. 71

*Cel.* Y'are a lord.

Born with as much nobility as would,  
Divided, serve to make ten noblemen,  
Without a herald; but with so much spirit  
And height of soul, as well might furnish  
twenty.

You are learned, a thing not compatible now  
With native honor; and are master of  
A language that doth chain all ears,<sup>1</sup> and  
charm

All hearts, where you persuade; a wit so  
flowing, 80

And prudence to correct it, that all men  
Believe they only meet in you, which, with  
A spacious memory, make up the full  
wonders:

To these<sup>2</sup> you have known valor, and upon  
A noble cause, know how to use a sword  
To honor's best advantage, though you wear  
none.

You are as bountiful as the showers that fall  
Into the spring's green bosom; as you were  
Created lord of Fortune, not her steward; 80  
So constant to the cause in which you make  
Yourself an advocate, you dare all dangers;  
And men had rather you should be their  
friend,

Than justice or the bench bound up to-  
gether.

*Lord.* But did you hear all this?

*Cel.* And more, my lord.

*Lord.* Pray let me have it, madam.

*Cel.* To all these virtues there is added  
one,—

(Your lordship will remember, when I name  
it,

I speak but what I gather from the voice  
Of others)—it is grown to a full fame 100  
That you have loved a woman.

*Lord.* But one, madam?

*Cel.* Yes, many; give me leave to smile,  
my lord,

I shall not need to interpret in what sense;  
But you have showed yourself right hon-  
orable,

And, for your love to ladies, have deserved,  
If their vote might prevail, a marble statue.  
I make no comment on the people's text,—  
My lord, I should be sorry to offend.

*Lord.* You cannot, madam; these are  
things we owe 110  
To nature for.

<sup>1</sup> Q. years.

<sup>2</sup> In addition to these.

*Cel.* And honest men will pay  
Their debts.

*Lord.* If they be able, or compound.

*Cel.* She had a hard heart would be un-  
merciful,

And not give day to men so promising;  
But you owed women nothing.

*Lord.* Yes, I am

Still in their debt, and I must owe them  
love,

It was part of my character. 120

*Cel.* With your lordship's  
Pardon, I only said you had a fame  
For loving women; but of late, men say  
You have, against the imperial laws of love,  
Restrained the active flowings of your blood,  
And with a mistress buried all that is  
Hoped for in love's succession, as all beauty  
Had died with her, and left the world be-  
nighted!

In this you more dishonor all our sex  
Than you did grace a part; when every-  
where 130

Love tempts your eye to admire a glorious  
harvest,

And everywhere as full blown ears submit  
Their golden heads, the laden trees bow  
down

Their willing fruit, and court your amorous  
tasting.

*Lord.* I see men would dissect me to a  
fiber;

But do you believe this?

*Cel.* It is my wonder,  
I must confess, a man of nobler earth  
Than goes to vulgar composition,  
(Born and bred high, so unconfined, so rich  
In fortunes, and so read in all that sum 140  
Up human knowledge, to feed gloriously,  
And live at court, the only sphere wherein  
True beauty moves; nature's most wealthy  
garden,

Where every blossom is more worth than all  
The Hesperian fruit by jealous dragon  
watched,

Where all delights do circle appetite,  
And pleasures multiply by being tasted,)  
Should be so lost with thought of one turned  
ashes.

There's nothing left, my lord, that can ex-  
cuse you, 150

Unless you plead, what I am ashamed to  
prompt

Your wisdom to?



*Lord.* What's that?

*Cel.* That you have played  
The surgeon with yourself.

*Lord.* And am made eunuch?

*Cel.* It were much pity.

*Lord.* Trouble not yourself,  
I could convince your fears with demon-  
stration 150

That I am man enough, but knew not where,  
Until this meeting, beauty dwelt. The court  
You talked of must be where the Queen of  
Love is,

Which moves but with your person; in your  
eye

Her glory shines, and only at that flame  
Her wanton boy doth light his quickening  
torch.

*Cel.* Nay, now you compliment; I would  
it did,

My lord, for your own sake.

*Lord.* You would be kind,  
And love me then?

*Cel.* My lord, I should be loving, 170  
Where I found worth to invite it, and should  
cherish

A constant man.

*Lord.* Then you should me, madam.

*Cel.* But is the ice about your heart fallen  
off?

Can you return to do what love com-  
mands?—

Cupid, thou shalt have instant sacrifice,  
And I dare be the priest.

*Lord.* Your hand, your lip; [*Kisses her*]  
Now I am proof 'gainst all temptation.

*Cel.* Your meaning, my good lord? 180

*Lord.* I, that have strength  
Against thy voice and beauty, after this  
May dare the charms of womankind.—Thou  
art,

Bella Maria, unprofanèd yet;  
This magic has no power upon my blood.—  
Farewell, madam! if you durst be the ex-  
ample

Of chaste as well as fair, you were a brave  
one.

*Cel.* I hope your lordship means not this  
for earnest:

Be pleased to grace a banquet.

*Lord.* Pardon, madam.— 190  
Will Scentlove, follow; I must laugh at you.

*Cel.* My lord, I must beseech you stay,  
for honor,

For her whose memory you love best.

*Lord.* Your pleasure.

*Cel.* And by that virtue you have now  
professed,

I charge you to believe me too; I can  
Now glory that you have been worth my  
trial,

Which, I beseech you, pardon. Had not you  
So valiantly recovered in this conflict,  
You had been my triumph, without hope of  
more 200

Than my just scorn upon your wanton  
flame;

Nor will I think these noble thoughts grew  
first

From melancholy, for some female loss,  
As the fantastic world believes, but from  
Truth, and your love of innocence, which  
shine

So bright in the two royal luminaries<sup>1</sup>  
At court, you cannot lose your way to  
chastity.

Proceed, and speak of me as honor guides  
you. *Exit LORD*

I am almost tired. Come, ladies, we'll be-  
guile

Dull time, and take the air another while.

*Exeunt*

## THE FIFTH ACT, [SCENE I]

[*A Room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's House*]

*Enter ARETINA and a Servant*

*Are.* But hath Sir Thomas lost five hun-  
dred pounds

Already?

*Serv.* And five hundred more he bor-  
rowed.

The dice are notable devourers, madam;  
They make no more of pieces than of  
pebbles,

But thrust their heaps together, to en-  
gender.

'Two hundred more the caster!'<sup>2</sup> cries this  
gentleman.

'I am wi' ye.—I ha' that to nothing, sir.'  
Again; 'Tis covered!' and the table too,  
With sums that frightened me. Here one  
sneaks out, 10

<sup>1</sup> Charles I and his queen, Henrietta Maria, a  
tribute well deserved.

<sup>2</sup> Thrower.



And with a martyr's patience smiles upon  
His money's executioner, the dice;  
Commands a pipe of good tobacco, and  
I' th' smoke on't vanishes. Another makes  
The bones vault o'er his head, swears that  
ill-throwing

Has put his shoulder out of joint, calls for  
A bone-setter. That<sup>1</sup> looks to the box, to  
bid

His master send him some more hundred  
pounds,

Which lost, he takes tobacco, and is quiet.  
Here a strong arm throws in and in, with  
which

He brusheth all the table, pays the rooks<sup>2</sup>  
That went their smelts<sup>3</sup> a piece upon his  
hand,

Yet swears he has not drawn a stake this  
seven year.

But I was bid make haste; my master may  
Lose this five hundred pounds ere I come  
hither. *Exit*

*Are.* If we both waste so fast, we shall  
soon find

Our state is not immortal. Something in  
His other ways appear not well already.

*Enter Sir THOMAS [BORNWELL, and Ser-  
vants, one with a purse]*

*Born.* Ye tortoises, why make ye no more  
haste?

Go pay to the master of the house that  
money,

And tell the noble gamesters I have another  
Superfluous thousand pound; at night I'll  
visit 'em.

D'ye hear?

*Serv.* Yes, an<sup>4</sup> please you.

*Born.* Do't ye drudges.

*[Exeunt Servants]*

Ta, ra, ra!—Aretina!

*Are.* You have a pleasant humor, sir.

*Born.* What! should a gentleman be sad?

*Are.* You have lost—

*Born.* A transitory sum; as good that way  
As another.

*Are.* Do you not vex within for't?

*Born.* I had rather lose a thousand more,  
than one

<sup>1</sup> That one.

<sup>2</sup> Fools.

<sup>3</sup> Staked their trifling sums.

<sup>4</sup> If it.

Sad thought come near my heart for't. Vex  
for trash!

Although it go from other men like drops  
Of their life blood, we lose with the alacrity  
We drink a cup of sack, or kiss a mistress.

No money is considerable with a gamester;  
They have souls more spacious than kings.

Did two

Gamesters divide the empire of the world,  
They'd make one throw for't all, and he that  
lost

Be no more melancholy than to have played  
for

A morning's draught. Vex a rich soul for  
dirt!

The quiet of whose every thought is worth  
A province.

*Are.* But when dice have consumed all,  
Your patience will not pawn for as much  
more.

*Born.* Hang pawning! sell outright, and  
the fear's over.

*Are.* Say you so? I'll have another coach  
to-morrow

If there be rich above ground.

*Born.* I forgot

To bid the fellow ask my jeweler  
Whether the chain of diamonds be made  
up;

I will present it to my Lady Bellamour,  
Fair Celestina.

*Are.* This gown I have worn  
Six days already; it looks dull, I'll give it  
My waiting-woman, and have one of cloth  
Of gold embroidered; shoes and pantables<sup>1</sup>  
Will show well of the same.

*Born.* I have invited

A covey of ladies, and as many gentlemen  
To-morrow, to the Italian ordinary;<sup>2</sup>

I shall have rarities and regalias

To pay for, madam; music, wanton songs,  
And tunes of silken petticoats to dance to.

*Are.* And to-morrow have I invited half  
the court

To dine here. What misfortune 'tis your  
company

And our's should be divided! After dinner  
I entertain 'em with a play.

*Born.* By that time

Your play inclines to the epilogue, shall we  
Quit our Italian host; and whirl in coaches

<sup>1</sup> Slippers.

<sup>2</sup> Eating-house.



To the Dutch magazine of sauce, the Still-yard,<sup>1</sup>

Where deal, and backrag,<sup>2</sup> and what strange wine else

They dare but give a name to in the reckoning,

Shall flow into our room, and drown West-phalias,<sup>3</sup>

Tongues, and anchovies, like some little town

Endangered by a sluice, through whose fierce ebb

We wade, and wash ourselves, into a boat, <sup>∞</sup>

And bid our coachmen drive their leather tenements

By land, while we sail home, with a fresh tide,

To some new rendezvous.

*Are.* If you have not

'Pointed the place, pray bring your ladies hither;

I mean to have a ball to-morrow night, And a rich banquet for 'em, where we'll dance

Till morning rise and blush to interrupt us.

*Born.* Have you no ladies i' th' next room, to advance<sup>4</sup>

A present mirth? What a dull house you govern! <sup>100</sup>

Farewell! a wife's no company.—Aretina, I've summed up my estate, and find we may have

A month good yet.

*Are.* What mean you?

*Born.* And I'd rather

Be lord one month of pleasures, to the height

And rapture of our senses, than be years Consuming what we have in foolish temperance.

Live in the dark, and no fame wait upon us! I will live so, posterity shall stand <sup>110</sup>

At gaze when I am mentioned.

*Are.* A month good!

And what shall be done then?

*Born.* I'll over sea,

And trail a pike. With watching, marching, lying

In trenches, with enduring cold and hunger, And taking here and there a musket-shot,

<sup>1</sup> Steelyard, the German merchants' precinct.

<sup>2</sup> Baccarach, Rhine wine.

<sup>3</sup> Ham.

<sup>4</sup> Arouse.

I can earn every week four shillings, madam;

And if the bullets favor me to snatch Any superfluous limb, when I return, <sup>120</sup>

With good friends, I despair not to be enrolled

Poor knight of Windsor.<sup>1</sup> For your course, madam,

No doubt you may do well; your friends are great:

Or if your poverty, and their pride, cannot Agree, you need not trouble much invention, To find a trade to live by; there are customers.

Farewell, be frolic, madam! If I live, I will feast all my senses, and not fall Less than a Phaeton from my throne of pleasure,

Though my estate flame like the world about me. *Exit* <sup>130</sup>

*Are.* 'Tis very pretty!—

*Enter* DECOY

Madam Decoy!

*Dec.* What! melancholy, After so sweet a night's work? Have not I Showed myself mistress of my art?

*Are.* A lady.

*Dec.* That title makes the credit of the act

A story higher. Y'ave not seen him yet? I wonder what he'll say.

*Are.* He's here. <sup>140</sup>

*Enter* KICKSHAW and FREDERICK

*Kick.* Bear up, My little myrmidon; does not Jack Littleworth Follow?

*Fred.* Follow? he fell into the Thames At landing.

*Kick.* The devil shall dive for him, Ere I endanger my silk stockings for him: Let the watermen alone, they have drags and engines.<sup>2</sup>

When he has drunk his julep, I shall laugh To see him come in pickled the next tide. <sup>150</sup>

*Fred.* He'll never sink, he has such a cork brain.

*Kick.* Let him be hanged or drowned, all's one to me;

<sup>1</sup> A pensioner.

<sup>2</sup> Devices.



Yet he deserves to die by water, cannot  
Bear his wine credibly.

*Fred.* Is not this my aunt?

*Kick.* And another handsome lady; I  
must know her.

[*Goes up to Decoy*]

*Fred.* My blood is rampant too, I must  
court somebody;

As good my aunt as any other lady.

*Are.* Where have you been, cousin?

*Fred.* At the Bridge 160

At the Bear-foot,<sup>1</sup> where our first health be-  
gan

To the fair Aretina, whose sweet company  
Was wished by all. We could not get a lay,  
A tumbler, a device, a *bona roba*,<sup>2</sup>  
For any money; drawers were grown dull:  
We wanted our true firks,<sup>3</sup> and our  
vagaries.—

When were you in drink, aunt?

*Are.* How?

*Fred.* Do not ladies

Play the good fellows too? There's no  
true mirth 170

Without 'em. I have now such tickling  
fancies!

That doctor of the chair of wit has read  
A precious lecture, how I should behave  
Myself to ladies; as now, for example.

[*Goes up to Lady BORNWELL*]

*Are.* Would you practise upon me?

*Fred.* I first salute you,  
You have a soft hand, madam; are you so  
All over?

*Are.* Nephew!

*Fred.* Nay, you should but smile. 180

And then again I kiss you; and thus draw  
Off your white glove, and start, to see your  
hand

More excellently white: I grace my own  
Lip with this touch, and turning gently  
thus,

Prepare you for my skill in palmistry,  
Which, out of curiosity, no lady  
But easily applies<sup>4</sup> to: the first line  
I look with most ambition to find out,  
Is Venus' girdle, a fair semicircle,  
Enclosing both the mount of Sol and  
Saturn; 190

If that appear, she's for my turn; a lady  
Whom nature has prepared for the career;

<sup>1</sup> An intentional misplacement for the Bear at  
Bridge-foot.

<sup>2</sup> Courtesan.

<sup>3</sup> Antics.

<sup>4</sup> Yields.

And, Cupid at my elbow, I put forward:  
You have this very line, aunt.

*Are.* The boy's frantic!

*Fred.* You have a couch or pallet; I can  
shut

The chamber door. Enrich a stranger, when  
Your nephew's coming into play!

*Are.* No more.

*Fred.* Are you so coy to your own flesh  
and blood? 200

*Kick.* Here, take your playfellow; I talk  
of sport,

And she would have me marry her.

*Fred.* Here's Littleworth.

*Enter LITTLEWORTH, wet*

Why, how now, tutor?

*Little.* I ha' been fishing.

*Fred.* And what have you caught?

*Little.* My belly full of water.

*Kick.* Ha, ha! Where's thy rapier?

*Little.* My rapier is drowned,

And I am little better; I was held up b' the  
heels, 210

And out came a ton of water, beside wine.

*Kick.* It has made thee sober.

*Little.* Would you have me drunk

With water?

*Are.* I hope your fire is quenched by  
this time.

*Fred.* It is not now, as when 'your wor-  
ship walked

By all the taverns, Jack, dry as a bone.'

*Kick.* You had store of fish under water,  
Jack.

*Little.* It has made a poor John of me.<sup>1</sup>

*Fred.* I do not think but if we cast an  
angle 220

Into his belly, we might find some pilchards.<sup>2</sup>

*Little.* And boiled, by this time.—Dear  
madam, a bed.

*Kick.* Carry but the water-spaniel to a  
grass-plot,

Where he may roll himself; let him but  
shake

His ears twice in the sun, and you may  
grind him

Into a posset.<sup>3</sup>

*Fred.* Come, thou shalt to my bed,  
Poor pickerel.

<sup>1</sup> Dried and salted hake.

<sup>2</sup> A small fish.

<sup>3</sup> A warm spiced drink.



*Dec.* Alas, sweet gentleman!

*Little.* I have ill luck an I should smell  
by this time; 220

I am but new ta'en, I am sure.—Sweet  
gentlewoman!

*Dec.* Your servant.

*Little.* Pray do not pluck off my skin;  
It is so wet, unless you have good eyes,  
You'll hardly know it from a shirt.

*Dec.* Fear nothing.

*Exeunt [all but KICKSHAW  
and ARETINA]*

*Are.* [*aside*] He has sack enough, and I  
may find his humor.

*Kick.* And how is't with your ladyship?  
You look

Without a sunshine in your face. 240

*Are.* You are glorious.

In mind and habit.

*Kick.* Ends of gold and silver!

*Are.* Your other clothes were not so rich.

Who was

Your tailor, sir?

*Kick.* They were made for me long since;  
They have known but two bright days upon  
my back.

I had a humor, madam, to lay things by;  
They will serve two days more: I think I  
have gold enough

To go to the mercer. I'll now allow myself  
A suit a week, as this, with necessary 251

Dependences, beaver, silk stockings, garters,  
And roses,<sup>1</sup> in their due conformity;

Boots are forbid a clean leg, but to ride in.

My linen every morning comes in new,

The old goes to great bellies.

*Are.* You are charitable.

*Kick.* I may dine wi' you sometime, or  
at the court,

To meet good company, not for the table.

My clerk o' th' kitchen's here, a witty  
epicure, 260

A spirit, that, to please me with what's rare,  
Can fly a hundred mile a day to market,

And make me lord of fish and fowl. I shall

Forget there is a butcher; and to make

My footman nimble, he shall feed on noth-  
ing

But wings of wild fowl.

*Are.* These ways are costly.

*Kick.* Therefore I'll have it so; I ha'  
sprung a mine.

*Are.* You make me wonder, sir, to see  
this change

Of fortune: your revenue was not late 270  
So plentiful.

*Kick.* Hang dirty land, and lordships!  
I wo' not change one lodging I ha' got,  
For the Chamber of London.

*Are.* Strange, of such a sudden,  
To rise to this estate! No fortunate hand  
At dice could lift you up so, for 'tis since  
Last night: yesterday, you were no such  
monarch.

*Kick.* There be more games than dice.

*Are.* It cannot be 280

A mistress, though your person is worth  
love;

None possibly are rich enough to feed  
As you have cast the method of your riots.  
A princess, after all her jewels, must  
Be forced to sell her provinces.

*Kick.* Now you talk

Of jewels, what do you think of this?

*Are.* A rich one.

*Kick.* You'll honor me to wear't; this  
other toy

I had from you; this chain I borrowed of  
you, 290

A friend had it in keeping. [*Gives her the  
jewel and chain*] If your ladyship  
Want any sum, you know your friend and  
Alexander.

*Are.* Dare you trust my security?

*Kick.* There's gold,

I shall have more to-morrow.

*Are.* You astonish me;

Who can supply these?

*Kick.* A dear friend I have.

She promised we should meet again i' th'  
morning.

*Are.* Not that I wish to know 300

More of your happiness than I have already  
Heart to congratulate,—be pleased to lay<sup>1</sup>  
My wonder.

*Kick.* 'Tis a secret—

*Are.* Which I'll die

Ere I'll betray.

*Kick.* You have always wished me well;  
But you shall swear not to reveal the party.

*Are.* I'll lose the benefit of my tongue.

*Kick.* Nor be 310

Afraid at what I say. What think you first  
Of an old witch, a strange ill-favored hag,

<sup>1</sup> Allay.

<sup>1</sup> Rosettes.



That, for my company last night, has wrought

This cure upon my fortune? I do sweat  
To think upon her name.

*Are.* How, sir! a witch?

*Kick.* I would not fright your ladyship too much

At first, but witches are akin to spirits.

The truth is—Nay, if you look pale already,  
I have done. 820

*Are.* Sir, I beseech you.

*Kick.* If you have

But courage then to know the truth, I'll tell you

In one word; my chief friend is—the devil!

*Are.* What devil? how I tremble!

*Kick.* Have a heart;

'Twas a she-devil too, a most insatiate,  
Abominable devil, with a tail

Thus long.

*Are.* Goodness defend me! did you see her? 830

*Kick.* No, 'twas i' th' dark; but she appeared first to me

I' th' likeness of a beldam, and was brought,  
I know not how, nor whither, by two goblins,

More hooded than a hawk.

*Are.* But would you venture  
Upon a devil!

*Kick.* Ay, for means.

*Are.* [aside] How black  
An impudence is this!—But are you sure  
It was the devil you enjoyed? 840

*Kick.* Say nothing;

I did the best to please her; but as sure  
As you live, 'twas a hell-cat.

*Are.* D'ye not quake?

*Kick.* I found myself in the very room i' th' morning,

Where two of her familiars had left me.

*Enter Servant*

*Serv.* My lord is come to visit you.

*Kick.* No words,

As you respect my safety. I ha' told tales  
Out of the devil's school; if it be known, 850  
I lose a friend. 'Tis now about the time  
I promised her to meet again; at my  
Return I'll tell you wonders. Not a word.

*Exit*

*Are.* 'Tis a false glass; sure I am more deformed: [Looks in her pocket mirror]  
What have I done? my soul is miserable.

*Enter Lord*

*Lord.* I sent you a letter, madam.

*Are.* You expressed  
Your noble care of me, my lord.

[Re-]enter [Sir THOMAS] BORNWELL [with]  
CELESTINA

*Born.* Your lordship  
Does me an honor. 860

*Lord.* Madam, I am glad  
To see you here; I meant to have kissed  
your hand,

Ere my return to court.

*Cel.* Sir Thomas has  
Prevailed to bring me, to his trouble, hither.

*Lord.* You do him grace.

*Born.* Why, what's the matter, madam?  
Your eyes are tuning Lachrimæ.<sup>1</sup>

*Are.* As you  
Do hope for heaven, withdraw, and give me  
but 870

The patience of ten minutes.

*Born.* Wonderful!

I wo'not hear you above that proportion.  
She talks of heaven:—Come, where must we  
to counsel?

*Are.* You shall conclude me when you  
please. [Exit]

*Born.* I follow.

*Lord.* What alteration is this? I, that so  
late

Stood the temptation of her eye and voice,  
Boasted a heart 'bove all licentious flame,  
At second view turn renegade, and think 880  
I was too superstitious, and full  
Of phlegm, not to reward her amorous court-  
ship

With manly freedom.

*Cel.* I obey you, sir.

*Born.* I'll wait upon your lordship  
presently. [Exit]

*Lord.* She could not want a cunning to  
seem honest

When I neglected her. I am resolved.—  
You still look pleasant, madam.

*Cel.* I have cause,  
My lord, the rather for your presence, which  
Hath power to charm all trouble in my  
thoughts. 890

<sup>1</sup> Getting ready to cry. Lachrimæ was a popular mournful tune.



*Lord.* I must translate that compliment,  
 and owe  
 All that is cheerful in myself to these  
 All-quick'ning smiles: and rather than such  
 bright  
 Eyes should repent their influence upon me,  
 I would release the aspects, and quit the  
 bounty  
 Of all the other stars. Did you not think  
 me  
 A strange and melancholy gentleman,  
 To use you so unkindly?  
*Cel.* Me, my lord? 400  
*Lord.* I hope you made no loud com-  
 plaint; I would not  
 Be tried by a jury of ladies.  
*Cel.* For what, my lord?  
*Lord.* I did not meet that noble enter-  
 tainment  
 You were late pleased to show me.  
*Cel.* I observed  
 No such defect in your lordship, but a brave  
 And noble fortitude.  
*Lord.* A noble folly;  
 I bring repentance for't. I know you have,  
 Madam, a gentle faith, and wo' not ruin 411  
 What you have built to honor you.  
*Cel.* What's that?  
*Lord.* If you can love, I'll tell your lady-  
 ship.  
*Cel.* I have a stubborn soul else.  
*Lord.* You are all  
 Composed of harmony.  
*Cel.* What love d'ye mean?  
*Lord.* That which doth perfect both;  
 madam, you have heard  
 I can be constant, and if you consent 420  
 To grace it so, there is a spacious dwelling  
 Prepared within my heart for such a  
 mistress.  
*Cel.* Your mistress, my good lord?  
*Lord.* Why, my good lady,  
 Your sex doth hold it no dishonor  
 To become mistress to a noble servant  
 In the new<sup>1</sup> court Platonic way. Consider  
 Who 'tis that pleads to you; my birth, and  
 present  
 Value, can be no stain to your embrace;  
 But these are shadows when my love ap-  
 pears, 430  
 Which shall, in his first miracle, return  
 Me in my bloom of youth, and thee a  
 virgin;

<sup>1</sup> Q. now.

When I, within some new Elysium,  
 Of purpose made and meant for us, shall be  
 In every thing Adonis, but in his  
 Contempt of love; and court thee from a  
 Daphne  
 Hid in the cold rind of a bashful tree,  
 With such warm language and delight, till  
 thou  
 Leap from that bays into the queen of love,  
 And pay my conquest with composing  
 garlands 440  
 Of thy own myrtle for me.  
*Cel.* What's all this?  
*Lord.* Consent to be my mistress, Celes-  
 tina,  
 And we will have it spring-time all the year;  
 Upon whose invitations, when we walk,  
 The winds shall play soft descant to our  
 feet,  
 And breathe rich odors to re-pure the air:  
 Green bowers on every side shall tempt our  
 stay,  
 And violets stoop to have us tread upon  
 'em.  
 The red rose shall grow pale, being near thy  
 cheek, 450  
 And the white blush, o'ercome with such a  
 forehead.  
 Here laid, and measuring with ourselves  
 some bank,  
 A thousand birds shall from the woods re-  
 pair,  
 And place themselves so cunningly behind  
 The leaves of every tree, that while they  
 pay  
 Us<sup>1</sup> tribute of their songs, thou sha't  
 imagine  
 The very trees bear music, and sweet voices  
 Do grow in every arbor. Here can we  
 Embrace and kiss, tell tales, and kiss again.  
 And none but heaven our rival. 460  
*Cel.* When we are  
 Weary of these, what if we shift our para-  
 dise,  
 And through a grove of tall and even pine,  
 Descend into a valley, that shall shame  
 All the delights of Tempe; upon whose  
 Green plush the Graces shall be called to  
 dance,  
 To please us, and maintain their fairy revels,  
 To the harmonious murmurs of a stream  
 That gently falls upon a rock of pearl.  
 Here doth the nymph, forsaken Echo, dwell,

<sup>1</sup> Q. As.



To whom we'll tell the story of our love, 471  
Till at our surfeit and her want of joy,  
We break her heart with envy. Not far off,  
A grove shall call us to a wanton river,  
To see a dying swan give up the ghost,  
The fishes shooting up their tears in bubbles,  
That they must lose the genius of their  
waves—

And such love linsey woolsey, to no purpose.

*Lord.* You chide me handsomely; pray  
tell me how

You like this language. 480

*Cel.* Good my lord, forbear.

*Lord.* You need not fly out of this circle,  
madam;

These widows are so full of circumstance!  
I'll undertake, in this time I ha' courted  
Your ladyship for the toy, to ha' broken  
ten,

Nay, twenty colts, virgins I mean, and  
taught 'em

The amble, or what pace I most affected.

*Cel.* Y'are not, my lord, again, the lord  
I thought you;

And I must tell you now, you do forget  
Yourself and me. 490

*Lord.* You'll not be angry, madam?

*Cel.* Nor rude, (though gay men have a  
privilege,)

It shall appear:—there is a man, my lord,  
Within my acquaintance, rich in worldly  
fortunes,

But cannot boast any descent of blood,  
Would buy a coat of arms.

*Lord.* He may, and legs  
Booted and spurred, to ride into the country.

*Cel.* But these will want antiquity, my  
lord,

The seal of honor. What's a coat cut out 500  
But yesterday, to make a man a gentleman?  
Your family, as old as the first virtue

That merited an escutcheon, doth owe<sup>1</sup>  
A glorious coat of arms; if you will sell  
now

All that your name doth challenge, in that  
ensign,

I'll help you to a chapman, that shall pay,  
And pour down wealth enough for't.

*Lord.* Sell my arms!

I cannot, madam.

*Cel.* Give but your consent, 510  
You know not how the state may be in-  
clined

<sup>1</sup> Own.

To dispensation; we may prevail  
Upon the Heralds' office afterward.

*Lord.* I'll sooner give these arms to th'  
hangman's axe,  
My head, my heart, to twenty executions,  
Than sell one atom from my name.

*Cel.* Change that,  
And answer him would buy my honor from  
me;

Honor, that is not worn upon a flag,  
Or pennon, that, without the owner's  
dangers, 520

An enemy may ravish, and bear from me;  
But that which grows and withers with my  
soul,

Beside the body's stain: think, think, my  
lord,

To what you would unworthily betray me,  
If you would not, for price of gold, or  
pleasure,

(If that be more your idol,) lose the glory  
And painted honor of your house.—I ha'  
done.

*Lord.* Enough to rectify a satyr's blood.  
Obscure my blushes here.

*Enter* [Sir WILLIAM] SCENTLOVE and HAIR-  
CUT [behind]

*Hair.* Or this, or fight with me; 530  
It shall be no exception that I wait  
Upon my lord; I am a gentleman,  
You may be less, and be a knight: the office  
I do my lord is honest, sir. How many  
Such you have been guilty of heaven  
knows.

*Scent.* 'Tis no fear of your sword, but that  
I would not  
Break the good laws established against  
duels.

*Hair.* Off with your periwig, and stand  
bare.

[Sir WILLIAM SCENTLOVE  
takes off his periwig]

*Lord.* From this 530  
Minute I'll be a servant to thy goodness;  
A mistress in the wanton sense is common,  
I'll honor you with chaste thoughts, and  
call you so.

*Cel.* I'll study to be worth your fair  
opinion.

*Lord.* Scentlove, your head was used to a  
covering,  
Beside a hat; when went the hair away?



*Scent.* I laid a wager, my lord, with Hair-cut,  
Who thinks I shall catch cold, that I'll stand bare  
This half hour.

*Hair.* Pardon my ambition,  
Madam, I told you truth; I am a gentleman,  
And cannot fear that name is drowned in my  
Relation to my lord.

*Cel.* I dare not think so.

*Hair.* From henceforth call my service duty, madam:  
That pig's head, that betrayed me to your mirth,  
Is doing penance for't.

*Scent.* Why may not I,  
My lord, begin a fashion of no hair?

*Cel.* Do you sweat, Sir William?

*Scent.* Not with store of nightcaps. 500

[*Re-*]enter ARETINA and BORNWELL

*Are.* Heaven has dissolved the clouds that hung upon  
My eyes, and if you can with mercy meet  
A penitent, I throw my own will off,  
And now in all things obey yours. My nephew

Send back again to the college, and myself  
To what place you'll confine me.

*Born.* Dearer now  
Than ever to my bosom, thou shalt please  
Me best to live at thy own choice. I did  
But fright thee with a noise of my expenses;  
The sums are safe, and we have wealth  
enough, 571

If yet we use it nobly. My lord—madam,  
Pray honor us to-night,

*Are.* I beg your presence,  
And pardon.

*Born.* I know not how my Aretina  
May be disposed to-morrow for the country.

*Cel.* You must not go before you have done  
Me honor to accept an entertainment  
Where I have power; on those terms I'm  
your guest. 580

*Born.* You grace us, madam.

*Are.* [*aside*] Already

I feel a cure upon my soul, and promise  
My after life to virtue. Pardon, heaven,  
My shame, yet hid from the world's eye.

[*Re-*]enter DECOY [*behind*]

*Dec.* Sweet madam!

*Are.* Not for the world be seen here! we  
are lost.

I'll visit you at home. [*Aside*] —But not  
to practise

What she expects: my counsel may recover  
her. [*Exit DECOY*]

[*Re-*]enter KICKSHAW

*Kick.* Where's madam?—Pray lend me a  
little money, 590

My spirit has deceived me; Proserpine  
Has broke her word.

*Are.* Do you expect to find  
The devil true to you

*Kick.* Not too loud.

*Are.* I'll voice it  
Louder, to all the world, your horrid sin,  
Unless you promise me religiously,  
To purge your foul blood by repentance, sir.

*Kick.* Then I'm undone. 600

*Are.* Not while I have power  
To encourage you to virtue; I'll endeavor  
To find you out some nobler way at court,  
To thrive in.

*Kick.* Do't, and I'll forsake the devil,  
And bring my flesh to obedience. You shall  
steer me.—

My lord, your servant.

*Lord.* You are brave again.

*Kick.* Madam, your pardon.

*Born.* Your offence requires  
Humility. 610

*Kick.* Low as my heart.—Sir Thomas,  
I'll sup with you, a part of satisfaction.

*Born.* Our pleasures cool. Music! and  
when our ladies  
Are tired with active motion, to give  
Them rest, in some new rapture to advance  
Full mirth, our souls shall leap into a  
dance. *Exeunt*



822.3

S327

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

1548 310

1548 207

1548 151

8<sup>10</sup>/54 278

27<sup>6</sup>/56 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65- B 12



[illegible]



822.3

S32T

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

48 310

48

De 2/48

8<sup>10</sup>/54 278

27<sup>6</sup>/56 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65 B 12



## APPENDIX

*The Book of Sir Thomas More*, as it is designated, is preserved in the British Museum, MS. Harley 7368. Thirteen original leaves in one handwriting and seven additional ones in five different hands remain. But there are two serious gaps (or *lacunae*), so that we can not know just how much has been lost. In addition to these six hands, there are notes in the handwriting of Sir Edmund Tilney, Master of the Revels, discharging his functions as censor. As to authorship, the original leaves are in the handwriting of Anthony Munday, who was doubtless the author of most of the matter as well as the copyist. One of the additions has been identified as in the handwriting of Thomas Dekker; another, Scene VI below, has been thought to be the composition of Shakespeare and written by his hand. This view, of course, has not been universally accepted.

For the history of the association of Shakespeare's name with this scene, the reader is referred to A. W. Pollard's Introduction to *Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of Sir Thomas More*, 1923, where the arguments in favor of Shakespeare's authorship are skillfully mustered. The manuscript was printed by Alexander Dyce for the *Shakespeare Society's Publications*, 1844; in facsimile by J. S. Farmer in 1910; and critically edited by W. W. Greg for the *Publications of the Malone Society*, in 1911. I have followed the text of Greg, as reprinted in *Shakespeare's Hand*, with a consultation of Dyce, modernizing the punctuation and spelling according to the plan of this book, and preferring the original version of Scene IV to that reprinted by Greg in *Shakespeare's Hand*. Aside from the question of authorship, this play is not uninteresting as a specimen of the haphazard manner in which collaboration and revision was conducted in the old age. That a play, so palpably dealing with current affairs, should have met the ban of the censor is no matter for surprise. Pollard refers the suggestion of the scenes concerning "ill May Day" to the anti-alien riots of 1593. Into other theories, this is not the place to enter.

The facsimile of a passage from the manuscript of *The Play of Sir Thomas More*, reproduced above, represents lines 137 to 164 as printed on page 722. It falls within the part of the play supposed by some to be in the handwriting of Shakespeare. See the volume *Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of Sir Thomas More*, as noted above.



[PERSONS IN THESE SCENES

JOHN LINCOLN  
GEORGE BETTS  
RAFE BETTS, *the Clown*, } *Brothers*  
DOLL WILLIAMSON, *a lusty Woman*  
CAVELER  
FRANCIS DE BARDE } *Frenchmen*  
WILLIAMSON, *a Carpenter, Doll's Husband*  
SHERWIN, *a Goldsmith*  
EARL OF SHREWSBURY

EARL OF SURREY  
SIR THOMAS PALMER  
SIR ROGER CHOLMELEY  
MESSENGER  
THE LORD MAYOR  
SIR THOMAS MORE  
SIR JOHN MUNDAY  
CROFTS  
SHERIFF and OFFICERS

SCENE: London]



# [ILL MAY DAY SCENES FROM] THE BOOK OF SIR THOMAS MOORE

## [SCENE I]

[A Street in the City]

*Enter at one end JOHN LINCOLN with [the two BETTSSES]<sup>1</sup> together; at the other end enters FRANCIS DE [BARDE and DOLL], a lusty woman, he haling her by the arm*

*Doll.* Whither wilt thou hale me?

*Bard.* Whither I please, thou art my prize and I plead purchase<sup>2</sup> of thee.

*Doll.* Purchase of me? Away ye rascal, I am an honest plain carpenter's wife, and though I have no beauty to like<sup>3</sup> a husband, yet whatsoever is mine scorns to stoop to a stranger: hand off then when I bid thee.

*Bard.* Go with me quietly, or I'll compel thee.<sup>11</sup>

*Doll.* Compel me, ye dog's face? Thou thinkst thou hast the goldsmith's wife in hand, whom thou enticedst from her husband with all his plate, and when thou turndst her home to him again, madst him (like an ass) pay for his wife's board.

*Bard.* So will I make thy husband too, if please me.

*Enter CAVELER with a pair of doves, WILLIAMSON, the carpenter, and SHERWIN following him*

*Doll.* Here he comes himself, tell him<sup>20</sup> so if thou darst.

*Cave.* Follow me no further, I say thou shalt not have them.

*Wil.* I bought them in Cheapside, and paid my money for them.

*Sher.* He did, sir, indeed, and you offer him wrong, both to take them from him, and not restore him his money neither.

*Cave.* If he paid for them, let it suffice that I possess them; beef and brews<sup>1</sup><sup>30</sup> may serve such hinds;<sup>2</sup> are pigeons meat for a coarse carpenter?

*Lin.* It is hard when Englishmen's patience must be thus jettied on<sup>3</sup> by strangers and they not dare to revenge their own wrongs.

*Geo.* Lincoln, let's beat them down, and bear no more of these abuses.

*Lin.* We may not, Betts; be patient and hear more.<sup>40</sup>

*Doll.* How now, husband? What, one stranger take thy food from thee, and another thy wife? Bir' Lady, flesh and blood, I think, can hardly brook that.

*Lin.* Will this gear<sup>4</sup> never be otherwise? Must these wrongs be thus endured?

*Geo.* Let us step in, and help to revenge their injury.

*Bard.* What art thou that talkest of revenge? My Lord Ambassador shall once<sup>50</sup> more make your Mayor have a check,<sup>5</sup> if he punish thee not for this saucy presumption.

*Wil.* Indeed my Lord Mayor, on the Ambassador's complaint, sent me to Newgate one day, because (against my will) I took the wall<sup>6</sup> of a stranger. You may do anything, the goldsmith's wife, and mine now, must be at your commandment.

*Geo.* The more patient fools are ye<sup>60</sup> both to suffer it.

*Bard.* Suffer it? Mend it thou or he if ye can or dare; I tell thee fellow, and<sup>7</sup> she were the Mayor of London's wife, had I her once in my possession, I would keep her in spite of him that durst say nay.

*Geo.* I tell thee, Lombard, these words should cost thy best cap, were I not curbed

<sup>1</sup> Broths.

<sup>2</sup> Peasants.

<sup>3</sup> Boldly encroached on: to jet is to strut.

<sup>4</sup> Matter.

<sup>5</sup> Rebuff.

<sup>6</sup> This was to show a lack of deference.

<sup>7</sup> If.

<sup>1</sup> George, so designated, and the Clown.

<sup>2</sup> Claim thee as booty.

<sup>3</sup> Please.



by duty and obedience. The Mayor of London's wife! O God, shall it be thus! 70

*Doll.* Why Betts, am not I as dear to my husband, as my Lord Mayor's wife to him, and wilt thou so neglectly<sup>1</sup> suffer thine own shame? Hands off, proud stranger, or, [by] him that bought me, if men's milky hearts dare not strike a stranger, yet women will beat them down, ere they bear these abuses.

*Bard.* Mistress, I say you shall along with me.

*Doll.* Touch not Doll Williamson, lest 80 she lay thee along on God's dear earth. (*To CAVELER*) And you, sir, that allow such coarse eates<sup>2</sup> to carpenters, whilst pigeons, which they pay for, must serve your dainty appetite: deliver them back to my husband again or I'll call so many women to mine assistance, as<sup>3</sup> we'll not leave one inch untorn of thee. If our husbands must be bridled by law and forced to bear your wrongs, their wives will be a little lawless, 90 and soundly beat ye.

*Cave.* Come away, de Barde and let us go complain to my Lord Ambassador.

*Exeunt ambo*

*Doll.* Ay, go, and send him among us, and we'll give him his welcome too. I am ashamed that freeborn Englishmen, having beaten strangers within their own bounds, should thus be braved and abused by them at home.

*Sher.* It is not our lack of courage in 100 the cause, but the strict obedience that we are bound to: I am the goldsmith whose wrongs you talked of, but how to redress yours or mine own, is a matter beyond all our abilities.

*Lin.* Not so, not so, my good friends; I, though a mean man, a broker<sup>4</sup> by profession and named John Lincoln, have long time winked<sup>5</sup> at these vild<sup>6</sup> enormities with mighty impatience, and, as these two 110 brethren here (*Bettses* by name) can witness, with loss of mine own life would gladly remedy them.

*Geo.* And he is in a good forwardness I tell ye, if all hit right.

*Doll.* As how, I pre'thee? Tell it to Doll Williamson.

*Lin.* You know the Spittle<sup>1</sup> Sermons begin the next week; I have drawn a [bill] of our wrongs, and the strangers' inso- 120 lencies.

*Geo.* Which he means the preachers shall there openly publish in the pulpit.

*Wil.* O, but that they would, in faith it would tickle our strangers thoroughly.

*Doll.* Ay, and if you men durst not undertake it, before God, we women [will<sup>2</sup> Take] an honest woman from her husband, why it is intolerable!

*Sher.* But how find ye the preachers 130 affected to [our proceeding?]

*Lin.* Master Doctor Standish<sup>3</sup> . . . . .

[re]form it and doubts not but happy success wil ensu . . . our wrongs. You shall perceive there's no hurt in the bill; here's a copy of it, I pray ye, hear it.

*All.* With all our hearts, for God's sake read it. 140

*Lin.* (*reads*) To you all the worshipful lords and masters of this City, that will take compassion over the poor people your neighbors, and also of the great importable<sup>4</sup> hurts, losses and hinderances, wherof proceedeth extreme poverty to all the King's subject, that inhabit within this City and suburbs of the same. For so it is that aliens and strangers eat the bread from the fatherless children, and take the living 150 from all the artificers, and the intercourse<sup>5</sup> from all merchants whereby poverty is so much increased, that every man bewaileth the misery of other, for craftsmen be brought to beggary, and merchants to neediness. Wherefor, the premises considered, the redress must be of the commons, knit and united to one part. And as the hurt and damage grieveth all men, so must all men see to their willing power for 160 remedy, and not suffer<sup>6</sup> the said aliens in their wealth, and the natural born men of this region to come to confusion.

*Doll.* Before God, 'tis excellent, and I'll maintain the suit to be honest.

*Sher.* Well, say 'tis read, what is your further meaning in the matter?

<sup>1</sup> Hospital.

<sup>2</sup> I supply *will* here in preference to *Dyce's would*.

<sup>3</sup> The MS. is wanting here.

<sup>4</sup> Intolerable.

<sup>5</sup> Trade.

<sup>6</sup> Endure.

<sup>1</sup> Neglectfully.

<sup>2</sup> Food.

<sup>3</sup> That.

<sup>4</sup> A tapster or peddler.

<sup>5</sup> Shut my eyes to.

<sup>6</sup> Vile.



*Geo.* What? Marry,<sup>1</sup> list to me. No doubt but this will store us with friends enow, whose names we will closely<sup>2</sup> keep 170 in writing, and on May day next in the morning we'll go forth a-Maying, but make it the worst May day for the strangers that ever they saw. How say ye? Do ye subscribe, or are ye fainthearted revolvers?

*Doll.* Hold thee, George Bettes, there's my hand and my heart, by the Lord I'll make a captain among ye, and do somewhat to be talked of for ever after.

*Will.* My masters, ere we part, let's 180 friendly go and drink together, and swear true secrecy upon our lives.

*Geo.* There spake an angel, come, let us along then. *Exeunt*<sup>3</sup>

## [SCENE III]

## [The Council Chamber]

*Enter the EARLS OF SHREWSBURY and SURREY, SIR THOMAS PALMER and SIR ROGER CHOLMELEY*

*Shrew.* My Lord of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Palmer,  
Might I with patience tempt your grave advice?

I tell ye true, that in these dangerous times,

I do not like this frowning vulgar brow.<sup>4</sup>  
My searching eye<sup>5</sup> did never entertain,  
A more distracted countenance of grief  
Than I have late observed

In the displeased commons of the city.

*Sur.* 'Tis strange, that from his princely clemency, 10

So well a-tempered mercy and a grace,  
To all the aliens in this fruitful land,  
That this high-crested insolence should spring,

From them that breathe from his majestic bounty,

That fattened with the traffic of our country,

Already leap into his subjects' face.

*Pal.* Yet Sherwin[']s hindered to commence his suit

Against de Barde, by the Ambassador  
By supplication made unto the king.

Who, having first enticed away his wife, 20  
And got his plate, near worth four hundred pound,

To grieve some wrongèd citizens, that found  
This vile disgrace oft cast into their teeth:  
Of late sues Sherwin, and arrested him  
For money for the boarding of his wife.

*Sur.* The more knave Barde, that using  
Sherwin's goods,

Doth ask him interest for the occupation:

I like not that, my Lord of Shrewsbury.

He's ill bested,<sup>1</sup> that lends a well paced horse,

Unto a man that will not find him meat. 30

*Chol.* My Lord of Surrey will be pleasant still.<sup>2</sup>

*Pal.* I being then employed by your honors

To stay the broil that fell about the same,

Where by persuasion I enforced the wrongs,

And urged the grief of the displeased City:

He answered me and with a solemn oath

That if he had the Mayor of London's wife,

He would keep her in despite of any English.

*Sur.* 'Tis good, Sir Thomas, then for you and me,

Your wife is dead, and I a bachelor. 40

If no man can possess his wife alone,

I am glad, Sir Thomas Palmer, I have none.

*Chol.* If a<sup>3</sup> take my wife, a shall find her meat.

*Sur.* And reason good, Sir Roger Cholmeley, too.

If these hot Frenchmen needsly<sup>4</sup> will have sport,

They should in kindness yet defray the charge.

'Tis hard when men possess our wives in quiet:

And yet leave us in to discharge their diet.

*Shrew.* My Lord, our caters<sup>5</sup> shall not use the market

For our provision, but some stranger now 50  
Will take the victuals from him he hath bought.

A carpenter, as I was late informed,  
Who, having bought a pair of doves in Cheap.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mary, an attenuated oath.

<sup>2</sup> Secretly.

<sup>3</sup> Scene II is omitted as not concerned with Ill May Day.

<sup>4</sup> Frown on common men's faces.

<sup>5</sup> My eye looking for such things, did never see, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Little advantaged.

<sup>2</sup> Will always be jocular.

<sup>3</sup> He.

<sup>4</sup> Necessarily.

<sup>5</sup> Caterers.

<sup>6</sup> The Market.



Immediately a Frenchman took them from him,  
And beat the poor man for resisting him.  
And when the fellow did complain his wrongs:

He was severely punished for his labor.

*Sur.* But if the English blood be once but up,

As I perceive their hearts already full,  
I fear me<sup>1</sup> much, before their spleens be cooled,

Some of these saucy aliens for their pride  
Will pay for it soundly; wheresoe'er it lights,

This tide of rage, that with the eddy strives,  
I fear me much will drown too many lives.

*Chol.* Now afore God, your honors, pardon me,

Men of your place and greatness, are to blame,

I tell ye true, my Lords, in that his majesty

Is not informèd of this base abuse,  
And daily wrongs are offered to his subjects;  
For if he were, I know his gracious wisdom,  
Would soon redress it.

*Enter a Messenger*

*Shrew.* Sirrah, what news?

*Chol.* None good, I fear.

*Mess.* My Lord, ill news, and worse I fear will follow,

If speedily it be not looked unto.  
The city is in an uproar and the mayor  
Is threatened, if he come out of his house.  
A number poor artifi[ceers]<sup>2</sup>

feared what this would come unto.  
This follows on the doctor's publishing,  
The bill of wrongs in public at the Spittle.

*Shrew.* That Doctor Beale may chance beshrew<sup>3</sup> himself

For reading of the bill.

*Pal.* Let us go gather forces to the mayor,  
For quick suppressing this rebellious route.<sup>4</sup>

*Sur.* Now I bethink myself of Master More,

One of the sheriffs, a wise and learned gentleman,

And in especial favor with the people.

He, backed with other grave and sober men,

May by his gentle and persuasive speech  
Perhaps prevail more than we can with power.

*Shrew.* Believe me, but your honor well advises.

Let us make haste, or I do greatly fear,  
Some to their graves this morning's work  
will bear.

*Exeunt*

#### [SCENE IV]

*[A Street in Saint Martin's-le-Grand]*

*Enter LINCOLN, [the] BETTSES, WILLIAMSON, SHERWIN and other armed, DOLL in a shirt of mail, a head piece, sword and buckler, a crew<sup>1</sup> attending*

*Doll.* Peace there, I say, hear Captain Lincoln speak,

Keep silence, till we know his mind at large.

*All.* Agreed, agreed, speak, then, brave Captain Lincoln,

*Lin.* Come, gallant bloods, you whose free souls do scorn

To bear the enforced wrongs of aliens,  
Add rage to resolution, fire the houses  
Of these audacious strangers. This is Saint Martin's

And yonder dwells Mutas, a wealthy Picard,  
At the Green Gate,

de Bard, Peter van Hollock, Adrian Martin,  
With many more outlandish<sup>2</sup> fugitives.

Shall these enjoy more privilege than we  
In our own country? Let's then become  
their slaves,

Since justice keeps not them in greater awe,  
We'll be ourselves rough ministers at law.

*All.* Fire the houses! fire the houses!

*Doll.* Ay, for we may as well make bon-fires on May Day as at midsummer. We'll alter the day in the calender, and set it down in flaming letters.<sup>3</sup>

*Sher.* Stay, that would much endanger the whole city, whereto I would not the least prejudice.

*Doll.* No, nor I neither, so may mine own house be burned for company; I'll tell ye what, we'll drag the strangers out into More-

<sup>1</sup> Mob.

<sup>2</sup> Foreign.

<sup>3</sup> In allusion to the rubric or red initial used in calendars.

<sup>1</sup> I am much afraid.

<sup>2</sup> A break in the MS.

<sup>3</sup> Curse.

<sup>4</sup> Rabble.



fields and there bombast<sup>1</sup> them till they stink again.

*Geo.* Let some of us enter the strangers' houses,  
And if we find them there, then bring them forth. 30

*Ex[eunt] some and SHER[WIN]*

*Doll.* If ye bring them forth before ye find them, I'll never allow of that.

*Will.* Now, lads, how shall we labor in our safety?

I hear the mayor hath gathered men in arms,

And that Sheriff More an hour ago received Some of the privy council in at Ludgate.

Force now must make our peace or else we fall.

'Twill soon be known we are the principal.

*Doll.* And what of that? if thou beest afraid, husband,

Go home again and hide thy head, for by the Lord 40

I'll have a little sport now I am at it.

*Geo.* Let's stand upon our guards, and if they come,

Receive them as they were our enemies.

*En[ter] SHER[WIN] and the rest*

*Lin.* How now? Have ye found any?

*Sher.* Not one: th'are fled.

*Lin.* Then fire the houses, that the mayor being busy,

About the quenching of them, we may scape.

Burn down their kennels; let us s[traight] away,

Lest that this day prove to us all an ill May day. *Exeunt*

## [SCENE VI]

*[The Guildhall]*

*Enter at one door SIR THOMAS MORE and LORD MAYOR; at another door SIR JOHN MUNDAY, hurt*

*Mayor.* What, Sir John Munday, are you hurt?

*Sir John.* A little knock, my lord, there was, even now,  
A sort<sup>2</sup> of prentices playing at cudgels;

<sup>1</sup> Beat.

<sup>2</sup> Gang, group.

I did command them to their masters' houses,

But one of them, backed by the other crew,  
Wounded me in the forehead with his cudgel,

And now I fear me they are gone to join  
With Lincoln, Sherwin and their dangerous train.<sup>1</sup>

*More.* The captains of this insurrection  
Have ta'en themselves to armes, and came but now 10

To both the counters<sup>2</sup> where they have released

Sundry indebted prisoners,<sup>3</sup> and from thence  
I hear that they are gone into Saint Martin's  
Where they intend to offer violence

To the amazed<sup>4</sup> Lombards. Therefore, my lord,

If we expect the safety of the city,  
'Tis time that force or parley do encounter  
With these displeas'd men.

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mayor.* How now, what news?

*Mess.* My lord, the rebells have broke open Newgate 20

From whence they have delivered many prisoners,

Both felons and notorious murderers,  
That desperately cleave to their lawless train.<sup>5</sup>

*Mayor.* Up with the draw bridge, gather some forces

To Cornhill and Cheapside. And, gentlemen,

If diligence be used on every side,  
A quiet ebb will follow this rough tide.

*Enter SHREWSBURY, SURREY, PALMER, CHOLMELEY*

*Shrew.* Lord Mayor, his majesty receiving notice

Of this most dangerous insurrection,  
Hath sent my Lord of Surrey and myself, 30  
Sir Thomas Palmer and our followers,  
To add unto [y]our forces our best means  
For pacifying of this mutiny.  
In God's name then, set on with happy speed,

<sup>1</sup> Followers.

<sup>2</sup> Prisons.

<sup>3</sup> Debtors.

<sup>4</sup> Surprised.

<sup>5</sup> Followers.



The King laments if one true subject bleed.

*Sur.* I hear they mean to fire the Lombard's houses;

O power, what art thou in a madman's eyes!  
Thou mak'st the plodding idiot bloody wise.

*Moore.* My lords, I doubt not but we shall appease

With a calm breath this flux of discontent. 40

*Pal.* To call them to a parley questionless  
May fall out good; 'tis well said, Master More.

*More.* Let's to these simple men; for many sweat

Under this act, that knows not the law's debt

Which hangs upon their lives; for silly men  
Plod on they know not how, like a fool's pen,

That, ending, shows not any sentence writ,  
Linked but to common reason or slightest wit:

These follow for no harm, but yet incur  
Self-penalty<sup>1</sup> with those that raised this stir. 50

A God's name, one to calm our private foes  
With breath of gravity, not dangerous blows!

*Ereunt*

# [SCENE VII]

[*The Gate of Saint Martin's-le-Grand*]

*Enter LINCOLN, DOLL, CLOWN, GEORGE BETTS, WILLIAMSON, others and a Sergeant at Arms*

*Lin.* Peace, hear me. He that will not see a red herring at a harry groat,<sup>2</sup> butter at eleven pence a pound, meal at nine shillings a bushell and beef at four nobles<sup>3</sup> a stone, list to me.

*Geo.* It will come to that pass, if strangers be suffered, mark him.

*Lin.* Our country is a great eating country, argo<sup>4</sup> they eat more in our country than they do in their own. 10

*Clo.* By a half-penny loaf<sup>5</sup> a day, troy weight.

*Lin.* They bring in strange roots,<sup>6</sup> which

is meerly<sup>1</sup> to the undoing of poor apprentices; for what's a sorry parsnip to a good heart?

*Will.* Trash, trash; they breed sore eyes, and 'tis enough to infect the city with the palsy.

*Lin.* Nay, it has infected it with the palsy; for these bastards of dung, as you know they grow in dung, have infected us, and it is our infection will make the city shake, which partly comes through the eating of parsnips.

*Clo.* True; and pumpions together.<sup>2</sup>

*Ser.* What say you to the mercy of the king? Do you refuse it?

*Lin.* You would have us upon th' hip,<sup>3</sup> would you? No, marry, do we not; we accept of the king's mercy, but we will show no mercy upon the strangers.

*Ser.* You are the simplest things that ever stood in such a question.

*Lin.* How say ye now, prentices? Prentices simple! Down with him!

*All.* Prentices simple! Prentices simple!

*Enter the LORD MAYOR, SURREY, SHREWSBURY, [PALMER, CHOLMELEY, MORE]*

*Mayor.* Hold! in the king's name, hold!

*Sur.* Friends, masters, countrymen!—

*Mayor.* Peace! Ho! Peace! I charge 40 you, keep the peace!

*Shrew.* My masters, countrymen!—

*Will.* The noble earl of Shrewsbury, let's hear him.

*Geo.* We'll hear the earl of Surrey.

*Lin.* The earl of Shrewsbury!

*Geo.* We'll hear both.

*All.* Both! both! both! both!

*Lin.* Peace! I say peace! Are you men of wisdom, or what are you! 50

*Sur.* What will you have them, but not men of wisdom.

*All.* We'll not hear my lord of Surrey; no, no, no, no, no! Shrewsbury! Shrewsbury!

*More.* Whiles they are o'er the bank of their obedience, thus will they bear down all things.

*Lin.* Shreeve<sup>4</sup> More speaks; shall we hear Shreeve More speak? 60

<sup>1</sup> The self same penalty.

<sup>2</sup> A groat coined in Henry VIII's reign.

<sup>3</sup> A gold coin worth 6 s. 8 d.

<sup>4</sup> Ergo, therefore.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *loot*.

<sup>6</sup> Perhaps the potato.

<sup>1</sup> Wholly.

<sup>2</sup> Pumpkins also.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Shylock, *The Merchant of Venice*, I. 3.

<sup>4</sup> Sheriff.



*Doll.* Let's hear him; a keeps a plentiful shrievaltry, and a made my brother, Arthur Watchins, Serjeant Safe's yeoman. Let's hear Shreeve More.

*All.* Shreeve More! More! More! Shreeve More!

*More.* Even by the rule you have among yourselves,  
Command still audience.

*All.* Surrey! Surrey!

*All.* More! More!

70

*Geo.* } Peace, peace, silence, peace!  
*Lin.* }

*More.* You that have voice and credit with the number,  
Command them to a stillness.

*Lin.* A plague on them, they will not hold their peace; the devil can not rule them.

*Mor.* Then what a rough and riotous charge have you,  
To lead those that the devil can not rule!  
Good masters, hear me speak.

*Doll.* Ay, by th' mass, will we, More. Th'art a good housekeeper, and I thank so thy good worship for my brother, Arthur Watchins.

*All.* Peace! peace!

*More.* Look, what you do offend, you cry upon,  
That is the peace; not [one] of you here present  
Had there such fellows lived when you were babes,  
That could have topped<sup>1</sup> the peace, as now you would,  
The peace, wherein you have till now grown up,  
Had been ta'en from you, and the bloody times  
Could not have brought you to the state of men.

80

Alas, poor things, what is it you have got,  
Although we grant you get the thing you seek?

*Geo.* Marry, the removing of the strangers, which can not choose but much advantage the poor handicrafts of the city.

*More.* Grant them removed and grant that this your noise  
Hath chid down all the majesty of England;  
Imagine that you see the wretched strangers,  
Their babies at their backs, with their poor luggage,

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps *toppled*, overthrown.

Plodding to th' ports and coasts for transportation,

100

And that you sit as kings in your desires,  
Authority quite silent by your brawl,  
And you in ruff of your opinion clothed;  
What had you got? I'll tell you: you had taught

How insolence and strong hand should prevail,

How order should be quelled; and by this pattern

Not one of you should live an aged man.  
For other ruffians, as their fancies wrought,  
With self-same hand,<sup>1</sup> self reasons, and self right,<sup>2</sup>

Would shark on you, and men like ravenous fishes

110

Would feed on one another.

*Doll.* Before God, that's as true as the gospel.

*Lin.* Nay, this [is] a sound fellow, I tell you; let's mark him.

*More.* Let me set up before your thoughts, good friends,

One supposition, which if you will mark,  
You shall perceive how horrible a shape  
Your innovation bears; first, 'tis a sin  
Which oft th' apostle did forewarn us of,  
Urging obedience to authority;  
And 'twere no error if I told you all,  
You were in arms 'gainst God.

120

*All.* Marry, God forbid that!

*More.* Nay, certainly you are;  
For to the king God hath his office lent  
Of dread, of justice, power and command,  
Hath bid him rule and willed you to obey;  
And, to add ampler majesty to this,  
He hath not only lent the king his figure,  
His throne and sword, but given him his own name

Calls him a god on earth. What do you, then,

130

Rising 'gainst him that God himself enstalls,  
But rise 'gainst God? what do you to your souls,

In doing this? O, desperate as you are,  
Wash your foul minds with tears, and those same hands,

That you, like rebels, lift against the peace,  
Lift up for peace, and your unreverent knees  
Make them your feet to kneel to be forgiven.

<sup>1</sup> With the same violence.

<sup>2</sup> Similar reasons and assumed rights.



Tell me but this; what rebel captain,  
 As mutinies are incident,<sup>1</sup> by his name  
 Can still the rout? who will obey a traitor?  
 Or how can well that proclamation sound <sup>141</sup>  
 When there is no addition<sup>2</sup> but a rebel  
 To qualify a rebel? You'll put down  
 strangers,  
 Kill them, cut their throats, possess their  
 houses,  
 And lead the majesty of law in liom,<sup>3</sup>  
 To slip him like a hound. Say now the  
 king,  
 As he is clement, if th' offender mourn,  
 Should so much come too short of your  
 great trespass  
 As but to banish you, whither would you  
 go?  
 What country by the nature of your error <sup>150</sup>  
 Should give you harbor? Go you to France  
 or Flanders,  
 To any German province, to Spain or Por-  
 tigall,  
 Nay any where that not adheres to Eng-  
 land,—  
 Why, you must needs be strangers; would  
 you be pleased  
 To find a nation of such barbarous temper,  
 That, breaking out in hideous violence,  
 Would not afford you an abode on earth,  
 Whet their detested knives against your  
 throats,  
 Spurn you like dogs, and like as if that God  
 Owed<sup>4</sup> not nor made not you, nor that the  
 elements <sup>160</sup>  
 Were not all appropriate to your comforts,  
 But chartered unto them, what would you  
 think  
 To be thus used? This is the strangers'  
 case;  
 And this your momtanish<sup>5</sup> inhumanity.  
*All.* Faith, a says true. Let's do as we  
 may be done by.  
*Lin.* We'll be ruled by you, Master More,  
 if you'll stand our friend to procure our  
 pardon.  
*More.* Submit you to these noble gentle-  
 men,  
 Entreat their mediation to the king, <sup>170</sup>  
 Give up yourself to form, obey the magis-  
 trate,

And there's no doubt but mercy may be  
 found,  
 If you so seek it.  
*All.* We yield, and desire his highness'  
 mercy.

*They lay by their weapons*

*More.* No doubt his majesty will grant it  
 you;

But you must yield to go to several prisons,  
 Till that his highness' will be further known.

*All.* Most willingly, whither you will have  
 us.

*Shrew.* Lord Mayor, let them be sent to  
 several prisons,

And there, in any case, be well entreated.<sup>1</sup> <sup>180</sup>  
*My Lord of Surrey,* please you to take  
 horse,

And ride to Cheapside, where the aldermen  
 Are with their several companies in arms.  
 Will them to go unto their several wards,  
 Both for the stay of further mutiny,  
 And for the apprehending of such persons  
 As shall contend.

*Sur.* I go, my noble Lord. *Exit SURREY*

*Shrew.* We'll straight go tell his highness  
 these good news.

Withal, Shreeve<sup>2</sup> More, I'll tell him how  
 your breath <sup>190</sup>

Hath ransomed many a subject from sad  
 death.

*Exeunt SHREWSBURY and CHOLMELEY*  
*Mayor.* Lincoln and Sherwin, you shall  
 both to Newgate,

The rest unto the Counters.<sup>3</sup>

*Pal.* Go, guard them hence, a little breath  
 well spent,

Cheats expectation in his fair'st event.

*Doll.* Well, Sheriff More, thou hast done  
 more with thy good words than all they  
 could do with their weapons: give me thy  
 hand, keep thy promise now for the king's  
 pardon, or by the Lord, I'll call thee a <sup>200</sup>  
 plain cony-catcher.<sup>4</sup>

*Lin.* Farewell, Shreeve More; and as we  
 yield by thee,  
 So make our peace, then thou dealst hon-  
 estly.

*Clo.* Ay, and save us from the gallows,  
 else a<sup>5</sup> deals double.<sup>6</sup>

*They are led away*

<sup>1</sup> Treated.

<sup>2</sup> This word appears variously in the MS., *shreeve*  
 or *shiere* and *sheriff* as six lines below.

<sup>3</sup> Prisons, so called.

<sup>4</sup> Sharper.

<sup>5</sup> He.

<sup>6</sup> Greg's reading in *Shakespeare's Hand*.

<sup>1</sup> Liable to occur.

<sup>2</sup> Title.

<sup>3</sup> Leash.

<sup>4</sup> Owned.

<sup>5</sup> Thus in the MS.; possibly *mountanish* (Dyce), or  
*moritanish* (H. Bradley).



*Mayor.* Master Shreeve More, you have preserved the City  
From a most dangerous fierce commotion.  
For if this limb of riot, here in Saint Martin's,  
Had joined with other branches of the city  
That did begin to kindle, 'twould have bred  
Great rage, that rage, much murder would  
have fed. 210

*More.* My Lord, and brethren, what I  
here have spoke,  
My country's love, and next, the city's care,  
Enjoined me to, which since it thus prevails,<sup>1</sup>  
Think, God hath made weak More his instrument,  
To thwart sedition's violent intent.  
I think 'twere best, my Lord, some two  
hours hence,  
We meet at the Guildhall, and there determine,  
That thorough every ward the watch be  
clad  
In armor, but especially provide  
That at the city gates, selected men, 220  
Substantial citizens, do ward tonight,  
For fear of further mischief.

*Mayor.* It shall be so.

*Enter SHREWSBURY*

But yond me thinks my Lord of Shrewsbury.

*Shrew.* My Lord, his majesty sends loving  
thanks,  
To you, your brethren, and his faithful subjects,  
Your careful citizens. But Master More, to  
you  
A rougher, yet as kind a salutation:  
Your name is yet too short; nay, you must  
kneel,  
A knight's creation is this knightly steel. 230  
Rise up Sir Thomas More.

*More.* I thank his highness for thus honoring me.

*Shrew.* This is but first taste of his princely favor;  
For it hath pleased his high majesty  
(Noting your wisdom and deserving merit)  
To put this staff of honor in your hand,  
For he hath chose you of his Privy Council.

<sup>1</sup> Avails.

*More.* My Lord, for to deny<sup>1</sup> my Sovereign's bounty,  
Were to drop precious stones into the heaps  
Whence first they came; 240  
To urge my imperfections in excuse,  
Were all as stale as custom. No my Lord,  
My service is my king's, good reason why:  
Since life and death hangs on our sovereign's  
eye.

*Mayor.* His majesty hath honored much  
the city  
In this his princely choice.

*More.* My Lord and brethren,  
Though I depart for . my love shall rest  
I now must sleep in court, sound sleeps forbear, 250  
The chamberlain to state is public care.  
Yet, in this rising of my private blood,  
My studious thoughts shall tend the City's  
good.

*Enter CROFTS*

*Shrew.* How, now, Crofts? What news?

*Crofts.* My Lord, his highness send express command,  
That a record be entered of this riot,  
And that the chief and capital offenders  
Be thereon straight arraigned, for himself  
intends

To sit in person on the rest tomorrow  
At Westminster. 260

*Shrew.* Lord Mayor, you hear your charge.  
Come, good Sir Thomas More, to court let's  
hie

You are th' appeaser of this mutiny.

*More.* My Lord, farewell, new days be-  
gets new tides,  
Life whirls 'bout fate, then to a grave it  
slides. Exeunt severally

[SCENE VII]

[Cheapside]

*Enter Master Sheriff, and meet a Messenger*

*Sher.* Messenger, what news?

*Mess.* Is execution yet performed?

*Sher.* Not yet; the carts stand ready at  
the stairs,

<sup>1</sup> Reject.



And they shall presently away to Tyburn.

*Mess.* Stay, Master Shreeve, it is the Council's pleasure,  
For more example in so bad a case,  
A gibbet be erected in Cheapside,  
Hard by the Standard;<sup>1</sup> whither you must bring  
Lincoln and those that were the chief with him,  
To suffer death, and that immediately. 10

*Enter Officers*

*Sher.* It shall be done, sir. (*Exit Messenger*) Officers, be speedy.  
Call for a gibbet, see it be erected,  
Others, make haste to Newgate, bid them bring  
The prisoners hither, for they here must die.  
Away, I say, and see no time be slacked.

*Off.* We go, sir.

*Sher.* That's well said, fellows, now you do your duty.

*Ex[eunt] some severally;  
others set up the gibbet*

God for his pity help these troublous times!  
The streets stopped up with gazing multitudes,

Command our armed officers with halberds,  
Make way for entrance of the prisoners. 21  
Let proclamation once again be made,  
That every householder, on pain of death,  
Keep in his prentices, and every man  
Stand with a weapon ready at his door,  
As he will answer to the contrary.

*Off.* I'll see it done, sir.

*Exit*

*Enter another Officer*

*Sher.* Bring them away to execution,  
The writ is come above two hours since,  
The city will be fined for this neglect. 30

*Off.* There's such a press and multitude at Newgate,  
They cannot bring the carts unto the stairs,  
To take the prisoners in.

*Sher.* Then let them come on foot;  
We may not dally time with great command.

*Off.* Some of the bench, sir, think it very fit  
That stay be made, and give it out abroad

<sup>1</sup> A water conduit, the place for proclamations and minor punishments.

The execution is deferred till morning;  
And when the streets shall be a little cleared,  
To chain them up,<sup>1</sup> and suddenly dispatch it. 40

*Sher.* Stay, in mean time me thinks they come along.

*The Prisoners are brought in, well guarded*

See, they are coming, so, 'tis very well.  
Bring Lincoln there the first unto the tree.

*Clo.* Ay, for I cry lag, sir.

*Lin.* I knew the first, sir, did belong to me.

This the old proverb now complete doth make,

That Lincoln should be hanged for London's sake.

A God's name let's to work. (*He goes up*)  
Fellow, dispatch;

I was the foremost man in this rebellion,  
And I the foremost that must die for it. 50

*Doll.* Bravely, John Lincoln, let thy death express,

That, as thou liv'dst a man, thou diedst no less.

*Lin.* Doll Williamson, thine eyes shall witness it.

Then to all you that come to view mine end,

I must confess, I had no ill intent,  
But against such as wronged us over much.  
And now I can perceive, it was not fit,  
That private men should carve out their redress

Which way they list, no, learn it now by me:

Obedience is the best in each degree.<sup>2</sup> 60  
And asking mercy meekly of my king  
I patiently submit me to the law.  
But God forgive them that were cause of it!  
And, as a Christian, truly from my heart  
I likewise crave they would forgive me too.

That others by example of the same  
Henceforth be warned to attempt the like  
'Gainst any alien that repaireth hither.  
Fare ye well all; the next time that we meet  
I trust in heaven we shall each other greet. 70

*He leaps off*

*Doll.* Farewell, John Lincoln, say all what they can,

<sup>1</sup> I.e., the streets.

<sup>2</sup> Station in life.



Thou liv'dst a good fellow, and diedst an honest man.

*Clo.* Would I were so far on my journey; the first stretch is the worst, me thinks.

*Sher.* Bring Williamson there forward.

*Doll.* Good Master Shreeve, I have an earnest suit,

And as you are a man, deny 't me not.

*Sher.* Woman, what is it? Be it in my power,

Thou shalt obtain it. 80

*Doll.* Let me die next, sir; that is all I crave.

You know not what a comfort you shall bring

To my poor heart to die before my husband.

*Sher.* Bring her to death; she shall have her desire.

*Clo.* Sir, and I have a suit to you too.

[*Sher.*] What is it?

[*Clo.*] That as you have hanged Lincoln first and will hang her next, so you will not hang me at all.

[*Sher.*] Nay, you set ope the Counter 80 gates and you must hang [for] the folly.

[*Clo.*] Well, then, so much for it!

*Doll.* Sir, your free bounty much contents my mind,

Commend me to that good Shreeve Master More,

And tell him had 't not been for his persuasion,

John Lincoln had not hung here as he does. We would first have [been] locked up in Leadenhall,

And there been burnt to ashes with the roof.

*Sher.* Woman, what Master More did, was a subject's duty,

And hath so pleased our gracious lord the king, 100

That he is hence removed to higher place, And made of Council to his majesty.

*Doll.* Well is he worthy of it, by my troth,

An honest, wise, well spoken gentleman; Yet would I praise his honesty much more, If he had kept his word, and saved our lives;

But let that pass, men are but men, and so Words are but words, and pays not what men owe.

Now, husband, since perhaps the world may say

That through my means thou comest thus to thy end, 110

Here I begin this cup of death to thee, Because thou shalt be sure to taste no worse Than I have taken, that must go before thee.

What though I be a woman? that's no matter;

I do owe God a death, and I must pay him. Husband, give me thy hand; be not dismayed;

This char being charred,<sup>1</sup> then all our debt is paid.

Only two little babes we leave behind us, And all I can bequeath them at this time Is but the love of some good honest friend 120 To bring them up in charitable sort.

What masters! he goes upright that never halts,

And they may live to mend their parents' faults.

*Will.* Why, well said, wife, i' faith thou cheerst my heart,

Give my thy hand; let's kiss, and so let's part.

*He kisses her on the ladder*

*Doll.* The next kiss, Williamson, shall be in heaven.

Now cheerily lad! George Betts, a hand with thee;

And thine too, Rafe; and thine, good honest Sherwin.

Now let me tell the women of this town, No stranger yet brought Doll to lying down. So long as I an Englishman can see, 131 Nor French nor Dutch shall get a kiss of me.

And when that I am dead, for me yet say, I died in scorn to be a stranger's prey.

*A great shout and noise [within]*

Pardon! pardon! pardon! pardon! Room for the Ea[r]l of Surrey! room there! room!

*Enter SURREY*

*Sur.* Save the man's life, if it be possible.

*Sher.* It is too late my lord, he's dead already.

*Sur.* I tell ye, Master Sheriff, you are too forward, To make such haste with men unto their death; 140

<sup>1</sup> This work being done.



I think your pains will merit little thanks,  
 Since that his highness is so merciful  
 As not to spill the blood of any subject.

*Sher.* My noble Lord, would we so much  
 had known,  
 The Council's warrant hastened our dis-  
 patch;

It had not else been done so suddenly.

*Sur.* Sir Thomas More humbly upon his  
 knee,

Did beg the lives of all, since on his word  
 They did so gently yield. The king hath  
 granted it,

And made him Lord High Chancellor of  
 England, 150

According as he worthily deserves.

Since Lincoln's life cannot be had again,  
 Then for the rest, from my dread sov-  
 ereign's lips,

I here pronounce free pardon for them all.

*All. (flinging up caps)* God save the king!  
 God save the king!

My good Lord Chancellor and the Earl of  
 Surrey!

*Doll.* And Doll desires it from her very  
 heart,

More's name may live for this right noble  
 part.

And whensoever we talk of ill May day,  
 Praise More [whose] . . . . . 100

*Sur.* In hope his highness' clemency and  
 mercy,

Which in the arms of mild and meek com-  
 passion

Would rather clip<sup>1</sup> you, as the loving nurse  
 Oft doth the wayward infant, then to leave  
 you

To the sharp rod of justice so to draw you  
 To shun such lewd<sup>2</sup> assemblies as beget  
 Unlawful riots and such traitorous acts,  
 That, striking with the hand of private hate,  
 Maim your dear country with a public  
 wound.

O God, that Mercy, whose majestic brow, 170  
 Should be unwrinkled, and that awful Jus-  
 tice,

Which looketh through a veil of sufferance  
 Upon the frailty of the multitude,  
 Should with the clamors of outrageous  
 wrongs,

Be stirred and wakened thus to punishment!  
 But your deserved death he doth forgive;  
 Who gives you life, pray all he long may  
 live.

*All.* God save the king! God save the  
 king!

My good Lord Chancellor and the Earl of  
 Surrey. *Exeunt*

<sup>1</sup> Embrace.

<sup>2</sup> Base.



**THE  
RETVRNE FROM  
PERNASSVS:**

**Or**

**The Scourge of Simony.**

*Publiquely acted by the Students  
in Saint Iohns Colledge in  
Cambridge,*



**AT LONDON**  
Printed by G. Eld, for John Wright, and  
are to bee sold at his shop at  
Christ church Gate  
1606.



822.3

S32T

Schelling: Typical  
12.6 { Elizabethan Plays.

48 310

48 310

DB 234

8<sup>15</sup> 278

27<sup>6</sup>/57 1360

17<sup>6</sup>/65 B 12



*The Return from Parnassus Part II* is the third and last of a trilogy of plays, written evidently by a collegian or by collegians and acted, perhaps more than once, at St. John's College, Cambridge, speaking now of all three plays, between 1598 and 1601 or 1602. The first part, *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, tells of the "travails" of two students through the curriculum of the University of their day; the other two parts satirically describe the vicissitudes of scholarship. All three plays are witty and well written, and of abiding interest as representative of the very considerable body of dramas tragic, comic and especially satirical with which the Elizabethan university man amused himself when the London stage was ringing with the successes of Shakespeare, Jonson and Fletcher. The authorship of this play remains unknown, despite some clever guessing on the part of scholars. The play of the text alone came to the press, the other two parts remaining in manuscript to be discovered among the treasures of the Bodleian Library at Oxford by its Librarian, W. D. Macray, who published the three plays together in 1886. The text of these scenes, selected from *The Second Part of The Return from Parnassus*, is that of the quarto of 1606, not without profit of the work of Macray and the later edition, 1905, of O. Smeaton.



[PERSONS IN THESE SCENES

IN THE PROLOGUE

STAGE-KEEPER  
MOMUS

DEFENSOR  
BOY

IN THE PLAY

INGENIOSO  
JUDICIO  
DANTES, *the Printer*  
ACADEMICO  
IMMERITO  
STERCUTIO, *his Father*  
AMORETTO and PAGE

SIR RODERIC  
RECORDER  
BURBAGE, *the Tragedian*  
KEMPE, *the Comedian*  
STUDIOSO  
PHILOMUSUS]



## THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS

### THE PROLOGUE

BOY, STAGE-KEEPER, MOMUS, DEFENSOR

Boy. Spectators, we will act a comedy—  
(*non plus*)

Stage-K. A pox on't, this book hath it not in it, you would be whipped, thou rascal: thou must be sitting up all night at cards, when thou should be conning thy part.

Boy. It's all along on you: I could not get my part a night or two before, that I might sleep on it.

STAGE-KEEPER *carrieth the Boy away under his arm*

Mo. It's even well done, here is such a stir about a scurvy English show.

Defen. Scurvy in thy face, thou scurvy jack,<sup>1</sup> if this company were not—you paltry critic gentleman, you that know what it is to play at primero,<sup>2</sup> or passage; you that have been student at post and pair, saint and loadam; you that have spent all your quarter's revenues in riding post<sup>3</sup> one night in Christmas bear with the weak memory of a gamester.

Mo. Gentlemen, you that can play at noddy,<sup>4</sup> or rather play upon noddies: you that can set up a jest, at primero instead of a rest,<sup>5</sup> laugh at the prologue that was taken away in a voyder.<sup>6</sup>

Defen. What we present I must needs confess is but slubbered<sup>7</sup> invention: if your wisdom obscure the circumstance, your kindness will pardon the substance.

Mo. What is presented here, is an old musty show, that hath lain this twelvemonth in the bottom of a coal-house amongst

brooms and old shoes, an invention that we are ashamed of, and therefore we have promised the copies to the chandlers to wrap his candles in.

Defen. It's but a Christmas toy, and may it please your courtesies to let it pass.

Mom. It's a Christmas toy indeed, as good a conceit as sloughing hotcockles,<sup>1</sup> or a blind-man buff.

Defen. Some humors<sup>2</sup> you shall see aimed at, if not well resembled.

Mom. Humors indeed: is it not a pretty humor to stand hammering upon two *individuum vagum*,<sup>3</sup> two scholars some whole year. These same Philomusus and Studioso have been followed with a whip and a verse, like a couple of vagabonds, through England and Italy. The Pilgrimage to Parnassus, and the Return from Parnassus, have stood the honest stage-keepers in many a crown's expense; for links and vizards<sup>4</sup> purchased a sophister<sup>5</sup> a knock, which a club hindered the butler's box,<sup>6</sup> and emptied the College barrels; and now unless you know the subject well, you may return home as wise as you came, for this last is the least part of the Return from Parnassus, that is both the first and the last time that the author's wit will turn upon the toe in this vein, and at this time the scene is not at Parnassus, that is, looks not good invention in the face.

Defen. If the catastrophe please you not, impute it to the unpleasing fortunes of discontented scholars.

Mom. For catastrophe there's never a tale in Sir John Mandeville,<sup>7</sup> or Bevis of Southampton,<sup>8</sup> but hath a better turning.

Stage-K. What, you jeering ass, be gone with a pox.

<sup>1</sup> Stooping blind-man's-buff.

<sup>2</sup> Eccentricities of character.

<sup>3</sup> Wandering creatures.

<sup>4</sup> Lights and masks.

<sup>5</sup> An underclass man.

<sup>6</sup> A box containing cards and counters, for the use of which the butler was feed.

<sup>7</sup> His tale of marvelous travel.

<sup>8</sup> An old romance full of adventure.

<sup>1</sup> Rogue.

<sup>2</sup> Primero, post and pair, saint or cent and lodam were all popular games at cards.

<sup>3</sup> Gaming furiously.

<sup>4</sup> A game, also a fool.

<sup>5</sup> A term at primero.

<sup>6</sup> The tray or basin for scraps from the table.

<sup>7</sup> Slovenly.



*Mom.* You may do better to busy your self in providing beer, for the shew will be pitiful dry, pitiful dry. *Exit*

*No more of this; I heard the spectators ask for a blank verse*

What we shew, is but a Christmas jest,  
Conceive of this, and guess of all the rest:  
Full like a scholar's hapless fortunes  
penned.

Whose former griefs seldom have happy end.  
Frame as well, we might with easy strain,  
With far more praise, and with as little pain,  
Stories of love, where forne<sup>1</sup> the wondring  
bench,

The lisping gallant might enjoy his wench;  
Or make some sire acknowledge his lost son,  
Found when the weary act is almost done.<sup>2</sup>  
Nor unto this, nor unto that our scene is  
bent,

We only shew a scholar's discontent;  
In scholars' fortunes twice forlorn and dead,  
Twice hath our weary pen erst laborèd.  
Making them pilgrims in Parnassus hill,  
Then penning their return with ruder quill.<sup>3</sup>  
Now we present unto each pitying eye,  
The scholar's progress in their misery.  
Refined wits your patience is our bliss,  
Too weak our scene, too great [y]our judgment is.

To you we seek to shew a scholar's state,  
His scornèd fortunes, his unpitied fate.  
To you; for if you did not scholars bless,  
Their case, (poor case), were too too pitiless.  
You shade the muses under fostering,  
And make them leave<sup>4</sup> to sigh, and learn to  
sing.

## SCENA II

INGENIOSO, JUDICIO

*Jud.* What, Ingenioso, carrying a vinegar<sup>4</sup> bottle about thee, like a great school-boy, giving the world a bloody nose?

*Ing.* Faith, Judicio, if I carry the vinegar bottle, it's great reason I should confer it upon the bald-pated world; and again, if my kitchen want the utensils of viands, it's great reason other men should have the sauce of vinegar; and for the bloody nose, Judicio, I

<sup>1</sup> Before.

<sup>2</sup> A general criticism of the plots of the time.

<sup>3</sup> Cease.

<sup>4</sup> Vinegar represented bloodshed in the old drama.

may chance indeed give the world a<sup>10</sup> bloody nose, but it shall hardly give me a cracked crown, though it gives other poets French crowns.<sup>1</sup>

*Jud.* I would wish thee, Ingenioso, to sheath thy pen, for thou canst not be successful in the fray, considering thy enemies have the advantage of the ground.

*Ing.* Or rather, Judicio, they have the grounds with advantage, and the French crowns with a pox, and I would they had<sup>20</sup> them with a plague too; but hang them, swads,<sup>2</sup> the basest corner in my thoughts, is too gallant a room to lodge them in; but say, Judicio, what news in your press, did you keep any late corrections<sup>3</sup> upon any tardy pamphlets?

*Jud.* *Veterem iubet renovare dolorem*, Ingenioso; what e'er befalls thee, keep thee from the trade of the corrector of the press.<sup>4</sup>

*Ing.* Marry so I will, I warrant thee, if<sup>30</sup> poverty press not too much, I'll correct no press but the press of the people.

*Jud.* Would it not grieve any good spirits to sit a whole month knitting<sup>5</sup> out a lousy, beggarly pamphlet, and like a needy physician to stand whole years, tossing and tumbling, the filth that falleth from so many draughty inventions as daily swarm in our printing-house?

*Ing.* Come, I think we shall have you<sup>40</sup> put finger in the eye, and cry, 'O friends, no friends';<sup>6</sup> say man, what new paper hobby-horses,<sup>7</sup> what rattle-babies<sup>7</sup> are come out in your late May morris dance?<sup>8</sup>

*Jud.* Fly my rhymes as thick as flies in the sun, I think there be never an ale house in England; nor any so base a May pole on a country green, but sets forth some poet's petronels or demilances<sup>9</sup> to the paper wars in Paul's Churchyard.<sup>10</sup>

*Ing.* And well too may the issue of a strong hop learn to hop all over England, when as better wits sit like lame cobblers in

<sup>1</sup> A play on the head and the piece of money.

<sup>2</sup> Bumpkins.

<sup>3</sup> Criticisms.

<sup>4</sup> Critic as well as proof-reader.

<sup>5</sup> Putting into shape, editing.

<sup>6</sup> A mockery of Kyd's lines in *The Spanish Tragedy* beginning: "O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears," etc.

<sup>7</sup> Terms for new publications.

<sup>8</sup> The morris dance was a feature of May Day; here, perhaps, new devices for the spring trade.

<sup>9</sup> A light gun or a lance borne by a rider.

<sup>10</sup> The chief site of the Elizabethan book trade.



their studies. Such barmy<sup>1</sup> heads will always be working, when as sad vinegar wits sit souring at the bottom of a barrel; plain meteors, bred of the exhalation of tobacco, and the vapors of a moist pot, that soar up into the open air, whenas<sup>2</sup> sounder wit keeps below.

*Jud.* Considering the furies of the times, I could better endure to see those young can-quaffing hucksters shoot off their pellets, so they would keep them from these English *flores-poetarum*; but now the world is come to that pass, that there starts up every day an old goose that sits hatching up those eggs which have been filched from the nest of crows and kestrels: here is a book, Ingenioso; why, to condemn it to the usual Tyburn<sup>3</sup> of all misliving papers, were too fair a death for so foul an offender.

*Ing.* What's the name of it, I pray thee, Judicio?

*Jud.* Look, it's here, *Belvedere*.<sup>4</sup>

*Ing.* What a bellwether in Paules Churchyard, so called, because it keeps a bleating, or because it hath the tinkling bell of so many poets about the neck of it; what is the rest of the title?

*Jud.* *The Garden of the Muses.*

*Ing.* What have we here, the poet's garish gaily bedecked like fore-horses of the parish? what follows?

*Jud.* *Quem referent musæ, vivet dum robora tellus,  
Dum cælum stellas, dum vehit amnis aquas.*  
Who blurs fair paper, with foul bastard rhymes,

Shall live full many an age in latter times;  
Who makes a ballad for an ale-house door,  
Shall live in future times for ever more.  
Then ( )<sup>5</sup> thy muse shall live so long,  
(ita)

As drafty ballads to thy praise are sung.

But what's his device,<sup>6</sup> Parnassus with the sun and the laurels? I wonder this owl dares look on the sun, and I marvel this goose flies not the laurel; his device might have been better a fool going in to the

<sup>1</sup> One of Marston's words ridiculed by Jonson, the whole passage seems aimed at the former.

<sup>2</sup> When.

<sup>3</sup> The place of execution for criminals of lower station.

<sup>4</sup> A *flores-poetarum* or book of selections of poetry.

<sup>5</sup> The omitted word is *Bodenham*, the collector of *Belvedere*.

<sup>6</sup> Printer's device.

market place to be seen, with this motto, *scribimus indocti*; or a poor beggar gleaning of ears in the end of harvest, with this word, *sua cuique gloria*.

*Jud.* Turn over the leaf, Ingenioso, and thou shalt see the paines of this worthy gentleman; 'sentences gathered out of all kind of poets, referred to certain methodical heades, profitable for the use of these times, to rhyme upon any occasion at a little warning': Read the names.

*Ing.* So I will, if thou wilt help me to censure them.

Edmund Spenser.<sup>1</sup>

Henry Constable.

Thomas Lodge.

Samuel Daniel.

Thomas Watson.

Michael Drayton.

John Davis.

John Marston.

Kit. Marlowe.

Good men and true; stand together; hear your censure. What's thy judgment of Spenser?

*Jud.* A sweeter swan than ever song in Po,  
A shriller nightingale than ever blessed,  
The prouder groves of self-admiring Rome.  
Blithe was each valley, and each shepherd proud,

While he did chant his rural minstrelsy.  
Attentive was full many a dainty ear;  
Nay, hearers hung upon his melting tongue,  
While sweetly of his Fairy Queen he sung.  
While to the waters' fall he tuned for fame,  
And in each bark engraved Eliza's name.  
And yet for all this, unregarding soil<sup>2</sup>  
Unlaced the line of his desired life,  
Denying maintenance for his dear relief.  
Careless care to prevent his exequy,<sup>3</sup>  
Scarce deigning to shut up his dying eye.

*Ing.* Pity it is that gentler wits should breed,  
Where thickskin chuffles<sup>4</sup> laugh at a scholar's need.

But softly may our honor's ashes rest,  
That lie by merry Chaucer's noble chest.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For these well known poets, see the literary histories of the age. The point, here, is that all were contemporary. In 1602, Spenser had been dead three years, Marlowe less than ten. Drayton and Daniel had succeeded to the former's popularity as a general poet and were famous sonneteers as were Watson, Constable and Lodge, whose greater repute was in his pamphlets. Sir John Davies had just published *Nosce Teipsum*, and Marston was enjoying a repute of scandal for his *Satires* and satirical plays.

<sup>2</sup> The misfortune of neglect.

<sup>3</sup> Carelessness in providing for his funeral rites.

<sup>4</sup> Clowns.

<sup>5</sup> In allusion to Spenser's tomb in the Abbey near to Chaucer's.



But I pray thee proceed briefly in thy censure,<sup>1</sup> that I may be proud of my self, as in the first, so in the last, my censure<sup>100</sup> may jump<sup>2</sup> with thine; Henry Constable, S[amuel] D[aniel], Thomas Lodge, Thomas Watson.

*Jud.* Sweete Constable doth take the wondering ear,

And lays it up in willing prisonment;  
Sweet honey dropping D[aniel] doth wage  
War with the proudest big Italian,  
That melts his heart in sugared sonneting.  
Only let him more sparingly make use  
Of others' wit, and use his own the more;<sup>120</sup>  
That well may scorn base imitation.

For Lodge and Watson, men of some desert,  
Yet subject to a critic's marginal.<sup>3</sup>

Lodge for his oar in every paper boat,<sup>4</sup>  
He that turns over Galen every day,  
To sit and simper Euphues' legacy.<sup>5</sup>

*Ing.* Michael Drayton.

*Jud.* Drayton's sweet muse is like a sanguine dye,

Able to ravish the rash gazer's eye.

*Ing.* How ever, he wants one true note<sup>100</sup> of a poet of our times, and that is this, he cannot swagger it well in a tavern, nor domineer in a hothouse.<sup>6</sup>

*Jud.* John Davis.

Acute John Davis, I affect<sup>7</sup> thy rhymes,  
That jerk<sup>8</sup> in hidden charms these looser times;

Thy plainer verse, thy unaffected vein,  
Is graced with a fair and a sooping<sup>9</sup> train.

*Ing.* Lock and Hudson.<sup>10</sup>

*Jud.* Lock and Hudson, sleep you quiet<sup>120</sup> shavers, among the shavings of the press, and let your books lie in some old nooks amongst old boots and shoes, so you may avoid my censure.

*Ing.* Why then clap a lock on their feet, and turn them to commons.

John Marston.

*Jud.* What, Monsieur Kinsayder,<sup>11</sup> lifting

<sup>1</sup> Criticism.

<sup>2</sup> Agree.

<sup>3</sup> Commentary.

<sup>4</sup> Pamphlet.

<sup>5</sup> Lodge was a physician as well as author of *Rosalind, Euphues Golden Legacy*, which is the source of *As You Like It*.

<sup>6</sup> Brothel.

<sup>7</sup> Like.

<sup>8</sup> Lash with satire. *Oxf. Dic.*

<sup>9</sup> Sooping. Sweeping.

<sup>10</sup> Lock or Lok was the author of hundreds of devotional sonnets.

<sup>11</sup> A pen name of Marston's.

up your leg . . . against the world? put up, man, put up for shame.

Methinks he is a ruffian in his style,  
Withouten bands or garters' ornament,  
He quaffs a cup of Frenchman's Helicon.<sup>1</sup>  
Then roister doister in his oily terms,<sup>2</sup>  
Cuts, thrusts, and foines at whomsoever he meets.

And strews about Ram-Ally meditations,<sup>3</sup>  
Tut, what cares he for modest close-couched terms,

Cleanly to gird our looser libertines?  
Give him plain naked words stripped from their shirts,

That might beseem plain-dealing Aretine:<sup>100</sup>  
Ay! there is one that backs a paper steed,  
And manageth a pen-knife gallantly;  
Strikes his poinardo at a button's breadth,  
Brings the great battering ram of terms to towns,

And at first volley of his cannon shot,  
Batters the walls of the old fusty world.

*Ing.* Christopher Marlowe.

*Jud.* Marlowe was happy in his buskined muse,

Alas! unhappy in his life and end;  
Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell,<sup>200</sup>  
Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell.<sup>4</sup>

*Ing.* Our theater hath lost, Pluto hath got,  
A tragic penman for a dreary plot.  
Ben Jonson.<sup>5</sup>

*Jud.* The wittiest fellow of a bricklayer in England.

*Ing.* A mere empiric,<sup>6</sup> one that gets what he hath by observation, and makes only nature privy to what he endites; so slow an inventor,<sup>7</sup> that he were better betake himself, to his old trade of bricklaying,<sup>220</sup> a bold whoreson, as confident now in making of a book, as he was in times past in laying of a brick.

William Shakespeare.

*Jud.* Who loves Adonis' love, or Lucrece' rape,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Marston is really Italianate.

<sup>2</sup> His vocabulary was attacked for boisterous and indecorous language, especially by Jonson.

<sup>3</sup> A passage leading off Fleet Street, in a low neighborhood.

<sup>4</sup> This popular opinion is borne out by the recent discovery of the queen's pardon for his slayer, Ingram Frizer, for justifiable homicide.

<sup>5</sup> Q. reads, B. J.

<sup>6</sup> Pure experimentalist.

<sup>7</sup> Jonson was constantly twitted for his slowness in composition.

<sup>8</sup> Shakespeare's poems were very popular.



His sweeter verse contains heart-throbbing  
life,

Could but a graver subject him content,  
Without loves' foolish lazy languishment.<sup>1</sup>

*Ing.* Churchyard.

Hath not Shore's wife,<sup>2</sup> although a light-  
skirts she, 220

Given him a chaste long-lasting memory?

*Jud.* No, all light pamphlets once I finden  
shall,

A Church-yard and a grave to bury all.

*Ing.* Thomas Nash.

Ay! here is a fellow, *Judicio*, that carried  
the deadly stock<sup>3</sup> in his pen, whose muse  
was armed with a gagtooth,<sup>4</sup> and his pen  
possessed with *Hercules'* furies.

*Jud.* Let all his faults sleep with his  
mournful chest,<sup>5</sup>

And then for ever with his ashes rest. 230

His style was witty, though he had some  
gall.

Something he might have mended, so may  
all.

Yet this I say, that for a mother wit,  
Few men have ever seen the like of it.

*Ingenioso* reads the rest of the names.<sup>6</sup>

*Jud.* As for these, they have some of  
them been the old hedgestakes of the press,<sup>7</sup>  
and some of them are at this instant the  
bots and glanders<sup>8</sup> of the printing-house.  
Fellows that stand only upon terms to 240  
serve the turn, with their blotted papers,  
write as men go to stool, for needs, and  
when they write, they write as a bear, . . .  
now and then drop a pamphlet.

*Ing.* *Durum telum necessitas.* Good faith  
they do as I do, exchange words for money:  
I have some traffic this day with *Danter*,<sup>9</sup>  
about a little book which I have made, the  
name of it is a *Catalogue of Cambridge*  
*Cuckolds*, but this *Belvidere*, this method- 250  
ical ass, hath made me almost forget my  
time; I'll now to Pauls Church-yard, meet  
me an hour hence, at the sign of the Pegasus,  
in Cheapside, and I'll moist thy temples  
with a cup of claret, as hard as the world  
goes.

*Exit JUDICIO*

<sup>1</sup> A strange comment on Shakespeare in 1602.

<sup>2</sup> Mistress of Edward IV, the subject of Church-  
yard's best known narrative poem.

<sup>3</sup> Thrust.

<sup>4</sup> Fang.

<sup>5</sup> Coffin.

<sup>6</sup> Of the contributors to *Belvidere*.

<sup>7</sup> Men marking mediocrity like stakes in a hedge.

<sup>8</sup> Diseases of the horse.

<sup>9</sup> A popular Elizabethan printer who published  
books of Nash and Breton.

### SCENA III

*Enter DANTER the Printer*

*Ing.* *Danter*, thou art deceived; wit is  
dearer than thou takest it to be; I tell thee  
this libel of Cambridge has much fat and  
pepper in the nose; it will sell sheerly<sup>1</sup>  
underhand, when all these books of Exhor-  
tations and Catechisms lie molding on thy  
shopboard.

*Dan.* It's true; but good faith, M. *In-  
genioso*, I lost by your last book: and you  
know there is many one that pays me 10  
largely, for the printing of their inventions;  
but for all this, you shall have 40 shillings,  
and an odd pottle of wine.

*Ing.* 40 shillings? a fit reward for one  
of your rheumatic poets, that beslavers all  
the paper he comes by, and furnishes the  
chandlers with waste papers to wrap candles  
in; but as for me, I'll be paid dear,  
even for the dregs of my wit; little knows  
the world what belongs to the keeping of 20  
a good wit in waters, diets, drinks, tobacco,  
&c. it is a dainty and costly creature,  
and therefore I must be paid sweetly: fur-  
nish me with money, that I may put my  
self in a new suit of clothes, and I'll suit thy  
shop with a new suit of terms; it's the gal-  
lantest child my invention was ever deliv-  
ered of. The title is, a *Chronicle of Cam-  
bridge Cuckolds*; here a man may see what  
day of the month such a man's commons 30  
were enclosed, and when thrown open, and  
when any entailed some odd crowns, upon  
the heirs of their bodies unlawfully be-  
gotten; speak quickly else I am gone.

*Dan.* O this will sell gallantly; I'll have it  
whatsoever it cost; will ye walk on, M.  
*Ingenioso*, we'll sit over a cup of wine and  
agree on it.

*Ing.* A cup of wine is as good a constable  
as can be, to take up the quarrel betwixt us.

*Exeunt*

### ACTUS II, SCENA IV

*Enter IMMERITO, and STERCUTIO, his Father;  
[to AMORETTO, ACADEMICO overhearing]*

*Ster.* Son, is this the gentleman that sells  
us the living?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Admirably easily.

<sup>2</sup> A benefice.



*Im.* Fy, father, thou must not call it selling, thou must say, is this the gentleman that must have the gratuito?<sup>1</sup>

*Acad.* What have we here, old truepenny<sup>2</sup> come to town, to fetch away the living in his old greasy slops; then I'll none; the time hath been when such a fellow meddled with nothing but his ploughshare, his spade,<sup>10</sup> and his hobnails, and so to a piece of bread and cheese, and went his way; but now these fellows are grown the only factors<sup>3</sup> for preferment.

*Ster.* O is this the grating Gentleman, and how many pounds must I pay?

*Im.* O thou must not call them pounds, but thanks; and hark thou, father, thou must tell of nothing that is done; for I must seem to come clear to it.<sup>20</sup>

*Acad.* Not pounds but thanks: see whether this simple fellow that hath nothing of a scholar, but that the draper hath blacked him over,<sup>4</sup> hath not gotten the style of the time.

*Ster.* By my faith, son, look for no more portion.

*Im.* Well, father, I will not, upon this condition, that when thou have gotten me the gratuito of the living, thou will like-<sup>30</sup> wise disburse a little money to the bishop's poser,<sup>5</sup> for there are certain questions I make scruple to be posed<sup>6</sup> in.

*Acad.* He means any question in Latin, which he counts a scruple; O this honest man could never abide this popish tongue of Latin.<sup>7</sup> O! he is as true an English man as lives.

*Ster.* I'll take the gentleman now, he is in a good vein, for he smiles.<sup>40</sup>

*Amor.* Sweet Ovid, I do honor every page.

*Acad.* Good Ovid, that in his life time lived with the Gotes,<sup>8</sup> and now after his death converseth with a barbarian.

*Ster.* God be at your work, sir; my son told me you were the gra[n]t[ing]<sup>9</sup> gentleman; I am Stercutio, his father, sir, simple as I stand here.

*Amor.* Fellow, I had rather given thee

an hundred pounds, than thou should<sup>50</sup> have put me out of my excellent meditation; by the faith of a gentleman, I was wrapt in contemplation.

*Im.* Sir, you must pardon my father, he wants bringing up.

*Acad.* Marry, it seems he hath good bringing up, when he brings up so much money.

*Ster.* Indeed, sir, you must pardon me, I did not know you were a gentleman of<sup>60</sup> the Temple<sup>1</sup> before.

*Amor.* Well I am content, in a generous disposition, to bear with country education, but fellow, what's thy name?

*Ster.* My name, sir, Stercutio, sir.

*Amor.* Why then, Stercutio, I would be very willing to be the instrument to my father, that this living might be conferred upon your son; marry, I would have you know, that I have been importuned by<sup>70</sup> two or three several lords, my kind cousins, in the behalf of some Cambridge man, and have almost engaged my word. Marry, if I shall see your disposition to be more thankful than other men, I shall be very ready to respect kind natured men; for, as the Italian proverbe speaketh wel, *chi ha, avra.*<sup>2</sup>

*Acad.* Why, here is a gallant young drover of livings.<sup>80</sup>

*Ster.* I beseech you, sir, speak English; for that is natural to me and to my son, and all our kindred, to understand but one language.

*Amor.* Why thus, in plain English; I must be respected with thanks.

*Acad.* This is a subtle tractive, when thanks may be felt and seen.

*Ster.* And I pray you, sir, what is the lowest thanks that you will take?<sup>90</sup>

*Acad.* The very same method that he useth at the buying of an ox.

*Amor.* I must have some odd sprinkling of an hundred pounds; if so, so—I shall think you thankful, and commend your son as a man of good gifts to my father.

*Acad.* A sweet world! give an hundred pounds, and this is but counted thankfulness.

*Ster.* Hark thou, sir, you shall have<sup>80</sup> 100 thanks.

<sup>1</sup> Gratuity.

<sup>2</sup> Honest old fellow, one who digs.

<sup>3</sup> Agents.

<sup>4</sup> Dressed him in black, the clerical color.

<sup>5</sup> Apposer or examiner.

<sup>6</sup> Examined.

<sup>7</sup> A common Puritan objection.

<sup>8</sup> A barbarous tribe.

<sup>9</sup> Q. grating.

<sup>1</sup> A student of law, hence already a graduate.

<sup>2</sup> He who has, will have. Q. reads *haura*.



*Amor.* I tell thee, fellow, I never opened my mouth in this kind so cheap before in my life. I tell thee, few young gentlemen are found, that would deal so kindly with thee as I do.

*Ster.* Well, sir, because I know my son to be a toward<sup>1</sup> thing, and one that hath taken all his learning on his own head, without sending to the university, I am content to give you as many thanks as you ask, so you will promise me to bring it to pass.

*Amor.* I warrant you for that, if I say it once. Repair you to the place, and stay there for my father; he is walked abroad to take the benefit of the air. I'll meet him as he returns, and make way for your suit.

*Exeunt* STER[CUTIO], IM[MERITO]

### SCENA V

*Enter* ACADEMICO, AMORETTO [*reading*]

*Amor.* Gallant, i' faith.

*Acad.* I see we scholars fish for a living in these shallow fords without a silver hook. Why, would it not gall a man to see a spruce gartered youth of our College, a while ago, be a broker for a living, and an old bawd for a benefice? This sweet sir<sup>2</sup> proffered me such kindness when he was of our College, and now I'll try what wind remains in his bladder. God save you, 10 sir.

*Amor.* By the mass I fear me, I saw this genus-and-species in Cambridge before now: I'll take no notice of him now.—By the faith of a gentleman, this is pretty elegy. Of what age is the day, fellow? Sirrah boy, [*calling off*] hath the groom saddled my hunting hobby? can Robin Hunter tell where a hare sits?

*Acad.* See, a poor old friend of yours, 20 of S[t John's] College in Cambridge.

*Amor.* Good faith, sir, you must pardon me. I have forgotten you.

*Acad.* My name is Academico, sir, one that made an oration for you once on the queen's day,<sup>3</sup> and a show that you got some credit by.

*Amor.* It may be so, it may be so, but

I have forgotten it; marry, yet I remember there was such a fellow that I was very 30 beneficial unto in my time. But howsoever, sir, I have the courtesy of the town for you. I am sorry you did not take me at my father's house: but now I am in exceeding great haste, for I have vowed the death of a hare that we found this mornnig musing on her meaze.<sup>4</sup>

*Acad.* Sir, I am emboldened by that great acquaintance that heretofore I had with you, as likewise it hath pleased you hereto- 40 fore—

*Amor.* Look, sirrah, [*calling off, as if to his boy*] if you see my hobby<sup>5</sup> come hitherward as yet.

*Acad.* To make me some promises, I am to request your good mediation to the worshipful your father, in my behalf: and I will dedicate to your self in the way of thanks, those days I have to live.

*Amor.* O good sir, if I had known your 60 mind before; for my father hath already given the induction<sup>6</sup> to a chaplain of his own, to a proper man, I know not of what university he is.

*Acad.* Signior Immerito, they say, hath bidden fairest for it.

*Amor.* I know not his name, but he is a grave discreet man, I warrant him; indeed he wants utterance in some measure.

*Acad.* Nay, methinks he hath very 80 good utterance for his gravity, for he came hither very grave,<sup>7</sup> but I think he will return light enough, when he is rid of the heavy element he carries about him.<sup>8</sup>

*Amor.* Faith, sir, you must pardon me: it is my ordinary custom to be too studious: my mistress hath told me of it often, and I find it to hurt my ordinary discourse: but say, sweet sir, do ye affect the most gentlemanlike game of hunting? 70

*Acad.* [*aside*] How say you to the crafty gull,<sup>9</sup> he would fain get me abroad to make sport with me in their hunter's terms, which we scholars are not acquainted with.—Sir, I have loved this kind of sport, but now I begin to hate it, for it hath been my luck

<sup>1</sup> Meditating on her shadow.

<sup>2</sup> A kind of hawk.

<sup>3</sup> Presentation to the living.

<sup>4</sup> Weighty as well as serious.

<sup>5</sup> This speech is not *aside*; Amoretto has returned to his book. Heavy element is his gold.

<sup>6</sup> Fool.

<sup>1</sup> Promising.

<sup>2</sup> This precious fellow.

<sup>3</sup> The queen's birthday.



always to beat the bush, while another killed the hare.

*Amor.* Hunter's luck, hunter's luck, sir; but there was a fault in your hounds that <sup>80</sup> did spend<sup>1</sup> well.

*Acad.* Sir, I have had worse luck always at hunting the fox.

*Amor.* What, sir, do you mean at the unkennelling, untapezing, or earthing of the fox?<sup>2</sup>

*Acad.* I mean earthing, if you term it so. For *[aside]* I never found yellow earth enough to cover the old fox your father.

*Amor.* Good faith, sir, there is an excellent skill in blowing for the terriers; it is a word that we hunters use when the fox is earthed. You must blow one long, two short; the second wind, one long, two short. Now, sir, in blowing, every long containeth 7 quavers, one short containeth 3 quavers.

*Acad.* Sir, might I find any favor in my suit, I would wind the horn wherein your boon deserts should be sounded with so many minims, so many quavers— <sup>100</sup>

*Amor.* Sweet sir, I would I could confer this, or any kindness upon you. (I wonder the boy comes not away with my hobby.) Now, sir, as I was proceeding: when you blow the death of your fox in the field or covert, then must you sound 3 notes, with 3 winds, and recheat,<sup>3</sup> mark you, sir, upon the same, with 3 winds.

*Acad.* I pray you, sir.

*Amor.* Now, sir, when you come to <sup>110</sup> your stately gate,<sup>4</sup> as you sounded the recheat<sup>5</sup> before, so now you must sound the relief<sup>6</sup> three times.

*Acad.* *[aside]* Relief call you it? it were good every patron would find the horn.

*Amor.* O, sir, but your relief is your sweetest note; that is, sir, when your hounds hunt after a game unknown; and then you must sound one long and six short; the second wind, two short and one long; the <sup>120</sup> third wind, one long and two short.

*Acad.* *[aside]* True, sir, it is a very good trade nowadays to be a villain; I am the hound that hunts after a game unknown, and blows the villain.

<sup>1</sup> Bark on seeing the game.

<sup>2</sup> Amoretto treats with scorn the non-technical word *hunting*. To untapeze is to unkennel.

<sup>3</sup> Recall.

<sup>4</sup> Ambush.

<sup>5</sup> Calling the hounds to begin the chase.

<sup>6</sup> Feeding the hounds after the chase.

*Amor.* Sir, I will bless your ears with a very pretty story. My father out of his own cost and charges keeps an open table for all kind of dogs.

*Acad.* *[aside]* And he keeps one more <sup>130</sup> by thee.

*Amor.* He hath your grey-hound, your mongrel, your mastiff, your levrier,<sup>1</sup> your spaniel, your kennets,<sup>2</sup> terriers, butchers' dogs, blood-hounds, dunghill-dogs, trundle-tails,<sup>3</sup> prick-eared curs, small ladies' puppies, raches,<sup>4</sup> and bastards.

*Acad.* *[aside]* What bawdy knave hath he to his father, that keeps his Rachel, hath his bastards, and lets his sons be plain <sup>140</sup> ladies' puppies, to bewray a lady's chamber.

*Amor.* It was my pleasure two days ago, to take a gallant leash of grey-hounds; and into my father's park I went, accompanied with two or three noblemen of my near acquaintance, desiring to shew them some of the sport. I caused the keeper to sever the rascal<sup>5</sup> deer, from the bucks of the first head. Now, sir, a buck the first year is a fawn, the second year a pricket, the third <sup>150</sup> year a sorel, the fourth year a sore, the fifth a buck of the first head, the sixth year a complete buck: as likewise your hart is the first year a calf, the second year a brocket, the third year a spade, the fourth year a stag, the fifth year a great stag, the sixth year a hart: as likewise the roe-buck is the first year a kid, the second year a girl, the third year a hemuse; and these are your special beasts for chase, or, as we huntsmen call <sup>160</sup> it, for venery.

*Acad.* *[aside]* If chaste be taken for venery, thou art a more special beast, than any in thy father's forest.—Sir, I am sorry I have been so troublesome to you.

*Amor.* I know this was the readiest way to chase away the scholar, by getting him into a subject he cannot talk of for his life *(aside)*. Sir, I will borrow so much time of you, as to finish this my begun story. Now, sir, after much travel we singled a buck, <sup>170</sup> I rode that same time upon a roan gelding, and stood to intercept from the thicket: the buck broke gallantly; my great swift being disadvantaged in his slip, was at the first

<sup>1</sup> Rabbit-dog.

<sup>2</sup> Curly tail.

<sup>3</sup> A dog that hunts by scent.

<sup>4</sup> An ill-conditioned deer. On this whole passage compare *Love's Labor's Lost*.

<sup>5</sup> A small hunting dog.



behind; marry, presently coted<sup>1</sup> and outstripped them, when, as the hart presently descended to the river, and being in the water, proffered, and reproffered, and proffered again; and at last he up-started at the other side of the water, which we call soil<sup>180</sup> of the hart, and there other huntsmen met him with an adauntreley; we followed in hard chase for the space of eight hours; thrice our hounds were at default, and then we cried '*a Slain!*' straight '*So ho!*' through good reclaiming, my faulty hounds found their game again, and so went through the wood with gallant notice of music, resembling so many *viols de gambo*: at last the hart laid him down, and the hounds<sup>190</sup> seized upon him, he groaned, and wept, and died. In good faith it made me weep too, to think of Acteon's fortune, which my Ovid speaks of—[*He reads Ovid*]

*Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.*

*Acad.* Sir, can you put me in any hope of obtaining my suit?

*Amor.* In good faith, sir, if I did not love you as my soul, I would not make you acquainted with the mysteries of my art.<sup>200</sup>

*Acad.* Nay, I will not die of a discourse yet, if I can choose. [*He retires unseen*]

*Amor.* So, sir, when we had rewarded our dogs with the small guts, and the lights, and the blood, the huntsmen halloed, *so ho, Venué à coupler*, and so coupled the dogs, and then returned homeward. Another company of hounds that lay at advantage, had their couples cast off, and we might hear the huntsmen cry, *horse, decouple, avant*, but<sup>210</sup> straight we heard him cry, *le amond*, and by that, I knew that they had the hare and on foot, and by and by I might see sore, and resore, prick and re prick: what, is he gone? ha, ha, ha, ha, these scholars are the simplest creatures!

### ACTUS III, SCENA I

SIR RADERIC, RECORDER, PAGE, SIGNIOR IMMERITO

*Sir Rad.* Signior Immerito, you remember my caution for the tithes, and my promise for farming my tithes at such a rate?

<sup>1</sup> Overrun so as to turn the hare. These terms daunt the modern as well as the old Cambridge scholar.

*Im.* Ay! and please your worship, sir.

*Sir Rad.* You must put in security for the performance of it in such sort, as I and Master Recorder shall like of.

*Im.* I will, an't please your worship.

*Sir Rad.* And because I will be sure that I have conferred this kindness upon a<sup>10</sup> sufficient man,<sup>1</sup> I have desired Master Recorder to take examination of you.

*Page.* [*apart*] My master, it seems, takes him for a thief, but he hath small reason for it; as for learning, it's plain he never stole any, and for the living he knows himself how he comes by it; for let him but eat a mess of furmenty<sup>2</sup> this seven year, and yet he shall never be able to recover himself: alas, poor sheep, that hath fallen into the<sup>20</sup> hands of such a fox.

*Sir Rad.* Good Master Recorder, take your place by me, and make trial of his gifts. Is the clerk there to record his examination? O the page shall serve the turn.

*Page* [*apart*] Trial of his gifts! never had any gifts a better trial. Why Immerito his gifts have appeared in as many colors as the rainbow; first to master Amoretto in color of the satin suit he wears; to my<sup>30</sup> lady, in the similitude of a loose gown; to my master, in the likeness of a silver basin and ewer; to us pages in the semblance of new suits and points.<sup>3</sup> So master Amoretto plays the gull in a piece of a parsonage; my master adorns his cupboard with a piece of a parsonage; my mistress upon good days, puts on a piece of a parsonage; and we pages play at blow-point<sup>4</sup> for a piece of a parsonage. I think here's<sup>40</sup> trial enough for one man's gifts.

*Rec.* For as much as nature hath done her part in making you a handsome likely man—

*Page.* [*apart*] He is a handsome young man indeed, and hath a proper gelded parsonage.

*Rec.* In the next place, some art is requisite for the perfection of nature; for the trial whereof, at the request of my wor-<sup>50</sup> shipful friend, I will in some sort propound questions fit to be resolved by one of your profession. Say, what is a person that was never at the university?

<sup>1</sup> One able to perform the duties of the living.

<sup>2</sup> Wheat porridge.

<sup>3</sup> Laces.

<sup>4</sup> A child's game somewhat like push-pin.



*Im.* A person that was never in the university is a living creature that can eat a tithe pig.

*Rec.* Very well answered; but you should have added, and must be officious<sup>1</sup> to his patron. Write down that answer, to show <sup>80</sup> his learning in logic.

*Sir Rad.* Yea, boy, write that down; very learnedly in good faith. I pray now let me ask you one question that I remember, whether is the masculine gender or the feminine more worthy?

*Im.* The feminine, sir.

*Sir Rad.* The right answer, the right answer. In good faith, I have been of that mind always; write, boy, that, to shew <sup>70</sup> he is a grammarian.

*Page.* [apart] No marvel my master be against the grammar, for he hath always made false Latin in the genders.

*Rec.* What university are you of?

*Im.* Of none.

*Sir Rad.* He tells truth; to tell truth is an excellent virtue; boy, make two heads, one for his learning, another for his virtues, and refer this to the head of his virtues, <sup>80</sup> not of his learning.

*Page.* [apart] What, half a mess<sup>2</sup> of good qualities referred to an ass' head!

*Sir Rad.* Now, Master Recorder, if it please you, I will examine him in an author, that will sound him to the depth; a book of astronomy, otherwise called an almanack.

*Rec.* Very good, Sir Raderic; it were to be wished that there were no other book of humanity, then there would not be such <sup>90</sup> busy state-prying fellows as are now a-days. Proceed, good sir.

*Sir Rad.* What is the Dominical Letter?

*Im.* C, sir, and please your worship.

*Sir Rad.* A very good answer, a very good answer, the very answer of the book. Write down that, and refer it to his skill in philosophy.

*Page.* [apart] C, the dominical letter; it is true, craft and cunning do so domineer; <sup>100</sup> yet rather C and D are dominical letters, that is, crafty dunsery.<sup>3</sup>

*Sir Rad.* How many days hath September?

*Im.* April, June, and November, February hath 28 alone, and all the rest hath 30 and one.

*Sir Rad.* Very learnedly, in good faith; he hath also a smack in poetry. Write down that, boy, to shew his learning in poetry. <sup>110</sup> How many miles from Waltham to London?

*Im.* Twelve, sir.

*Sir Rad.* How many from Newmarket to Grantham?

*Im.* Ten, sir.

*Page.* [apart] Without doubt, he hath been some carrier's horse?

*Sir Rad.* How call you him that is cunning in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and the cypher?

*Im.* A good arithmetician. <sup>120</sup>

*Sir Rad.* Write downe that answer of his, to show his learning in arithmetic.

*Page.* [apart] He must needs be a good arithmetician, that counted money so lately.

*Sir Rad.* When is the new moon?

*Im.* The last quarter, the 5 day, at 2 of the clock, and 38 minutes in the morning.

*Sir Rad.* Write him down. How call you him, that is weather-wise?

*Rec.* A good astronomer. <sup>130</sup>

*Sir Rad.* Sirrah, boy, write him down for a good astronomer.

*Page.* [apart] Ass colit ass-tra.

*Sir Rad.* What day of the month lights the Queen's day<sup>1</sup> on?

*Im.* The 17 of November.

*Sir Rad.* Boy, refer this to his virtues, and write him down a good subject.

*Page.* [apart] Faith he were an excellent subject for two or three good wits; he <sup>140</sup> would make a fine ass for an ape to ride upon.

*Sir Rad.* And these shall suffice for the parts of his learning. Now it remains to try, whether you be a man of good utterance, that is, whether you can ask for the strayed heifer with the white face, as also chide the boys in the belfry, and bid the sexton whip out the dogs; let me hear your voice.

*Im.* If any man or woman— <sup>150</sup>

*Sir Rad.* That's too high.

*Im.* If any man or woman—

*Sir Rad.* That's too low.

*Im.* If any man or woman can tell any tidings of a horse with four feet, two ears, that did stray about the seventh hour, three minutes in the forenoon, the fifth day.

*Page.* [apart] Ay, look at a horse just as it were the eclipse of the moon.

*Sir Rad.* Boy, write him down for a <sup>160</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The date of Elizabeth's accession.

<sup>1</sup> Obsequious.

<sup>2</sup> Two.

<sup>3</sup> Folly.



good utterance. Master Recorder, I think he hath been examined sufficiently.

*Rec.* Ay, Sir Raderic, 'tis so; we have tried him very thoroughly.

*Page.* Ay, we have taken an inventory of his good parts, and prized them accordingly.

*Sir Rad.* Signior Immerito, forasmuch as we have made a double trial of thee, the one of your learning, the other of your erudition; it is expedient also, in the next place, to give you a few exhortations, considering the greatest clerks are not the wisest men; this is, therefore, first to exhort you to abstain from controversies; secondly, not to gird at men of worship, such as myself, but to use your self discreetly; thirdly, not to speak when any man or woman coughs; do so, and in so doing, I will persevere to be your worshipful friend and loving patron. 150

*Im.* I thank your worship, you have been the deficient<sup>1</sup> cause of my preferment.

*Sir Rad.* Lead Immerito in to my son, and let him dispatch him, and remember my tithes to be reserved, paying twelve pence a year. I am going to Moorfields, to speak with an unthrift, I should meet at the Middle Temple about a purchase; when you have done, follow us.

*Exeunt IMMERITO and the PAGE*

### SCENA III

BURBAGE, KEMPE<sup>2</sup>

*Bur.* Now, Will Kempe, if we can entertain these scholars at low rate, it will be well, they have oftentimes a good conceit in a part.<sup>3</sup>

*Kempe.* It's true indeed, honest Dick, but the slaves are somewhat proud; and besides, it is a good sport in a part to see them never speak in their walk, but at the end of the stage, just as though in walking with a fellow we should never speak but at a stile, a gate, or a ditch, where a man can go no further.<sup>4</sup> I was once at a comedy in

Cambridge, and there I saw a parasite make faces and mouths of all sorts on this fashion.

*Bur.* A little teaching will mend these faults, and it may be besides they will be able to pen a part.

*Kempe.* Few of the university pen play well; they smell too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talk too much of Proserpina and Jupiter.<sup>1</sup> Why here's our fellow<sup>2</sup> Shakespeare puts them all down—ay, and Ben Jonson too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill;<sup>3</sup> but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge,<sup>4</sup> that made him bewray his credit.

*Bur.* It's a shrewd fellow indeed. I wonder these scholars stay so long, they appointed to be here presently, that we might try them: O, here they come.

*[Enter STUDIOSO and PHILOMUSUS]*

*Stud.* Take heart, these lets<sup>5</sup> our clouded thoughts refine;

The sun shines brightest when it 'gins decline.

*Bur.* Master Philomusus and Master Studioso, God save you.

*Kempe.* Master Philomusus and Master Otioso,<sup>6</sup> well met.

*Phil.* The same to you, good Master Burbage. What Master Kempe, how doth the Emperor of Germany?<sup>7</sup>

*Stud.* God save you, Master Kempe; welcome, Master Kempe, from dancing the morrice over the Alps.<sup>8</sup>

*Kempe.* Well, you merry knaves, you may come to the honor of it one day. Is it not better to make a fool of the world as I have done, than to be fooled of the world, as you scholars are? But be merry, my lads, you have happened upon the most excellent vocation in the world for money: they come north and south to bring it to our playhouse; and for honors, who of more report than Dick Burbage, and Will Kempe; he is not counted a gentleman, that knows not Dick Burbage, and Will Kempe; there's

<sup>1</sup> A general criticism of excessive classical allusion.

<sup>2</sup> Of our company.

<sup>3</sup> See Jonson's *Poetaster*.

<sup>4</sup> On the topic see *Elizabethan Playwrights*, 178-181, 243.

<sup>5</sup> Hindrances.

<sup>6</sup> An intentional mistake of Kempe's, Mr. Leisurely.

<sup>7</sup> Kempe had recently returned from acting in Germany.

<sup>8</sup> In Kempe's *Nine Days' Wonder* he had danced a morris dance to Norwich.

<sup>1</sup> A malapropism for efficient.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Burbage, who was some three years younger than Shakespeare and died three years after him, was the great tragic actor of the age; Kempe was celebrated in low comedy and as a deviser of "merriments" and jigs. He appears to have died in 1603.

<sup>3</sup> Intelligent conception in a rôle.

<sup>4</sup> Amateur acting seems little to have changed.



not a country wench that can dance 'Sellers Round,'<sup>1</sup> but can talk of Dick Burbage, and Will Kempe.

*Phil.* Indeed, Master Kempe, you are very famous; but that is as well for works <sup>as</sup> in print, as your part in cue.<sup>2</sup>

*Kempe.* You are at Cambridge still with size-cue,<sup>3</sup> and be lusty humorous poets, you must untruss;<sup>4</sup> I rode this my last circuit, purposely because I would be judge of your actions.

*Bur.* Master Studioso, I pray you, take some part in this book, and act it, that I may see what will fit you best; I think your voice would serve for Hieronimo;<sup>5</sup> ob- <sup>70</sup> serve how I act it, and then imitate me.

(*He recites*)

*Stud.* 'Who calls Hieronimo from his naked bed?

And, &c.'

*Bur.* You will do well after a while.

*Kempe.* Now for you. Methinks you should belong to my tuition, and your face methinks would be good for a foolish mayor, or a foolish justice of the peace. Mark me.—Forasmuch as there be two states of a commonwealth, the one of peace, the <sup>80</sup> other of tranquillity; two states of war, the one of discord, the other of dissension; two states of an incorporation, the one of the aldermen, the other of the brethren; two states of magistrates, the one of governing, the other of bearing rule; now—as I said even now, for a good thing cannot be said too often:—virtue is the shoeinghorn of justice; that is, virtue is the shoeinghorn of doing well; that is, virtue is the shoeing- <sup>90</sup> horn of doing justly: it behoveth me, and is my part to commend this shoeinghorn unto you. I hope this word shoeinghorn doth not offend any of you, my worshipful brethren; for you being the worshipful headsmen of the town, know well what the horn meaneth. Now therefore I am determined not only to teach, but also to instruct, not only the ignorant, but also the simple, not only what is their duty towards their betters, <sup>100</sup>

but also what is their duty towards their superiors.—Come, let me see how you can do;<sup>1</sup> sit down in the chair.

*Phil.* 'Forasmuch as there be, &c.'

*Kempe.* Thou wilt do well in time, if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is by myself, and such grave aldermen of the playhouse as I am.

*Bur.* [*to Phil.*] I like your face, and the proportion of your body for Richard III.; <sup>110</sup> I pray, Master Philomusus let me see you act a little of it.

*Phil.* 'Now is the winter of our discontent Made glorious summer by the sun of York.'

*Bur.* Very well, I assure you; well, Master Philomusus and Master Studioso, we see what ability you are of; I pray walk with us to our fellows, and we'll agree presently.

*Phil.* We will follow you straight, Master Burbage. <sup>120</sup>

*Kempe.* It's good manners to follow us, Master Philomusus and Master Otioso.

[*Ereunt*]

*Phil.* And must the basest trade yield us relief?

Must we be practised to those leaden spouts,  
That nought down vent but what they do receive?

Some fatal fire hath scorched our fortune's wing,

And still<sup>2</sup> we fall, as we do upward spring;  
As we strive upward to the vaulted sky,  
We fall, and feel our hateful destiny.

*Stud.* Wonder it is, sweet friend, thy pleading breath, <sup>130</sup>  
So like the sweet blast of the southwest wind,

Melts not those rocks of ice, those mounts of woe,  
Congealed in frozen hearts of men below.

*Phil.* Wonder as well thou may'st, why 'mongst the waves  
'Mongst the tempestuous waves on raging sea,

The wailing merchant can no pity crave.  
What cares the wind and weather for their pains?

One strikes the sail, another turns the same,  
He shakes the main, another takes the oar,  
Another laboreth and taketh pain, <sup>140</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, recite.

<sup>2</sup> The familiar opening words of *Richard III.*

<sup>3</sup> Ever.

<sup>1</sup> A popular dance tune.

<sup>2</sup> *Q.* reads *Kne*; *cue* is Hazlitt's reading; *part in cue* is rôle on the stage.

<sup>3</sup> A size-cue is half of an ordinary assignment or ration at college, *cue* being *q* denoting in the account half a farthing or a *quadrans*.

<sup>4</sup> To untruss one was to prepare him for a spanking. The term was used of the theatrical satirists of the day, such as Jonson and Marston.

<sup>5</sup> The hero of *The Spanish Tragedy*.



To pump the sea into the sea again.  
Still they take pains, still the loud winds do  
blow,

Till the ship's prouder mast be laid below:

*Stud.* Fond<sup>1</sup> world, that ne'er thinks on  
that agèd man,

That Ariosto's old swift-pacèd man,  
Whose name is Time, who never lins<sup>2</sup> to  
run,

Loaden with bundles of decayèd names,  
The which in Lethe lake he doth entomb,  
Save only those which swanlike scholars  
take,

And do deliver from that greedy lake. <sup>150</sup>

Inglorious may they live, inglorious die,  
That suffer learning live in misery.

*Phil.* What care they what fame their  
ashes have,

When once they're cöopèd up in silent  
grave?

*Stud.* If for fair fame they hope not when  
they die,

Yet let them fear grave staining infamy.

*Phil.* Their spendthrift heirs will those  
fire-brands quench,

Swaggering full moistly on a tavern's bench.

*Stud.* No shamèd sire for all his glosing<sup>3</sup>  
heir,

Must long be talked of in the empty air. <sup>160</sup>

*Stud.* Believe me, thou that art my sec-  
ond self,

My vexèd soul is not disquieted,

For that I miss, that gaudy painted state,

Whereat my fortunes fairly aimed of late.

For what am I, the mean'st of many mo,

That, earning profit, are repaid with wo?

But this it is that doth my soul torment,

To think so many activable<sup>4</sup> wits,

<sup>1</sup> Foolish.

<sup>2</sup> Ceases.

<sup>3</sup> Criticizing.

<sup>4</sup> Capable.

That might contend with proudest bards of  
Po,<sup>1</sup>

Sits now immured within their private cells,  
Drinking a long lank watching candle's  
smoke, <sup>171</sup>

Spending the marrow of their flowering age,  
In fruitless poring on some worm-eat leaf:  
When their deserts shall seem of due to  
claim,

A cheerful crop of fruitful swelling sheaf;  
Cockle their harvest is, and weeds their  
grain,

Contempt their portion, their possession  
pain.

Scholars must frame to live at a low sail.

*Phil.* Ill sailing where there blows no  
happy gale.

*Stud.* Our ship is ruined, all her tackling  
rent. <sup>180</sup>

*Phil.* And all her gaudy furniture<sup>2</sup> is  
spent.

*Stud.* Tears be the waves whereon her  
ruins bide.

*Phil.* And sighs the winds that waste her  
broken side.

*Stud.* Mischief the pilot is the ship to  
steer.

*Phil.* And woe the passenger this ship  
doth bear.

*Stud.* Come, Philomusus, let us break this  
chat.

*Phil.* And break my heart! O would I  
could break that!

*Stud.* Let's learn to act that tragic part  
we have.

*Phil.* Would I were silent actor in my  
grave!

<sup>1</sup> Best Italian poets.

<sup>2</sup> Embellishment.



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## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

A brief mention of the collected edition, where there is such, and the more available modern reprints, in each case, will be found affixed to each of the prefatory notes to the plays in this collection. A working list of books on Social England, London and the Playhouses, on the texts of English drama, both collective and of individual dramatists, will be found in the present author's *Elizabethan Playwrights*, 1925, pp. 289-315. The fullest recent bibliographical guidance in the subject, both general and specific, is that contained in the four volumes of E. K. Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage*, 1923.

The prefatory notes in this collection have been intentionally reduced to the smallest possible compass, alike from the exigencies of space and from a conviction that a simple orientation of the work and the author is the best foundation on which to base a first reading of him. Critical comment has been rigorously excluded as belonging obviously elsewhere.

In the matter of the selections, made where choice is so bewildering, stress has been laid on the word *typical*, for the diversity in which the drama of Shakespeare's day manifested itself is, aside from its superlative excellence at times as literature and poetry, its most surprising feature. There are plays which, everything considered, it would be impossible to omit; in other cases the range of choice has been wider. To enter somewhat into particulars, despite the more poetical claims of George Peele, Lyly is the great exemplar of the court drama and his *Endymion* the inevitable play. As much may be said for the supreme "murder play," *Arden of Feversham*, which has attracted even the name of Shakespeare to the claims of authorship, the master-play of terror, Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, and Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, for its holding of the stage to our day, alone of Elizabethan plays outside of Shakespeare. Marlowe, greatest of the "predecessors," is represented by the supernaturalism and poetry of the fragment *Faustus*; and also by *Edward II*, the chronicle history in which he pointed the way to the extraordinary vogue of that interesting species of drama in which Shakespeare was so to excel. The other "predecessors" have been somewhat sacrificed in this book to the preface for *Arden*, which may or may not be Kyd's and to *George a Greene*, which may or may not be Robert Greene's. The latter comedy, with its distinctive appeal to the man in the street, or perhaps better the man in the fields, was not to be spared in a volume such as this.

With Thomas Dekker the choice lay between the poetic folklore of *Old Fortunatus* and the delightful realism of old London in *The Shoemakers' Holiday*. This last is represented as vividly, if not quite as genially, in *Eastward Ho*, wherein too is exemplified the successful collaboration of three conspicuous authors, Chapman, Marston and Jonson. It is here that Jonson figures in that realistic comedy of every day life, which he knew so well. But the greatest dramatic figure of his age, save Shakespeare, was likewise master of the satiric or ironic drama, here represented in his masterpiece, *Volpone*; and he was likewise a poet of delicate fancy, represented here in one of his masques and in the first fragment of his pastoral drama, *The Sad Shepherd*.

Reputation demanded both *Philaster* and *The Maid's Tragedy* for the celebrated partnership of Beaumont and Fletcher, and also one of the latter's rollicking comedies of manners, here of Spanish source—one of Fletcher's several contributions to the drama—*Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. Reputation, too, demanded the inclusion of *The Changeling*, by Middleton and William Rowley, with regret that the former's realistic



comic art might not have been more favorably represented. Nothing else calls for note, except the inclusion of Ford's fine effort to restore historical drama in *Perkin Warbeck* rather than one or other of the more notorious examples in which he contributed to the decadence of the stage.

Finally, the Appendix contains scenes from *The Play of Sir Thomas More*, interesting intrinsically as an example of collaboration in a popular historical subject applied to contemporary happenings, and also because of the question of Shakespeare's probable participancy in it. The scenes from *The Return from Parnassus* suggest a chapter in the old drama, too little read, that which casts light on the university life of the day together with its touch with the larger world outside.



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